

LIFE in the AFTERLIFE



By Brian Wizard
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Life in the Afterlife

I met Lou when I attended the School of Expressive Arts at Sonoma State University, California, back in the early seventies. He was all about self-sufficiency, astrology, and back-to-basics. We struck it off immediately with a trilogy of interests as common ground.

Lou had a garden, and one spring day when he was putting in a new crop, we discussed how life grows out of death. The seeds planted were the product of a plant that had lived a full life, and then died. Yet, from the dead plant, life came anew. "Just as it must be with our own lives," Lou said.

He knew the life and death of war was still fresh on my mind, and that I had some unresolved issues. "So those I killed, friends that were killed, may now live again, in a different time, different . . . ?"

"Different solar system, different galaxy. What does it matter where?" he finished my thought for me. "We are all living within the one God."

Time passed and Lou found himself living his end days. He had a goal, and that was to be conscious of his death. When the day came for him to move on, his good friend, Lynn, who possesses a talent for psychic writing, was at her computer when she "sensed" Lou asking her to channel his thoughts during the process of death. She did exactly that, putting on paper Lou's journey into the afterlife. She wrote:

Message from Lou – May 17, 3:50 – 4:10 p.m.

I am at a wall, and I cannot find the door. I know there is a door, but I cannot find it. I am not panicked. I am puzzled. There is just a blank wall, no end to the wall. I keep feeling along the wall because I cannot really see anything. I just feel a wall. I am looking for a knob, a crack, a loose block. Yes, it is LIKE cement, but not really cement. It feels warmer and smoother than that. There is nothing on Earth that compares to the material of this wall. I cannot describe it in words. I am naked, yet with no body, yet with a body. I do not recognize myself, yet I know myself. I am not crazy or hallucinating. I feel a little disoriented, but safe. There is no one here but me. I hear/feel Christine, but I cannot see her. She is very present with me. I keep hearing her voice as if it is coming down from the top of a deep well. I can't make out her words, but I can feel their meaning. I want to help her, even though I know she doesn't need my help. There is something in me that wants to go back, scoop her up in my arms, and hold her so she can cry. She is crying. I feel her crying. Alone.

I see a small crack in the wall. There is some dim light showing. I will go look.

The light is more like water, how do I describe this? Liquid light, white but more than white, bright, yet soothing to the touch. I sense that if I touch the crack, it will widen. I am not sure I am ready.

I touch the crack, more wall breaks away. Each time I move my finger, more of the wall is erased. Yes, it is like erasing the wall. I am not afraid, but I feel a resistance in me to erase too much. If I erase more, I will ...

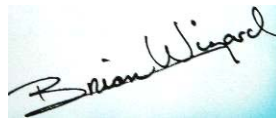
Hesitating. It is not easy to leave what I think I know. I have no body anymore, I feel paralyzed, as if I cannot move a muscle. I do not have a muscle to move. I am not sure what to do next. I hear some movement beyond the wall. Well, not movement exactly. I don't know words to describe what I hear. Beating, slow beating? My heartbeat? I have no more heart. I touch the wall again, another piece erases. Liquid light pouring through, swirling around me. I feel weightless. I touch another piece - erased. What is happening? I am calm, I feel Christine still. I hear her breathing. On this side of the wall. I touch the wall again. More light flowing. A hand? Not a human hand, but a hand nonetheless, reaches through the opening. I reach for it. Such love, I feel like I am melting when I touch it. I think I will go now.

I go through the opening, slither, and slide. Float, more like it. Oh, oh! I forgot! Now, I remember.

I am through, I am home as I have always been home and did not know it. Oh, how amazing the experience of life on planet Earth. No regrets, all correct. I am not gone anywhere, but I did not know it. I see everything now. Everything I learned and everything I forgot. I did not forget much, but I did forget this. How utterly beautiful I am. How utterly beautiful we are. I thought I remembered, but I forgot a lot more than I thought. Oh, the immenseness of it all. How simple.

After reading this last note from Lou, I sat to contemplate the meaning of his journey. This is my belief as to what he experienced.

Lou did indeed slip away from this life, and entered a timeless space of no place. He soon found himself feeling once again, a wall, a tunnel, a new heart, a journey through the tunnel, and finally a way out. He touched the light and the crack opened. He saw more light, movement, fingers of a hand, and then his final passing out of the tunnel, the womb and into a new life. He is reborn as a baby, and as before, he found himself beautiful, clear of all past-life baggage, and on a new life-journey. He is in life after life, or the afterlife's life. Just like the seed he sowed from the plant that had died, he was reborn anew, as we all will be.

A handwritten signature in black ink on a light blue background. The signature reads "Brian W. Sigurd" in a cursive script.