

On Death As A Path to Ascension

"You must act in concert with the angels as co-creators of a peaceful co-existence. By having the discipline to set your course by heaven's guidance, it is entirely possible to sail successfully through even the most storm-tossed seas."

Divine Prescriptions by Doreen Virtue

The winter of the year is a perfect time to seek the stillness of life on earth but, imagine utilizing the power of this season to take flight from the human form? Since the darkness of the year began last October, I have lost three friends to cancer. Being their teacher, their friend and a spiritual student, the lessons of grief have been phenomenally intense and yet, not overwhelming to me physically and mentally. It surprised me when my grief seemed to be "capped," or not over the top, as it has been in the past. My level of empathy, even on a good day, is intensive on every level. As a child, my sensitivity often produced illness, unstoppable weeping and grief beyond the pale. Why, I asked myself, is it different now, at this time, when such fine people have left the earth plane? After a year like 2005 when death seemed always at our doorway, was I growing calloused? Afraid to feel? I delved deeply into my feelings with the passing of my third friend a week ago and came up with answers I thought to share with you, my fellow human beings.

The power potential of the season we walk through at present bears the possibility of internal blending with the God-Head. Hibernation exists for many of God's creatures, and in humans it exists as a time of reunification with The One who powers all our sources of wisdom and love. On earth we are given this time to go back to our internal Mother and find the love, spiritual challenge and insight to carry us through a new blossoming of potential. How perfect a choice to leave before springing forward on earth? To use the forward energy to propel oneself into God's Arms, if you will? But, is it that simple a choice or process? Maybe? I was stunned by the many choices we are given at the end of our path. To uphold faith, integrity, mercy and still exist in failing bodies with failing minds.

It is my belief that when we die to the earth body, we all ascend to a plane of existence comparable with our spiritual understanding. That means, when I speak of going to Heaven, it is a place I comprehend through my body, mind and spirit and can re-create as I move along my path of destiny. In other words, the spiritual construction of that path may, in a very limited capacity, be available at all times to me as I grow in the human form. As my friends' lay dying, I found myself understanding they had all come to this place upon a path of fear, courage, love, laughter and so forth. It was interesting to me to step outside of my mind and ask to see the path they were creating as they moved into their mansion with God. I was allowed to see the many steps they had created from accumulated knowledge, wisdom and through their adventures in love. Let me point out at this time that I have a considerable background associated with hospice so, I have seen many deaths of individuals unrelated to me. The results of my observations remained the same regardless of my affiliation with the patient. Please let me share some of my reflections with you.

The unearthly light that surrounds a dying person remains consistent with all who carry a soul. In other words, whether you are a human or a dog, your light within the Light of God is always magnified at the end. I find great peace in that light and, an incredibly magnified ability to "see" and "hear" as I move in the death space of others. There is at times a palpable "music" that serves as an undertone when the room is allowed to become still. Human care-givers in their respect for the dying often try too hard to be quiet. Because the silence does not come from the heart, it deafens the music of the ages at most times as we are leaving our earth' bodies. But, the music is still there. The light surrounding the person who is dying becomes colorful, bright and is often hard to ingest into the eyesight of the observer. I often find myself looking away or shutting my eyes in order to take in the full effect of the atmospheric changes. And at times, that light comes fully through the loved one's eyes.

The process of death allows the doorway of the ages to open for us at different times - which often depends upon the visitor at hand. I found myself with relatives who actually shut down the doorways

and with care-givers that opened them up wide. Respect and mercy seem to open the doorways faster and the patient's acceptance of death keeps them open, unconditionally. It is unnerving at best to know what is going on and still accept the role of observer. No one wants to be dying on that bed today but everyone amongst the living wants to know what they are going through. I would reach for sources of pain, out of worry last week, only to be raised to spiritual heights without digging too deeply into the body. It was as if I was not allowed to see too deeply into the process that was going on. Or could not. My moments of "knowing" heightened during my time spent as a care-giver and comforting friend. I kept wondering when my last visit would come. Two days before my third friend passed over, on an after-thought, I turned back to her as I was walking out of the room and said, "I will see you in Heaven." I fully expected to come back the next day to attend her and yet, my little voice kept shutting that thought down. I even found myself dressing to get ready for the visit and I kept hearing, "You aren't going anywhere today." And still I hoped. Right as I was walking out the door, the call came to tell me she had passed away. There was a good reason for me waking up at 2:30 am that morning to find myself crying. Why do we deny our own knowing when it can bring such comfort? Listen to the small phrases that play through your thoughts at these times, not the declarations.

Lastly, the three people who passed in my life were fiercely given to taking care of their own problems, bringing forth their own joy and not wishing to impose on their friends and families. They all had wills completed, arranged their own memorial services and said good-bye to significant others. I was amazed at their capacity to think of loved ones and friends as they were saying good-bye to their mortality. In other words, they still existed upon all planes of power before they gave up on this life and let God guide them home. Never give up on the adventure we call "life." Live it to the fullest during all the days granted you. Remember, it takes a village to raise a child...and to bury them. Individual pride, control and privacy fall before the group as a loved ones let go of the ghost.

We really are in this together. Whether you call it birth, puberty, change of life or death, these transitions of eternal energy are meant to inspire much more than your own life. As my memories of the torture of their sweet bodies fades, I know that the living spirit of God is always with us, always active throughout all aspects of ascendancy and can never forsake us. Even dying bodies produce combustion and that, my friends, is just another form of energy. Energy that can transform and cause transmutation of our very being.

"We love each one of you, and we are working to help you to grow the light within your heart. We look right into the heart and we know that every man and woman has within them the love of God."

"The Still Voice," A White Eagle Book of Meditation

Dr. Gwen MacGregor