

PART TWO

CHAPTER XLVIX

Death in the First Person



I died one Sunday morning, the moment I was listening to the liturgy on television. In the beginning I did not understand what was happening. The psalmody continued to caress my ears, while my heart made three slow spasms, and one long last beat, ceasing to give pressure to the blood flowing in my veins.

Never in my life had I measured the rhythm of my breath.

The moment however it stopped, I then understood my relation to the earth's atmosphere which functioned according to the clock of my individual organism.

I was motionless, and though my flesh began little by little to freeze, contrariwise, "my innermost self" became heated. I thought that this heat that came to enwrap my ego, was very beneficial to me while I lived, and that I had great need of it, without however being aware of this need. Suddenly I felt myself being extracted from my place, and simultaneously to be in the same place. A vague sentiment of blessedness enveloped me as I was flooded by a wave of my release from gravity.

The view of the environment from above filled me with a strange feeling of domination. I saw myself motionless, in bed; I heard my television which continued to broadcast the religious service; I saw a vague form that entered respectfully in my room and closed my eyes...I felt I heard her thoughts, without her speaking.

Later, other forms surrounded my motionless self. I conceived some thoughts of theirs, mixed with sadness of soul and counsel... saw everything from above and simultaneously from many sides.

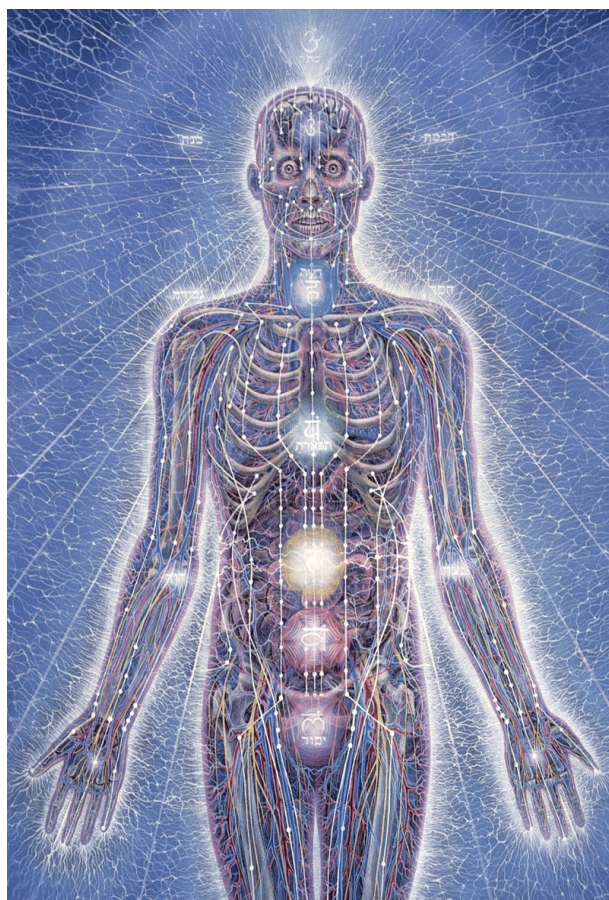
The concept of the other dimension had in my perception taken its true character. I saw everything from all sides.

I clarified in my thoughts that each dimension can function only in relation to my sensations. Now that I saw everything, from all sides, I conceived the absolute meaning of the fourth dimension.

When finally my Earthly body froze, my dynamic breath I felt was coming from the depths of my self, progressing toward the edges of my senses which were held together by a tenuous membrane.

An indescribable feeling in the form of a life-bearing wave permeated my entire being. Opening the eyes of my soul I felt the membrane of the flow of Earthly events breaking and that I was entering into the horizon of Oblivion.

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The concept of the other dimension had in my perception taken its true character. I saw everything from all sides.

Whatever existed as information in my brain from my past life, with the breaking of the membrane, vanished. Forgetfulness flowed like a divine aura in my weary Ego to begin the process of deletion of images and representations of the bitterness, worry, and the experiences of an entire life on earth. I felt an indomitable current absorbing the countless memories, which just a few moments were imprisoned in the neurons of my brain. Simultaneously I felt a mobility, of another type, flowing within my Ego, which was preparing to enter and exit the world opening up before me.

Later, other forms surrounded my motionless self.





In front of me there was an indescribable tunnel. It begins from my Ego and curves like the end of a funnel, which while it seems to be Immobile, the cosmic elements that compose it swirl with the speed of light.

This world, which has not yet been revealed to me, I feel I have always known. In the depths of my brain there begins to flow, slowly, steadily, a stream of light of Universal knowledge.

New information begins to structure the centers of my future decisions.

However, at the same time I understand that this new information that entered into me always existed in my Earthly life.

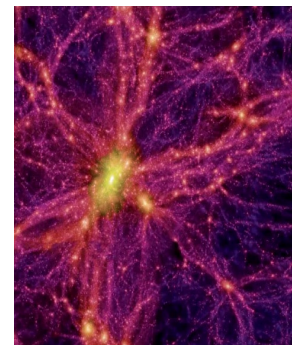
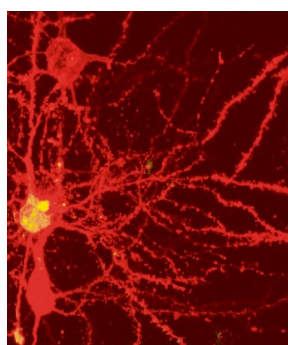
This makes me think that the new world that I will come to know must have been, for some incomprehensible reasons, mine before I came to the Earthly World.

In front of me there was an indescribable tunnel. It begins from my Ego and curves like the end of a funnel, which while it seems to be Immobile, the cosmic elements that compose it swirl with the speed of light.

A mighty ethereal stream suddenly envelops me and draws me to the depth of the funnel, which little by little, to the extent that I penetrate it and reach its end, becomes a flare of light.

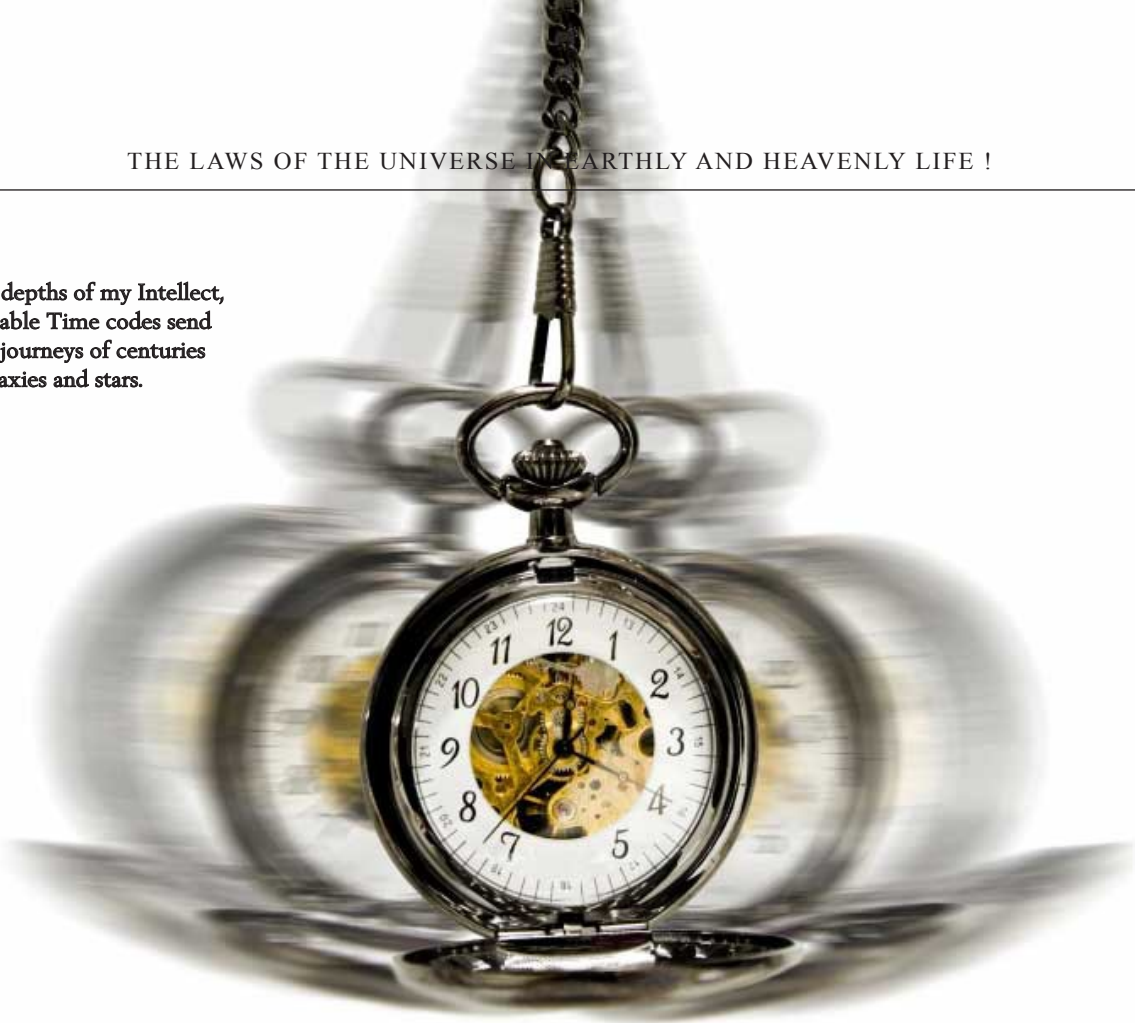
The moment I am immersed in this dazzling lake of light which is composed of the intersections of celestial suns, the stream which was pushing me recedes and takes the position of a constant state of calm.

Wrapped in a wondrous radiant cloak, freed of Earthly memories, with a new and boundless reservoir of knowledge in the depths of my brain, I try to distinguish, behind the sparkling highlights, the fading horizon beyond. Suddenly I perceive that it is the Macrocosm, the Infinite universe, the world of stars, solar systems and galaxies.



I am thinking, I must penetrate it, although simultaneously I perceive that within this same Macrocosm is enclosed the Microcosm.

In the depths of my Intellect,
inexorable Time codes send
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I am thinking, I must penetrate it, although simultaneously I perceive that within this same Macrocosm is enclosed the Microcosm.

An insuperable force raises me high and I feel my Ego crossing the intersections of the suns, which mixed with the events that govern the psychic Universe of the Macrocosm and the Microcosm, compose a Symphony so Harmonic that it penetrates to its roots my sixth sense.

The worlds of the creation of the planets and the stars and simultaneously the atoms, the protons, and the neutrons flow as streams of fire in this endless double journey of mine, which, at the speed of light, whatever I think simultaneously I experience.

However, I confirm that there are neither distances nor Macrocosm nor Microcosm as I perceived them when I was on Earth. Now, although I travel outwards, I simultaneously am traveling inwards. My mind suddenly both dominates and is dominated by the syndrome of bidirectional movement.

My super-sense pushes me to think that although I am a Monad, independent and eternal, within me this Monad communicates with the Totality of Everything. I perceive that whatever I think must be divine. However, divinity circulates in my brain only as a concept, without yet having been revealed to me.

In the depths of my Intellect, inexorable Time codes send me to journeys of centuries of Galaxies and stars. My consciousness, with absolute vigilance experiences the oceans and the abysses that it must cross until my Ego knows Redemption.

Confronted with the sinful self of my Earthly life, now, in the whirl of decomposition of my wrongdoings, I experience, beyond every perception of time, my entry into the horizons of Redemption.

Without any sense whatever of the flow of Time, I suddenly feel that I am reaching the limits of the Universe which is simultaneously the center of the Microcosm. The abolition of the Infinite constitutes for my perception a previous conquest. The majesty of the coexistence of the two worlds, the Macrocosm and the microcosm, which meet at the borders of my Ego with my Superego, is indescribable.

In the furnace of the Universe, the wheel of Eternity accepts the inflows and outflows of Creation at the same time, with the result that I was fully conscious of the pure operation of the wheel of Eternity, where everything is within everything and simultaneously each separately enjoys the breath of its own separate existence.

However, the most shocking feeling forms in me when I realize that this new road toward my eternal self I know from an old experience.

And although my Oblivion of my Earthly life is playing its significant role in the program of my final destination, I now know that my path toward my Superego had once been done before in reverse flow, when from the world of Archetypes that my Superego experiences, I began the journey towards the Earthly World, so as to become from an embryo in the evolutionary process of my entelechy, a person, an intellectual animal, at the pinnacle of the society of intelligent beings of the world.

The memory of my old journey towards the earth, once many years ago establishes in me the conviction that I come and go from the one world to the other serving my inviolable individual role in the program of Creation.

What miracle of the senses is this which floods my being? And, I wonder, how is it that now I see the earth and its creatures from all dimensions of space and time?

What marvelous life-bearing wave permeates my ego and reaches the cradle of God himself?

Soul of my existence, what great happiness I feel that I am returning to the cradle of myself, to my Superego, in order once more to feel enveloped by the aura of the One and Unique God who is within me, and I within Him, an eternal Individual in an Eternal Totality.

**What miracle of the senses is this
which floods my being ?**

