

MYSTIC LIGHT

It Were Better That a Millstone

CHRISTMAS is not only celebrated by religious people. It also signifies a cosmic event: It marks the time when the Christ ray sent from the Father reaches the heart of Earth, infusing it with new life. Spring is conceived deep within, when outwardly life seems in abeyance. Only later will the Earth manifestly revive in a new cycle.

But for one particular group of beings Christmas is a very special event. Those are the spirits of the life's future children. Every year on this day the spirits destined to be born on Earth during the next year are gathered together in Heaven for their special celebration. They soon will die to the invisible realms and be born in the physical world. For about a millennium they live in the Second Heaven as spirits. Now their time approaches. They have been planning for their return to Earth for centuries. For even when mortals get older they often lament: "If I had to live my life again, I would not make those silly mistakes." Or one hears them saying: "I wish I were young again, then I would do much better."

Now the time has come when this opportunity is given, when they will be born again to resume their earthly life, wanted for so long. They are excited and happy! They will enter embodied life full of ambitions and dreams. They will come to Earth to prove themselves, to explore life in a different dimension. They will come to learn different skills, to conquer, to achieve, to improve conditions on Earth, and to refine themselves....

When the little Cherub came and played his fanfare, Bill was in the front line. He was able to see the introduction and dance of the fairies. Then came the lovely ballet of the watery undines and the graceful acrobatics of the airy sylphs. Many folk dances followed, poetry was recited, songs were

sung. To conclude, the salamanders gave a remarkable flame performance. Then more dances began.

"Isn't it beautiful?" Bill's sister-to-be took his hand and with a glowing face asked him for a dance.

"Yes, my dear." They danced like a light wind, turning nimbly and effortlessly.

Bill danced the whole night in high expectation. He could hardly wait to be born. He knew how he would look. For many years he had been working on his image. He could choose from thousands of shapes of eyes, noses, fingers, ears, even though he knew his look had to reflect his character. One cannot have the finely calibrated ears of a Mozart if he has not long listened to music and intently practiced it. One can not have the voice of a Pavarotti if he does not know how to use it. Bill is pleased with his image.

He knows his future parents. Tomorrow he will pay them a visit.

When the celebration was over, Bill went down to Earth and spent a few days with his future mother, Amanda. She wasn't yet married. But he knew that this would soon change. She was eighteen years old, pleasant looking and had a job. Her boyfriend, Robert, was a nice young man.

Bill sat quietly aside when the two young people met. He listened to their conversations. They, of course, didn't see him. But it didn't matter. They seemed happy, and soon fell in love with each other.

When the time was right, a Recording Angel gave Bill the cup of oblivion. From this moment he would forget his past. The Angel gave him final instructions and Bill went on his way down to Earth. Tonight is the great night! His physical body will be conceived. For the first three months he will work from outside on his body, together with the help of Angels. On the fourth month he will enter

the tiny body in his mother's womb and will continue building it from inside. It is difficult and intricate work. He has to prove he can build a finer and better body than the one he had last time.

When Amanda discovered she was pregnant, she wasn't happy. She was afraid, for she wanted to have a career. Bill was in shock. For a day or two he could not work on his body. He started making mistakes. The Angels let him look for a while at their work. Bill started praying. He wanted this life. He had wanted it for so long. So far he had done excellent work on his newly-forming body.

But Amanda was determined. She didn't want a baby yet. She went to the hospital to abort him.

Bill felt as if the whole Universe was collapsing. He was being denied entrance to the world. He was not loved. He felt lonely and crushed under the iceberg of his mother's cold calculation of life. She had forgotten the promise she gave him some nineteen years ago in Heaven to be his loving mother, his ever devoted, selfless, protective, nurturing mother.

In anguish Bill watched as the doctor destroyed the foetus and with it Bill's dream of a new earthly life. The Angels stood by, then they carried Bill away on their wings, for he had lost consciousness.

In Heaven the Recording Angels took notice. Any other sin can be compensated for by good deeds or forgiven somehow, but not the transgression against Life. This sin cannot be forgiven. It has to be paid for in full—life for life. In the next incarnation a mother's wanted child will die for her every prior abortion, or attempted miscarriage; or the ability to have children will be completely denied her.

Two years later, Bill was drawn to Amanda when she conceived again. When she told Robert, now her husband, the news, he was not pleased. It was too early for them to have a child. Amanda didn't think twice. She loved her husband so much and wanted him to be happy. With resolution she mixed some poisonous herbs and drank the potion to induce miscarriage. She was very ill for several days. But nothing happened. The couple went to a doctor, but he refused to abort. After this, Amanda and Robert decided to keep the child.

Bill now was in terror. The poison had damaged the fine tissue of his fragile body. He was around

his parents all the time, bound by the foetus, hearing every word, feeling their emotions, experiencing for the second time rejection and indifference. A cold chill froze him even as he continued working on his body, which he knew was compromised. He sensed he was heading for a very hard life. Both his brain and his heart were damaged. For when a mother rejects an incoming child, its heart receives a defect. And when a father denies a child-to-be, the brain is in some way impaired.

Bill now was afraid of his mother. To him she was a potential killer. He was afraid of the coldness of his father too. When in the fourth month Bill entered his body, he felt unloved, depressed, lonely. But there was no escape.

Eventually he was born. He saw the face of his mother above him—she who once killed his foetus and later poisoned him. He dreaded what she might next do to him. In fact, he feared both of them, even though they started to behave normally, as soon as they decided to keep him. But Bill could not trust them. He cried most of his waking hours. He threw up milk, hoping to starve himself to death. But they forced him to drink, which terrified him further. The fear would not leave him. Rather, it grew stronger day by day, year by year.

Eight months after his birth Bill was diagnosed with a constricted aorta. He would need special care. Sixteen years later he began to display symptoms of schizophrenia. His whole life seemed wasted, his dreams crushed, his hopes blotted out.

Bill lived with his afflictions for nineteen years—a real hell for him, for his sister, for his parents. He feared everyone. He believed the doctors wanted to kill him, the police to frame him, his friends to spy on him in order to do him evil. The mother feared Bill for her very life. She feared for the life of her second child too. Was it her first action turned on her? This was a family haunted by the Shadow of the unforgivable sin against Life—abortion. And the Shadow of madness.

When he was thirty-two, Bill took his own life, escaping (he thought) from mental illness and monstrous fear. More difficult destiny was added to all of their lives.

Sinning against life, in its many forms, takes a heavy toll. □

—Marcia Malinova-Anthony