

12/16/00

### BELOVED FAMILY

Cold winter pounds the windows like my once-angry lover pelting pebbles on my glass-icy winds howl a hailing rage and wake me from my dreamless comfort, warm and safe beneath the covers. But wait! I think, I *have* no lover now!, it is only a fierce gale blowing off the Sound! Now awake, I listen. On it roars, in fearsome cycles, deafening and piercing through the trees, and whistling onward, wind like heat-seeking missiles, honing on my Awakening and looking only for, well, *me*. On board that rocket rides the Thoughts of the Beloved Others; my Family from the Other World. They have arrived; Eager Thought Passengers flood out into the corners of my moonless room, their shadows morphing into shapes of overwhelming Longing and Sweetness. I recognize some, others no. Silent and waiting, their shapes have sharp angles and edges, symbols; others of gossamer and clouds. Gentle lights flicker, shimmer strong, then soft. Their shapes twinkle much like phosphates off a prow, or, lovelier still, how the Moonlight shimmers on water. They are all different, yet each the same. They are a comfort, an agony. Each Memory soon overtakes my lungs, I am breathless in their watery mist. I forget to breathe! The aching flood of Them drowns my bones, and I am afraid. Then, the calm begins and I forget to be afraid, for my Maker is never far away. I find my breath again. My Spirit gulps in the fresh lifesaving Light and the I AM is fed, sated. Each thought molecule permeates my cells, my entire Being, until I am a primordial Sea once again. Back to the Sea! Awash in my own Ocean! I could stay forever, ebbing and flowing, Being.

Then I hear the Voice. It is *my* Voice, and no, it hasn't changed!. It is still soft and unsure of itself, still new, without command. A mewling's voice. I impatiently complain to the Maker, In my next life, may I *please* have a strong booming voice, just once may I have a beautiful soulful voice that sings the Ancient Songs deep to the bone? A recognizable sweet, clear voice, with a vast range of exquisite tones and notes, ones that resonate Harmony, Peace. A Voice to remember; a Voice one *wants to hear*? Sheepishly, again as always in this Time, I barely hear my own pathetic plea wash away into the roar of the wind. It is swept with the hurling storm, out into the Void, into Beyond and Further. But there They are!, the Beloveds remain waiting. Ever eager yet patient, silent, watching, waiting. Waiting for Me.

I know THEY heard me, I can feel it! Yet I barely heard myself. I get no Sound or Movement from Them to reassure me. But I *know they heard me*. Just lights and shapes, odd symbols, shimmering in the corners. I know they are waiting for me to learn something—but what?? Holding fast, then wavering, my lament begins again: It is almost a tormented wailing that comes from my stomach and roots, O When will I ever See them all again? I Know Them! and yet Who are They? Who Were They? and are THEY Ever? It is my Knowing—some never have existed here, yet the taste of them in my mouth; and their Silence in my ear is Ancient and from another place. It is not really a taste, a color, a texture, a smell or sound. *So why do I Know this? This otherworldly thought is nothing that can be accurately described here on this star.*

O, but the yearning *never* leaves me! It often changes in intensity. Bbut tonight!  
O My! The passion for my People is so profound that it bubbles into my gaping heart-hole, filling the grenade gash left by my Beloved Ones Crossing Over. Yes, those were anguished days I remember--No day passes without my remembering them. I will *never* forget it for their Leaving was almost too much for me to bear. The yearning continues.

And somehow I long, too, for the Ones who weren't here and never have been. Haunted longing has now almost turned to misery. I think to myself, I long for some being that has never been here before and yet the feeling is so *familiar*? The patient Voice answers. Some have been here, some haven't. Only understand this: Your Knowing of THEM moves your Light-shape toward their World where there is Peace and more Knowing. Soft, lovely Knowings! Yes, Hope lives there too, deep within The Mystery. And still they wait.

So I too must wait, of course, for my feet are still well planted *here*. No, I won't be satisfied until I am free of my Work here, to greet them, and Begin Again. On that starry night I will gently Drift into their LightStream, my Light at last to be carried along to join the Mystery of my Beloved Family.