

How Does Some of the Process Work in the Human Form?

I Was Just Thinking.....

...about Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, and Jaques' speech on the seven ages of man. Looked at from the perspective of higher consciousness, the first and last of those ages reflect a different understanding and a different kind of parallel to each other. Age the first, as Shakespeare would have it, is "...the infant mewling and puking in the nurse's arms...", sleeping much of the time, and not engaged – let alone fully engaged – in the process of life. Though he/she made a choice to incarnate, and to set an agenda for this lifetime, that infant is not yet ready to fully *disengage* from the non-physical world. It takes a monumental amount of courage and stamina to incarnate – to be human. Living a life is the ultimate challenge, the ultimate "fear factor".

As a sleeping baby, each of us is receiving instructions, guidance, love and support for the strenuous journey that lies ahead. By the time we are two or three and filled with words, colors, ideas and connections, we do fully disengage from the other reality and forget about it in order to be fully present in this one. About a year after beginning (under duress) the consciousness portion of this lifetime, I had a dream. In the dream one of my disembodied teachers and I were sitting on the moon, looking at the earth and

conversing. He was teaching me the process of being/becoming a seer when I interrupted him with much urgency. “I know I’ll never make it through this time unless I have a t-shirt with your picture on it, a tape (this was pre-CD) with your voice on it, and a way to continue talking with you.” He laughed and said, “So you shall.” The moon turned into the wheel on a bicycle, then two and then four wheels, and we rode off in opposite directions. I awoke with tears running down my face, and a deep longing to be able to speak with him in my waking world. Communication.

We find dialogue/trialogue so difficult in our everyday lives that the thought of communication across the veil – the life/death barrier – seems impossible. “To sleep,” says Shakespeare’s Hamlet in Act 3 Scene 1, “perchance to dream...” That speech goes on in exquisite language to compare the dread of “...what dreams may come When we have shuffled off this mortal coil...” to “...the whips and scorns of time...” present in everyone’s daily life. Is it more difficult to face the unknown that death presents to us, or to stay in the pain, trauma, suffering, learning, and sometimes joy of our human existence?

By the time we reach the Shakespeare’s seventh stage we are old and toothless, some of us with Alzheimer’s and others more and more ‘senior moments’. We stare at mortality, and we sleep – we nap, we doze, we siesta. But – during that sleep – we also converse. Our friends, families, teachers, guides and lovers await our coming, and we spend more and more time out of our bodies reacquainting ourselves with them and with our true

natures. We are more and more ready to disengage – to fully disengage – from “this mortal coil” and move back into our highest selves.