

Chapter 6

BEYOND THE WHITE

Exegesis Part Three

Circumincision of the Trinity of Being.

What happened next is impossible... I think ! How then do we describe the impossible ? An event occurred; one event, but it was experienced twice, and from two different perspectives or points of reference, and thus appearing as two events from hindsight. Yet they could not be remembered during the sequence. They could not be remembered for an infinite duration of time; not until this whole series of events was over and behind me. This event was in a dimension of a trinity of some kind; a trimorphic reality of self in some way. However, observation is always dualistic, the observer and the observed it seems; but it can take place from three different points of reference in sequence. Is it any wonder that we question our sanity for a while.

I will have to describe the following sequence of events just as though it was experienced at the time and in the sequence in which the events took place. However, at the time, the first sequence could not be remembered during the course of the second sequence and thus it was experienced (at the time) as if I only went into the white light once. But from hindsight it was experienced as going into it twice - even though knowing it was only once. The alternative is that two parts of me went through two different holes at the same time. Confusing is not the word ! Who would ask for any of this ?

I did not experience actually entering the white light. One instant I was about to enter it and the next instant I was inside or beyond it. If it were possible to have blinked ones eyes then I would have assumed that I had blinked and hence missed it. But I know well enough that you cannot open or close those eyes. Moreover, I had no knowledge of ever entering the white light; there was nothing before this event for that part of me in this field. I saw the figure of a Human form. It was tall, elegant, old; and standing on top of high precipice, like a cliff edge. I (this part of me) was in a location just to its left and a little way behind it. But I had no form as did it. I could see the left hand side of its face and form and way off into a strange kind of distance to the front and all around it.

I must have had two eyes for the reality was three dimensional. The space all around was like an eerie white mist and yet somehow without being misty; for vision was crystal clear. I could see over the edge of the precipice where this figure was standing

right near the edge of a high drop. However, I myself, the observer, had no form, and this figure, or symbolic emanation of a figure, seemed as though it were not aware of me watching it, whatever it was. Moreover I had no remembrance of ever arriving here or of anything that had happened before. I did not have a clue what I was, or what I was looking at, or what either of us were doing here: wherever 'here' was.

But it was calm, serene, peaceful, poignant, somehow meaningful, but eerie nevertheless; strange; mysterious. I had no thoughts going through me, no feeling, no questioning; no power to think or reason (as one can from hindsight obviously), but just simply watching, and taking it in: and not by choice. I, or this part of me, was just an observer (as far as I know anyway). If one was being precise then that part of myself could be said, from hindsight, to have been like a spare member at a wedding or union (Mutual Convergence). And in the true and deepest sense of that meaning: a mere observer - in order to KNOW !

The figure was looking down in toward the whiteness which was a kind of enclosed but huge dome of whiteness. There was only the restriction of whiteness which created the perception of an enclosure or dome of some kind. But whilst I was observing all this a small dark aperture in an otherwise total whiteness just opened up, like the lens of a camera shutter (the round type). The whiteness was not a blinding whiteness but simply an absolute pure and soft radiant whiteness: but kind of misty. And yet the aperture which opened up like a hole in a wall was absolutely round in form and clear cut defined. But it was tiny; a small hole. A small dark opening in a 'non wall' of the mysterious white light; and me with no form, and this form of a figure about three foot in front of me and to my right, just standing there watching this hole appear. Then all of a sudden a small ball of gold glowing light popped in through the hole; and as it did so the aperture closed up like magic behind it... like a self closing door.

As the being looked down (it sounds like a fairy story but it is the literal truth of the events so help me the god of truth), this small gold ball of light came through the dark aperture into the white light, and there it just kind of hovered, remained stationary, with this figure watching it and me watching all of it. As I said, as the small gold glowing object entered into the white dome then the aperture through which it had come, the small black hole in the white, simply closed up and became non existent behind it; and the light (gold ball) just sat there stationary; a gold ball of light surrounded by a pure white light. And all was still... for ages it seemed.

It was eerie, so quiet, yet so profound. There was not a sound or any further movement. All was utter stillness and quiet. Somehow it seemed as if the figure may have been an extension of myself with me having some kind of out of the body experience in some strange way; for I knew what was going on in its thinking; I think. Yet I was observing from a slight distance away... and objective.

The small glowing object looked much like a Ping-Pong ball and its radiance was a gold glow which stood out in contrast to the surrounding pure and soft white light. As I watched I saw the figure shed one tear; one solitary tear ran down its left cheek; yet it was happy; so happy. I know not how I knew it, but know it I did. The figure was in love with the glowing object. Had I been in a position to think, ask questions or rationalise during that facet of the events, then I do not know what I would have

thought or reasoned, or understood; but I could not. From hindsight it is very strange being a passive observer. From hindsight however, there are no questions to ask regard that event as far as I am concerned; for all was understood - it explains itself. But to continue however.

Nothing was said; there was not a sound; everything was as stationary as the grave with the exception of that teardrop slowly rolling down a face. No further movement took place. It was so profound beyond words. I was not sure as to whether the figure I had been observing was another part of me or not; indeed at this point I was not sure of anything, for I could not think; I was simply an observer. The vision then ended as instantly as it had come about, and from that point I had no further memory or recollection of it ever happening; or not for a very long time yet to come. An infinite amount of time.

In the Second, or Parallel Entry.

As I said... this was no star, it is a hole with light shining out of it, and I am damn well falling in to it... I am going into it... Wow !

I did not actually experience going into the white light; I must have blinked or something. One instant I was about to enter it and the next instant I was inside of it. I was inside some kind of bubble - a bit like a cobweb eggshell, or one of those string lamp shades that gather all the dust. I was aware of myself inside this thing; like an embryo in an egg of some kind; or shell. It was the first time that I could actually see anything of myself since all this began. I was somehow sitting all cramped up like a bloody chicken in an egg; wondering as to what was on the outside which was so bright; and as to what the hell was going on now. But thinking did not come easy at that point, and perhaps simply more instinctive than rational thinking. But I could still think somehow. Beyond this 'bubble' which I was cooped up in was a pure radiance of brilliant and dazzling white light. A blinding light. I could not seem to think in the normal mode of thinking, although I could indeed still think somehow.

I had an instinctive urge of wanting to scratch my way out of this bubble or whatever it was, or at least see as to what was outside of it. But there was no form to scratch at. I could not touch anything even though I seemed to have some kind of physical form of some kind. I think it must have been simply too bright and blinding to see properly. I suddenly realised that the light was getting brighter and even brighter by the second; blinding and more blinding all the time. Or perhaps more light was getting in through the mesh of this thing somehow. I began to see something - or more true to say 'know' something: but what is it... I'm not sure... No, no no it can't be... it is... good grief almighty... the thing outside... it is... it is ME ! (With that thought, that event, that vision and knowledge - I was dead; gone; finished). I saw no form of anything other than brilliant and blinding light yet I knew that something outside was myself; it was made obvious; axiomatic; absolute knowledge. My being, my consciousness, started spinning, swooning somehow, spinning in a giddiness like a vortex of water going down a bath plug hole: a vortex of self existence diminishing into nothingness. I knew that my bubble was disintegrating in the light... and so was I... I am going... I am being damn well annihilated, melted down, disintegrating, burnt out, annihilated. It came to pass that everything ended; everything had gone; and I was gone. I and the universe were no more. It was the end of time.

* * *