

CATCHING FEATHERS
IN THE WIND

Diane Hall

ANGELS

I have lived many lives on Earth. I have lived many, many lives on Earth, and can vividly recall each beautiful, bizarre happening, each dreary non-event and every hungrily experienced moment which fitfully or fatefully passed through its allotted place in each.

It is unusual for one of us to step onto the wheel of physical incarnation: the relentless, ritualistic cycle of birth, death and rebirth, which is usually reserved for humanity. But that was what I, indeed, willingly chose, and for its moments of great love, joy, understanding, adventure, enlightenment, agony and truth, I am eternally grateful. You see, just like all the others, I was “born” with a burning desire to help those on Earth in any way possible. (That, as you may know, is the destiny, the wish and the way of Angels). But, of course, unlike all the others, I took that precious impulse and flew with it you might say... tumbling through an idea, a loophole in the Divine plan, into your world and far away from who I was - taking my love to the farthest point imaginable in serving you, and spinning rhapsodically into brighter, bolder dimensions of possibility.

After watching seemingly endless ages of human suffering and witnessing a kaleidoscopic odyssey of man’s inhumanity, I was no longer content to sit on the sidelines waiting for a prayer. Oh no, In order that I might gain a better understanding of how to serve you, I wanted some experience of Earthly existence as a human being.

In meetings and hallways, on mountaintops and in the silent, woody vales of Heaven, I sat by the stillest waters, presenting my case. Surely, if we wanted to truly understand the human condition, it might be at least helpful, to get to know it from first-hand experience. That’s me, you see, ever the perfectionist! That was my function in Heaven: through the process of inspiration, I would assist those on Earth whose deepest desire was to create and perfect artistic works of Divinely transcendent beauty.

I have watched life on Earth since the very beginning of time, and have always wondered why people did the things they did, made the mistakes they made, chose what they chose. I wanted to understand the crazy, the wonderful the terrible and the truly insane motivations of humanity. To gain knowledge of the emotions and mentality that could lead human beings to act in the ways they did. I’d watch them as they sat up at night, wringing their hands with worry over this or that. I’d held their hands through the longest and darkest of nights and soothed them as they wasted away for want and need of love, as all the while, our love flooded their desperate souls, unperceived.

I didn’t understand why they had shut out so much hope. I longed to discover why they couldn’t see or feel us, and to somehow get to think the way they did, so that I could reach out across the dimensions and teach them how to lift their up hearts into our care, and realise even a glimpse of the bliss that was their birthright. I would soothe and comfort them, to the painful sound of their cries: “Why? Why? Why? Why me, God?” Loud cries, echoing emptily around four walls and failing to reach any target or destination, as all cried out in vain to a God in whom they no longer truly believed. There was no image of a God they could truthfully accept, no genuine belief and therefore, no direction for their prayers; just empty words rattling around inside a large chasm of faithless despair.

We have watched nations and dynasties and worlds, yes worlds, rise and fall and rise again and, throughout, we remained detached, waiting only for a call. And for most, this has been sufficient. Some of us however, have experimented with experiencing life forms by ‘jumping.’

I, myself, have jumped into a star in order to experience its brilliance as you see it from Earth; I have also, often jumped into the ocean and become a wave. At one time I experienced myself as a simple drop of rain, and it was through becoming this tiny drop of water that I began to grasp a true sense of my own insignificance within the grand scheme of things. It was, paradoxically, through this same experience that I began to develop a sense of

my own belonging in that grand scheme, as I soon realised that there was indeed no such thing as a simple drop of water: I was a life-changing dribble in a drought, combining with other drops to become a much needed rainstorm, mercifully descending onto a parched, desert landscape.

I realise now that my coming to Earth was all part of a grand plan. A gift to you from The One, or whatever you wish to call that within you which knows the ultimate, infinite love: that which is ALL Things yet needs no name.

I hope that whoever finds this journal will learn from it something of who or what we are, of why we are here, and of the endless and enduring love we have for you, and for all of humanity. Take it and read it as you find it; I ask only this: that you read it, not only with your eyes, but also with your heart. Accept it, if you can, through whichever part of your consciousness seeks to know the unknowable but will only accept truth. Then take from it what you are able to use and simply enjoy or discard the rest.

For my part, I will tell you my story as best I can through my simple understanding and a somewhat inadequate translation from the language of the soul, which is simply, wordless feeling and knowing, into words and description. And although you cannot precisely see life as it looks through the heart of an Angel, perhaps I can share something of a human perspective expressed through the heart, mind and bodies of an Angel.

As the time drew nearer for me to embark upon my human adventure, I suddenly began to feel unprepared for the task ahead of me. I was told that my journeys to Earth were among many events that would mark the start of a long process, which would culminate in the blending of our two worlds, at the dawning of Earth's Universally decreed awakening, into realignment with Divine consciousness: that which many of you have referred to as the new age. Marked out in most places on Earth as the end of the 20th century and the beginning decades of the 21st, and beyond, Heavenly pieces were falling into place, so that now, many more of us would 'fall' to Earth to offer assistance as the time drew nearer. The Heavenly host would descend in parts, as the enlightened souls on Earth would reach up into awakening and remembrance of that sweet, heavenly song.

For my part, then, it was agreed that I would adopt a succession of human lifetimes across time and space, in order that I might better serve the cause of humanity and play my unusual part in this evolutionary milestone. So I held my breath, shut my eyes and, with great love and gratitude for the joy of service to THE ONE, leapt from the great unknowable, into the great unknown.

In the centuries that followed, I lived on Earth as a dancer, a doctor, a nurse in several wars, in several countries, under various banners, gave birth to, and lost, many children, was wealthy, destitute, a man, a woman, experienced many different kinds of love, heartbreak and loss, and was by turns, black, white, yellow, red and every beautiful shade in between. I laughed, I cried, I knew the exhilaration of rage, jealousy and fear. I avoided positions of great power, which might prove distracting and create too much karma to deal with after my deaths and therefore generate the need for further, more distracting, corrective lifetimes. I always spread peace and tried to do the right thing. I did not commit any crimes, to my knowledge, but there were times when my own emotions, led me to a point of such desperation, that I truly began to understand what led humankind to wring their hands and frown in the dead of night.

Over time I experienced death; by drowning, by dueling, by hanging, by fire, by torture, by sickness and disease by cold-blooded murder by shock and eventually, at last! ... by 'natural causes.' Each time, I watched from Heaven as the discarded body was returned into the ground or baptized by flames. And each time, I was shown the sum of all my actions and their effects on those with whom I had lived. I often wept as I saw their lives either healed in

some way by the lesson or the beauty of my final release, or shattered into a thousand, nonsensical fragments; and I thanked Heaven that I was able to see and understand the bigger picture.

After just a few lifetimes, I came to see very quickly that without this understanding, the walk of human life could be very long indeed. I began to feel an ever-increasing, almost overwhelming compassion and sadness. What an affliction it could be, to find oneself trapped in the singular consciousness and personality of a human being. This isolation, the frustration, the sense of disconnection from the light of infinite love must, of course, be the reason for all of their misjudgements, prejudices, wars, hatred, greed and violence. I was happy in the knowledge that once again I was privy to a glimpse of the complete truth behind all things, and that this was the legacy I would inherit when my searching was done. But I was sad for those on Earth who could not, or would not, see it. I longed to bring with me, into my Earthly lives, some sense of these ultimate truths that would bring hope and peace.

I grew impatient for change and subsequently spent many lives as a teacher, mystic, sage, philosopher, yogi, priest, monk, nun, priestess, activist, oracle, and other such inspired folk, during which, I attempted to find some meaning in life, and to leave behind, for future generations, an enduring doctrine that would inspire, inform and uplift. But while existing as a human being, with a human heart and mind, I was rendered unable to convey the warmth, the intense love and the lack of judgement, which exist in the Angelic realms. So my thoughts and ideas, when they appeared on paper, read like cold treatises, left behind, only to fuel the folly of fools, and encourage fear in cowards who dared not take their lives into their own hands for even an instant. What little truths remained when they had been translated, revised, re-interpreted, re-printed, re-created and eventually re-discovered bore no resemblance to the original works and were fit only for ridicule and contempt.

Most of the ideas were misunderstood, misquoted or quoted out of context and eventually led to wars, which created huge devastation ...and karma, which I then spent several lifetimes trying to understand and rebalance... (nurse in several wars, monk under vow of contemplative silence, nurse in several more wars, monk under vow of contemplative silence, humble scribe, translator, doctor in war-torn country!!! ...It got a little repetitive after a while).

After these lives, I was left with a lingering sense of limitation and hopelessness. I wondered at the fact that, if an understanding of these ultimate, loving, Heavenly truths was the cure for all that ails humanity; the small deeds that Angels were permitted to perform on Earth seemed like piecemeal. Why not just take Earth and scoop it up onto a higher plane and make it perfect, beautiful, truthful, loving and peaceful? Of course, I was quickly reminded that this would be such a huge interference, that it would cause a crisis in the metaphysical structure of the Universe and make a mockery of the very concept of free will. And God/we/you would never know if humanity, as a whole, was capable of creating lasting peace and finding their way back home without Divine intervention.

Just as my humble but well-meaning little books had started wars, it's sometimes impossible for us to even begin to imagine the results of our actions, however well meant, until we are faced directly with their consequences. We know that there is an equal and opposite reaction to every action but what does this mean? Do we truly understand what it might mean? Do you realize, yet, what a huge responsibility this simple law of cause and effect gives to us? Do you have any idea of the power of every single thought, word or deed of every single person on your planet? Do you ever wonder what might be the consequence of constant thoughts, actions and words of pure unselfish, unconditional love? Much as we long for you to experience, or more accurately, to remember this original state of love, we are prevented from any dramatic intervention at this time, so that you can grow into this state of awareness yourselves; and it can happen, make no mistake!

But you will never know how great you can be if you are not given the opportunity to find out. A mother cannot take its child's' first steps, and it is the very act of taking those steps which make a child's' legs grow stronger, until that child is eventually, truly ready to run off into the distance and work miracles with its life. Should we then pick the child up and carry her/him, or simply let the child go?

You are like our children and we love you as you might love a child of your own. Every day, an Angel waits by your side for some word from you, and in every instant he/she makes a choice about whether to carry you or 'let you go.'

ELEVEN

After a time, I knew that my seemingly endless ride on the wheel of incarnation was almost over. There was work to be done. The purpose for which I had been created awaited fulfilment, and to me seemed to slip further and further away with every moment that passed on Earth. I had forgotten the reasoning and felt I was simply losing my way. Time seemed weighty, meaningless and absurd ...and I was missing my home.

My heart yearned for the constant, loving and soundless communion with The One, and somewhere in my being there was a concern that some aspect of my 'self' would come to believe in Earth's limited "truths" and, perhaps, somehow forget who I AM. It was decided then, that the next life would be my last, and I would complete it and return home to The Light Which Needs No Name and its unending love.

I was told that my final life would be challenging, but eventually beautiful and that through it, I would truly begin to fulfil my destiny. So off I went, gladly beaming my consciousness into yet another body, all the time scanning its life pattern for signs of what was to come. I watched the parents preparing for the unwanted event that was me. My mother was weeping. I looked into her heart and saw that she had been deeply disappointed by what life had offered her. She sat sobbing quietly, in the early evening light, surrounded by the untimely decay of her dreams.

I sat with her until she fell into a comfortable sleep. I sang to her until all the terrors which had gripped her like angry beasts were no more than harmless shadows. I sent her wonderful dreams, full of life and colour, which she would remember on waking. I stayed with her until I saw that she knew she would one day wake up in a better place. My father left for distant shores, approximately seven hours before my birth. My mother told everyone she saw an Angel on the night I was born. She left the Earth seven years later to rebuild her castles in the air.

Throughout this somewhat painful and difficult life, I was allowed some very beautiful insights. It was the beginning of the 21st Century and wars were raging across the world. They were guilty wars, greedy and senseless attacks upon the innocent and needy. I witnessed destruction, starvation and desperation I never thought possible, and never found a way of understanding through human eyes. In the ways of man, truly nothing much seemed to have changed, but still, all around me, there was passion and hope for a better tomorrow bursting out of every new life and each new moment of living, breathing potential.

Even the hope for a Heaven on Earth still existed in the hearts of many, right there where trees were afraid to grow and murky waters flowed to feed the thirsty. There were artists and dreamers, healers and mystics who no longer hid their vision from the scathing eyes of the cynical. I felt each yearning, each prayer and each hope, and for the first time, dared to dream of this beautiful Heaven/Earth consummation and the kind of paradise it might conceive. There is so much love in the Universe, as we know it. And there is so much more love in the Universe ...as we have yet to know it.

I somehow knew when the end was near for me. I was reasonably advanced in my years and, although what my husband had referred to as my ageless radiance belied this, some of the brightness was gone from me. I was tired. My work was done some time ago and now, much to my surprise, I found myself simply holding on for his sake and for his love.

The first time we met, I thought he'd seemed lost. He was surrounded by people: adoring fans, photographers, an assortment of well-wishers and interested parties and yet, he seemed so completely and utterly alone. It was somewhere on the brief walk from yet another concert hall to the car that stood waiting for him, that our eyes locked in an unbearably memorable cliché. And in that moment, something almost indescribable happened ...and my human heart

knew with every fibre of its being, something it had never known before: a feeling of complete and total joy. Even as I write these words, that feeling is still with me. How can I describe such a feeling briefly or flippantly, when surely it's what all of Earthly life is about...that moment when we meet our dreams in flesh and something in the soul cries out, at last, at last, at last ...I've finally found you....

We stared across at each other, and after what seemed like an eternity, he turned to someone and simply said, "Who's that girl?" Then he was gone, snatched away into the treacherous vehicle and driven off into the night. To you it might seem corny or naïve but, even then, I knew something I'd always known: that without ever knowing I was seeking it...without ever looking, he was the thing I had been searching for forever. Do not ever let anyone tell you that the yearning for this kind of love makes you needy, or that the longing for its sweet completeness makes you dysfunctional or incomplete in any way. Hold on to your dreams and trust your knowing, about what the heart describes as real and righteous. And remember that, when it comes to love, we are all foolish just the same, and no one has any special right to be sensible.

It's impossible to say how a heart can be captured in a single second and held for all eternity, but in that moment, I knew we were destined to be together. Of course, later that night, being fairly human, I told myself that I was just a somewhat misguided cliché; one of many devoted fans, clutching at straws, fabricating false hopes. And in the weeks that followed, I convinced myself that my peculiar feelings about the nature of our connection were purely the result of wishful thinking and star-struck insanity. But, somehow, he never left me...in consciousness; he was always at my side. I could feel him. He had stirred something in me; he had made me restless.

I wasn't impressed by his celebrity; I could see all the madness and the sadness underneath the glitter. I could feel what truly moved him, and sense the loneliness that drove him to fill every waking moment with song. To the casual observer, he might have looked as if he had the world at his feet and everything to live for. Yet, to me, he looked as if deep inside he was missing something, some lost piece of himself. And no matter how hard I tried not to imagine that I might be that thing for which he was searching, some part of me longed to cut through the miles and the heavy security and to have just one small moment with him that would tell us both everything we needed to know.

Of course, a meeting was Divinely orchestrated, and our moment did finally come. It arose out of such peculiar and fateful circumstances that even if I were to describe them to you here, you might have trouble believing what took place. Suffice it to say that, when our accidental meeting took our lives on an unexpected trajectory, we knew that, whatever happened next, wherever our love would lead us, our job was to allow it to change us in any way necessary. We were sent into each other's lives to guide each other towards a higher love, and whatever that might eventually mean, we were each other's destiny.

Our life together was bliss. We rarely disagreed: we were both too hungry for harmony, after a lifetime of struggle and conflict. When we argued, it was usually all over fairly quickly. The first time we ever disagreed strongly, it was over where to live. He wanted to live in town: somewhere smart and trendy, whereas I was desperate to get out of London, to somewhere quieter and greener. After a few days of bickering, stand-off's, pros and cons and general emotional discomfort, he came to me one day, as I sat at the piano, wondering why I'd given up my whole life for this man, and how I had become no more than a glorified groupie. What had happened to my career? How was anyone supposed to write beautiful music while staring at all this brick and concrete? Why didn't I just go home? How had one evening turned into a year? Where was I in all of this madness. He sat next to me on the piano stool, took my hands in his and said,

"I will gladly go anywhere with you." That was all he said, as he stared into my eyes, "...and I want the whole world to know it." I smiled, as he got down on one knee, right there in my favourite spot, sitting at the piano with the scent of the rosewood piano, mingling with his cologne. We found a happy compromise, living in a quite suburb of London, married, devoted and still wildly creative.

Because we had each other, we never felt alone in the world, knowing that a world of love was always waiting for us in our cosy home. A world of love and someone who genuinely understood! In our hearts, we had both always felt alone, out of place, out of time, out of step, and strangely at odds with the world, but together, we had found a place of belonging. We connected in so many ways, and, yet, in others we were completely dissimilar, but were somehow the perfect complement to each other. We were never bored when we were together; there was always more to say...more to share. There were always endless new ways to amuse and surprise each other. We didn't go out enough, though. Sometimes we could have made more of an effort to do more, see friends more, engage in less insular activities, but sometimes, just being together was entertainment enough. Sometimes we were just having so much fun at home, we almost forgot about the world outside. It was not always healthy. We loved the same books, laughed at the same jokes. he was more than a soulmate.

And yet there were times when he was strangely preoccupied; times when he seemed so locked away inside himself that even I failed to reach him. In expressing his feelings for me directly, yes, he was sometimes inconsistent, but he spoke to me constantly, through his music, and showed his love for me every day, in a million tiny ways that were truly meaningful. He was so alive when he played his music; he seemed to glow from inside when he wrote something new, and would rush in excitedly to play it to me. And from the first few bars of everything he ever played, I was always so completely captivated by the heart, soul and consciousness of his music. He did everything with such love and conviction, it inspired me to be more committed to everything, from the depths of my being.

In all that time, he knew as little as I consciously did, about my true nature and origin, even though he'd always called me Angel. Maybe he'd always known, unconsciously, that there was something different about me. We had eleven blissful years. More than most people could boast, in twice as many years together. Perhaps more than any two people who were so happy had any right to expect. One night, after a year of struggling with fatigue and disease, when a Divine calling triumphed over an earthly love, I turned to him, without knowing what I was saying, or why.

"Tomorrow, I'll be gone." I said, with memories of a greater love flooding back to me through time and space. "You will look at me and not see me....But we will be together again one day, and in my heart, I will always be with you." The words came from somewhere so deep within me, that I knew they were true. We had never spoken much of spiritual matters, but throughout my life, I had remained ever mindful that there was something greater out there somewhere. And there had been times when my search for this other 'something' had become an all-consuming passion. He, however, had remained skeptical, for his own reasons, yet now, when it really mattered, he had understood my knowing, and hadn't questioned it. In that moment, I had come to know the unknowable and said the unspeakable. How had I known and why had he understood? Had he understood? In truth, only time would tell ...as with all things... so in that moment, I told myself that, yes, he had understood, and slipped away into Heaven on a trail of recollections.

"There is so much love in the Universe..." I whispered as he held my hand in his for the last time.

AVENUES

On Earth, people always wonder ‘Where do the dead go?’ They look at the vacant body of someone they love and wonder how they can just stop existing! Surely all of that life, that exuberance, the wisdom, the wit, the “intelligence” must go somewhere. Is it just buried in the ground and left to slowly decay with the passing of time? Interred with their bones like Caesar’s good? We see the body lying there before us, and it is obviously devoid of life. But sometimes there is such a strong sense that nothing else has died, and that every other aspect of this beautiful, magical being must, surely have gone somewhere... must be living on, somewhere else!

And so, he called me back to him with the strength of his thought and feeling, and I had no choice but to follow the love. I watched him watching me. He seemed more puzzled than anything else at first. And then he looked at the body, as if he had never seen it before, as if he were looking at a stranger. I reached out to touch his cheek, as I always had, and although he couldn’t see me he shuddered at my touch.

“It’s OK,” I said, “I’m here.” He turned away from me and grabbed at the body. He held it in his arms and cried. I stood helpless, powerless, invisible and, once again, alone. I felt so torn. One half of me wanted to be with him, and the other half needed to return home. Suddenly, I was in two places at once, on an involuntary rediscovery of bi-location. In the house, I stood beside him and elsewhere - somewhere that felt like my true home - I received a warm welcome. In another place - a resting place - I heard birds singing, and in yet another place, I simply slept. I existed in several planes of possibility at once, as each playful probability sprung to life, carrying yet another part of me off to some urgent business, created by my imagination, or by the call of someone, somewhere in the world in need of love.

It was becoming clear that I would have to learn how to assert my will, and focus my energy according to my choices, if I wanted to stay close to him. This is something humans do without thinking - you make a choice about where you want to be, and then proceed to that place, without interference - but in Heaven, angels are bound, by their loving nature, to answer every call of every soul who asks them to be by their side. So we often find ourselves carried here there and everywhere, according to the whims of humanity, and the only way to skillfully navigate this endless mission of love, is to learn how to spread our consciousness over all places, and all times, all at once. Yet, here was I, caught between the willfulness of being human and the multi-dimensional reality of angels. It’s complicated!

I emptied myself out, and filled myself up again. I chose to bring my focus sharply into the reality that presented him to me, and stood resolutely by his side in the place that he knew most certainly to be reality. I breathed and birthed myself as fully as I possibly could, without a body, into the experience of that probability. I stayed by his side constantly, my heart aching as I watched him break down night after night. I sat with him, unseen, sang to him unheard and danced for him undiscovered when I thought he might die from sighing.

He spent a lot of time on the phone now, hardly able to face the outside world in person. I heard him speak of me to friends, acquaintances, anyone who would listen. So many things he had never said to me. Why not? Why say them now, to virtual strangers? There had actually been times when I’d questioned his love. Now I could look right into his heart see everything.

“She made me live,” he would say. “She filled the space around me.” My heart smiled, and exploded with light, and I tried to use it to catch his attention, to let him know I was there. He blinked for a second, but saw nothing. He shuddered and I knew he’d felt me! “Listen, I have to go, I’m a bit cold out here,” He was saying, trying to wrap up a call that had lasted over an hour. I watched the clock and kept an eye on his legs, shaking my head at

the way he sat with them curled up under him and knowing he'd have pins and needles when he stood up.

He was experimenting with living in one room; eating in one room, sleeping in one room, feeling safe, only in one room, and yet he seemed determined to keep any means of communicating with the outside world in another. He was desperate to wind up the conversation now, hoping to get back to his photographs and letters, and to that solitary place of longing, where none could follow. I wondered how long he would stay there. He had condemned himself to misery and, therefore, to enjoy anything at all, even a friendly phone call, felt like a betrayal. "Yes I'll be fine." He fibbed, half-heartedly. "I'll call you tomorrow."

I watched as he replaced the receiver, and saw the darkness set in all around him; I could feel it. It was the same every night around this time. I smiled to myself, as he uncurled his legs slowly and staggered back into his hideaway, rubbing them as he went. I stayed with him, all through the funeral and for the days that followed. I sat with him at dinner, unobserved. He'd set a place for me every night. Sometimes, I would laugh and joke with him, just as I used to, even though he could neither see nor hear me. We were both acting kind of crazy. Sometimes I'd reach out and playfully touch his forearm to emphasize a point, but he felt nothing, heard nothing. I watched him hold on to my clothes and inhale my old fragrance. So morbid! I laughed as he shared the news of the day with my jumper, cried as he read poems and stories to my pillow the way he used to read them to me. I continued to live with him, watch over him and weep with him, wondering all the time, how on earth ... I would ever let go.

I tried so hard to get through to him: with the power of thought, by singing along loudly with songs on the radio, by superimposing myself onto photographs so they would become more life-like and he would, even for an instant, catch a glimpse of me, as I really am. Alive! Shining! Silly! Smiling! Laughing! Radiant, resplendent in white chiffon with wings ... anything. Anything but dead; I really don't like that word!

Sometimes he would find himself staring and blinking at certain photographs, when the image of my face seemed to come to life in his hands. Then he would rub his eyes and quickly erase from his mind, all memory and possibility of what he thought he might have seen. Other times, he would think he saw something moving or someone standing nearby. He would catch a glimpse of "something" just briefly, with his peripheral vision. Then just as he would turn to look me, I would start to feel so weak from straining to materialise, that I would lose my focus and become invisible once again. And again, he would tell himself he'd seen nothing... that it was all just his imagination. So all of my efforts would come to nothing, and I would go back to dancing in the invisible lightness. He was wearing me out! He would have laughed at that.

I longed to hear him laugh again. I longed to hear anyone laugh again. My soul cried out for that rich, earthy human light-heartedness that could send colourful ripples of giddy madness through all dimensions, the way that only human joy and laughter can. He was lost, and all possible joy was lost on him. Could do nothing to lift himself out of his grief, and it seemed that there was nothing else I could do to help him. I couldn't make it better for him, I couldn't make him feel better, the way I usually did, because, in his eyes, I no longer existed. We were going under, together, and I was quickly losing perspective. We couldn't go on like this. He was taking me to a place in which I could not exist, a place where I did not belong. The Universe was calling. I needed to leave.

One night, some months later, when the wind was turning to ice, there was no place set for me at dinner, and all of my old belongings stood around in boxes by the door, I prepared to leave him for the second time. My belongings had lost their fragrance. He stared blankly at piles of unscented garments, which no longer offered any olfactory comfort but, instead,

greeted the nostrils with bland disappointment. Time after time, he tried to extract from them, some lingering aromatic promise to transport him away from the cold stair on which he sat, back to a time when we had sat together on that very step, happily dreaming our dreams, making our plans. And time after time, he was greeted with the same kind of sensory dismay endured by allergy sufferers, when faced with yet another bar of unscented soap.

He held the clothes, squeezed them and soaked up more tears with them. The clothes, which had once held so much familiarity and yielded so much warmth and comfort, now gave nothing back. He sat on our step, bewildered and alone, deeply inhaling the fragrance-free void and staring at his lifeless photographs, as I quietly stepped away to create a healing void, a space in which his life might someday begin to find itself again. I kissed his sunken cheek and slipped away, turning my face, at last, towards the light, and realized that even I had begun to wonder, 'Where does life go...to live on...without love'.

A long period of transition and consolidation followed. Psychic impressions of accumulated life experiences; battle scars from the front lines of existence, were healed slowly over time. Violet, blue, white and golden lights came at me from all directions, flashing, finding, gluing binding the lessons of centuries past, as my consciousness floated in time and space. Each beam was stronger than the one that came before, and was filled with an even more powerfully intense rush of love. This feeling of love and compassion came with the light, and engulfed me, staying with me and surrounding my Earth-torn heart with soft, sympathetic warmth. I was held suspended on a cloud of reassurance and restoration. I was not aware of day or night or seasons changing on Earth, just constant shifts in light and colour, sounds near and far, hushed voices, distant church bells, monks intoning, soothing and evocative of happy life-times... and the not so happy, but all in perfection and completion. Images from all of my lifetimes were with me in an instant and then gone; African heat and nights, school playgrounds, apple blossom and edelweiss, sewer-scents and candy floss, all rose up and then melted away, under a starlit sky. The smell of coffee and the cries of newborn babies blended with the dampened Earth beneath my feet, as ice melted away the ground beneath me, and left me flying through the sky, trying my wings for size. A small cuckoo clock sounded in time with an optimistic marching band...deathbed promises, karmic ties, all gone...and then the sweet, repeated redemption, time after time after endless time... and home again.

The impressions came in waves, almost like psychic contractions, urging me on to my Heavenly rebirth. Sometimes I was aware of words and emotions, impressions, thoughts and feelings, emanating from what I perceived to be a mentor of some kind. Sweet, encouraging words, unconditionally loving, patient and kind, and absolutely without judgement, yet sometimes firm and conclusive "Do you see? Do you understand why that had to happen? Do you get it now?" Kindly advice, sent to me as thought, absorbed through feeling, always expansive, endlessly affectionate, and filled with understanding and a deep, almost indescribable compassion. "Just breathe now, that's right, wait...now release and expand again, you're nearly there now...sailing, sailing, drifting, drifting...letting go now...come on, you can do this...see it, picture it leaving you now...this is who you are...remember now...see the colour of it...hear the sound, remember and surrender. You're home now, you're safe, nothing else is real. You are our little miracle..."

Sometimes I felt incubated within a web of several loving arms which latticed around me, cocooning and protective. And, as always, I found peace and stillness in the comfort of the all-embracing Universe and these everlasting arms upon which I was now only too happy to lean. At other times, I felt an overwhelming love and light nearby, which was almost too beautiful to bear, and I was touched by a sudden explosion of joy that rushed up through my heart, caught in my throat and made me want to cry and laugh and sing. I knew then that 'The

One' was with me and making its presence felt within and all around me, and welcoming me home. At other times I felt completely and utterly alone but at peace, a perfect peace, the peace that goes beyond all comprehension. The calm before the storm when there will be no storms. On and on it goes.

The air was positively amniotic: painless, soundless and still, but somehow echoing and vibrating; little, yet great, still ...and yet softly moving, sounding and reverberating throughout the uncompromising cosmos. Places when I had left my mark, allowed me to reclaim the fragments of myself, and release any idea that I belonged to the Earth... Photographs yielded up my energetic imprints, incidents released my attachment, corners brushed away my cobwebs, and a thousand wishes returned to me from distant stars and fountains, gathering at my heart's opening and releasing themselves into the nothingness. I needed, wanted and was attached to no single thing. But just a few small things stayed with me, things that would enrich my understanding and expand my capacity for loving.

I needed to find a new place in Heaven. I was no longer a purely Angelic being, and neither was I fully human. I was a curious blending of the two. But there was something else, something that just wouldn't leave me. One memory stayed, although I couldn't quite fully recall it. Something was missing. Some memory clung to me. Like a ghost limb, its essence resting on the periphery of my heart and mind, and refusing to describe itself. At the same time, it refused to surrender into the all, and disappear obediently with the others. What was it? Who was it and why did it matter now? Who had I forgotten to forgive, or who had not forgiven me? What was it that I refused to forget, and what was that unnamed thing my soul cried out for? What was it that had placed this confusion inside me? This lingering feeling of incompleteness was so unfamiliar to me. It felt altogether too human. I struggled to understand it. I looked out into the endless space and felt a deep yearning for something other than "The One", although I knew not what it was.

"I am changed," I whispered out, into the abyss, "I am changed, and yet, I know not how."...

CATCHING FEATHERS IN THE WIND

by Diane Hall
www.dianehallauthor.com
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