

Reflections on death

I have been reading a book called "Life and teachings of Masters of the Far East". I have had this a five volume book for about 30 years now and have finally reached the end of the fifth volume.

The end piece included a poem by John Gillespie Magee, Jr, a Royal Canadian air force pilot who was shot down over England on December 11, 1941, at the age of 19.

Shortly before his death, John Magee sent his mother the poem, High Flight, which was soon to become known the world over and still considered the greatest poem to come out of World War Two. I wouldn't know about that, because I have not seen other war poems but nevertheless I find it very moving so here it is:

HIGH FLIGHT

*Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth
and danced the skies on laughter – silvered wings.
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth
of Sun– split clouds, – and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of – wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hovering there,
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air...*

*Up, up the long, delirious, burning blue
I've topped the wind–swept heights with easy grace,
Where never lark, or even eagle flew –
And, while with silent, lifting mind I've trod
The high, untrampled sanctity of space,
Put out my hand and touched the face of God.*

I think there is an enormous amount of unwrapping to do. The liberated person finds himself enough free space where he can

move with easy grace. I find it very comforting to know that there is a continuity of consciousness. In my time, I have read about 40 books on life after death, reincarnation, and indeed life between lives. I'm fully prepared to move on and know that what I do now and the difference I make to other people will affect my ability to fly.

I do quite a lot of work, believe it or not, talking to people who have so-called 'died' and I find the people who were – for example – stubborn in life are stubborn in death and the people who were happy in life are happy in death. I regard death as the casting off of a body vehicle or if you like changing clothes to move on to a less dense or more dense environment depending on the cumulative effect of our actions in our lifetime. It seems very fair.

If I identified myself with my own mortal body I think it I would be in a permanent state of insecurity, maybe almost panic. I am a divine being having a human experience as David Icke would say.

Off to London on Thursday. We are having a Sunday ceremony to celebrate the life of Mike, a long-time friend of my wife. I shall be catching up on the Tate Galleries and looking forward to seeing friends.