

# MYSTIC LIGHT

## *After Dying*

### *Part 1*

**H**E WAS A NEWCOMER. A few hours ago, when he fell off the cliff, his life flashed like lightning before his eyes. Then his body hit the rock-strewn ground. The pain, sharp and unbearable, cut him to pieces. After a while he regained consciousness and looked down upon his limp and misshapen body. People gathering around it were distraught, some were crying. He wanted to tell them that everything was O.K. But no one could hear him. His body was lying face down. A sheen of blood was pooling from under his head. He found himself suspended in a strange transparent shape, which moved easily through the air. Although he was obviously out of his body, he was feeling more alive than ever.

After a while the ambulance came. His body was taken to the nearest hospital, where the doctors pronounced him dead.

“Dead!” he exclaimed. “It could not be!” He was perfectly all right.

Sam felt very confused. Was this the end of his life? It is impossible! He can think, move, see. What are they talking about?

“Mother!” The thought of her made him jump. Swift as thinking he sped to his home. It was built in red brick. A fragrant cypress stood in the front yard and colorful flowers bordered the path. The old dog was sitting on the porch. He looked at Sam, got up swinging his tail and started barking.

Inside, his mother was busy in the kitchen, preparing the dinner. Her face was troubled somehow. She dropped a plate on the floor and it shattered. Muttering a damnation she bent down to pick up the fragments.

“Don’t worry, mum. It’s only a plate.” Sam

hugged her. But she showed no sign of seeing him.

“Mum! Mum!” He screamed near her ears.

Not the slightest sign that she heard him. Sam was distressed. He stood beside her for a while trying to arouse her attention—but in vain.

His father was reading the afternoon paper in the lounge. He did not lift his eyes even once to look in Sam’s direction when he entered.

“Father!” Sam called him gently. “Father!” he shouted in his face, trying to shake his shoulders.

No response.

“What’s the matter with you! I am here - next to you. Don’t you hear me, damn it!” Sam hit the newspaper but his hand went through it, producing no movement at all.

He returned to the kitchen. His mother, heavy from age but with a gentle heart and kind eyes, continued her work with the devotion older women have. Day after day, year after year, she was confined to the kitchen doing her important, but unappreciated work to sustain the family. Sam remembered that he had never said “thanks” to her for preparing his meals. His heart was moved with a sudden surge of affection. He hugged her, touching her white, neatly tight hair and kissed her on the cheek. But he had no time to stay longer at home.

For back in the hospital the worse was yet to come. His body was taken to the operating theatre where some of his vital organs were removed. It was so painful, he was in agony, yelling and crying, but the operation went on. They took his heart, liver, and kidneys.

“Thieves!” he screamed, trying in vain to seize their instruments.

Still in shock from the horrible pain, he saw his heart in a plastic jar, taken away by a young

doctor. "Not the heart!" he shouted, jumping after the doctor, trying to grab it from his hands. The doctor walked down a long corridor, entered a small dark room, opened a refrigerator, and placed Sam's heart inside.

Sam uttered an anguished cry. He sat on a bench near the fridge, holding his head. As he was trying to recover from these happenings, he heard a soft voice:

"Ah, here you are. Hello, Sam."

"Jenny," he cried. "What are you doing here?" He remembered that Jenny had died a few years ago. They were friends living in nearby houses. Jenny had died in a car accident. She was twenty-eight then, to be married the next month.

"I came to help you, and to take you to your new home."

He looked at her puzzled.

"But first you have to tape your Records. And fast."

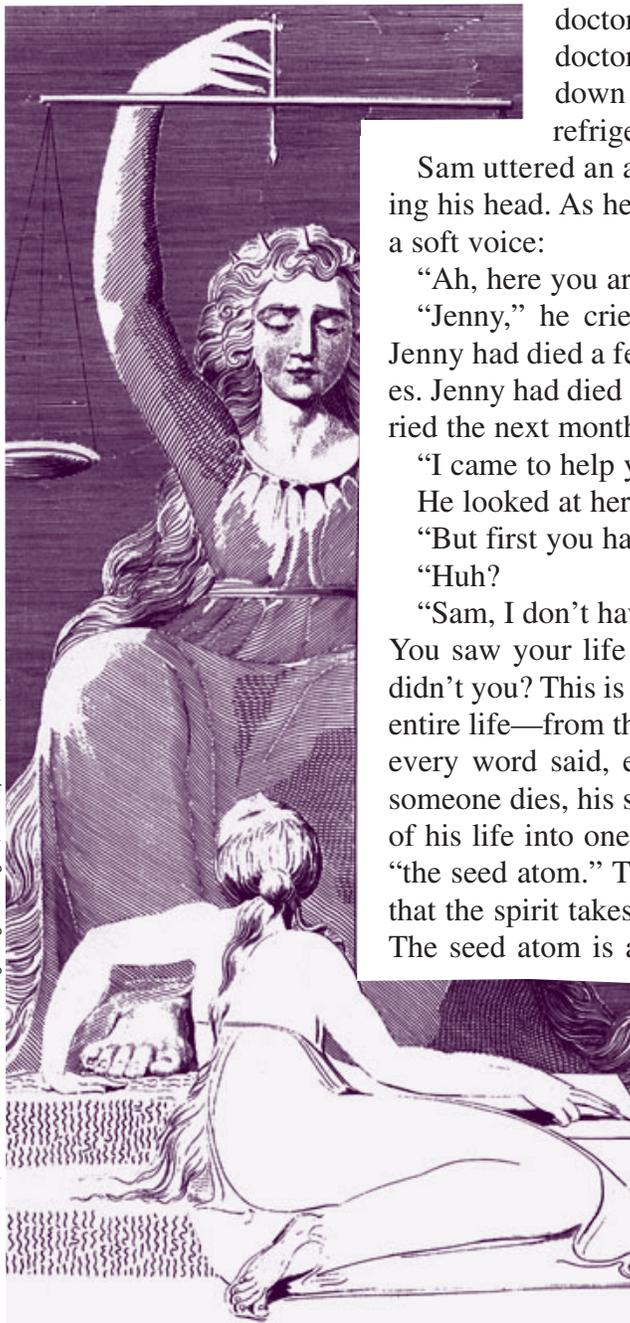
"Huh?"

"Sam, I don't have time to explain the details now, for we have to hurry. You saw your life flashing before your eyes when you fell off the cliff, didn't you? This is because every individual carries with him records of his entire life—from the first to the very last breath. Everything is recorded — every word said, every deed done, every smile, feeling, thought. When someone dies, his spirit is engaged immediately in transferring the records of his life into one very special atom, placed in his heart, which is called "the seed atom." This is the only thing—the forces from one tiny atom—that the spirit takes with it, while the entire physical body is left to decay. The seed atom is as old as the spirit itself. It travels with the individual from life to life; it never dies and contains the essence of all its previous bodies. It's like the seed of a plant in which the entire pattern for the growth of the plant is encoded. Let me show you."

Sure enough, in the left ventricle of Sam's heart there was a tiny flashing speck.

"What happens after the record is transferred?" Sam asked while still studying his heart.

"The record goes with the spirit first to Purgatory, then to Heaven where it is viewed for many years,



William Blake, Illustration for Edward Young's *Night Thoughts*, Dover Publications, Inc.

examined very carefully. Nothing can escape unnoticed."

"Why is that?" Sam looked puzzled.

"What one sows is what one reaps. In Purgatory everyone suffers the consequences of his own bad deeds. There he sees the effect of his actions or words inflicted on others. He suffers the pain he caused them. It is engraved in his soul so he will not repeat his wrong behavior. In Heaven the opposite happens: he lives again through the joy he gave to others through his generous and unselfish actions... You will learn more later. You have to start your task immediately. The emergency vehicle is already on the way to take your heart for an urgent transplant. I will help you."

With this Jenny showed Sam how to switch on the tape recorder in the heart and the taping started.

"Under normal circumstances your past life is being recorded as you review it, which takes from two to three and a half days to complete, or however long you can stay awake. But you are faced with unusual

circumstances and must review at full speed. You will be freed from your body only when you finish this job. Then the silver cord, connecting your spirit to your body, will be severed. That's why one should never be cremated before three and a half days have passed from the time of clinical death."

Sam looked around. He noticed that he was connected to his heart and his body in the morgue by an ethereal cord, protruding through the walls and the rooms of the hospital.

"You mean that people actually die after three and a half days?" Sam was really puzzled, rubbing his head.

"In a way. The body is still sensitive to pain until the silver cord is broken."

Now Sam understood why he felt such great pain when the doctors operated on him taking his organs away.

Sure enough, a man came in and took the jar away. Sam and Jenny followed him without stopping the recording. Soon they arrived in an operating theatre and his heart was immediately prepared for transplant. Sam's work on the recording was incredibly difficult. He had to concentrate hard on the job, but the people around were interfering, turning and twisting his heart.

After a few hours the doctors were ready to perfuse the patient's blood through Sam's heart. Jenny was greatly agitated. She tried to interrupt their work by all means, for the recording was not yet done and once the stranger's blood began coursing through the heart, the recording would stop. A portion of Sam's life would be missing and many bad consequences would follow.

They did what they could. When they were forced to stop the recording, Jenny said:

"Do you see who is getting your heart?" For the first time Sam paid attention to the patient. He was a middle age man, bald and sickly looking. "He is trying to hold on to life, ignorantly transgressing the Natural Law. For he has no idea that the spirit never dies. What dies is the dense body, which the spirit discards when it has served its purpose. If the body becomes ill, the spirit leaves it and goes to Heaven to prepare a new body—better and more perfect for the next life. He would be much better off dying when his own heart fails." Jenny shook

her head.

Sam looked at the patient, lying lifeless and yellow under the anaesthetic.

"Now he is losing the records of his own life, for they have been thrown in the waste bin with his useless heart. One day he will appear in Purgatory naked, with nothing to show. He will be sent then to be born again and to die as a child. The experiences of this life, which are such a precious treasure for soul growth, are lost for him. But this is not all. He robbed you of part of your records and therefore created a heavy karma to be paid off in great future suffering. I pity him. In one of his future lives he has to render you a mortal service. Now his fate is connected to yours."

With this Sam and Jenny went away, leaving the struggling man to his own destiny. But he did not have time to think about the happenings, for people, whom he knew to be dead, gathered around him. He started shaking hands stretched towards him. "Hello, Sam! Someone touched his shoulder from the back.

"Grandfather!" Sam exclaimed with excitement.

"So good to see you," his grandfather's strong hug almost suffocated him—until he remembered he didn't have to breathe. Grandfather's face was beaming with a broad smile.

Next he was immersed in his grandmother's embrace. Tears were streaming down her face. They both were just the same as Sam remembered them.

"Ha-ha-ha! I hope I'm not late." A loud voice made every head turn. A big middle-age fellow rushed to grab Sam's hand and then pressed him to his chest. "I was waiting for you, pal. You look great," he said, not taking his eyes off Sam's face. It was Paul, his friend from work who died when a crane accidentally dropped a huge concrete bloc on him.

"Ah, you are here already?" Someone's happy voice rose above the commotion.

"Remember me?" A few more people shook hands with Sam. He was happy to see them. It seemed like just yesterday. They spontaneously began talking about shared experiences. Sam felt relieved and happy.

"Come on everybody, let's have a party!" said Paul, and they all followed him up in the clouds. □

—Marcia Malinova-Anthony