

**EXPERIENCES  
ON THE THRESHOLD**

with  
Silo's Message

*a collection of  
personal testimonials  
about meaningful living  
and dying*



*Here it tells how the non-meaning of life can be converted into meaning and fulfillment.*

*Here are joy, love of the body, of nature, of humanity and of the spirit.*

*Here sacrifices, feelings of guilt, and threats from the beyond are rejected.*

*Here the worldly is not opposed to the eternal...*

- Chapter 1, "The Meditation," in  
"The Inner Look," from *Silo's Message*

*Do not imagine that you are alone in your village, in your city, on Earth, or among the infinite worlds.*

*Do not imagine that you are enchained to this time and this space.*

*Do not imagine that upon your death loneliness will become eternal.*

- "The Path," from *Silo's Message*



*To Salvatore, with all our love*



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## I Give Thanks

I give thanks to God  
who has opened my eyes  
and shown me the truth of the world,  
who has given me his Being  
so that I might live it in my being.

I give thanks to God  
for presenting himself to me  
and not letting me wander any more  
in non-meaning and doubt.

I give thanks to God  
with joy  
for filling my cup so full.

I give thanks and I give thanks  
for the point of departure  
for the point of arrival  
and the entire passage.

*- Bélgica Villalobos  
(a few days before departing,  
from terminal cancer)*

## **What Is the Message?**

What is Silo's Message?

The Message is a breath of life that brings us back from a long winter's sleep.

The Message is like spring. It is renewal. It cleans us from inside out, cleansing us of pain and sorrow, of fear and bitterness... The Message touches that part of us which is tired of the toils of a long struggle with ourselves and with others, and transforms it into a place of compassion, reconciliation and true solidarity – a serene and lasting place. The Message unblocks the way that leads us back home, to the heart, where we know well how we must live our lives and what we must do for our loved ones and for the world, for life to continue and death to recede.

The Message is powerful like water rushing down a mountain, cool and refreshing, yet relentless in its truth and relevance. The Message will become a river that will run through all lands, bringing us together and connecting us in the simplest of ways with the profound that carries in it what is and what always will be.

The Message is a gift to Humanity in the form of ceremony and reflection that gives strength to our search for meaning and transformation.

Silo's Message is new but it is ancient because it was born with Humanity.

The Message is an intimation of freedom.

The Message is a possibility.

*- Patricia Rios*

*Introduction and Acknowledgements:*

## **The Question of Transcendence**

*...when the Death-lie crumbles  
and explodes  
into nothingness,  
like the thinnest film of moisture  
on a summer morning...*

If you have ever stepped over, by chance or design, into the place where we do not die, you want nothing more than to return there: to find the door between the worlds again, and open it so everyone can pass through. This book is dedicated to that search and that opening.

The spirit of these stories, most which were written as letters to friends, is one of wonder, of a desire to share a quiet hope, a new possibility. They are stories of connecting deeply with our innermost being, with others, with the Sacred. Many of these experiences broke forth in the face of Death, or of the strong possibility of death – times when the only thing that matters to us is to find and share relief, meaning and reconciliation. For it seems that when we must confront the pain or departure of a loved one, or the end of our own life as we know it, we often open up, in our despair, to something new...

The common context of these stories is the work of Argentine writer and spiritual leader Silo. Many of the experiences they recount were inspired by the ceremonies found in the book *Silo's Message*; others occurred in connection with other aspects of Silo's work.<sup>1</sup> Although many might easily fit in more than one category, we have grouped them as follows:

- I. Experiences with the Ceremony of Well-Being
- II. Experiences with the Service
- III. Experiences with the Asking
- IV. Experiences with the Ceremony of Assistance

- V. Experiences with the Ceremony of Death
- VI. Experiences at the Parks of Silo's Message
- VII. Reflections

The Ceremonies of Well-Being, Service, Assistance and Death come from *Silo's Message*; the Asking is a brief prayer of asking deeply for what we truly need; the Parks of Silo's Message are centers for peace and reflection located in different countries around the world. Some of the stories also refer to the Ceremony of the Laying on of Hands, and to various other Guided Experiences and readings. Many of the ceremonies and experiences referred to in the stories, along with some other writings that we consider especially relevant to the theme of death and transcendence, can be found in the Appendix. Those that we have not included for lack of space are annotated and can be easily found through the Silo's Message website, [www.silo.net](http://www.silo.net). A Glossary of common terms and expressions has been included in the Appendix.

These stories are offered here not as "proof" of the reality of transcendence, but as inspiration, as possibility, as orientation – recognizing that the only truly valid knowledge comes from personal experience. In 1980, during an interchange with a study group in Mexico City, Silo spoke clearly on this issue, declaring his own certainty that "death does not stop the future," but also acknowledging each individual's personal experience as the necessary point of departure for discovering one's own truth:

*And so, coherently with everything that has been said, I declare before all of you my faith and my certainty of experience that death does not stop the future, that death on the contrary modifies the provisional state of our existence to launch it toward immortal transcendence. And I do not impose my certainty or my faith upon anyone, and I live in harmony with those who find themselves in different states with respect to meaning in life. But I am obliged in solidarity to offer this message—a message that I recognize makes the human being happy and free. For no reason will I evade my responsibility to express my truths, though they may seem doubtful to those who experience the provisional nature of life and the absurdity of death.*

*Furthermore, though I clearly define my own position with respect to this point, I never ask others about their personal beliefs. And I proclaim the freedom of all human beings to believe or not to believe in God and the freedom to believe or not to believe in immortality.*

*And so, among the thousands upon thousands of men and women who, shoulder to shoulder, work with us in solidarity, there are atheists and believers, people with doubts and people with certainties, and none of them are asked about their faith. Instead, everything is given as an orientation that may help each of them decide for themselves the path that best makes clear the meaning of their lives.*

*It is less than courageous to refrain from proclaiming one's truths, but it is unworthy of true solidarity to try to impose them upon others.<sup>2</sup>*

To all our friends who made these writings available to us, we extend our sincerest thanks.

And a very special THANKS to our soul friend Mario (Silo) who has helped us, through his teachings, to be able to manifest the best of ourselves in our experiences, for others.

*- Trudi Richards, Catalina Portel, Hugo Novotny  
March 2006*

*English translation by Trudi Richards  
June 2006*

**Translator's Note:**

*In many of these stories, the reader will come across references to someone with the singular name of "Negro." This is an affectionate nickname by which Mario Luis Rodriguez Cobos - Silo - is known to many of his friends. Negro (or the feminine version, Negra) is a common term of endearment in Argentina, often given to people with darker skin tone, but without racial connotation.*



# **TESTIMONIES**

**I.**

**Experiences  
with the  
Ceremony of  
Well-Being**





## **ELENA – Madrid, Spain**

### **With Luis**

The request for help came to me through my daughter. The son (19 years old) of her friend Ana has had a recurrence of leukemia and is not responding to chemotherapy. For her friend this has closed off the future, and she finds herself so blocked that she doesn't know where to begin, nor what she can do for her son.

### *December 2004*

I got in touch with her and told her the way in which I could help her. The conversation lasted barely a few minutes, and I invited her to try the experience. That was decisive.

She began inviting family members, her friends, and her son's friends.

After two experiences, we got together at the hospital. We've asked permission from the doctor and gotten together in a little lounge near his room. There we do the ceremonies. During the first, the people were a little tense, not knowing very well what they were doing there. The second was a complete surprise. Twelve people, all standing, with their eyes closed, completely committed. Now none of them want to miss it, and everyone looks forward to that day and time.

At the same time, I'm working with the son with Guided Experiences. At first with the Configuration of the Internal Guide and the Protector of Life. He is surprised that each time he does them different things come up and he talks openly about death. People are becoming more and more interested in the Message and some have asked if they can reproduce this elsewhere.

The mother, Ana, comments that since she did that first experience, her life has been transformed, as if she has become a different person, with more energy and with positive images in her head.

### *January 2005*

Luis is beginning to respond to the chemo, so they are including him in the bone marrow transplant

program. This means that when his defenses are completely lowered, he will be in a very delicate situation, since any cold or infection might bring him to death's door. Even so, Luis agrees. During the leave they give him to go home before the transplant, Luis stops his internal work. He only wants to have the best possible time with his girlfriend in case he dies during the transplant period.

Once his defenses were completely lowered, they forbade all visits, so all my contact with him was limited to phone calls.

### *July 2005*

I am in Santander, my daughter calls me and tells me that Luis is in intensive care with a lung infection and they expect him to die within the next few hours. Ana doesn't want to answer the phone, but after I insist... she finally calls me. From Santander I do an experience and feel Luis very connected, so I call Ana and tell her, I tell her not to believe so much in the doctors' determinism, that he won't die from this. I tell her that at any rate she should do the Ceremony of Assistance, but later she tells me she didn't do it because it "gave her the creeps."

When I arrive in Madrid on Sunday, I go to the hospital. When Luis entered the ICU, they only let us visit him for one hour in the morning and one hour in the evening. Ana asks me to talk to the doctors, she doesn't want to see them. The doctors receive us with funereal faces and there's little we can do to change their climate. I go in and see Luis, who is sedated and full of tubes, and I feel an incredible force within him, he is fighting like a bull.

I go out to the waiting room and I give the family some psychodrama: "How can it be that he is fighting like that and you are out here crying over a death that hasn't even happened, that's no way to help him!" I don't know what came over me, I was very brusque... it was an impulse that came from I don't know where. At any rate, Ana looked at me with surprise and responded. She went in with me to see Luis. We did the Ceremony of Assistance. In the afternoon we did the experience of the

Protector of Life and also the Clouds. The next day Luis began to improve. I saw very clear changes in him with the experience of the Clouds, and so I focused on that one and we did it at least twice a day. We also continued doing the Configuration of the Guide and the Protector of Life, as well as the Laying on of Hands. While we were doing the experiences, we either had a hand on his head, or on his heart...

Our being in the ICU was an inconvenience at first, the nurses and doctors looked at us askance and we could feel their glances under our skin. But it was essential to set the priority, and also there was the thought that they all might hear something and learn and register it.

In the following days, Luis began to improve by leaps and bounds. And the doctors started talking about discontinuing the sedation.

This is a delicate moment, since normally the patients “come back” very agitated and disoriented, for which reason they were planning to do it gradually, a process that would take several days. Meantime the doctors continued with their funereal expressions, and the only thing I could do was to get them to assure us that they would do their part well and with the resources that were necessary in the case. They kept insisting that Luis could not hear us and could not sense us. But we knew, above all, that with the experience of the Clouds his heart always beat faster at the same part and also always relaxed at the same part (the advantages of having a monitor at hand). We could also see on the monitor how his pulse sped up when his girlfriend caressed him and spoke in his ear. Of course he realized!! EVERYTHING!!

Precisely on the day that we were expecting him to wake up, his oxygen saturation fell and the blood tests showed the presence of an infection. Nobody understands what is happening. They begin to review everything and a day later they realize that they should have changed his catheters more than five months ago!! – more than enough reason to have caused an infection.

Two days later, Ana calls me in the morning and tells me she cannot go see him, something is stopping her internally. I tell her that in the

morning I can't go, and that someone has to do the experience with him, so finally she goes.

At seven that evening, when we are waiting for the visiting hour, they tell us that Luis has had a stroke. Ana does not want to go in. She remains below, waiting, while I go in to see him. I feel him so clearly that it's as if he were talking to me; it's clear to me that he is not going to consent to remaining among us with the consequences of that stroke. I do the Assistance, and I feel the same as if I had thrown a drop of water into a rushing river. I go down and tell Ana that it seems to me that we don't have much time, and that I think it would be best if she went up and said goodbye.

Cristina, Luis' best friend, was also with us. She was sitting apart, in a corner, as if she had no right to be there. I suggested to her that she do the Assistance, so she went up to Luis, and with her hand on his head, began to read, with an immense tenderness. Her face transformed, and she asked me if she could keep the Message book (I was carrying several in my purse; I've learned to go prepared, so no problem).

I believe what happened after that is one of the most beautiful experiences of my life. Ana, who is pure dynamite, an unbridled colt, went up to Luis, took some gauze and with uncharacteristic gentleness began to wipe his mouth, joking and complaining because the nurses are a bunch of lazybones who don't keep him clean. She began to treat him as if he were a small child, with exquisite sweetness, tranquilizing him, telling him that she knew that all this had been a lot for him to take, and that we realized he couldn't keep it up. She caressed his hands, his arms, his chest, his head, with a tenderness that seemed to us to come from another space and another time. She went up close to his ear and whispered a few phrases that only Luis could hear. The moment she stopped speaking to him, Luis stopped breathing, the hairs on his skin stood up and he took on an ashen color. I closed my eyes and began an experience of the Force. I heard Ana calling me, asking me why Luis was not breathing. I was trying to sense Luis, and once I got the register that all was well with him, I opened my eyes and answered that Luis was no longer in that

body. The union and peace that all those present registered was very great.

*September 2005*

We've gotten together, taking advantage of Luis' birthday, to do an experience. The whole family is coming, his friends, his girlfriend... There are 20 of us. We read a letter I've written. Some tears appear, but more than anything the emotion in the hall reaches a very high level. Then we do the experience "The Loved One" that Rosita Ergas includes in her book, *La Muerte, un umbral* (Death, a Threshold),<sup>3</sup> adapted for this special occasion. While I read the experience, I carefully observe everyone present. Everyone is standing erect, their chests expanded, their eyes closed... Ana cannot contain her tears. I close my eyes and see Luis dancing among us, approaching his mother and giving her a dandelion, telling her tenderly: "You're a silly one..."

The testimonies afterwards are surprising. Many of those present are astonished and comment vehemently, as if to make the others believe them, that they felt Luis there, beside them. The climate that has been generated is tremendously positive, and everyone begins to remember the good moments they've spent with Luis, his mischievousness, something he said or did, etc. I remind Ana of the last moments we spent with her son, the way she spoke, her gentleness... she doesn't remember.

### **With Dani**

Dani is Luis' brother. He is ten years old.

Luis' death has shaken him. He feels unprotected without his older brother. In this situation, Ana (his mother) doesn't know what she can do.

We have just done the experience of the Loved One at Ana's house. I invite Dani to go to another room with me.

We sit on the bed. I suggest that he close his eyes, and after that we have this experience:

- Close your eyes, Dani. Can you imagine your mother?
- Yes.
- You see her clearly, right? But your mom isn't here.
- No.
- And you love her?
- Yes.
- How do you know that you love her? Do you feel it?
- Yes.
- Where do you feel it?
- (for a few moments Dani is quiet, then he lifts his hand and puts it a little below his throat, then moves it down to his chest.) Here (he shows me).
- Now try to imagine Luis. Don't hurry, take all the time you need, and tell me when you can see him clearly.
- (some time passes, perhaps a couple of minutes). Now.
- You can see him – do you remember how he used to laugh when he played with you?
- Yes.
- You love him a lot, don't you?
- Yes, a lot.
- And where do you feel him?
- (Dani remains quiet for some time, and finally lifts his hand to his chest). I feel him here, but inside (motioning toward the back with his hand, as if indicating depth).
- So now you've found the place where Luis is. From now on you whenever you want to see him, you can, and whenever you need his love you will have it.
- And can I talk to him and ask him things?
- Whenever you want. Sometimes it might take

him a while to answer you, but you don't have to worry about that. You can tell him everything that happens to you at school, but don't forget to tell him the happy things too, since he will like that.

A few days later, Ana (listening from another room) hears the following conversation between Dani and his sister Veronica (8 years old):

- Vero, don't be a bother. Sometimes mama gets a little sad because she wants to talk with Luis and when she gets like that you shouldn't bother her.

- And how can she talk with him?

- Elena taught me how to talk with Luis and I'm going to teach you.

*Elena Ayuso*

[helen\\_ayuso@telefonica.net](mailto:helen_ayuso@telefonica.net)

### **MONICA** – *Río Negro, Argentina*

Everything began in the month of September, when I needed some x-rays to use in my sculpture; it was around 11 pm and I didn't know where I was going to get them. I went to the public telephone at the news stand to call my mother... and on my way back I met a woman who was talking with another woman on the sidewalk.

And I say to her – it's the way I am – : “Ma'am, you don't have any x-rays do you?”

“I do have some...” she replies.

“I need one or two...” I answer.

“Where do you live?” she asks.

“On the corner, in the apartment with the green door.”

I went to her house and came back... with five x-rays.

My house was a bit of a mess, so we stayed outside talking, the night was very peaceful... And she told me her story. She said that her son had a tumor in his head, and that she was feeling very hopeless.

Without hesitating, I went in and got a Message book.

And I told her that within that great mother's anguish is a gigantic strength, that if she worked with it with faith, who knows... perhaps it would help in some way.

I explained the Ceremony of Well-Being, the Laying on of Hands... and she told me she had a virgin to whom she was praying...

Well, I had my exams, so I had almost no free time to go see her, and she works at three houses as a domestic employee, so we couldn't get together... So we agreed that we would each do our own thing... in our own house.

A month later I find her, she tells me she has read the whole book... and that there were parts that she didn't understand, but she doesn't know why, she liked it anyway... And that she had read the ceremonies to her son...

On December 24 she knocks on my door, I answer, and she gives me the news that her son's tumor has disappeared. She invites me to stop by her house on Christmas eve...

Life has a meaning, that sometimes I don't manage to perceive, and that makes me think.

*Mónica Ceballos*

[artehumanista@yahoo.com.ar](mailto:artehumanista@yahoo.com.ar)

**FABIANA** – *Buenos Aires, Argentina*

### **The Death of Nora's Son**

At that time it would be the anniversary of the birthday of Nora's son – Nora from Villa Itatí (perhaps some of you remember the ceremonies of Well-Being in the Tribunales Plaza with Nora, other mothers of young people who were victims of "trigger-happy" police, family members, friends and different groups). The police killed Nora's 18-year-old son last November.



I didn't remember whether it was supposed to be Friday or Sunday, so I called on Friday at 3 pm and she told me that there would be a mass in Victor's name at 4 pm, that it had been moved up at the last minute, because originally it was planned for 6 pm.

I went there directly. I arrived at 4:30 and on the door of the locked chapel was a note: we are at .... a house across the street.

I knocked on the door of the house and a young man, the owner of the house, opened it.

In the humble kitchen there were about 20 people of all ages around the table (brothers and sisters, friends, family members). At one side was a priest, who had already begun his mass. I knew about three of the people.

After singing some songs, a boy who played guitar proposed to everyone that whoever wanted to might share with everyone the memory that Victor had left in them. He said that thanks to these stories, he had been able to know and love Victor. Since nobody spoke, Nora did, from the heart and with some tears.

Then I took the opportunity, with Nora's consent, to do the Ceremony of Well-Being – half way through the mass – after a few words to encourage our best feelings in the face of the prevailing adversity.

Everything took place with great profundity. Nora said she felt Victor's presence among us. About 10-15 minutes later the mass ended and we all hugged and kissed. I had to go back home, but Nora asked me to stay, so we talked and drank mate for a while longer.

She told me that she had managed, through a governmental association -assuaging their guilt – to open a locale in La Villa to take care of victims of violence. It would be inaugurated in November and she invited us to participate with the Ceremonies and to take a close look with everyone at issue of violence against people. We had enough time to prepare well for it.

Nora has transformed herself into a "mother of mothers" who have been orphaned of their children, victims of violence (I have met some of them) and this solidarian attitude of emerging from her own suffering to help others has "saved" her, in my view.

I wanted to share with you this experience of doing the Ceremony of Well-Being in the midst of a Catholic mass, because it seemed to me that it is good to be there, where people are looking for “affection, meaning and hope,” whatever the place is where they are looking. And this opened up for me a new understanding of my own limitations, that they can be opened up if I dispose myself gently and without prejudice for this to happen.

A big hug for everyone,

*Fabiana*

**ROBERTO** – *Madrid, Spain*

Carmen is the eldest of ten siblings. When she is 51 the doctors diagnose her with Alzheimer’s, and my brother-in-law and his children decide to put her in a home, since they say that her siblings do not want to help (family politics). They cut off their relationships with the siblings, none of us know where to find Carmen. When Carmen turns 60, we learn through a cousin that she is in a hospital for the terminally ill; but we can’t find out exactly where.

*Saturday, March 5, 2005*

I wake up. Sitting up in bed I have a strange sensation. I get up, get dressed and forget about it. It is Saturday, I have to do housework; about mid-morning, as I am dusting, I begin to cry, without understanding why. Perhaps dust got in my eyes... that’s what I tell myself. In the kitchen, preparing lunch, I begin to cry again, and I’m not chopping onions, but this time I feel great emotion. I tell myself: “Well, that’s ok, the release will do me good,” because sometimes when I cry I feel pain in my chest, and something inside me paralyzes my weeping. I take a nap after lunch, and when I wake up I keep weeping, and I tell myself: “Well, I let go this morning, and I see that that was good, and that’s why I keep crying.” I don’t give it any more importance than that.

*Tuesday, March 8*

It is midday, and the phone rings. It is Mercedes, my sister from Estepona. She tells me what happened to her on Saturday: that she was very disturbed, she fought with her husband and the children and the neighbors, which meant to her that something was happening in the family. On Sunday she called a cousin from Jerez. They told each other about their lives, and before hanging up, the cousin told her: "I have to tell you, Mercedes, they told me not to, but you are my cousin and I love you: Carmen died on Saturday, her body was cremated on Sunday."... I understood my weeping on Saturday.

*Sunday, March 13*

The rest of the family was confused, they hadn't been able to say goodbye to Carmen. It occurred to me to get everyone together at the center to do a Ceremony of Well-Being and afterward I began talking about Carmen's positive attributes.

For me, Manma – that's what we called her when we were little – was like a second mother. When I was four, I had an accident, and I only remember a building like a convent, but the most important thing is this: "I found myself in Manma's arms."

At fourteen I wanted to be a priest in the church, not because I believed, but to emulate the spiritual director we had in the church, who was a good person. He was the one that inculcated in me that we came to this world to help each other; he was always arguing with the other priests, because he was always defending people. And there was Manma, counseling me that if I wanted to help others, I could do so from other ambits.

At fifteen I was dressing like an adult, because I wore my father's clothes (a suit coat and tie); we were many brothers, and I was the one who was growing the most, so I got the inheritance. There was Manma, telling me that I had to dress like a young person, because she always found me sad and said the clothes went with my sadness. It was she who spoke with Mother, which in those days was not easy.

At 16 my sister Eugenia and I still had very infantile ideas about how children are made. There was Manma, she gave me a book telling me to read it, and to ask her about anything I didn't understand.

I noticed a lot of emotion in my brothers and sisters, and little by little they began to share their experience of Carmen. They took this gathering as if it were Carmen's farewell and burial.

That day we ate together, and during the meal we talked about how Mercedes and I had intuited Carmen's departure, without being able at the time to associate it with what was happening to us. Then Eugenia and Elena (two other sisters) shared their experiences. Eugenia said that early Saturday morning she had had a strange dream, she was arguing with Carmen and threw her out of the house; the strange thing about the dream was that she had never dreamed about Carmen, and had never lived with her, since Carmen got married very young when she was a baby.

Elena said that Saturday morning, sitting on her bed folding her baby's clothes, she felt someone watching her from behind, she turned her head and saw our father (who died more than thirty years ago) leaning on the doorframe smiling at her, and she seemed to hear him say inside her: "Don't worry, everything is fine." For her our father is her Guide, and at good and bad moments she feels that he is with her.

*Thursday, March 17*

I arrive home from the center, it's night and as usual I go to my room to change into something comfortable. Crossing the threshold into my room I feel a strong chill down my back, and when I go out again I feel it again (I must have caught cold sitting in the center). The hallway is a small space that unites the four different spaces in the house, and each time I pass through this point of union, I feel chills. The following days strange things happen in the house, I calm myself telling myself that I've become obsessed with the subject, that I myself am producing these strange things. I ask for help and protection from the Guide.

*Monday, March 21*

At the internal work meeting I comment on what is happening to me at home, and among the remarks and the laughter I come to the conclusion that something or someone is in the house and needs help. That night I put my plan into action. For enjoyment, I've gotten used to listening to the Guided Experience of Death<sup>4</sup> with the diskman in bed before going to sleep. Before putting on my earphones I say aloud: "Whoever is here, may you take advantage of this experience in order to find the road to the City of Light." I get into fetal position because I am feeling intimidated... When the part comes that says: "When in the great mountain chain you find the hidden city, you must know the entrance. But you will know it...", I feel as if something is hitting me on my hip, I feel as if that someone is taking advantage of the way I have offered them... And then I feel great calm, there is no longer any fear.

I continue having chills. I question what I did that night, it didn't help... Wait, yes it did help, at least I calmed down and the strange things stopped happening.

*Wednesday, March 30*

Every night at eleven, more or less, I work with the Ceremony of Well-Being and sometimes with the Force. And in that personal sacred space, which I create little by little, I ask for loved ones who are having difficulties. At that time and for a while previously, I had been asking for the uncle of one of my coworkers, who was in the hospital; and I also asked for Carmen, asking our loved ones in another time and space to help her find the way. In exchange I offered the valid acts I had carried out, so that Carmen did not go empty handed.

It was four in the afternoon, the phone rang, it was my co-worker, she was calling to say hello. As we were talking, she told me she felt chills down her spine. I told her: "It must be your uncle Felipe coming to say goodbye to you."

She told me not to joke about those things, that it scared her, and we went on to talk about other things. Finally she thanked me for having kept

talking, since that had given her time to get to the street without feeling alone.

That same evening, during my osteotherapy massage, I have a curious experience. I close my eyes to observe the energy blocks in my body; and among the images that arise I see Carmen, and behind her a young man with long golden hair. I ask the man to take Carmen to the City of Light, since she is lost.

At 11 that night the phone rings, it is Soledad (my co-worker). Her voice is sad, she tells me her uncle departed at noon, and asks me: "How did you know that my uncle was coming to visit me?" I answer her that it was a coincidence: when you told me about the chills, I associated them with what I feel at home and believe is Carmen, and I thought that it might be your uncle, but it was a coincidence. And I told her about the experience I had had that afternoon. She asked me what the man was like, I told her, and she said that that was what her uncle was like when he was young.

I understood that I was not crazy. And that everything that had happened, had happened.

I understood that one is not alone, and that one can give and ask for help from anyone from any time and any space.

*Robe*

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**HUGA** – *Santiago, Chile*

Dear Eva,

I'm writing first only to you, because it's more intimate. If you like, please send this on to whoever you wish who might be interested and find it useful.

The experience of my operations – I've had three – plus a few other more or less serious occurrences that required anesthesia, is something that has put me in contact with another space. I don't know if perhaps the anesthesia helps get rid of rationality and allows you to see beyond, or if it's all an hallucinatory state all on its own.

What I can assure you is that it is very pleasant, very full and sometimes, I dare say... transcendent.

Four years ago, when I woke up fully, I was very serene. Fifteen hours had passed since I had entered the operating room, I didn't remember at what point I had gone to sleep. My great friend, Sonia, was with me. That gave me a lot of peace, but I barely remembered it. When I awoke completely, I knew that the procedure had been very long, more than ten hours, and that my life had been in danger.

Well, the serenity I felt was because I had the vision that all my friends from the movement were there with their hands stretched out; and from all those fingers, which must have been hundreds, came rays of multicolored light. With that a bed was formed that sustained me, as long as was necessary, until I was out of danger. That was an extremely clear vision. I don't know at what moment it occurred, but the memory of it was more comforting and healing than you can imagine.

Now during the last operation, which only lasted five hours, I always had a strong sensation of protection and safety. I believe that this had to do with knowing that in many places people were doing ceremonies of Well-Being, doing the Service, and asking for me. But besides that, I knew that Negro had my photo on his monitor. He had even said that he would be there. What is for sure is that I felt as if I were inside a womb or something like that. Anything that might happen was fine: recovery, passing on, everything. There was no room for fear, nor for the slightest tension.

After waking up I was able to remember and give thanks. I am still giving thanks, each day. Sometimes I ask myself if I am destined for something greater. Since life has been hard for me, but at the same time I have been so rewarded, loved and protected...

Well, Evita, that's all for tonight. Tomorrow I will write you again, about things that are more mundane.

A big hug,

*Huga*

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**HERNAN** – *Buenos Aires, Argentina*

My story begins in the month of February 2003, when I begin to feel pains in my back and visit the doctor. After various studies, they give me the diagnosis: lung cancer.

After an operation, I had to start chemotherapy. At this point my physical and psychological state was deplorable, since I had lost a great deal of weight and was morally very despondent. When I began chemotherapy the situation only got more complicated, because I completely lost my appetite and my weight loss continued.

Evidently, in this situation, it was unthinkable that I might recover, and no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't reverse the situation.

At that time we got in touch with a Messenger and she offered to visit and chat with me personally. We also began to do the Service, the Laying on of Hands, and the experience of Well-Being. In the beginning we were doing it alone, then my wife joined us and I began to go to meetings on Fridays, where again, after an interchange, we did the Service.

At that point I couldn't attend meetings regularly because my physical condition did not allow it; so on several occasions we did the meetings at my house.

After a certain moment, and without there being any medical reason to justify it, little by little I began to want to eat again, and I slowly began to revive.

Today, after having finished the chemotherapy and while still going to monthly checkups, my condition is excellent. I've regained my original weight, I've been able to go back to work, and my life is practically normal.

As a final comment, I can say that thanks to the support of my family and friends, and to the ceremonies and meetings of the Message, I was able to come out ahead, and today I have the strength to go on fighting.

*Hernán Pérez Aguirre*

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**PIA – Buenos Aires, Argentina**

Gonzalo is 45 years old. He has spent the last 25 years of his life in various psychiatric institutions. His diagnosis is paranoid schizophrenia.

A few months ago, he began to suffer from complications of his chronic bronchitis. The doctors took him off his psychiatric medication because of the difficulties he was having with breathing.

It was Thursday; we arrived at the clinic to see him and his doctor prepared us for the worst. She invited us to say goodbye to him because his condition was very serious. He was neither eating nor drinking. They had given him a medication that would take 20 days to change his brain chemistry, but they didn't know if his body would hold up for so many days. There was no hope for him.

So we went into his room. Gonzalo's body on the bed looked like a Christ without the cross; even his diaper and the almost sideways position of his legs reminded me of that image.

It seemed like he had disconnected himself from the environment. He wouldn't let me touch him, or cover him, he didn't want anything ... His expression was lost, and in spite of my words, there was no way to connect with him. Suddenly he turned his head and looked at me. He said something like, "I don't want anything else, I don't want anything else." He sighed, and I understood his message. A few minutes later he had disconnected again.

We left the place thinking it was the end, not knowing whether he would live to the next day.

The next day, Friday, we met at my house as we do every Friday to do the Service and the Ceremony of Well-Being. When the officiant asked if anyone wanted to ask for anyone, I asked everyone to think of Gonzalo; I told them about his condition and thanked them. When we finished, while everyone was still in silence, the officiant told me: "Pia, I saw him. Sitting up in bed. He's going to be fine."

The next day we went to see him as we did every day, and when I entered the room, my surprise was enormous. Gonzalo was sitting up in bed! He

had eaten breakfast in the dining room with all his companions, sitting at the table. The doctor didn't know what to tell me – two days ago she had assured me of the worst... Of course... What could she say?

*Pía Argimon*

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### **SILVINA** – *Buenos Aires, Argentina*

To feel the presence of those very much loved ones who, although they are not here in this time and in this space...

The ceremonies of Well-Being have always been very moving for me, above all because of the concrete possibility of wishing relief and well-being for my loved ones in a very profound way.

In the first ceremonies it was hard for me to connect with those who are no longer with us; it was like touching a wound that has not yet been completely covered with scar tissue. I couldn't get any images.

Then one time I was able to focus on the little hand of a small child, and I dared to keep looking, and the smiling face of my little son appeared.

The next time I was able to focus on my beloved grandmother, I talked with her, I told her how much progress I was making, and I left her in peace.

After many ceremonies and blurry images, I was able to see my mother, no longer with her face full of worry and suffering, as it was when she passed, but instead happy and content.

Then I was encouraged, and I began to see her in a lovely place full of children, in a beautiful landscape. She was cooking in a large and beautiful kitchen, wearing an apron. To my surprise my father was there helping her; they weren't fighting, they loved each other and were happy.

Then I found my son Patricio, at the age he would be now, 21, and my couple... they were all there, in peace and harmony.

Now, in every ceremony, I return to that place. I keep putting more things there and making it more beautiful – now there is music, and beautiful colors. I talk with some of them, I reconcile with them, I tell them what is happening with me, I hug them, and ask them to protect my children.

The other day my father told me to be at peace, that they were fine, that I should get on with my life, that I still have a lot to do here.

Without any doubt, this has been good for others, comforting for me, and inspiring for my life...

I discovered that I can choose the way I remember them. If everything is in my head, I can decide to evoke them in a suffering way or not; and that, certainly, influences my life and the lives of those around me.

Today I have been relieved of some tension that I had kept, behind my heart, for a long time, and I have much more love to give here. I realized how much it cost me to let go of the affection I feel for those who are here. I no longer fear losing them, I am no longer afraid they will leave, because I know that they will always be within my heart.

After this discovery, and taking advantage of the Ceremonies of Well-Being every Friday in the little El Baqueano hall, I return to that wonderful valley where I placed my loved ones who are no longer in this time and in this space.

As a transference, I put myself in that place; depending on my internal state and without setting out to do so beforehand, I start a dialog with some of them in different scenes, asking for advice, asking their forgiveness. We reconcile, I tell them my fears and worries, and they encourage me, and give me advice from the best of themselves.

Of course, anyone could say: "You are talking with the dead"... Far from that, I am connecting with those contents from my past that were not resolved. Finally, I've found the way!

Because other people are inside of one. And what one has set up in one way, sometimes in a suffering manner, can be set up in another way and can act on those contents that were so strongly recorded.

The Ceremony of Well-Being has been a very valuable instrument for really wishing the best for myself and my loved ones who are here, and for reconciling deeply with those who no longer are. That makes my life much better today.

Peace, force and joy for everyone.

Silvina S.

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### **POLI – Madrid, Spain**

*An experience of contact with loved ones who have already departed...*

I'd like to share something I had the opportunity to experience.

Last October 10 was exactly eight years since my father died, and remembering him, I said to myself: maybe I can still do something for him, even though he is not physically here with us. Perhaps, I told myself, if I try to sense him some signal might arrive and we might be able to communicate. So I proposed to do an experiment.

I sought out the right location, where I might create the ideal conditions, quieting external noises and daily tensions. I needed to collect myself in silence, to leave my mind in calm and quietude. I worked with the experience of Peace, did an internal relax, and then proceeded with an experience of the Force.

Once the sensation of the sphere grew beyond my body, I found myself in a wide, empty, enormous space. My attention was directed to perceiving this space and to letting go, releasing any desire, pursuit or possession. Once there, without reveries, in internal liberty, I proposed to sense my father, trying to connect with his essence, with his being...

At that instant I was able to perceive an existence before me, a luminous existence, an existence that was transmitting peace and hope, and joy invaded me and moved me. As I connected with it, my registers became stronger. The experience did not

last long, but very comforted I said goodbye to him, inviting him to move toward the Light, toward the most beautiful of all lights...

I had hardly gotten myself together to continue with my daily tasks, when I remembered my mother, and called her on the phone. She had just come from a mass to celebrate this anniversary. I told her what had happened, what I had experienced, and said to her: "Papa is fine, I perceived him as being luminous and full of peace." My mother, who is not very expressive in such matters but is very skeptical, responded with, "Better to see him in a positive way than some other way, son."

A few days later I was with my in-laws, who were in great pain about the loss of their daughter. When my father-in-law mentioned his pain, it seemed to me that it was the moment to testify to them in the following way: "I'm going to tell you something that might sound a little strange, but it's something that I feel very deeply... recently I had an experience where I tried to make contact with the best that I remember of my father, and I was able to perceive a luminous existence, full of peace and joy."

Everyone remained silent, they didn't know how to respond, and my mother-in-law broke the uncomfortable silence with, "Yes, we all sense our family members, and whatever touches us, in a special way."

It is not easy to transmit these experiences, the environment is not used to hearing these things, but they are as necessary for life as water. We need signs to overcome the absurdity of death and give meaning to our existence.

We are letting go little by little, and I remember now the Master's words when he said something like, "The time has come when the internal is beginning to manifest in the world."

*Poli Durán – October 2005*

## **LEDA – Barcelona, Spain**

Hello friends!

I want to tell you what happened to me today.

I was having breakfast in my kitchen and I suddenly felt a strong impulse to do the Ceremony of Well-Being for Gaby's brother and family. I looked at my watch, because I also felt that this was the moment the hurricane was going to strike. [This was during the time of the hurricanes in New Orleans and surrounding areas; Gaby's brother was living in Houston, where a hurricane was expected.]

I did the relax quickly and connected very easily, while I expanded the sphere to surround them and protect them. Suddenly a spiral appeared, with many yellow spheres. That surprised me, but I continued with my sphere and was very connected with them and other people who were there... sending them tranquility, calm. I also sent well-being to Gaby (who lives in the south of France).

Then I went to put on some music, and I heard my friend getting up; it was around 10:25 am. Back in the kitchen, I had a cup of tea with milk, wanting to share with him.

And I told him that a short while ago, at exactly a quarter of ten according to the clock facing us, I had done the ceremonies of the Force and Well-Being for Gaby's brother... and that I had the "presentiment that the hurricane got to Houston at that moment." While I was telling him that, I turned on the television and... there were the images of Houston, and the telecaster saying that the worst moment had been at a quarter of ten in the morning, exactly at the time I had felt it!!

Dear friends! Every moment we have stronger and stronger evidence of the way everybody and everything is connected... This makes me very happy, because I see and feel that it is possible to reach many people!!!

Let's do it. That is what I want!!

A big hug, all my dear friends!

*Leda*

**ISABEL** – *Madrid, Spain*

On August 3 my boss and associate Pepe Alvarez died from a heart attack, at 55 years of age. He was very committed to his work and to the people affected by it: the poor people, beneficiaries of community aid from the LEADER programs for Rural Development and the PRODER programs at the state level.

He was kind and affable, funny, dapper and generous.

I went with his son and his family to take care of the paperwork at the Anatomical Forensic mortuary and the hospital, where family members and many associates turned up, along with all his neighbors from his adopted town, Serranillos (Avila).

Twenty-four hours later I officiated the Ceremony of Death before the burial. It was a very emotional moment, we were all very shocked by the loss, but from the register of peace that I had, I know that something of light and peace reached them too.

Two cousins came up to me afterward and asked me if they could make a photocopy. They took me to a place in the mortuary where they had seen a copy machine, and someone very kindly made us a copy, on a single page.

Yesterday, September 15, was the funeral. The son asked me if I wanted to read something, and I suggested doing the Ceremony of Well-Being. The funeral was held at the Jesuit church on Serrano Street, across from the American Embassy. We asked the priest for permission, and after mass, one of the cousins, who was the assistant, and I led the Ceremony of Well-Being.

The night before we had had a talk with the son, Rafa. He was very disoriented, and wanted to give his father's photo to his friends. We made a handout with the photo and the phrase, "Namer of a thousand names... you illuminate the Earth" (from Silo's Internal Landscape) and the Ceremony of Well-Being. This we gave to the family members. There were at least a hundred functionaries from the Ministry who came. The church, a little place, was full. Some said there were 500 people; I don't know, there were a lot of people, seated there

before me, watching. The Silence was impressive and the expressions expectant.

All afternoon a gentle joy kept filling me, a register with a very high tone, very high – not a common register, since it wasn't emotional; it was luminous, a register of certainty, of fullness. A different register from the normal, of connection with something more elevated.

Today that register is still with me. It is a good register-guide that is with me in my daily acts, infusing me with great joy, kindness and a gentle calm, a kind of optimism in the face of difficulties, and a push and a certainty in advancing toward what I set out to do.

*Isabel*

#### **AGATA – Buenos Aires, Argentina**

Hello everyone,

The reason for this letter is just to tell you a little about my experience with the events of December 30, and the fire at the “Cro-Magnon Republic” hall.

That day I wasn't at home. This year I finished high school; so, to celebrate, I went out to eat with three friends from school, something I've never done, so it was a nice experience for me. For that reason, I didn't know anything about the accident until around 1 am, when we arrived at the home of one of my friends. Seeing it on television shook me up, and filled me with anguish and uncertainty. I have a lot of friends who very probably were there; and I am 18, I've gone to concerts, and could easily have been there. And seeing that the number of victims was growing second by second terrified me; a knot clenched in my stomach and throat.

The next morning, when I arrived home, something in the air seemed strange. I live six blocks from the hall, half a block from the Dupuytren Clinic, and three blocks from the Ramos Mejía Hospital, so the whole neighborhood was in silence. People were murmuring in the streets, mourning, crying in



their homes – not for any family member, but just because of what had happened.

A neighbor, one of the local merchants, told us with distress how people were getting out of taxis, desperate. The doctors in the clinic made their reports, and the numbers were not good.

However, I think the thing that shocked me most, was seeing a man crying in his car, stopped at a stop light ... drying his tears and getting up the strength to drive on... Maybe he was looking for someone... who knows...

That whole day I felt bad, sad, grief-stricken, angry... I was able to speak with some friends: one of them had gone to the concert on Tuesday, and not on that day, because he didn't have the money... another was planning to go with a friend but didn't because the friend never showed up; others simply couldn't go... and by luck, none of them had been there. However, everyone I spoke with had some friend, brother or sister, or someone close who had been at the hall; some were struggling in some hospital, others had died. And although I didn't have anyone there, I felt so bad and so angry for not having been at home that night, to be able to go and help... I felt that I had to do something and I didn't know what... and I couldn't stop talking about it...

That was when my mother suggested the idea of going to the Ramos Mejía Hospital, and I didn't hesitate for a moment.

On Saturday we went to pick up our merchant friend and the three of us went to the Hospital. We made ourselves badges for that purpose, a kind of credential, on which were printed: the logo of The Message, "Messenger," each person's name and identification number, and under that: "Solidarity Action Commission." Just so they would know who we were.

When we arrived, there were already several of our friends there talking with the people; we went to the Intensive Care Unit, where the panorama was a little tenser, and where, I believe, the people needed more support. When we entered, it was shocking, but I felt as if I were part of them.

First we went up to a girl who was crying. Her brother was getting worse. Then my mother embraced her, and I took her hand, and that girl grabbed my hand so tight it paralyzed me. I tried to give her the best of myself; I couldn't do much more for her or her brother, but I could at least do something to make her feel a little better. After that, since other friends of ours had already spoken personally with each person, my mother said just a few words to the people:

“Dear ones, try to feel better, try to take it easy, because they [referring to those who were in the hospital] they receive all your pain. Try to feel better, so that that wave of well-being can reach them. That is my suggestion, and it is all I can give you.”

Meanwhile I stayed at her side, and when she finished, we went to give a hug and a kiss to the people who were there, and I tried to give each of them my best desires.

And something I didn't expect happened: the people smiled for a second, and told us: “Bless you,” “Thanks,” “God bless you,” and I felt so happy hearing their words, because they said them from the deepest part of themselves. It was so comforting for me to be able to do that, because I knew that I couldn't do anything more than ask for those who were hospitalized and those who had departed – but we could do something for the families, to make them feel better, even if only for a moment.

We said goodbye, and went to go back down the elevator from the 4th floor, and the people kept watching us... I believe they were asking themselves what our reason was for being there, giving them a kiss, just to do that...

To tell the truth, I don't know if what we did really helped them feel better. But I do I know that when we left the hospital, the pain in my throat and the knot in my stomach and chest had disappeared. And that even if it was very little, it was what I was able to do for them.

That was my experience at the Hospital and I wanted to share it with you. Because it seems to me that that is what the Message is for: to give relief to people who are in pain, to give strength –

because we know that a few words and a hug can comfort someone. Sincerely, it is at times like those that I am deeply grateful to be in The Message.

A big hug,

*Agata*

### **NORMA** – *Buenos Aires, Argentina*

I want to share our experience after the accident in which Juan, a young Messenger from Villa 21, was hit by a truck.

There were three moments: the week in the hospital, his departure and farewell, and the time afterward.

Now, from a certain distance, I can say that that week of being together in the “camp” we set up in the hospital allowed us to create profound ties, and something more, among all of us who were there day after day, sometimes 24 hours running. Everything was very intense.

During the first hours, I was alone there, to lift people’s spirits, to do the Well-Being, to approach anyone who was breaking down or isolated. By dusk others were doing the same: Johanna, Messenger and Juan’s friend; Guanchan, Messenger and Juan’s brother; and the mother of Juan and Guanchan. This way of facing that agonizing situation was contagious, and as the days passed a kind of chain began to be constructed, in which some of us encouraged others, and so on, whenever it was necessary. It was wonderful to see the transformation that began to take place as we put into practice the attitude in which the Message and the ambit of the ceremonies puts us.

We did the first ceremony in the open air where we always got together to send encouragement to Juan. We were 20 or 30 friends, the great majority of them young people, some sitting on benches, others on the ground, others standing. Among them were believers and atheists. Many, if not all, were seekers of the Profound even though they might not know it.

I sat down beside Juan's mother, who took my hand, and that's the way I began the ceremony. It seemed to me that the best thing was to combine part of the Asking (the Gift) with part of the Well-Being. That is what I did. In my own words, without reading anything, guiding calmly and in agreement with the deepest part of my being.

At that moment I was thinking of Juan, of his parents and of those young people who were present, who less than two months before had been through a similar situation with another friend. I saw them close their eyes, raise their hands to their hearts and ask for their friend... As the words came, I felt growing in me an immense love for them. And at the end Juan's mother broke down, speaking to her God with moving words.

On Friday the 27th, we did the Asking in a park across from the room Juan was in. The young people wanted to sing the songs he liked the most. They had brought their guitars, but they asked to do the ceremony again before singing. So we asked for the apparently impossible, for his parents and his brother, and "for us" ... added one of the young people. A strong connection among everyone could be felt. Then they began to play and sing. It was very moving.

On Saturday the 28th we had the first announcement of Juan's passing, but an hour later, after doing a more serious study, they confirmed that he still had cerebral activity. Monday morning, however, he left his body and began his journey toward the infinite worlds.

Guanchan, after doing the Assistance for his brother, told us: "I did it in my own words, but I felt something very strong, I felt like it wasn't me who was talking"...

The first thing the next day they were able to move the body to a kind of shelter connected with the town church. His body was there all night in the company of friends and family. The next day almost 200 people were there. The town priest did a mass, which created a rather heavy climate because of the contents of the mass.

His brother and mother had asked me to do the Ceremony of Death. It seemed appropriate to me to do it just before they closed the casket. That is

what I did. But before beginning, I asked everyone to remember the best in Juan, and to keep that in their minds and in their hearts to lift their spirits, to inspire them. The faces of some of his friends relaxed. In some of them a hopeful look broke forth.

Then, partly reading and partly using my own words, I did the ceremony. I felt my heart united with theirs, as if we were one, and felt a gentle register of the Force.

Afterwards, at peace, we went in vans and cars to the cemetery – we were more than 100 people. Once there, everything was brief and moving. At one moment his mother cried out to the heavens: “Oh Juan, you have gone!” Then I was impelled to invite them again to remember the best in him and to keep that in their heart. Then his brother murmured to me: “Let’s leave this place, it’s time to let him go.” And we retired, applauding with feeling.

Yesterday I spent a while with his closest friends looking at photographs, listening to his songs, and laughing about the humorous moments we had shared with Juan. While there was a certain nostalgia, no one was sad; instead we felt a gentle joy and a kind of astonishment – as they remarked – about being ok in the face of this situation.

It seems that Juan’s parting has produced some “miracles”: his parents have moved back together, as have a couple of cousins who had been separated; leftist activists from his town have finally discovered the Message, something he had been trying to make happen since he met us; other friends of his had begun to get interested in the Message; and they had all rented a van to go to the Hall at La Reja.

It’s hard for me to put into words what was generated, because there were many intangibles... The situation in itself, the external landscape, had been dramatic. But the atmosphere that grew among us was one of affection, of unity, and of an indecipherable hope, not just having to do with that moment. With simple and deeply felt words, we have talked about the meaning of life, about beliefs, about experiences of the Profound that many have had. We have also sung and laughed. Everything has been different from what is usual in such cases.

What have I kept from this experience?

The memory of how one situation is transformed into another and the change that is produced in others when they put into practice the attitude of the Message and the ceremonies; the strong ties generated among everyone; their love for Juan; the deep love I experienced for them; the great unitive act that I did at the last moment with Juan; my gratitude to him; my profound conviction that death does not stop life.

*Norma Coronel.*

*February 3, 2006*

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### **EMMA AND GODI – San Francisco, California**

*Excerpts of correspondence that Emma Ortega and Godi Gutierrez exchanged with Karen Rohn and Silo after the death of Emma and Godi's son, Love, who took his own life at the age of 29:*

*From Karen –*

Dear Emma,

Thank you for your beautiful letter.

I have no idea what you must experience upon the departure of Love, but your letter has a tone that is very soft. These types of “encounters” with loved ones in our dreams, Guided Experiences and transferences are very healthy and signs of internal reconciliation and closeness. I remember when my grandfather died. He was a very important person for me and we were very close. For many years I couldn't believe that he was not here in a “physical form”. Sometimes I went to the phone to call him and then remembered that I couldn't call him, he was not “here” even though I felt him “here”. I have always felt him very close to me, even after his death. It is like his physical form left, but he has never left me. He accompanies me in my life and I appreciate his presence.

We have a friend in the movement, a woman in Brazil, whose father died recently. She asked Negro how she could recontact her father because she felt she had things to tell him. He recommended something that I feel is very special and maybe someday you may want to do. He told her something like this... to go to a river, a place very peaceful and beautiful with the sound of the water, where she felt relaxed and well. There, alone, to "call" her father, to call his presence. When she felt in contact with the presence of her father, to tell him everything, out loud, that she felt she still had to say, calmly and completely, speaking out from the love that she feels for this special person. When she felt that she was quiet inside, then to thank him.....a kind of ceremony that one can do for oneself and for the other. Reading your letter I remembered this and wanted to tell you.

Anyway, I send you a big hug.

*Karen*

--

*From Godi –*

Dear Karen...


Sorry for the delay of this response; but we were observing the after-effects of the ceremony we did by the river as you suggested...

We actually went three Sundays ago. The place is called Putah Creek, and it is at the foothills of the Sierras. It is a tributary that feeds a lake with melted snow from the Sierra Mountains. It is a beautiful creek that is around 20-30 yards wide. What's nice about the place is that this is exactly where Aron and Love used to go fly fishing for years; and Aron was telling us that Love really loved this place...

Anyway, Emma and I went to the creek and separated ways when we reached the river bank. Although it was around 90F degrees outside that day, it was a comfortable 68F near the river because of the cold water, and there were a lot of trees and vegetation on the bank. I start to call and talk to Love aloud. I felt his presence right away and felt him just behind me but almost on my side. I

felt both his hands on my shoulders – and I begin to tell him things that I have always planned to tell him (for years) but never had the opportunity to do so. I also asked him for forgiveness (later, I also forgave myself). To end, I did the Guided Experience that I wrote when my mother died more than 3 years ago. Of course, I was crying all throughout the experience. I also felt him kiss me on the cheek -- as he used to do when greeting me.

Afterwards, Emma and I did a short interchange and we left the place. On the way back home, we agree to go back to this river with Lorena.

That night, while working on my computer, a flash of remembrance of Love provoked a strong but brief moment of internal joy within me, and this was repeated for several days. I can definitively say that I now understand the meaning of my son's life, and also the meaning of  his death; even if words will not be able to explain it. And there is no need to. All I can say is that I feel at ease, and I am thankful that I had the privilege of being his friend and his father.

Thank you very much for suggesting this ceremony.

Till the next one, a warm hug...

*Godi*

--

*From Karen –*

Dear Godi,  
Thank you sharing with me such a beautiful encounter with your son and yourself... It seems that this ceremony gives a way of reconciling and becoming at peace with situations that need a way of getting out of our "normal channels" and connecting with a more transcendental experience. I am very happy for you and Emma and Love...

a big hug,

*Karen*



*From Silo –*

Hello Godi –

Ana Luisa and I hope that you and Emma have received our condolences for the unfortunate disappearance of your son.

I would like to send you a reflection about the situation in which Love had been for a long time... He was ill and it did not seem possible that he would recover. This conclusion is always a great misfortune, but with an illness of this kind such an outcome could not be avoided, even when he was given all the attention and care that were indicated by his situation.

Now everything depends on the particular beliefs that both of you have regarding death and transcendence. As for me, I believe that after what has happened, he will be able to find a path that was lost in his mind. In addition, I think that some good thoughts and an effort to achieve the state of internal reconciliation will be, for those who remain here and for the one who has moved on, the best mental attitude.

I also send my best images to Love.

A big, warm hug,

*Mario*

--

*From Godi –*

This morning as soon as I got out of bed, I had a comprehension and was overwhelmed with joy. I realized that those who search for the inner truth will definitely discover it; that those who search for the Sacred within themselves will surely find it; that those who reject violence in this life will achieve eternal peace in the next one. I am now without any doubt that Love left this world because it was just too violent for him, and that he is now on his path to an eternal life of peace.

*Godi*

[god@pxr.com](mailto:god@pxr.com)

**SARA** – *Rome, Italy*

At our last experience meeting, Alberto proposed doing a Ceremony of Well-Being for a dear friend of his who is gravely ill. After the ceremony, we felt the need to take a Message book and write a dedication to his friend in it...

But his friend died shortly after that. And so Alberto thought of giving the book to the friend's wife.

Yesterday he told me that he had gone to see the wife and children. He was very moved (as he told me about it he was trembling all over...).

He gave them the book, explaining that we had done a ceremony for her husband, and, since we hadn't been able to give it to him, we were giving it to her, hoping she would be able to find some comfort in it. He explained what the book consisted of, and the wife was very moved and pleased. At that moment, Alberto felt an enormous force that filled him...

A big hug,

Sara

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**ZOE** – *Santiago, Chile*

Dear friends, I have some beautiful news:

When I joined this email list two or three weeks ago, I told you that I was grateful that a group like this existed to enable us to share our experiences with the threshold. I sincerely did not think I would have anything to tell you, and, by a quirk of fate, last night I received a gift that I am going to tell you about.

Last night I dreamed about my father, who died in July of 1998. It was a sudden death; a blood clot went to his brain, and he went into a coma from which he never emerged.

Yesterday, Monday, Barbara and I did a Ceremony of Well-Being for Xavi... After that, as we were talking about the experience, the subject of losing one's father came up. Barbara, who was sitting beside me, asked me: "Do you connect with your father?" I answered simply: "In dreams," even though it had been a long time since I dreamed of him, and when I did, the dreams weren't so good.

Thanks to the ceremony, thanks to Xavi (and I would like you to tell him so) and thanks to Barbara's question, last night I dreamed about my father, and it was the most beautiful dream I have ever had.

It was so beautiful, it's hard for me to describe it. I don't remember the situation very well, but it was something like that he had died and had come back to talk with me; and on top of that, he had brought something, a gift, which he held in his hands.

I told him how much I loved him and that what I wanted more than anything in the world was to take care of him until the day he died. He thanked me and understood deeply.

We gave each other a tremendous hug (that was his gift), with more love than I ever could have imagined. I felt so much love... I also felt as if something was being arranged in my innermost being, as if a single heart were finding itself. I cried with joy, very moved, and he, too, was crying and hugging me...

I feel that it was an experience of true connection. I experienced him as being so alive, even more alive than when he was on this plane, because for the first time I saw him connected as well.

I am sharing this story with you because it fills me with hope, for infinite possible futures... where I can not only continue everything, but also get better...

A big hug of gratitude to all of you and especially to Xavi and Barbara, some of the protagonists who helped make this happen.

Zoe

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PS: tell Xavi that even though he is on vacation in the hospital, his intentionality is not resting, but is operating in other latitudes.



**II.**  
**Experiences**  
**with**  
**the Service**



**RICARDO** – *Avellaneda, Argentina*

When I participated in the ceremonies, I was seized with a sense of curiosity.

I liked that they were spiritual ceremonies, without it being important what religion, cult or church one belongs to. Both the invitation and participation always appeal to the realm of individual freedom. I believe that this “knowing that I am free” allows one to connect, to reach the depths of one’s being.

During the ceremonies we are invited to meditate, to relax, to feel that in this way we are reconnected (in Spanish re-ligado, the origin of the word “religion”) with the cosmic, with the Whole, even if only through a brief, transitory feeling.

Another time when we invoked or thought about our loved ones, I was invaded by an emotion, sadness and gratitude, and the feeling of their presence was very strong.

From my few experiences I recommend that you connect with friends who are Messengers to be able to have the experience of the ceremonies.

I don’t know if this is what you are looking for, but I do know that after every ceremony one leaves renewed, in a better state with oneself and others, and on the road to finding, little by little, a better approach to the part of us that is most luminous.

I believe that from this path, life begins to have meaning; then, with time and with study, this Meaning will be that which indicates our path.

*Ricardo Carreras*

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**PATRICIA** – *New York, New York*

...When we came down from the hills and returned to Tuba City, we made a round of visits and I was invited to an afternoon of ceremonies officiated by a curandera, an 86-year-old shaman, Lolita's aunt. The only condition was that they asked me not to reproduce in any way what would happen there. After the session was over, I told one of the men that I would like to do one of the ceremonies from Silo's Message.

He went to give the message to the women, who are the ones who make the decisions. They talked about it and asked me for more details. Then one of them, the eldest, spoke to the curandera, in the Navajo language. Everyone kept an expectant silence, while the old woman listened to the message, her head lowered. After a moment of reflection, the matriarch said, "Ou," which means "Yes."

Immediately everything was made ready, while I went over the ceremony with the man, who was to be the interpreter. We did a Service in an impeccable ceremonial tone, and afterwards I gave to each of the participants – there were some 10 all together, and five children – books of the Message, which they all placed with great care in their bags. The Indians, sober and quiet, remained in silence for a long time.

These are some of the "external" events. But as I said, I don't even know how to express what was produced within me, because I have to integrate it; but I suspect that the internal moved outward, and the external moved inward. Or perhaps what happened was that the boundaries were pierced and both ambits became one.

*Patricia*

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**III.**  
**Experiences**  
**with**  
**the Asking**



**FOR GRACIELA – Mar del Plata, Argentina**

Cristina,

Dear friend for so many years, I want to grasp you today in my heart, and give you, even if from a distance, my affection and my presence with you; and to wish for Graciela, finally freed from her body, that she might set out toward the most wonderful light. I know that your strength and that of all our people will help you to evoke the best moments with Graciela, so as to get beyond the nostalgia that at such moments invades us, simple apprentices of everything the Master has transmitted to us. But that, at the bottom of our hearts, we suspect that soon this veil will fall and those who apparently “departed” will be behind that veil to welcome us to the great celebration of the immortal.

We are accompanying you and asking for you and for her.

*Lea and Jose Maria – Argentina*

Cristina:

I am there with you, asking from the best of me for Graciela, and remembering that when I connected with the Movement, Rosario invited me to visit Mar del Plata and I slept at Graciela’s apartment. She is part of one of the best memories of my life... and so I ask with Force for her Guide to accompany her toward the best path...

I send my best feelings, my warmest embrace, and my profound desire for her to meet with the best in Life.

*Alicia O. – Argentina*

Hello Christina, hello friends,

As we close our eyes, let us hug Graciela very close to our hearts, in a way that will serve as a signal of well-being in her transit to another time and space. “The heroes of this age fly through regions previously unknown toward the stars. The heroes of this age fly outward from their world and,

without knowing it, they are impelled toward the internal and luminous center.”

A big hug,

*Gustavo – Argentina*

Hello everyone again,

Graciela has departed for another time and another space.

At this moment the words of the Master come to my mind: “...how is it possible for the immortal to generate the illusion of mortality?” And how good it would be if we could rebel against the illusory belief in death! We still have to ask for Graciela to reach a good place, and also for all of us who love her, and especially for our friend Cristina.

A big hug, Peace in the heart, light in the understanding!

*Sonia – Argentina*

**KELMIS** – Mar del Plata, Argentina

**For Ivana**

How to begin? How to express it? IVANA, my daughter, is fine!

I want to embrace everyone, all the old Siloists who dedicated their time to asking for Ivana to be fine.

I remember that, when I had to send the first emails asking you to do ceremonies for her, I felt some modesty (one always thinks that there are others who should come first). Then more and more friends from different beliefs began to join us, and I already felt the certainty that everything was just a moment of difficulty. Friends, I was afraid... Friends, you accompanied me at every instant, I saw you, I felt you, I embraced you. Today I want to thank you in a new way, I want to give this thanks that I never gave, I want to give this kiss that I never gave, I want to give this new hug... all for you.

I had never ventured to write to my guide, the MASTER, but the strength of a mother searches, pushes, leaps... and arrives. That was how my letter to my guide was... a little embarrassed, but firm. For that... thank you, Negro!

Friends, let us continue trusting in our Siloist strength, let us keep improving our internal world, let us keep waking up. Ivana prays every night and asks for all of you, for everyone who also asks for her. Thank you to all the Cecilia Frontinis who passed on the emails, thanks to all the Jorge Alos who asked to do ceremonies for Ivi.

I want to caress you with my love, I want us always to be close.

*Kelmis (mother of Ivana from Argentina)*

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### **NIEVES** – *Buenos Aires, Argentina*

I accompanied my father to the doctor, as has been my custom since they diagnosed him with his terminal illness. He could not walk normally because of the pain in his right leg.

We went in our car (a Renault 12, model 86). After we left the doctor's office the car wouldn't start, so I asked some boys to give me a hand and push it, but even so I couldn't get it to work. One of them got a bus to push us for a block, but it still wouldn't start. I asked several cars to help me and finally a taxi stopped and helped me, pushing us for two more blocks. Unexpectedly, in the middle of a boulevard the taxi turned and left us stranded there in the middle of a hundred cars that were bearing down on us from behind. I got out to wave them on, trying to keep us from being hit.

At that moment I asked my Guide to help me get out of this situation.

Another taxi driver, seeing my desperation, stopped and lent his help, while at the same moment two men jumped out of a Trafic [a 4-wheel-drive] and ran up to push the car. I let one of them get in while the taxi pushed our car. There was no way, it

wouldn't start. But the man, Jorge, after checking it out, told me he thought it had to do with the distributor cap.

He explained to me that he had brought as a safeguard a distributor cap for his Trafic, but he thought it wouldn't work on ours because they are taller. He went to look for it, and he came back from his car looking astonished, with the box in his hand, saying that it was incredible, but that they had sold him a cap that wasn't for his Trafic but was for exactly the model of Renault that we had. He put it on and it fit perfectly... He gave us a push with his car and it started. I can't express the joy and gratitude I felt at that moment.

Of course I thanked Jorge, but I gave much greater thanks inside of me.

*Nieves B.*

#### **ESTER – Madrid, Spain**

This morning I saw a man get run over on route M-30.

I had seen him from a distance, hesitating, when he had just crossed the first of three lanes. He looked like an indigent person, and might have been drunk. Just seeing him, I thought: "He's not going to make it."

I had slowed down, since the M-30 had a lot of traffic and the other cars (at least in my lane) were also slowing down. A car that was further on, also in the center lane, had begun a maneuver to get ahead and had met up with the man point-blank; the car swerved toward the median to avoid him, but the man did the same. I saw him turn a somersault in the air and one of his shoes fell in the center lane.

In the rear view mirror I saw the man who hit him get out of his car, holding his head in his hands. The body of the man was lying face up, immobile, on the median strip.

48 I couldn't stop, the traffic was intense. But I had a bad feeling, my heart contracted, as if I might

do something but didn't know what. Besides, the image of the impact and the man flying through the air kept going through my head, which produced a great visceral tension. I was thinking things like instead of thinking, "he's not going to make it," I could have sent him positive thoughts, or could have send my Guide to help him.

Then suddenly, from within, an answer came: the Guide could help in this situation, not only the dying person, but also the one who had hit him (who certainly must be feeling lost and anguished), giving calm to both of them, and also helping prevent further accidents as a result of this one.

I saw the Guide place his hand under the head of the man who had been hit, the other hand on his chest. After that, giving the driver light pats on his back, inducing calm. I asked the Guide if this man would live, and an answer arose in my mind: "If he chooses to change his life, he will live."

Almost instantly, my heart began to be calmer and I was invaded by a great feeling of calm in my chest, which spread little by little. It was a very soft but intense sensation. As I kept driving, a great calm began to come over me, and when I arrived at my destination, the situation had completely changed in my heart and my head.

And that night, at home, reconsidering all the aspects, I remembered the image of that man, hesitating, nervous, as if he were only avoiding a snow ball and had no idea what he was really risking. And in reality it was a suicidal action, perhaps not well considered because of his state of intoxication or nervousness... I've thought about the man who hit him, who would have seen what the rest of us saw if he had been paying attention.

I have also reconsidered that register of "certainty" of what was going to happen, which I had when I saw the staging, as if the whole scenario had been set up so that what would happen would happen.

For me it was a great discovery, the fact that I could help other people in situations in which apparently nothing could be done. Certainly I could not confirm what happened with the other people, but I had the certainty that my action had arrived where I sent it.

**CECILIA – Bogota, Colombia**

One day I was on the bus on the way to work. The seat beside me was vacant, and a lady sat down with a little boy about six years old. He had a mark where the had drawn blood from his little arm...

I kept looking at him and suspected, intuited, that the boy had leukemia, and I looked at the face of his mother or grandmother, I don't know who she was, and that face of suffering and pain touched my soul. I asked the little boy: "Did they draw blood?" The lady answered no, that he is sick and they gave him blood...

A stubborn silence... At that instant what I did was to ask for the boy and for the woman, a deep breath that concentrated in my heart and I asked... What could I do at that moment besides asking for health and relief from suffering for these beings? ... Suddenly I saw myself speaking with the woman and I told her: "Ask for the child, for his health, take a deep breath and connect with your heart, ask God or whatever you believe in, it may give you relief..."

We did the experience in that bus full of people. The woman said to me: "You have a gift, how much do I owe you? Can you come to my house and do this again with me?" I answered: "No, I don't have a gift, any human being can do this, you saw, you did it yourself..." She gave me her thanks and her telephone number.

It was a very beautiful experience. I looked at the faces of those two people, and I understood that there is a great deal to give that is not necessarily material... Around us there were other people listening, and there was a special silence, which I gave thanks for internally...

*Ceci U.*

[umagna\\_mensaje@yahoo.com](mailto:umagna_mensaje@yahoo.com)



AURORA – *Madrid, Spain*

Friends,

The askings and prayers that you have said for me are still multiplying in the “infinite spaces.” Those askings have moved me and still move me internally, producing a luminous expansion in my chest, at the same time that they awaken my best feelings.

I have only to think of you, sometimes I see familiar faces among many luminous figures, others are only luminous silhouettes that I know are you, and something moves inside me from very deep within.

You understand through experience the power of faith, of beliefs, of images. I have the certainty that in the ceremonies we did in Madrid in the Little Hall of the Message, the relationship among the forces within my bladder changed and the infection disappeared. Everything has been very good. I have looked inside me, and clearly seen the bladder, very luminous, very light, occupying the appropriate place and nothing more (I don't know how to say it any other way).

I have received so much energy and love that I have been able to give, and keep giving, to those human beings in the world, the faceless ones, who I believe have scant internal support, so that faith will arise within them, and hope and joy.

I want to share with you the answer a friend who is very dear to all of us gave me, before the operation.

I wrote to him: “I ask your help and advice for this moment and beyond.”

He told me:

“No advice, because everything is going to come out very well!

“However, do take advantage of the operation to have an inspiring dream, to see the world from an appropriate ‘distance,’ above all to see your internal world from a ‘distance.’”

*Aurora*

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**Galina's journey**

Hi Trudi!

What a good idea to work with those who assist the dying. Personally the experience I've had with one such case has allowed me to discover among them (doctors, nurses, and volunteers who attend terminal patients) people who are very sensitive, solidarian and special. People for whom the Message is a need, sometimes even an imperative. Besides that, of course, for the sick person and their family members, for whom the Well-Being is a balm, and the Assistance the best gift one might give someone who is leaving this world.

That's how it was when I accompanied Galina, a Russian lady ill with terminal cancer, who, as her last request, only wanted to go back to her country.

In the three weeks that elapsed from the moment we met until the trip, our ceremonies and askings with Galina and her son at the hospital were answered with true miracles, thanks to which we were able to resolve situations that at first seemed irresolvable. First, the coming together and reconciliation between mother and son, entangled as they were in a contradictory situation that was making them both suffer greatly. And then, being able to gain the cooperation of the necessary people, who at first were totally skeptical, to help us to bring about the trip in spite of the physical and economic condition of the sick woman, which was decidedly extreme. The Russian consulate, the airline, the travel agency, the hospital, the doctors and nurses, everyone finally did their part for the trip to be realized.

After a lot of doing and asking, at a moment when it appeared that nothing was going to come about, suddenly a dike opened. And a river of compassion began to flow, touching the heart of everyone who crossed our path. This was even stronger during the trip itself, the 24 hour flight from Buenos Aires to Moscow, in which many people unexpectedly approached to help in a way that was very moving.

The trip turned out to be really very hard for Galina's exhausted body. She stopped breathing and continued her voyage toward the Light, a little after the plane landed in Moscow.

We finished the Ceremony of Assistance at the moment we touched down. And the unleashed torrent of that river of compassion did not stop. At the airport, with the doctors, the police, the airport personnel and the airline company, and then the family members that were waiting for her... everyone demonstrated the greatest warmth and understanding that one might imagine in such a situation.

Finally, I understood that miraculously, what had happened was the best thing that could have happened. She fulfilled her last wish – that her body might rest in Russia. And her family members could give her a burial worthy of her motherland (something that for them is very valuable). You know, I believe it was the kindest and most compassionate combination that could have taken place. Among other things, to have avoided all the suffering that might have been caused, in her and in her loved ones in Russia, if they had had to endure any longer the extremely painful terminal state in which she found herself.

It was a very meaningful experience, for which I was profoundly grateful, and that later I was able to share with other doctors, nurses and volunteers who work with terminal patients. Many of them took the Message with them, it remains to be seen how to follow up and how it will keep circulating among so many...

Decidedly, accompanying a dying person is a very profound experience, good for others and for oneself, a worthwhile experience for everyone. With Silo's Message, between heart and hands.

I send you a big hug and my best wishes,

*Hugo*

**CLAUDIE** – *Paris, France*

Hello friends,

I want to share a little experience I had today, that was very nice.

Today, October 2, we had a celebration of the Day of Nonviolence, coinciding with Gandhi's birthday. Suddenly it occurred to me also to talk about the Message. I hadn't planned anything, and I was murmuring internally to myself: "Do something, a ceremony, something so that everything can end well for everyone..." But on the other hand people had already gone to the bar, they were starting to drink coffee and chat among themselves; besides that there was a lot of noise... Well, I couldn't see how I would do a ceremony... I took a breath of air, asking my guide to express himself through my mouth.

He made me say something more or less like this:

"Everywhere in our world, we see religious violence, the lack of freedom of belief. Through Silo's Message we reclaim the freedom to believe or not to believe, the freedom to learn again to feel, to listen, very deeply within each of us, to what is alive within us. The Message does nothing more than offer a context, an ambit, that provides the conditions to keep silence and listen..." –

It's incredible, but everyone has little by little stopped talking...

"We are full of noise, and the obstacles multiply, distancing us from ourselves... But the Message is not a theory, it is an experience. So I propose to whoever would like, it doesn't matter if you're standing, talking with someone, or sitting... wherever you are... If you want, to close your eyes and listen... trying to go down... into the profound... Something immense lives in the interior of each of us, something infinite, something gentle... Listen..."

The people have become very quiet, closing their eyes...

"Take a breath of air, bring it to your heart, and ask... ask your god, or your internal guide, or a comforting image; ask for your life to have unity,

and ask for there to be silence, ask to be able to hear the far off sound... ask..."

And there was a profound silence, and a very good feeling, and people's faces changed, and you could see smiles, gentleness, everywhere...

It was very short, very simple, but it was an almost magical moment, which I will never forget. Nor will I forget the gratitude of some, afterwards: it seems that the breath of air and the Asking, in any situation, including in groups, allows some people to get in tune with that wave that is still spreading.

A big hug to everyone,

*Claudie*

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**IV.**  
**Experiences**  
**with the**  
**Ceremony of**  
**Assistance**





PATRIZIA – Milan

Dear friends,

I would like to share with those I love the great experience I've been through and for which I am thankful.

Since August 2002, after my ceremony of Recognition, many things have happened: I've changed many things in my daily life, especially in my relationships; I've felt deeply the joy and suffering of those I love, I've worked with myself and with my relationships with others. Some of my friends know of my journey.

At that time, my mother "appeared" and after that we began to grow very close, sharing moments, days, sensations. A woman with great faith and therefore great strength.

Many years ago she suffered from an illness called myelomonocytosis, which turned into myelomonocytic leukemia, an aggressive form. For some time I had been preparing myself for that moment, and I asked that she not die without me being with her to assist her.

Well, one day she got worse, partly from a fall in which she broke her femur. When I reached her side twelve hours later, she was in a confused state, suffering a lot and sometimes calling for her mother (this often happens in these cases close to death). The second night of vigil that I spent with her she was sedated.

I spent the whole time caressing her, speaking to her, and this helped me connect with her, telling her and letting her feel that I loved her, that I was with her and that she could be at peace, that all would be well. I asked her forgiveness for the past, discovering that all those things were secondary. I told her, holding her hand, bathing her and drying her, that I loved her, that it had been wonderful and that I was very grateful.

At the end of the second night I felt that it was the right moment to do the Ceremony of Assistance. I took her hand, and we began – but then, during a pause, a nurse came to take her temperature.

After that I thought it would be better to start over – but then I saw something like a tear falling from her eye... and I began to feel a strong sensation in my chest. I just felt that sensation, enormous and warm, and I felt her. At that moment I knew, I had the certainty, that she was doing the work. So I continued with the ceremony. It was the strongest internal sensation I've ever had, a feeling of great love. I felt very close to her, very connected; I read the last words and she stopped breathing.

The first thing I did then was to thank her for this great gift that I could now bring to others. When she took her leave of me, she showed me her great unconditional love. And she taught me what must be done, how one must listen to someone who is departing and how one feels when the door of the heart is open.

At that moment, many of the tensions and worries of the past months dissipated and there ensued a sensation of peace, while the nurses busied themselves calling the doctor to verify the death.

It was not the first corpse I had seen, but being with her body reaffirmed my certainty that that body could not be the person who had left it, the person we had loved.

What happened over the next two days was even more extraordinary: relatives and friends became interested in what I do, because she had spoken to them. Some of them wanted to see me and talk with me, others came to meetings of the Message.

During the funeral, at the church, I read the Ceremony of Death and it was fantastic to see how the Message can be interpreted with so many different shades of meaning for each person: they praised it as “beautiful poetry,” “a beautiful prayer,” “true words,” the “moving words” that “I” had written...

The priest asked me for the text and commented that he would read it and that he would like to talk with me.

Extraordinary. This woman had known how to sow, how to give to those who surrounded her... I feel fortunate for that too.

That the Message manifest, and manifest in the heart of each one of us, of every human being, is the best Asking that can be made...

To bring the Message to others, that is the greatest act of love.

A hug for everyone,

Patrizia

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### **RAQUEL – Lima, Peru**

*A Letter to Mario Rodriguez (Silo) and his response:*

Dear Mario...

I am venturing to write to you after a lot of thought, even though I don't expect an answer – I imagine you must have interminable lists of emails to answer... Anyway I just wanted to send you an eternal hug and my deepest thanks for everything you have given us with the Message, for everything this wonderful proposal contributes to our lives... And if you feel it relevant and can do so, it would help me greatly if you could reply, even if only briefly, to some concerns about how to act from our doctrine with people who are near death. What is the best way to proceed?

With profound appreciation and admiration!

Raquel Gargatte (Lima, Peru)

An experience that inspired my question... [an email previously sent to a group of friends]

(Saturday June 11, 2005) Yesterday Miguel and I went, as we do every week, to see a dear friend who is very ill, sister Vicenta, for whom we have been asking together for several weeks... She seems almost unconscious, she doesn't speak and is lying in bed or sitting in a wheel chair at best, always dependent on a nurse.

After asking ourselves how we could help sister Vicenta given her situation, we decided to read her something from Silo's Message. After doing a brief

asking for well-being for her, I read her the chapter on the Guide to the Inner Road, and it was striking the way, as I read this chapter, her eyes watched me attentively, even when her strength seemed to have abandoned her... Little by little her eyes grew brighter, with such radiance that you couldn't miss it... her face was illuminated!!!...

When I finished reading the text, I asked if she wanted me to read her another paragraph, hoping that she might say something, but almost certain she would remain silent, as she had so often done in response to my questions. How surprised I was when, after I had barely finished asking, she said, with great effort and with her eyes open wide, "Yes!" – as if thirsting for the message, starving for it, as if she had been waiting for it... I felt a knot in my throat and my eyes filled with tears of emotion! She had heard, had understood, and the Message had resonated with this moment in her life...

Miguel did a brief ceremony to call on her guide, for her understanding at that moment to be illuminated, and then I went back to the same reading, which she followed attentively... her eyes growing much brighter... It is incredible how one's face, and even one's life itself, can light up from contact with the Message...

What a great, comforting experience we were privileged to have with Vicenta! This experience with her is giving me an important answer to the questions I've formulated... But I keep meditating on the questions and I share this with you because I would like it if we could reflect and interchange about this subject... I imagine that many of you have had the chance to experience such situations, haven't you? I would like to know something more about such experiences...

How to proceed in cases where people are near death and sometimes unconscious, to help them to awaken that sacred dimension of their being?

Is it possible that in desperate situations in their lives, they can find the path that brings them to spiritual awakening?

What is the best thing we can ask for them, when we know that their life is about to be extinguished?

*Raquel*

*Silo's answer:*

Dear Raquel,

Thank you very much for your letter. The story you tell of the visit to sister Vicenta is very beautiful, and above all, inspiring. Now I will tell you what I believe: the example of what happened with Vicenta orients us concerning the help that we can lend. In any case, great things can happen if one's Faith is awakened at the moment when one is trying to help someone.

As for the Asking "when it is known that that this life is about to be extinguished," strong compassion and the warm desire for the other to move to another plane with unity; the warm desire for them to surpass all the contradictions that might have accompanied them.

As for the interchange and commentaries about these anecdotes that are so positive, the time has come for these things to be known... many will receive them with gratitude.

I take advantage of this letter to send you a big hug.

*Mario*

**FABIANA** – *Buenos Aires, Argentina*

*April 2003*

Hello friends,

I want to share a particular experience I had on Monday.

I arrived at the office early, around 9:30. Around 10:30, when the rest of my co-workers were arriving, we heard a very loud noise.

A young woman had thrown herself from the neighboring building.

(The neighboring towers and the building where I am working these days have the peculiarity that they are not aligned with the sidewalk, but form a great semi-circle with a big fountain in the middle.

The woman was lying between the fountain and the entrance to our building.)

We saw her from above. We were all shaken. Then I decided to go down to do the Ceremony of Assistance.

The police had immediately covered the body with a semi-transparent black nylon tarp.

I went confidently up to a group of policemen and asked them, looking at one of them: "May I Assist the girl?"

And without hesitating one second, as if hypnotized, the one who seemed to be "the chief" answered, "Yes."

I knelt beside the remains, near the head, drew back the nylon covering, and with the book of the Message in one hand and the other on my heart, I did the Ceremony. Once. And it seemed necessary to repeat it. So I did.

No one bothered me.

Something was happening, I could feel something. I can't explain exactly what it was, nor whether it was from outside me or inside me.

I felt transported in time and space. Outside, only the murmur of the water in the big fountain and the morning sun.

As some of you know, Assistance is an experience of great affection. In it one guides the person toward reconciliation, toward peace and a new direction.

When I finished, I stood up, and I saw that I was surrounded by a yellow barrier forming a great circle at a considerable distance. No one else was within it.

I acknowledged the police with a wave and left. No one asked me anything.

During the day I had some particular registers, I suppose from the co-presence of death and the meaning of life in my mind, and, on the other hand, the moving feeling I had experienced during the Assistance. Growing waves of force transfixed my body and my whole being, at the level of my heart.

That night, reflecting on what had happened, I discovered two things. One: at no time did either the body or death itself make an impression on me. And the other: the inner certainty of having helped.

May you all be very well.

--

I wrote Silo to comment to him about this experience and to consult him. I asked if a being who commits suicide can integrate, transfer, reconcile, and if one can help. Because I felt that my experience was something profoundly good; but also at the same time we come from a culture where, without knowing very well why, actions that perhaps only merit our greatest kindness are condemned. How can they not have more reason to merit the kindness of the kind? How could I explain to my heart the belief in a final condemnation, if I had never had such a loving experience? Something didn't fit. Silo's answer was the thread that with one stitch united these different parts. He said:

“Assistance is good for everyone, even for those who have committed suicide, because who knows what is happening in that person's mind at that time? And of course, it can be a wonderful personal experience of communication with a life that is ending or that perhaps is beginning.”

--

*January 2006*

At that moment, when I wrote that message, it was with the need to have this hope reach very far, for it to be a hint to help everyone perceive, if nothing more, an aureole, a breath, of the gift I received that day... that this breath might help them ascend and see for themselves those spaces that I “visited” while guiding that woman. Those landscapes were the realest landscapes I had ever seen, in my entire life.

And there, at the entrance, we said goodbye.

*Fabiana Martínez*

[fabiana\\_martinez@yahoo.es](mailto:fabiana_martinez@yahoo.es)

**NESTOR** – *Buenos Aires, Argentina*

This last year, the mother of an adopted brother of mine (adopted by me, I mean), was hospitalized, seriously ill with several things, along with her approximately 90 years. The picture my friend painted for me was that it was terminal.

I went to do the Assistance for her, and luckily did not speak with my friend's sister, who was taking care of her at that moment. I greeted the sister and went directly to the head of Juana's bed, where she was sleeping peacefully. Her body was in fetal position, her face very gaunt but without signs of pain, simply years. I tried to recognize her, remembering her as she had been the last time I had seen her a few years ago.

So after connecting emotionally with her as she slept, I got ready to read the Ceremony of Assistance.

To begin with, I told her I had come to visit her, and that I was going to read her something. And I felt that she came to meet me. I felt something like an iridescent prickling on my skin, on my face and hands, and something like a soft mass of warmth in my chest. It was something that was floating, stretched above the body.

I felt that she was receiving me and was letting me know. We had seen each other very little, but we had a lot of affection for each other.

She continued sleeping peacefully throughout the reading, and when I finished I said goodbye.

The sister, in a state of habitual denial, spoke to me about how well she was recuperating, and that they would send her home in a few days. Four days later, Juana died.

*Nestor Tato.*

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### **For Uncle Chulo**

I received a call telling me that my father's brother, Uncle Chulo, had been hospitalized. Since my grandmother was very ill in another city, I was the only one who could go, since several of us were with Chulo's mother at the hospital.

We arrived with my son Bruno, and they let us in to say goodbye to my uncle. I went in, I greeted him with the compliments that I always gave him (that he was my nicest uncle) and I told him many times that I loved him, and I also told him that I had something to read him, and that if he wanted I would come again, and I read it to him. (I thought: if I have to do the Assistance, certainly I will have time, and if not, it will be because my uncle doesn't want to hear it.)

Soon I felt the need to begin the ceremony. It was the first time I had done a Ceremony of Assistance; I had doubts and fears, but the great need to help in that moment won out over everything.

I read in his hear, and noticed a change in my tone, as if my voice was coming from very deep within me... I felt a great energy that enfolded us... I was extremely moved and I saw that there were tears in my uncle's eyes... Then I knew that he was listening and accepting.

I finished the Assistance in great peace, with certainty that Chulo was reconciled.

I told him that I had a guide, I told him his name and I invited him to listen to him if he found him (I did this because I felt it, and because Chulo had no religion, and I believed it might be useful for him).

Later I went back on two other days with my cousins and family members, always asking for Well-Being for everyone.

My uncle tried to communicate with me in many ways, and I understood him in all of them...

I always wish that my nieces and nephews, my cousins, my brothers and sisters and aunts and uncles were in the Message (my children and my husband are Messengers), but there's no way, so

now I say..... YOU DON'T HEAR ME HERE,  
BUT I AM GOING TO FILL THE HEAVENS WITH  
MESSENGERS!

Kelmis

[edit\\_mile@yahoo.com](mailto:edit_mile@yahoo.com)

**JUAN PABLO** – *Santiago, Chile*

Hello friends,

I will try to tell you in a synthetic way some of my experiences with the Ceremony of Assistance.

Everything began “by chance,” with the a request from a peer, whose father was dying... This dear friend asked me if I could bring him the Ceremony of Assistance since his father was about to depart... to which I replied that I would be delighted...

Once at the hospital, having delivered the material and since I had come this far... it occurred to me – not for the first time, since I had thought about it many times before – to go and talk with the director of the hospital, who knew my friend's father very well. And to ask him permission to do ceremonies for people who found themselves in extreme situations with regard to their physical condition.

It was not possible to speak with him directly that day. But the information reached him and a meeting was arranged, which I went to with a friend, Francisco Martinez. The director, with a copy of the Ceremony of Assistance in his hand, thanked us for our initiative and said he would be very happy if we were to be with people in this way.

Three days later we had a credential that said: “Spiritual Assistance,” which allowed us to enter any area of the hospital and do the ceremonies. That's how everything began.

We began to do the ceremonies of assistance in the intensive care ward. At the beginning the registers were mild, but I have to acknowledge: the ceremonies that I did at first were with the old text, which moves you through all the internal states...

Although one can't really know the tremendous significance that these words can have for a person who is on the point of dying, for me at least they left me with a sensation that at the moment when I was doing them, what I was doing for the other was also touching me.

After doing the ceremonies I was filled with a profound stillness; the clearest description would be that it was like being in a deep sea of infinite clouds, where everything was very fine. I remember having had that register several times, but always with a register of unity, tranquility, and gentle joy.

When we left the place where we had done the ceremonies, sometimes I saw "reality" in a very different way... Even though things kept on as usual, I felt as if I were in another internal space, which definitively was not the usual outlook. There was no meaning at all in everything I was able to see... everything lacked meaning, it was as if the meaning of the external were not present, or there was another that I was not able to decipher, and even if my relationships with the people was very calm and deeply felt, to describe it somehow, everything around me lacked meaning.

Unfortunately, everything can become mechanical. Even those wonderful experiences. One can get lost and become a great consumer of experiences. The registers that had been with me so nicely were losing their force and... there came a moment when I recognized that I was turning into a consumer and that these ceremonies that I was doing so intentionally and in such a heartfelt way for others... had lost their original direction, the Meaning.

On the other hand, my situation was so precarious in all respects, that of course this was becoming a great compensation. But I shouldn't degrade any of what I experienced... since it was always from the best part of me.

Today, as I write this tale, I have decided to do these ceremonies again, and of course, I know that they are of great use to that other person who is there, defenseless before the landscape of finality. I imagine... how good it is when someone clarifies the path for you, and I believe that this is what we do with these ceremonies: we open the future beyond what we have conceived.

*An experience:*

I found myself doing a Ceremony of Assistance for an old man who was gravely ill in the intensive care unit. The doctors gave him little chance to live. When suddenly, in the middle of the ceremony, I have the strong feeling of a presence... I turned around to see who it was... (since we always try not to get in the way of clinical procedures). To my surprise... there was no one there, only some sick people. Several times this presence distracted me, so much so that I decided to do the ceremony for the old man again...

When I had finished the ceremony, and was getting ready to leave, there appeared a gentleman with a stretcher. I quickly realized that it was another kind of "stretcher," not for transporting sick people, but for transporting lifeless bodies. I asked the gentleman where he was going and he told me that he was going to the same ward that I had just leaving. I asked him, Why? And he told me that someone had died there a short while ago (about an hour ago) and pointed out a place in the room where drawn curtains hid the patient from view. Then I related that with the presence I had felt so strongly that had interrupted the ceremony so many times.

I asked the stretcher bearer for a few moments and got ready to do the Ceremony of Assistance for the man I found there. He was very Beautiful, around fifty some years old and a good face. When I got there, I began speaking to the person who had just "left the body," telling him I was going to read something very beautiful and important for him... And I began... Shortly, I had the register that an atomic bomb was exploding in the center of my chest and expanding, illuminating everything... It was so strong that when I returned – I say "returned" because it was a true energetic shock – I realized that when I wanted to continue with the experience, I couldn't, since I had completely forgotten the text of the ceremony.

Little by little I began to remember it again and began again. But this time paying attention to the location of my body with reference to the space in which I found myself. The same situation presented itself again... A new energetic shock, just as strong as the last, but this time I had relatively

more control over what was happening. And so I continued, and finally finished the ceremony. I said goodbye thankfully, wishing him great peace, force, and joy.

That day I had agreed to meet a friend to attend a jazz concert in a pleasant park by the river... Since I had an hour before I was to meet him, I decided to go by the Spanish Cultural Center. "By chance" at that moment they were beginning a concert featuring a very special instrument which I knew only from having seen photos in books.

It was a kind of tambourine or harp, but with many many strings. According to the what they were saying, this was a very ancient instrument, used only for occasions of a religious nature. In the middle of the concert, the performer touched a string... and that instantly generated within me an emotional impact, followed almost in unison with a strong auditory vibration, a hum that filled the room. After the concert was over, what they said... was almost surreal. They were speaking of the profound, of energy, of kindness, and many other things in the same tenor.

Afterwards, I went to the place I was to meet my friend. The whole time with energetic shocks in the center of my chest. When I arrived, not being able to find my friend because of the large numbers of people, I decided to sit down and listen to the concert.

In the middle of the concert, a person sitting beside me began to talk on his cell phone, so I expressed to him that this was a concert, and if he wanted to talk, I would like him to do it somewhere else... I told him in an amiable way, but with a certain hardness, since it seemed to me extremely inconsiderate to be talking as if he were the only one there... Well, what happened is that I sensed that my request was not well received, and at that moment there grew within me an uncontrollable force – it was like a reactor... and the direction was indignation about what I was perceiving in my neighbor in response to my request.

The truth is that I felt such force that, if I had released it in a negative way toward my neighbor, I believe it would have hurt him... But fortunately I remembered the Master's words, which came

to me through co-presence, speaking about the direction which one can impress on the energy... And so I disconnected from my neighbor to set about launching the energy toward a luminous place.

Well, I won't relate any other occasions, since they might seem to approach hallucinations. But that night, with some other friends, I remember having laughed, for the first time in my life, like a crazy person... This laughter arose from a very deep place, with an intensity that I had never registered... It was my whole being laughing from a place unknown to me.

Well, I hope to have contributed something with my comments. At any rate, I want to make it clear that once I began with these experiences and registered what was happening there, I said to myself: "This is what I have been looking for all my life."

Peace, Force and Joy!!!

Juan Pablo

[jpantunezg@gmail.com](mailto:jpantunezg@gmail.com)

**CATALINA** – *Buenos Aires, Argentina*

### **My Experiences**

After having accompanied more than 250 people in their transit and read them the Ceremony of Assistance, I can clearly recognize the register of connecting at those moments with a sensation that is very special, very particular and... curious.

On reading the ceremony several times, I found the answer in the summary information of the Message: the Ceremony of Assistance is an experience. Like the contact with the Force in the Service, with one small difference: in Assistance it is contact with a presence that is outside of oneself; in the Service it is a sensation that comes from within oneself and connects toward the outside. In both experiences the relationship between space and time is modified, one almost becomes disconnected with the place one is.

In some circumstances when I have accompanied someone by reading the Guide to the Inner Road, I have observed physical responses from the dying person.

If I ask myself why I choose to do this experience, I find that it comes up on those occasions when I perceive great suffering in the other. As a response, I have noticed contact with the humanity of the person I am guiding. It involves connecting with experiences that have little in common with the habitual daily state. An agreeable and calm feeling, with the internal certainty of having done something useful, often accompanies me for several hours after having done it.

For many years I kept these experiences to myself, without being able to share them with others.

I remember the first time it happened that I chose to read the Guide to the Inner Road. It was around 1982, when I was caring occasionally for a sick person, as a replacement for someone else. The person was a high-level representative of the Catholic church who was in a state of complete anxiety. I decided to read the writing to him aloud, and to my surprise, it produced in him a sudden change in behavior, even in his gestures. Afterwards he remained completely relaxed (my surprise was very great at that moment).

More recently, I had to go to visit a lady who was very ill, whom I did not know. I found her connected to a respirator, without being able to communicate. But since the family had asked for someone from the Movement to come to guide her in an experience, I found myself facing the uncertainty of not knowing what to do. Suddenly I felt the need to read her the Guide to the Inner Road.

When I began the reading, the lady began to move about very uneasily, but even so, I kept reading, suggesting to her that she remain calm and follow the experience. I suddenly felt that something very important had brought me there, as I witnessed and perceived the profound relaxation of her gestures, and finally, as I connected with the humanity before me.

For several hours more, I had the sensation of having done something useful.

In each new experience of accompaniment, I feel an increase in energy, as if I were suspended above the floor, paying attention to a feeling that impels me to further exploration in these subjects. There is a “before and after” with each experience. Something I’ve begun to call: the magic that Silo has placed in our hands to take on as a lifestyle.

Let me clarify that my specialty, professionally speaking, is to care for people who are very ill in the terminal phase. I’ve dedicated myself exclusively to this work for more than 15 years. And I’ve had experience with Silo’s Message for a little more than a year, although I’ve known his teachings since 1976.

And these are my questions:

Is it possible that with these experiences one finds or strengthens one’s Faith?

Is it possible to take this as a useful and cherished path?

Is it possible, by evoking those moments, to increase, day by day, an inner state of calm?

Is it possible to sometimes feel the presence of a certain protection, after making contact with some of these experiences?

I don’t have a sure answer, but I do have a suspicion.

I would like to share similar experiences with others.

--

Following are the writings of two friends: Monica and Oscar.

Monica, her faint words charged with emotion, words that still endure as a gentle breeze in my memory, after her departure. Words that were written for pupils to whom I had to explain what I do. They strengthen my faith in those beings who are present as companions, making the belief in the existence of death disappear. Every time I’ve read them, I’ve felt that she was with me.

Oscar, who is facing a very serious illness, is aware of what is happening and is trying to exhaust all the resources he has at hand. He says he is going to



“give battle to the illness” despite not knowing when he will depart. But what is clear is that he does not want to “leave now.” At this time, he has learned that he can discover the contradictions at the foundation of his beliefs and that, in the measure that he begins to recognize them, he will begin to liberate himself from “false and old beliefs.” And that, despite the physical problem, he can learn to forgive himself, to recognize that it is possible to be creative and to carry out projects. Currently he is writing a manual about how to prepare homeopathic substances, magisterial herbal and phytotherapy preparations. He is also preparing a workshop for beginners in these fields. Curiously, this special waiting time has impelled him to realize old dreams.

*Catalina Portel*

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***from Mónica***

*Words written during a terminal illness, a few days before dying.*

Facing a blank page the word is always a challenge, like someone who is beginning to walk beyond our inspiration.

For a long time, I've been without words. The shock of what was happening was so great, with no way to say it, to express it, to express myself as a person who was stopping being, and who was showing herself as weak, a stranger, in pain, disheartened, all body. I was afraid of the wills, the famous words, the last song, the legacy of thanks, forgiveness, inopportune moments, resentment, postmortem obligations, prophetic phrases.

In another longing to differentiate myself from the rest of humanity, I would go in silence, although I was never sure I would be leaving at all.

Today, facing a page that has begun to fill itself with meaningful words, with words that no longer want to differentiate but instead to communicate something, I can say, “I surrender myself to this time in which I live and in which I am dying.”

I would like to be awake, I would like not to lose emotion, I would like beauty to continue on its path

of wine and roses, and love to continue persistent,  
overwhelming, inevitable.

I feel profoundly loved and I love intensely.

I am going to be a good memory, I have my soul  
filled with good memories.

A toast to friendship!!!

I want to live!

*Monica P.*

*10/19/03*

--

**from Oscar**

*Poems written during the process of working with  
the experiences of the Message, facing a very  
serious illness.*

**Us**

Many times, I have heard it said: us...  
Many times, they were referring to me, saying... us  
other times, the Universe was... an us  
and in a sweet caress I lived... an us

A look into someone's eyes, also was... an us  
and a landscape of hope, was... an us  
and thus, those us's, rolled once and a thousand  
times  
falling nowhere.

How is it, that everything was and remains an us?  
How is it, that everything was and was not... the  
us?

Perhaps because I touched that "US"  
that contains so little of us?

If I think of us I see you and I see myself.

But,, if "I am" in "US" then you no longer are, nor  
am I.

You do not exist. Nor are you there. Nor am I here.  
Nor do we exist...

There is an "US" beyond us!

Because "US" is not, you and I sitting across from  
each other.

No! THE "US" I am talking about is something else.

## **Nothingness**

Nothingness does not exist.  
And if nothingness does exist, that nothingness is  
“SOMETHING”  
Something with all possible and imaginable  
adjectives  
and something more...

Said in terms of quantities, it is a little more  
and a little less than “SOMETHING.”  
And if we think of time, it is always “SOMETHING.”  
a little before and a little after.

That is, that it is always “SOMETHING” in continual  
change.  
It is always the same in all times and conditions.  
We are particles of “SOMETHING”  
suspended in an eternity of time and space,  
at a point of inflection between something and  
“SOMETHING”

*Oscar Varela*

## **MABEL – Barcelona, Spain**

Since I was small the subject of death was a  
question mark for my existence. The years passed  
and, when I connected with the doctrine, I began to  
get closer to certain truths...

On three occasions I was very close to  
encountering death. Then I realized that it wasn't  
my time yet, that I still had a long path to travel...  
and that I have a destiny.

Yes, I have been very close to dear ones who have  
passed on to another plane, and that is what I want  
to share with you.

The first occasion was with my father, who died in  
1986. Not long before, I had been to a center of  
work... Logically, on leaving the center of work, I  
had an overriding need to reconcile with him, since  
he had always opposed my participation in the  
movement.

The conversation we had was beautiful: the recognition of errors... forgiveness on both our parts... the warm embrace and mutual respect for the choices we had both made. As far as that went, all was well... but then he happened to die a month later!!!

It was a shock. Non-acceptance, anger, we had lost so much time being angry... it seemed to me an injustice.

At any rate I could do the Ceremony of Assistance and then of Death... We lived 1000 kilometers apart, but I arrived on time; I had to use all my intentionality to get into the intensive care unit. Murmuring sweetly to my guide and the guides of my friends who were with me, I was able to do so... From the instant when he smiled, from his tears and the reflexive response of his hand, I knew that he was listening... Then he went... His state was grave, he was in a coma but his consciousness was active... That day I defined my vocation: Service.

I have been working in Healthcare for years, and being in contact with sick people has put me in the situation of assisting their family members. Continual training has made the register expand, nothing more than that: a little attention, and doing what must be done.

Another very meaningful experience was assisting a dear soul friend, a humanist, named Maisa. With her we had more time to work on the issue of her passing.

We worked tirelessly for a year, since when they detected her pancreatic cancer the doctors gave her three months, with surgery. She decided on one year, and began arranging all her affairs accordingly: her daughter was fourteen at the time, her elderly mother and her aunts were also old and ill... She resolved everything down to the last detail, up to the day before she died. Never in my life had I been with a human being who showed such honesty and dignity in the face of death.

Her last days, in spite of the discomfort associated with her illness, were extremely beautiful in register: companionship, compassion and love. Debora Tormen, Ana Arduino, myself and a friend from her childhood were her custodians. All of us

synchronized, nothing was missing, our souls were dancing. There was neither physical suffering nor physical fatigue, only a gentle joy, and a peace... that is impossible for me to describe.

Since then Maisa has been my sweet companion... always joyful, with solidarity and an extraordinary sense of humor. I hear her in the frank smile of adolescents... I see her in the absorption of people reading books... I feel her in the strength of our activities... She left her mark and I have the certainty that death does not exist.

Now, with the Message, I've improved those aspects that needed polishing.

Wherever I want to go, I have the certainty that there is much to give, much to integrate and fundamentally, that I am not alone.

*Mabel Forfet*

*08-09-2005*

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**MIGUEL ANGEL** – Madrid,

*That October 17th...*

Rosa was walking silently, gently, her body had lost strength with the passing of years. We were very close when the moment came.

.....

Rosa was the sister of Carlota, my grandmother; Rosa was strong in character, and also kind. The years had made her reserved, observant and very affectionate with people, whether she knew them or not.

During the last years of her life she received a lot of affection, was never left alone, and had what she needed.

That October 17 was not like previous years. Then she had gone to the emergency room at the hospital, and had been admitted to intensive care...

I went to see her not long after she arrived at the hospital, late at night.

She was there a few meters away, unconscious, and I knew – with complete certainty – that it was not yet time to say goodbye to her.

I went up close to her ear, and softly caressing her forehead, I whispered to her, “Dear aunt, dear Rosa, get better soon, because we still have time to be together, we need you and Alvaro (my son, who was then two years old) is waiting for you.” Before leaving I did an Asking.

My parents, who were waiting in the next room, were afraid that her life was immediately in danger.

I went up to my mother and told her that Rosa would not die: “... now you have to go get some rest.”

A few minutes later I left the hospital with no fear whatsoever, and a register of great internal unity.

In the morning, Rosa woke up full of vitality, had breakfast, and a few hours later was discharged from intensive care.

.....

Later, that October 17, things went differently.

She was in the hospital again, and I went with others to visit her.

Rosa was unconscious and was attended by my family.

Little by little, the visitors began leaving. The only ones left with her were my mother, my companion Alicia, and I.

The two of them were conversing in low tones at one end of the bed. I, at the other end, was looking for a space in which I could collect myself and be very close to her body.

I observed her, tried to feel her profoundly, tried to transmit well-being to her. I knew that the farewell was very close, very near.

I didn't stop “looking at” her, “feeling” her.

Rosa's breathing was exhausted, forced, and assisted with oxygen.

A few minutes later, Rosa suffered a gentle spasm and stopped breathing, and her heart stopped.

I perceived it as something expected, welcome, without fear.

The nurses came almost immediately, and went through the routine of verifying that Rosa's heart had stopped beating. They announced her death and asked us to leave the room. I accompanied my parents outside; they were shaken. I went back into the room and asked the nurses to leave me alone with her, inviting Alicia to accompany me.

In silence, with Rosa's body, very close to her, I got ready to do the Ceremony of Assistance. With great love.

"...Prepare to enter the most beautiful City of Light, a city never seen by the eye, whose song has never been heard by human ears..."

"Come, prepare to enter the most beautiful Light..."

Whispering in her ear, I said goodbye, not before having made "my Asking," and I finished by saying:

"Thank you for all you have given us, ...God bless you, Rosa."

At that moment, with peace in my heart, in the "silence" that is only experienced at such special moments, I saw above the body – at the height of her head – what I can only define as "light dust" ...

Afterward, I wanted to give an explanation to that experience ... something very difficult to do.

I preferred to agree with myself to keep silence.

Rosa had moved on.

I went out and invited my parents to go in. They said goodbye, but Rosa was no longer in that "dispirited" body.

The nurses, a short while later, went in and fulfilled their function.

Rosa shared 92 years with us.

"To you, my greatest thanks... Being."

*Miguel Angel*

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**SOLEDAD** – *Santiago, Chile*

*On the assistance I gave my parents  
when they died.*

It was a very cold autumn day, a day when I went out with a girlfriend to find a space for an interchange among humanist artists, poets and singers. When we were returning in her car, I got a call on my cell phone. It was Patricio, my couple, who tells me that he has bad news: he tells me that my parents have had an accident, they've been hit by a car and have died...

My astonishment was so great that I didn't want to believe him, thinking it was a joke in very bad taste... But yes, it was true. So we went toward the place, while I tried without success to get in touch by phone with my other brothers and sisters.

The intensity of what I registered in my body is hard to describe; my chest burned like fire. Then I got a call from a dear brother (with whom I had worked for months assisting dying people at a hospital in this city); I hear his voice, very calm and gentle, reminding me that "it will be very important to accompany them and guide them toward the Light" and "to be very calm"... His call makes me come back to myself and tranquilizes me, I feel myself going "within," to a place within me where I find a state of Peace.

Arriving at the spot I look around and there are innumerable cars, many people staring on the sidewalks, patrol cars with their alarms sounding. I get out. On the left there is a red car, and on the roof are Papa's glasses (so then I understand that he is still there). And on the right I see a blue tarp covering my mother's body. A cousin, the eldest, is taking charge of the situation, while the police cordon off the area.

First I talk with my cousin, whom I ask to please leave and let me take his place, that I need to be alone with them and I want to avoid having the police make us both leave.

I approach my mother and when I am about to look at her, a policeman tells me that I cannot be there and that I cannot touch "the bodies," or anything



and that I must leave the place... At that moment I felt a Force that came from deep within, a total conviction that nobody would make me leave, an unstoppable vital Force! With great calm and firmness I told the policeman: "This is my father and mother, this is my territory. So I'm asking you to go and leave me with them." To which he immediately acceded. I felt that force of nature, that finds no resistance in its path... I felt that in my innermost being: a register of complete certainty.

And so I knelt down again, to be with my mother. I looked at her sweetly: there she was, stretched out on the pavement, as if she were taking her nap... For a moment it looked to me as if she were only sleeping. And I caressed her, I caressed her and saw that on her forehead was a little blood, then I felt a pain so deep, a pain so great, that I had to leave her for a moment and I sat nearby to release this pain from my entrails. And, for I don't know how long, I was releasing that pain that I had never felt before...

Until finally, I felt calmed and comforted. And in that moment, when I felt complete internal peace, I imagined a great luminous sphere that encompassed the three of us. It was a Sacred moment, something indescribable, there was an outside and an inside and we fashioned our temple, our intimate and protected place.

Then I went again to my mother and I told her that this was the moment of her departure, that now she was going to make the most beautiful journey of her whole Life (she was a great traveler and adventurer); that this would be the most beautiful trip she had ever taken; that now she was going to a place where she would find her loved ones, her mother; that there would be gardens and flowers and fountains of water and crystalline droplets... That now she was going to the City of Light; that my brothers and sisters and I loved her more than anyone in the world and that we were very thankful for everything she had given us! And so, with complicity and laughter, I told her that Papa was also going with her, they were going together, as they had always wanted to, to go together.

After I felt that my mother had heard me, I felt an urgent need to go and be with my father. He was inside the car and I could do no more than

touch him a little through the window. So, deeply moved to see him, I reminded him that he was not dreaming, that he should not believe that this was a dream, that this was the moment of his death, that he was dying. And I told him: “Do you see, Papa, that it’s not as terrible or painful as you thought?” Then I invited him to remember his best acts, to remember all the good acts he did for others; I reminded him and showed him what a good father he had been to us, I reminded him of his infinite kindness. Then I was silent, to let him elaborate his contents in peace. I also told him that Mama, the great love of his Life, was going with him, and I told him that now was the time of their liberation, that now he had to go and focus on the Light, without losing sight of it, to go toward the Light... Then they took him out of the car, and I asked them to put him beside Mama. And so, for a time that was indefinite and eternal for me, the three of us were together, before their final departure.

The Peace and the energy that united us at that moment was that powerful motor that Love is.

For twelve consecutive years (while I was away from Chile) I had asked my “Guide,” over and over, to be there with them, accompanying them, at the moment of their departure. There are seven of us brothers and sisters, and the only one who arrived that day was myself. There is something very great and powerful in that...

Soledad Antunez

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**TRUDI - Davis, California**

### **Stories of Amalia**

*The following letters and reflections tell the story of my experience with a friend who was dying of bone cancer – the story of her reconciliation with her life, and of her death – and how that experience helped me reconcile with my own fears. The story takes place in Amalia’s home town in Argentina, where I was living at the time. I shared my experience through letters to friends in the Communities of*

*Silo's Message, beginning with three messages  
that I sent together...*

I

Dear friends –

Here are three stories of reconciliation – of the irrational and all-comforting affirmation of Life in all her terrible glory.

1.

A few nights ago, I went with Ana and Leticia to see Natalia's aunt, Amalia, who is in the last stages of metastasized bone cancer. She is in constant and agonizing pain, and very afraid of dying and being alone, of being without guidance... so we went to do the Ceremony of Assistance and whatever else we could do for her.

I very much wanted to visit her. Nevertheless, before I went I called on my guide for help – because this is an old, old theme for me – long avoided, long denied, long buried under saccharine lies that I shoveled on in the heat of my own terror.

It was when I was a teenager that I began to nurture a morbid fear of cancer. Way too many of my parents' friends were dying in agony from that disease – my parents would talk about them with muted despair, and bring me to visit them. My horror grew with each person who died, and was clinched when I was 19, when my mother (with the best of intentions for my development as a human being) arranged for me to be the housekeeper and childcare person for a neighbor who was dying of that disease, right across the street.

I was there all day, every day, taking care of the two little children, preparing meals, carrying trays to the young mother who was dying, in excruciating pain, at the age of 35. I lasted a few weeks – and when I couldn't take it any more, I fled – went on the road with other youth. It was the late 60's, and we were all hippies, seeking something, anything – drugs, eastern religion, encounter groups, self-improvement ploys of all kinds – anything that might bring us succor and relief from this vicious and absurd world...

For years and years I kept my fear locked up in my personal dungeon, tossing it sops of recognition,

quavering with fear and never getting too close, whenever I heard of someone else with cancer. It wasn't until I was 37, and found the Humanist Movement, that I discovered the key, the magic of going beyond myself, making my actions end in others, treating others as I want to be treated, striving to live coherently, acting on my best feelings and thoughts...

This helped a great deal, and little by little my fear shrank. Then about five years ago, I had a startling and wondrous experience where I knew beyond doubt that we do not die – that death is simply an illusion, a trick of mirrors... My fear of cancer-pain became nothing but a docile little monster – and my joy in life grew by leaps and bounds, as it continues to today. Every day I give thanks...

Nevertheless, after Natalia told us about Amalia, I kept thinking about her, and about the bogy of pain, why terrible things happen to good people, what can be done... I had to admit that that old fear was still there. Shriveled and pitiful, to be sure, but still alive, gurgling in its cell – I had to face it.

I asked my Guide for help – and the answer came, a gem of coherence: Face your fear. Go see her and be with her. Be with her in her pain.

It was a message of compassion, and I embraced it with joy. When I told Leticia, a good friend of Natalia's, that I wanted to go see Amalia, to perhaps do a Laying on of Hands or whatever was appropriate, she concurred – she had been wanting to do the same, and had actually already done so once. (Leticia is an amazing woman – a beautiful person with great brown eyes, soft with joy. Several years ago, she lost a young daughter to cancer – and the joy and reconciliation with which she finally managed to embrace her daughter's passing are an inconceivable gift, a precious example of what is possible, for every parent who has ever feared losing a child...) We also called Ana, who has a vocation working with the dying (she is a dear friend I have just met but whom I have known forever, a kind and wise amiga, a Protector of Life, who has oriented many loyal friends in the Movement here for many years...).

When went to visit Amalia, at about 8:30 pm, her attendants told us she was in great pain. So Leticia went in first, to see if she wanted to see us, and returned, beckoning us to come in.

Amalia is a small woman with a sweet face – as we entered she gave us an exhausted smile from her bed. Leticia introduced us, and she gripped our hands in gratitude, weeping softly... Then Leticia sat beside her, stroking her and murmuring comforts, and Ana and I sat close, touching her, sending her peace and well-being, light and relief...

We spent perhaps an hour there. Leticia read the Ceremony of Assistance, quietly, intimately, and one by one we embraced and stroked and held Amalia. As we touched her and spoke to her she cried quietly, saying the pain was too much, she couldn't stand it...

When it was my turn to sit with her, I told her all I could think of: "You are not alone." And with that, a gentle surge of bright energy connected us, and impelled me to continue: "You will never be alone – many, many friends are with you now, loving you, sending you light and peace..." It was the Light she wanted most, I think – like water, like balm – 'Luz...' she murmured, yearning...

Afterward, we went to a café, spent a lovely hour together – with a great feeling of peace.

That night I thought about the visit with Amalia – it was good, it was peaceful, I think it helped Amalia, if not by diminishing the pain, at least by accompanying her in her pain – but it wasn't... What wasn't it? Then I saw that I had had certain expectations – hopes that this act would deal the final, spectacular blow to my fear – vaporizing it forever! And it hadn't. Things were pretty much the same.

In the morning I began my meditation with my usual aphorisms: I approach the day with faith, I give thanks for my life, I seek the sacred within me and outside of me...

But something was different. I felt a kind of impatience bordering on disgust – a disgruntled feeling, a nakedness – as if I had said, 'enough!' and dropped something... Like the sloughing off of an old skin. That was it: it was as if a layer had

been stripped away by that visit, and I am closer to life – without the insulation that used to cover me like a gelatin...

So I meditate.

I bring down the sphere, white gold, soft brilliance... its infinite petals expand from my heart, engulfing me, flooding out into the universe...

An experience of Light from within – not seeing so much as feeling the light – radiating, blessed, warm, rich, full of Peace

I am held in the Great Mother's arms...

I ask about Pain – and receive no answer – only peace

I see Amalia's inner being – beautiful, tranquil, strong, humble, gentle, full of light

I have lost a layer of sweet lies that protected me from life... an interpretation, a limitation that I had been clinging to like a life raft in my search –

But now I find I can swim!

2.

Last night I had RLS again – “restless legs syndrome.” I am learning that this nervous affliction is a sign of some disturbance, some hidden emotional charge that I have not addressed. It comes out as electricity through my feet!

I had it for years before I found anyone to help me with it – but finally an insightful homeopath led me to the obvious. “What was happening in your life when you first started experiencing this?” he asked me. And there it was. Like a lump of lead. That was when my twin daughters left home. And I had never let myself grieve!

So I had to face it. I let myself be sorrowful, wounded, in pain, for the disappearance of my beloved children from my side. The restless legs went away – I slept like an angel. I had hoped the problem was gone forever. But no. I had been underestimating the ingenuity of my psyche – why discard such a useful tool? So again, my feet were telling me to look deeper – to find that hidden swamp of bubbling despond, the generator of the electricity that was coursing through my feet, keeping me awake till I found it...

At least now I had more of an idea what to look for – since the RLS had kicked in again right after I visited Amalia. It was pretty clear, I thought: apparently, even though I had come to a new level of reconciliation with the reality of pain, I hadn't fully experienced my old fear of it. After all, I had buried it deep, long ago, and had yet to look carefully at it, to feel it deeply...

Since I had no idea how to do that, I meditated, asking my guide to help me deal with my fear – to embrace it – to set it free.

I am deep inside the earth, descending down steep stairs, deeper and deeper. Everything is dark. Deep down, I come to a cavern – a small round room carved out of the dark red rock. In the room is a bed with a woman lying in it, tied to the bed with tight cords. It is Maybelle, the woman I had to care for when I was 19. She is semi-conscious, whimpering in pain, tossing and struggling, dying endlessly without dying.

There is only one solution. I take a shining knife and plunge it into her heart – then with the same knife, I cut her bonds. She is free – she is a white bird, and she flies away, soaring into the Light!

But there is more for me to do here. I take my flashlight and search the room – and find her two small children, cowering in a corner, terrified, malnourished, dirty. Taking them by the hand, I tell them they are free to go – and they transform, laughing and running, chasing each other up the stairs and out into the Light.

But now there is someone else lying on the bed in the dark chamber. It is my mother. She is in the last, unreachable stages of Alzheimer's – shrunken, lost in bitter oblivion, beyond the reach of memory, thought, caresses, tears. I go to her and take her by the hand – and light invades her – and she rises, lithe, full of life, laughing, lucid – and together we climb the stairs toward the upper air, toward the light. Halfway up, my father joins us – he is young, happy to see us, and says he's ready for a good trip. Happily, we climb together...

Up and up we climb – and finally we come out into a green field in the sunlight. A short distance away a passenger balloon of many colors is tugging at

its moorings, impatient to be off... The balloon man beckons us, helps us climb in, unties us and waves a smiling good bye, “Don’t worry, it knows where to go...”

With a dizzying swoop we rise up into the air, and fly high, sweeping over green hills, among white clouds and sun, far and wide over villages and shining cities. We are like children, delighted and overawed, gasping and exclaiming at the beauty and adventure...

Higher and higher we fly, over great mountains, until finally we land on a tall peak – a place of incredible beauty, the highest point in a vast snowy mountain range that surrounds us, laced with soft green valleys and brilliant lakes. Everything is engulfed in sparkling sunlight – we are overcome by beauty...

Now my parents tell me about their new life and their plans. Both of them were teachers before. My mother tells me how happy she is – she is free, she can go wherever she needs to be to help her friends, the teachers and children... My father tells me he is content, teaching young people about what he loves most, working with them on all kinds of designs and solutions, plans and inventions...

Finally it is time for me to go. The balloon is waiting, balancing gently in the air, to take me back. Before I leave, my mother places a gift in my hands. It is something she herself has made: a blanket made of Light. She tells me to wrap myself in it whenever I am cold. I hug her, and my father, telling them I will be back to see them whenever I can – and they tell me they will wait for me...

Taking my gift, I climb back into the balloon, and float back over the mountains and valleys, back to the place I live. Finally the balloon lands gently in a city park, and I climb out and go to where Amalia is lying in pain.

Taking the blanket of light, I cover her, tucking it well in, all around her, enfolding her in light. I tell her it is hers to keep – “una manta de Luz para ti” – that my mother made for her – my mother, who passed through pain and oblivion and death and into the next life – or you might call it Heaven – but whatever you believe, Life goes on.



3.

This morning, several days later, I awake feeling resentful and melancholy. That shouldn't be, because yesterday we held a wonderful retreat – the Configuration of the Guide – with our new friends here in this city. Nevertheless, today I find myself thinking again about Amalia, in so much pain, and about so many others who are suffering... Even though I am thankful to be able to send them the Light, I am so aware of their pain...

I meditate.

I ask my guide for help and am impacted by a Force that takes my breath away. Energy surges through me, but I don't know what to do with it!

I keep asking for faith but feel only the same dark melancholy. But something tells me to wait. Perhaps, I think, this is the space of the Black Moon<sup>5</sup>... So I resist the temptation to improvise, to provide my own answers, and I await the dawn...

To pass the time I ask about my work in progress, the epic tale of Silo's life and work. I have not been working on it enough. I have been so taken up with this new experience here in this city, which gives me such joy. In contrast, the book is hard work. The research is fascinating, but can be grueling...

As I wait for an answer to my hopelessness and despair, it strikes me that I have my answer right here: the answer is the Vital Project, the work that gives meaning to one's life! Which for me, right now, is this book – a project that is so vital, inspiring and full of life that it can carry me through Hell, can fly me over the tsunamis and the pits of despond, like a marvelous, unsinkable life raft – buoyed by the same ludic and sacred energy that lifts us on Wings of Intent<sup>6</sup>...

So I am comforted.

I send the Light to Amalia and I realize with relief that in reality she is waiting to receive the Light. It is not up to me what she does with it – that is her process, her gift, her dignity, her holy rite. This gives me such welcome relief! I can help without the pressure of guilt for not being able to relieve her pain...

Things are always different than I thought they would be. My vision has been as naïve and sugar-coated as a bad 1950's movie. Which is not surprising, considering my age. But the contrast is disgruntling none the less. I always thought that as I got more enlightened things would get easier. And in an important sense, they do. But far from finding myself in a fairytale of happy endings, the deeper I go toward the Profound, the more I try to think, feel and act with love and compassion, the more faith I need – not less! What a paradox! The path gets both easier (more joyful, brighter, less confined to the little me, more at one with the great ocean of Light) and harder (I see more pain, more despair, and must stretch further, go deeper into reconciliation and compassion, to encompass the pain and suffering around me).

But if I want to move forward, always upward, always toward the light – there's no choice. So, invoking the Great Beings, I offer body, mind and heart as a beacon of Light...

And in an odd way, making such a great effort is effortless... perhaps that's what's meant by surrender...

So, somehow, all is well!

Life seems to hang somewhere in the middle, in the golden balance between joy and despond – and it is our challenge to stand squarely in that middle, taking a stance (as in the martial arts of nonaggression) that is at once utterly peaceful and utterly awake, in harmony with our highest Destiny.

II

Dear friends,

I start this morning with questions. Should I tell Amalia I will come to visit her every day? I have felt from the beginning that I want to – but have vacillated, thinking I don't want to put myself in a situation of obligation, and after all it is not easy, although it fills me with peace... And how, again, can I help her when I visit her? What images, what words, what tools can I give her that will help with her pain?

I meditate and ask the Guide.

My Guide comes to me with her eternal warmth and joy, her profound strength, her wisdom... Light beams from her forehead – brilliant, intense, pure and clear – and my whole body is suffused with Light and surging electricity...

Yes, of course, I will tell Amalia I will visit her every day. It gives me a warm feeling in my heart. It is what I want to do. Arguments are irrelevant.

My guide gives me an image for Amalia to work with. I will tell her to try to imagine herself in this scene, seeing and feeling herself there as clearly as she can:

- You are holding hands in a circle of Friends, Beings of Light, who are sending the Light through your body. Circulating with great force and speed through the circle, a stream of brilliant, soft white light passes continuously through your body, filling you with a luminous, healing light that dwarfs and neutralizes the pain... The Light is so much greater than the pain...

III

Dear friends,

Last night we had a meeting of the Message with eight of us participating. We did the Service, and then the Ceremony of Well-Being, especially for Amalia.

During the Service I felt the Force much more strongly than I ever have before. Not that the Force was stronger, but that I was more receptive to it, more open – I had never before been submerged in the Profound deeply enough, peacefully enough to recognize the presence of that Energy in which we constantly live, the Energy which allows us to live every moment of our lives...

I had visited with Amalia that afternoon, and the experience of being with her, even though I have no magic to help her, puts me in a profound state of peace; it was from this space that I opened myself to the Force...

And in that pervasive, universal energy, All that Is – I felt the Sacred...

Even after losing the experience (by trying to grasp it) I was able to contact it again, to feel it... It was strongly enhanced by the presence of all our friends who were there, all humbly opening themselves, to the best of their ability, to this Sacred Energy, to the Light – which filled and over brimmed us...

After the ceremonies we arranged to have a study group on Sunday nights, to study Silo's Psychology I, II & III – at least in this moment of vacation when everyone can come. And six of us volunteered to work with Amalia. We will go individually whenever we can, and on Tuesday evening we will go as a group.

--

In the morning I meditate.

I feel the Force and the Light.

I ask my Guide how to help Amalia, and she responds:

“You have to Give her the Force. Tell her you will give her your strength, your Force, and that it will help her – she will not be alone with the pain. The Forces of Light will help her win through to the other side of the pain...

You must do a Laying on of Hands, because the Force can be given, can be transferred – and that is what is needed now. Nothing more, nothing less.”

I give thanks to my Guide, and all the forces of Light that be, for the Sacred, the Profound, the Infinite...

IV

### **Saying Yes! to Life**

I went to see Amalia yesterday, and I told her I would come every day, to read to her and be with her. I read her the Ceremony of Assistance, which she loves, and also the Path and the Guided Experience “Resentment” – because the reading of our things seems to help more than anything. But still, I was overcome by a heavy awareness of her unremitting pain – pain that nothing assuages, not even morphine. She is in constant, deep pain...

This weighed on my mind and heart, all evening and all night – everything I did or thought or felt was overshadowed by, rebounded back to the image of Amalia in Pain.

This morning I meditated, to ask my Guide how to overcome this doubt – no, this certainty – this flagrant proof that there was something irremediably terrible about life... because tonight we are going to do a Laying on of Hands for her, and we cannot do it in a climate of hopelessness!

Meditation:

I am in a torment of doubt, wanting miracles of help from outside, on a golden platter.

I call and call on the Guide, and feel her great warmth, but nothing else; I expand the sphere, asking for faith and more faith... I feel the energy, see the light... But always I keep for myself that little reserve, the little doubt, the resentment against life, the denial of grace...

Then I see suddenly that I can step forward and say Yes to Life. Yes to overcoming suffering and pain! That I can, and must, simply be that which I want so badly! I can and must radiate the Light, the giant Yes, the Affirmation. Without my stepping forward fearlessly, affirming my love, my acceptance, my celebration of Life, all the energy in the universe is useless and pointless. A cool wind is blowing in my window...

This evening My Guide will be with me – with us – and we will pass the Force to Amalia, and share the cup of Peace!

V

### **The Guide and the Lake of Light**

In the morning, I meditate, relaxing deeply.

I bring down the Sphere of light, and let it expand within me, filling me with pleasure, warmth, contentment, growing larger and larger, expanding far beyond me...

Softly, I call the Guide. She is here with me – profound, great with meaning and dignity, but also gentle as a mother, without a mother's judgment or clinging – a Divine Mother...

“Look up,” she tells me. I do, and a powerful current of energy passes through me, filling me with awe and gratitude: it is the Light above me – brilliant, effulgent, benevolent, all-encompassing. A Lake of Fire in the Sky...

I want to send this light to my loved ones, and begin to imagine each of them on the shores of the Lake of Light. One by one I see them approach the Lake with reverence, opening wide their arms, to bathe in the Light... One by one, they return to the world, rejuvenated, recharged, blessed ...

I am filled with light, bliss, comfort, warmth. Profoundly grateful, I want to share this experience with others. I ask my guide if I should go now. Tenderly, she answers, “Yes,” embracing me strongly. Gathering the light in about me, I concentrate it into a brilliant jewel in my heart, and offer it up into the Lake of Light...

## VI

### **The Guide and the Old Fears**

Today I work with the sphere, and the great Light above me.

Great Happiness floods me – I am charged with energy, a powerful, physical sensation of well-being, delicious... I cannot remember feeling so good...

I bring all my loved ones to the Light, and am smacked in the heart with the beauty, intensity, sublimity of their Pure Being. Amalia’s face is luminous with supreme happiness, as she blesses all her loved ones.

For several days now as I’ve done the relax, moving down through my body, I have seemed to encounter a block in my abdomen. I’ve worried about this, and today I ask my Guide about it.

She takes her hand and reaches into my innards and removes a round gray-green boulder, a conglomerate, about 2-3” in diameter; then, with a flashlight, she probes for remaining fragments. Finally she leaves everything clean, clear as a bell, telling me “this is simply some old fear.” Then, calling all the little animals of the forest and sunlit

meadows, the deer and the chipmunks and the birds, she breaks it up and feeds it to them – a sweet, nourishing food – and the little creatures feast. Inside my body I am filled with a beautiful blue-green light, shimmering, jeweled... All is well.

VII

### **The Guide and Everything Great and Good**

Last night the heat was suffocating. Feeling a restless energy running through my body, I slept little and poorly. In the morning, before opening my eyes, I ask my Guide with a feeling of dullness if I should get up, or try to sleep more.

“Approach the day with faith! Give thanks for your life! Go in search of the Sacred, inside you and outside you.”

I smile inside and get up.

Here in this city we have no car, and taxis are cheap – so we go everywhere that way. Yesterday, my son laughed at me for talking about the weather with all the drivers – something I fall into because I don’t like sitting in silence. So on the way home, I told the driver about Amalia, about how wonderful it has been for me to be with her, how facing my fears I am overcoming them, how helping her fills me with joy... and he began to warm to the subject, and asked me how I knew Amalia – so I told him about our Community of the Message and our ceremonies for wellbeing, how Amalia is the aunt of one of the participants.

“How wonderful!” he said, clearly moved – “Are all Americans like you?” “Not at all,” I laughed – “but people everywhere – here as well – are beginning to develop a new sensibility, there are many wonderful people doing these things everywhere!” Finally I invited him to our meeting. Smiling with genuine gratitude, he said he would come, not this time, since he has to work, but the next...

And then I understood in a new way these words from the ceremony of Recognition:

“Afterwards, we will go to those closest to us and share with them everything great and good that has happened to us.”

--

Today I meditated:

I bathe in the Lake of Light above me – it regenerates and comforts me, filling me with well-being. I ask the Guide to appear, and she comes with a laughing warmth. I ask her to teach me to work with the Force.

“Take the Light in your hands, take it in your forehead, and return to the world. Tell the people around you everything good and great that has happened to you!”

Now I see what that means. I will go to Amalia, and tell her how being with her has helped me to face and overcome my own fears, how great a gift she has given me. And I will go to her daughter, Cecilia. I have been wondering how I can help her – she always acts cheerful but is clearly brittle with fear and denial... Now I realize that I can tell her about my own experience, how my own mother nearly died from cancer when I was her age, around 35 – I can share with her too how being with Amalia has helped me reconcile with those painful memories, with so many deep, old fears, terrors I had never been willing to face...

I marvel that by being there with Amalia, witnessing her agony, getting as close as anyone can to someone else’s pain, I feel my own fear of that pain grandly dwindling! I hope that by sharing this with her daughter, I can help her find the courage to be with her mother more deeply, to really come close to her, to share the joy of life and the mystery of “death” with her...

I send the light to Amalia: I see her infused with Light, with dignity and joy – and I see the stream of reconciliation spread from her to all her loved ones...

Now I feel an urgency to end this meditation, to go into the world and do what I have to do... But I’m not quite ready – I want to send the light to my loved ones, as I do every day. Seeing my impatience, my Guide, ever practical, suggests, “Why not bring them all together?”

So I see all my loved ones – more than a dozen close relatives, plus a few dear friends – having a great festive dinner together around my brother’s



big oblong dining table. They are full of laughter and joy – and I see the Light fill them all, till they are radiant with happiness, bright with Peace and Well-Being...

VIII

### **Amalia and Reconciliation**

Today when I go to see Amalia, she is discouraged and mournful. She has had a bad day... “If only it will end quickly,” she tells me... “I am just getting worse and worse. I’m not afraid of dying, but if only the suffering will end soon!” She is so tired, so overcome with suffering...

Although her family still pretends to her that she will get well, she is perfectly aware that she is dying. I tell her that I believe that the more reconciled she is with her life and with others, the more quickly and easily it will go.

“Ah, I want to reconcile – but there are so many people who are far away and cannot come! People I may have hurt through some misunderstanding... I want them to forgive me, but they can’t visit me...”

“Oh, it’s not necessary for them to come here,” I reassure her. “And you don’t need to worry about them – that’s up to them. You can reconcile, with them and with yourself, without them being here.”

“I can do it mentally?” she exclaims, surprised and hopeful.

“Of course,” I tell her. “I will help you.”

So I read to her the Guided Experience called “Resentment.”<sup>7</sup> Listening, she holds my hand tightly, rapt with concentration...

Afterward, she is grateful and relieved. I tell her I will come back and read it to her again...

But now she is in pain; wincing, she tells me she will need the medication soon – so I begin to get up to call the nurse. But she grabs my hand, “No! You are going to do the Ceremony first...”

We have been reading the Ceremony of Assistance to her every time we see her for the last few weeks, and she loves it dearly. So I sit back down, and

read to her softly, moved by the transcendent words... Finally I reach the end:

“Now you are reconciled...

You are purified...

Prepare to enter the most beautiful City of Light, a city never seen by the eye, whose song has never been heard by human ears...

Come, prepare to enter the most beautiful Light...”

And as always, her face is transformed with joy. “Those words always do me so much good!” she tells me. We embrace, I thank her for being with me, and go out into the afternoon, filled with peace.

IX

### **The Guide and Haste**

Today I am in a hurry. I have to meditate before the carpenter arrives...

I ask the Guide to help me do everything quickly.

And she is there, I realize, even before I call her. I recognize her from my childhood – the feeling of comfort and well-being she gives me, that has always been at the bottom of my being when I look for it. She is so close to me that usually I don’t even notice her.

“Well,” she explains, “if I were more obvious, I would be in the way!”

Now I hasten to bring down the light, and let it expand within me – and in my haste, my mind wanders... but the Sphere reaches my heart anyway, and goes on expanding despite my distraction. I am grateful for this miracle of co-presence – the way the greater mind takes over when, bustling with importance, I am ensnared by every stray image...

I want to send the light to my loved ones. First of all I see Amalia – gracious, full of dignity, kindness and quiet joy – she extends her hand and light spills from her fingertips, igniting the Light in her loved ones... Now I bring all my family to Memorial Park, our special place for picnics under the great California redwoods. First I see my brother’s

family standing arm in arm, in awe and humility at the beauty of the place; then both my sisters' families, their children running to find each other, leaping and chasing with exuberance; and now my husband and our grown children, and their loved ones... and all is well, before the carpenter arrives!

X

### **Breaking the Chain**

These thoughts come to me this morning:

*The relaxed state of the heart is joy...*

*The relaxed state of the mind is serenity...*

*The relaxed state of the body is pleasure...*

Amalia's daughter, Cecilia, runs the clinic where her mother is interned. Several days ago I went to talk with her, to see if I could help her deal with her mother's illness. Natalia, her cousin, who is also the clinician in charge of Amalia's case, was there too. She had told me that Cecilia seldom goes to visit her mother, even though she is there most of the time. That she shows her mother little affection... I figured she was scared.

"I remember when my own mother almost died from cancer," I told her. "I suffered terribly. This must be really hard for you."

She shook her head, hopelessly, "I am suffering... it's hard..." And she told me how she is tortured by resentment, because although her mother treats everyone else with respect, she treats her like dirt, speaking venomously to her when they are alone... And of course feeling resentful against her dying mother also makes her feel guilty...

I began to say that perhaps it was simply because Amalia felt more comfortable with her daughter – after all, we often mistreat those we are closest to, because we are not so afraid they will reject us...

But she cut me off. "You have to know," she said, "that this relationship has been bad from the beginning. From the time I was very little she did terrible things to me – Natalia can verify that."

Natalia nods, adding, "She did things no one should do to a child. It has always been a relationship of anger and hurting, ever since the beginning."

So what am I going to say? Nothing. "Ah," I say.

"Of course no one is to blame here," says Natalia. "These are things that come from the past. Probably far back in the family people have been mistreated by their parents and then have compulsively mistreated their own children... It's no one's fault. But we always have the opportunity to break the chain."

Then I remembered the Guided Experience, "Resentment." I have the copy I've been reading to Amalia, who appreciates hearing it over and over... I gave it to Cecilia, saying she might find it interesting and useful.

The next time I went to see Amalia, I stopped beforehand in the park, and asked my guide to help me see her without judgment, to see who she really is. The Light in her. Then I went in, and sat with her.

I began to talk about reconciliation, asking her about her relationships. Everything was fine with everyone, she said, except for some old things, of course one sometimes does things that are misunderstood, that make one feel bad...

I could see the grief of those old deeds in her face. "And your children?" I asked, "Everything is fine with them?"

Oh yes, she assured me.... Then, looking away, she told me, "I have to reconcile with myself, too. Sometimes I've thought about killing myself, when I have the terrible pains – and I've asked God to forgive me. I know I shouldn't want to kill myself – but I can't help it! And then I realized that I was lying. I really didn't want God's forgiveness, I really did want to die..."

"Amalia!" I tell her, "That's no sin, to want to escape pain! I would feel that way too! Anyone would! You have to be easier on yourself, be friendly with yourself. You don't need to feel guilty for that at all!"

"Do you really think so?" Smiling like a child, she takes my hand and presses it. "Sometimes I think God is trying to tell me something by having me suffer so much... Before I got sick, I wasn't

interested in the Light, in anything spiritual... But then, a month or so before I found out I was sick, I had this urge to go to these healing masses, every Saturday – I couldn't stop going – they were so beautiful. They lasted five hours, and when you came out, you felt new...! And then the pains started..."

I was sure that even though she did not speak of it, she wanted deeply to reconcile with her daughter...

The next morning, I meditated.

This time the expansion is stronger and the sphere more palpable than ever before – I remember Negro's comment that the spheres are real. The expansion of effulgent Light is like an atomic explosion of pure positive energy, into the infinite...

I see Amalia and Cecilia embracing heart to heart, in an explosion of light...

When I ask my guide how I can help them, she tells me to offer to go and sit with them while they talk. To call Cecilia and offer to arbitrate, as a neutral person. To tell her that at the bottom there is deep love, even if it has never been able to be expressed – because that is the ground of being of humanity and of life. I must tell her that it is important before Amalia passes on to reconcile, to talk – that perhaps with a neutral third person there, they can express themselves to each other. And I should point out that Amalia has changed, is changing, but the habit of the past is strong, that probably she is unwilling to look squarely at the past and may not consciously notice her behavior the way Cecilia does. Guilt is a big resistance – but with the neutralizing, softening presence of a 3rd party who has only the positive in mind, and sees it waiting to express itself in both of them – a positive change may come about.

After my meditation, I called Cecilia – she sounded happy to hear from me. I asked how she liked the Guided Experience – with feeling, she said she loved it. Then I explained my idea, offering to be a neutral witness for her and Amalia – and she was delighted. "Please," she said, "I need to do this and I don't think I can do it without help." So we agreed I would come in two days, on Saturday morning.

The next morning I asked my guide to teach me how to arbitrate. This is what she told me:

Arbitrating means being there – listening, seeing the best in each person, affirming that everything they say is motivated by the desire to overcome suffering, to reconcile. Speak only if asked. Tell them beforehand to speak freely from the heart, keeping nothing back – and they will be able to break the chain of resentment.

Saturday morning came, we had to travel that afternoon – I felt like I was packing the essentials into my life, this experience with Amalia and her daughter in it's slot at 10:00 am...

I arrived at the clinic, concentrating on putting myself in a space of calm and openness, a space of Peace. Cecilia was late, and while I waited I meditated... I felt ready to listen, to see the best in each of them. Then Cecilia arrived, hugged me, and sat down at her desk. She seemed nervous. "Have you said anything to Amalia about this?" I asked. "No – not a thing..." and then it came out: "I don't feel ready! I'm scared!"

"Oh – well – that's no problem, we can wait till I come back, in two weeks, if you want. That would be fine with me. It might be better really – I can go and talk with your mom now and propose the idea to her too."

Cecilia was vastly relieved – and I went to see Amalia and present the idea to her. After all, I had been a bit uncomfortable that in our rush we hadn't consulted her about the idea. In our rush and in my discomfort with bringing up the subject ...

Amalia was delighted to see me, calm, seeming very much at peace. I sat down and told her right away that Cecilia wanted to talk with her and that I had offered to be there, to help make the communication smoother, that we could do it if she wanted in two weeks, when I returned from the South. Amalia agreed without hesitation, saying it would be very helpful... And so we agreed. Two weeks.

I did the Ceremony of Assistance with Amalia one more time, and as always she was deeply moved, transported into a space of peace. I said goodbye, and her face was luminous as we hugged.

XI

### **Amalia's Release**

Dear friends,

Today a story of anguish and reconciliation was resolved – a story that profoundly strengthens my faith.

When we returned yesterday from a two-week trip, we learned that Amalia had died.

It's a great wonder how things happened. You may remember that Amalia's niece, Natalia, a doctor who participates in our meetings, had told us how her uncle, Amalia's brother, had died the year before of the same disease, bone cancer. He had died in agony, submerged in meaninglessness, and Natalia had been the only one who had dared to stay with him, although she didn't know what to do to help him...

So when she learned that her aunt was ill, she determined to find a way to help her die a good death. Shortly after that, a friend invited her to one of our meetings. She told us about Amalia, about her unbearable pain that didn't respond even to morphine... How she herself, as the doctor managing the case, was desperate to find some way to help her aunt.

And so we began to visit Amalia and share the readings from Silo's Message with her...

Amalia loved our work. Every time I read her the Ceremony of Assistance, her face would transform, she would smile with such peace, even if she was in pain. The last time, she told me that with the Ceremony of Assistance the pain in her head disappeared... She always told me, "Your words do me so much good!"... And we, too, felt transformed, full of peace, after seeing her.

The last time I saw Amalia we did the ceremonies of Well-Being and Assistance. Then, knowing I was about to go away, she took my hands and told me, deeply moved, "You are my best friend, you always lift my spirits with your words. Because of you I am preparing myself..." This made me feel strange, because I didn't know how to respond to such veneration – so I told her, "Amalia, the only thing about me is that I asked for help, and I received it

– and now I want to share it.” And she answered,  
“You have surely been able to do that with me!”

We planned that when we returned from our trip, I  
would come and be present while Amalia and her  
daughter talked...

So I went on my trip, and when I returned, I learned  
that Amalia had died.

I went to see Cecilia – and she told me how difficult  
her mother’s passing had been for her, because  
they had not had the opportunity to together as we  
had planned. For many nights she had had terrible  
nightmares, dreaming that she and her mother  
were arguing bitterly... But finally, the night before  
I arrived, she dreamed that they were together in  
great peace and tranquility...

I told her that that was a great transformation, and  
that I believed that it was simply her intention,  
her strong desire for reconciliation, that made it  
possible.

She also told me that when Amalia died, they read  
her the Ceremony of Assistance, the ceremony  
she loved so much – and I felt so grateful, so  
full of humble gratitude, for such a miraculous  
transformation, so blessed...

I give thanks – thanks to the Profound, to my  
Guide, to all our friends, especially to Silo for his  
Message...

a big hug

*Trudi*

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## **SERENELLA – *Milan, Italy***

As I promised months ago, I am going to tell you about the experience I had when my grandmother died.

I want to comment that this grandmother influenced my life a lot; she was at the center of many emotional climates and disagreeable situations that my family and I experienced.

For that reason I am beginning with my reconciliation with her, because for me that has been very important and I want to share the experience with you. It happened during a meditation experience. In this experience a tension (which was also physical) that I had with her was released; I would say it was a visceral tension. I felt precisely that something was released, although I can't describe it.

Returning to Milan, I had the strong sensation that she had died. I felt it in every cell of my body, and a great fear assailed me.

I looked for her and did not find her, and this terrified me. I was sorry for not having had time, enough time to do something with her. I was extremely agitated... I felt like a caged lion.

When I found her at her house, and she was simply sleeping, I felt comforted; it was as if I had just been born at that moment.

I invited her to spend four days in France with me. She spent the first part of the trip telling racist, degrading stories – but this time I didn't care, what was important was that she was there with me. In contrast, at the end of the trip, after I had coddled her and, more than anything, after she had let herself be coddled, she told me things about her life, how she had lived her life. And I understood the things that were important for her... To be accepted for what she was, a woman, complete in herself.

Meanwhile, I insisted with the other relatives that we had to celebrate her birthday; at that moment I didn't know why, but I felt it was important. In fact, it was her last.

A few months later they found a tumor and she was hospitalized. Meanwhile I spent my days listening to her tell me about herself. One day I found her lying down; she looked as if she were dead. She asked me to forgive her because she had not been able to fulfill the promise she had made me years ago, a promise I no longer remembered. And she told me: "I have been a lucky woman; at any rate, I've had a beautiful life..." At a certain moment she connected strongly with something and said to me: "...if you can say that living through two wars is being lucky."

I saw in her eyes the horror and misfortune that a war causes, the wrenching and the pain. I asked her only one thing: to begin getting my father used to the idea of her death, because we had suffered several bereavements and at that moment he wasn't ready to lose her as well. That is what I felt, and she also acknowledged this feeling.

Three months passed, during which she went through operations, immobility, etc. Things she had never experienced, since she had never been sick before. She was cared for by a person of color, and those who knew her knew what that meant.

One day my father called me and told me to hurry to the hospital. I looked desperately for the Ceremony of Assistance as I talked on the phone with a dear friend. As always in these situations, I couldn't find it; but finally I found the Message book.

I hurried to the hospital. She was dying, crying out in pain; she kept calling her father, who had died very young. I went to her and helped her find him, as if I were guiding her. A little while later, she sat up in bed, took me by the hand with incredible strength, looked in my eyes and told me, recognizing me (my father was surprised since he is a doctor and he couldn't understand how she could recognize me in that state): "Serenilla, I want to die, I can't go on any longer." I told her, with all the love I could, not to worry, that she could go... I understood at that moment that she had stayed alive to fulfill the commitment she had to her son.

Shortly after that, making an excuse, I left the room. I felt that she wanted to die looking into the wonderful blue eyes of her son (pieces of heaven,

as she liked to call them)... I had time to drink a glass of water before my father called me on my cell phone, telling me to hurry back, he wanted his little girl at his side...

We did the Ceremony, he was with me and with his mother. In addition a cousin was with us, who was there who was at the hospital because on the floor above, her mother-in-law was dying – she left us two hours later. All of us were very close together, reading the book. The letters in the book were big, luminous. We were joined in a silence that seemed like eternity; each word was a melody. I have never experienced anything like it... It was as if we were all just one, in that act... When we finished, my cousin asked me for the book so she could do the Ceremony for her mother-in-law.

At the funeral, I was surprised at the way my father wanted me at his side, and didn't let go of my hand for a moment. Many of my family members told me that the poetry I had read to my grandmother was wonderful, and I gave them books.

A little while later I learned that she had left me her house as a gift, and I live there now alongside the people who were her neighbors.

A hug for everyone,

Serenella

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**PETER** – *Amsterdam, Netherlands*

*My experiences accompanying my sick father, until the day of his death*

Over the period of a year and a half I accompanied my father through the process of his illness that led to his death at dawn on August 1, 2003.

It was mid-July when I arrived to spend the day with him. He was in an emotional climate of urgency. He told me to sit down, because he had something important to tell me. He said that he had already told my older sister, and that he was going to tell me and my younger sister as well, but that he

wanted to speak with each of us separately. And he began to talk. He told me, with great emotion, reliving each emotion from that time, the story of how he was falsely accused and imprisoned, and everything that had happened. He did it with such intensity, reliving everything, that it impacted me deeply. And I understood that this was the great secret that he had to share and express before dying. I already knew the story, but without that emotional element, without the great suffering that it had caused him and that he had carried with him throughout his whole life. I was weeping internally for him, for the damage they had done to him, and also for the great dignity with which he had carried this deep wound within him throughout his life... and without resentment, only pain.

I saw and felt at that moment what my father's essence was like, I saw and felt his soul and his spirit. I saw a clean person, wounded but very clean, who had finally managed to express his deepest painful emotions. I saw also how he was freeing himself from this great weight. And I felt happy for him. He told me that he still needed to tell my other sister, that she would come the following week for his birthday, and that then he would have the opportunity to tell her everything too. He asked me never to speak with anyone else about what he had told me. And I am keeping my promise, because it was his confession to his children, which was the only important thing.

I saw how he relaxed internally, and I saw how much it had cost him to get to the point of being able to tell about this part of his life. How long it had taken him to come to a place of feeling capable of bringing this great secret to light.

### **The last birthday**

July 18, 2003, was his last birthday. We were all at my parents' house. He was already unable to do or say much, and we kept everything very calm and agreeable for him. It was also the day on which Lory, our two daughters and I were beginning our little annual vacation of a week in the south of Holland.

In the evening, my father was so tired that he decided to go to bed. A hospital bed had been installed several months ago in my parents' bedroom. That was also the moment when Lory, the two children and I wanted to say goodbye, to begin our trip to the south. I went to his bedside and he told me not to worry about him, that he wanted us to have a nice holiday week, that he would be fine. It was clear that he didn't want me to worry. In any case, I agreed with my older sister to stay in touch every day. My other sister decided to stay with my mother for a few more days.

Two days later, on Sunday, my older sister called to tell me that Papa had decided to stop taking his medicine and stop eating. And that that same day he had asked my mother if he could leave now. She had replied yes, that he didn't have to worry about her, that she would be fine. So my father went to bed and didn't get up again.

I stayed in daily contact and did internal work twice to send him my best feelings of love. In these experiences I experienced a great compassion, I wanted to bathe him in Light. I also asked, with my deepest feelings, for the protection of his soul. And at those times I saw around his bed several beings, which gave me the internal certainty that he was protected and in good hands. At the same time I felt, in those experiences, his suffering... wanting to go and not being able to... I wanted to help him, sending him gentle waves of well-being and peace.

On Friday, July 25, I decided it was time to return to my parents' house. I left Lory and the children at Lory's mother's house, which was near the place we were vacationing. My older sister had decided to stay the whole time with my mother, so when I arrived I found her there. I immediately went to see my father and found him very weakened. He almost could not speak. It cost him a great deal to pronounce a few words. He was happy to see me, and made a big effort to show it. I felt the powerlessness of wanting but not knowing how to do something to make his last battle easier. I saw him so fragile and vulnerable, suffering visibly because he wanted to go and could not. I gave him several neck massages to do a little to relieve him. I wanted to do more, but I didn't know how.

Then I went to take a walk through the woods that lay alongside the house. And in the green and the silence of nature, I did an Asking with all the compassion I felt within me. I asked to be able to help him to depart. I asked what I could do to help him. And suddenly I was invaded with a great internal peace. "Give him peace," I heard as an answer. That I could give peace to my father... I felt calm and luminous again. I returned to the house, went to where my father was, and noticed that he was very calm, in a state of internal peace. For the rest of the afternoon and the evening I transmitted to him the inner peace that I felt. And I had the sensation that it was doing him good. I loved him very much, and I tried to transmit this feeling to him, without words.

At one point in the afternoon I spoke to him about a few things. I told him he had done everything very well in his life. That I was very thankful for everything he had given me. Again I had the impression that, although it appeared that he was somewhere else, he was hearing what I was saying and absorbing it.

He almost could not speak. I saw that he was grateful for every gesture and every bit of help that my sisters and I were giving him to relieve his suffering.

#### *Saturday, July 26*

The collaboration among the three of us – my two sisters and I – is excellent. My younger sister has decided to stay at my parents' house. She lives a long ways away. It is very beautiful to see how my two sisters, each in her own way, express their love for our father. Nothing is too much. Every cue from my father is answered immediately. This tells me a lot about what life really is: something that unites us. In this way we take all the weight off my mother, and she can relax and strengthen herself. For her too it is extraordinary to have her three children close, it is very difficult for her to see her great love in this condition. But she keeps a grip on herself and accompanies us the whole time.

My father seems like a helpless child. With little gestures or sounds he keeps showing his gratitude.

I feel that it does him good to have his three children near him the whole time.

That afternoon, when I went to take a walk in the woods to give some order to my feelings and thoughts, an image came to my mind of how life works. Being born must be painful for the baby – passing from one phase into another, being pressed through a tube toward this world. In the same way, the end of the period of time on this Earth is accompanied by pain and painful moments, as we experience this body failing, and our soul not being able to continue living in it. A painful transit toward a new phase, a transit toward another world of which we have not the slightest previous knowledge.

That is the way I see my father in this moment. Desperate, in a broken body, at the doorway to a new, possible phase of life, in another dimension. The transit is painful and I feel a deep compassion. Behind this situation that is so difficult, I experience the presence of a deeper meaning, and the importance of being able to help make this transit as painless as possible. I feel also that love is of great importance, like a bridge that links everything together, above and beyond the business of daily life.

These experiences make me reflect profoundly on the mystery of Life. The mystery that, precisely in moments of contact with death or with the immanent death of loved ones, makes itself evident and speaks with the most profound sentiments. At such moments I feel connected not only with my loved one, but also with the life of many people, throughout the world, known and unknown to me. And then I feel that no one on this planet should die alone; instead they should be surrounded by affectionate signs of accompaniment, compassion and understanding of what is happening...

On Sunday I had to go and pick up Lory and the children, to take them back to Amsterdam along with the car we had rented for our vacation week. Before going I say goodbye to my father and tell him that I will be back Tuesday morning. I take his hand, and as he grasps my hand he makes an enormous effort to tell me something. He

manages to pronounce the word “important,” and then immediately following, the words “life” and “death.” I see clearly that he is trying to transmit to me something that is very important to him. Pronouncing these three words takes him half an hour, and he does it with an incredible intensity. My impression is that he has discovered or “seen” something and that he wants me to know about it. I tell him very gently not to worry, that I have understood. Then he relaxes completely and lets go of my hand. I give him a kiss and tell him again that I will be back to see him within a day.

At that moment I feel very happy about that communication between him and me, so intimate, of only three words, but charged with something very great. He always said there would be nothing after death. Certainly he never believed in the paradise that the church talks about; and I always told him that yes, certainly this thing from the church was very flat, but there was nothing wrong with leaving open the possibility that there might be something after physical death, something very good. He had promised me to leave the issue open. I thought he had “discovered” something about the issue and wanted to communicate it to me. He had told me several times that he had seen his father beside his bed, and that that meant that his father was waiting for him.

*Tuesday July 29 and Wednesday July 30*

My mother, my two sisters and I are close to our father. He has had a hard day and we think that he is nearing the moment when he will take leave of this world. So my older sister also decides to stay and not to return home. On Tuesday night I stay up at my father’s bedside, so that my mother and sisters can sleep. I do a profound work with the experience of Peace and send this state to my father, accompanied by my best feelings of love. He is in a state of great restlessness, but when I send him peace and gentle love, he calms down considerably. I repeat this act several times over a fairly long period; at other times I take his hand, and through this physical contact I transmit to him my best feelings, love, peace, and light.



He passes the night quite calmly and has long periods of peaceful sleep. I observe his condition during the following day as well, and come to the conclusion that he is trapped in a vicious cycle, in some place that is not very agreeable, and that this is making him suffer. That day, Wednesday, I begin to talk to him. I feel that it is necessary to guide him carefully in another direction. This is what I do, telling him to remember the best moments of his life, while I transmit, through physical contact, feelings of peace and light. And he responds to this. I feel as if I am an anchor that allows him to do what he wants to do. My perception is that, for the moment, he just gets a certain support from that, so that he becomes calm and finally goes to sleep.

I decide to do a first Ceremony of Assistance that same night. While I am doing the ceremony he is very peaceful and his face relaxes a little more. I feel that a very intimate atmosphere is being created, although I don't know what he is doing with the suggestions in the ceremony. But at the end, I have the impression that he is thankful, even when his struggle has not yet ended. I also perceive, when I watch his face very attentively, that he is no longer trapped in that disagreeable place.

Because of his condition, he very frequently emits sounds, and moves his arms and hands constantly. He also suffers from pains that we are trying to alleviate. His body looks skeletal. And this shocks my sisters and my mother greatly. For them it is very difficult seeing their father and beloved husband in this physical state; being almost unable to recognize the person they knew causes them suffering. I try to help them, telling them that the state of the body has nothing to do with the wonderful father and husband that they know. That this man is still the same way he was, that only his body is deteriorating, not he himself. This helps them a little. I know it is hard to "disconnect" from the body and connect with something else; but I try, at different moments, to help them to connect with him and not with his body, making the decision that they too need to be guided.

I myself can see simply a suffering being; the body does not frighten me. In physical contact with his body, I feel the life of a very dear father, whom I

love and for whom I want to do everything possible to help him conclude his life here in the best way.

It's cost me some time to find the appropriate internal connection with which to be able to offer real help. After seeing him suffer so much, at one moment my heart broke (I felt an intense pain in my chest). I felt great compassion, but I did not feel completely capable of giving him relief. I felt insecure. Then I called on my internal Guide and asked for his help. And I extended this petition also to other beings of Light, asking that they help him to free himself. It was then that, from a very internal register, the answer came: "Give him Peace." From that moment on, I felt different, profoundly peaceful, with the inner certainty that I would be able to help him. And from that moment on, that certainty never left me, and I did everything from that register.

From that moment on, the atmosphere among the four of us (Mama, my sisters and I) became very special. We were together for hours, sharing many good memories that gave us joy, laughter and relaxation. In that gentle atmosphere, each of us could freely do what we felt. Taking turns at my father's bedside happened smoothly, and we would tell each other afterwards what we had experienced. This experience was very particular for me and gave me great joy: we were caring for each other and for our father. And Mama also was wrapped in a mantle of affection.

#### *Thursday July 31 and that night*

All day long we took turns being with our father. My mother was doing the work she needed to do – it was obvious – to prepare herself to say goodbye. We let her have her space, and several times that day she went to the bedroom to be with her great love. She would speak with him, taking his hand in hers, telling him that she loved him very much and that he should go in peace. He gave her signs, pressing her hand. She felt happy with that, because she was not sure if he could hear her. All this she told us at another moment.

I saw that his body was making its last stand, that it was only the battle of the body against its own

deterioration. In my opinion, there was now no longer any relationship between the struggle of the body and the beautiful being who had to part with this vehicle that had accompanied him faithfully his whole life.

That evening I went again to the woods, seeking a place that was peaceful and set apart, and I set myself to thinking about my father and speaking with him, telling him everything that seemed important to me. After that I entered into a state of profound peace and began to do an Asking to the luminous “beings” from the other side, asking that they “please help my father find his path toward the Light.” Then this scene arose: on the right side of the space of representation appeared luminous figures in a state of waiting. They were all looking toward the left, where I saw a kind of semi-transparent separation, with a silhouette behind it which I recognized as my father’s. At that moment I had the certainty that he was passing on to the other side; I also experienced the very gentle and comforting sensation, like a light breath of air, that those figures were taking care of him. It was almost like being momentarily in the presence of both worlds.

I entered a very particular state of silence, as if I were suspended in the air, and began to walk down a small path, maintaining this state. It seemed as if all the colors of the wood were much more intense, more brilliant, almost vibrating with their own luminosity. And I felt myself surrounded by an omnipotent presence that was in everything. Walking and having that particular experience, I suddenly felt another presence “materialize” about 20 meters ahead of me, a figure in shadow. I could not see its face very well. It was there, without moving. I felt no fear and kept walking slowly toward it. There came a sensation, a contact, and I felt with certainty that it was a messenger, an angel of death. The surprising thing was that this “angel” emanated total peace and a very comforting gentleness; and as I drew near it, it dissolved. Then I felt a profound gratitude.

After 9 pm my father enters a state of calm, and I notice that his body has stopped fighting. I call my mother and my sisters to the bedside, asking them to send him their best feelings of love – without

sadness, since sadness will not help him take leave of this world. I also tell them not to identify with his body, but instead to make an effort to connect with that which he is, with the help of their best memories. They accompany me in this Asking. If they begin to feel sadness, I tell them it's better to leave for a moment and deal with the emotion outside of the bedroom. All of this with great gentleness.

We are together for a time around the bed, and a very beautiful atmosphere is created. Each of us touches him softly, transmitting love and well-being. He remains very peaceful and although it appears that he is not there, or that he is in coma, I have the certainty that he registers our presence. After a while we go back to the living room, to talk a little among ourselves and drink something together.

I believe it was around eleven when I decided to do the Ceremony of Assistance again.

I sit in a chair at his bedside, near his head, seek internal peace, and begin the ceremony, very softly, with great feeling. I see that he is responding to the phrases and at a certain moment he extends an arm in front of him and makes a sound of surprise and happiness. My interpretation is that he is seeing something that makes him happy. I feel a very warm and comforting atmosphere fill the room.

From then on I go to check his condition every fifteen minutes. At one o'clock I repeat the Ceremony of Assistance again, and I notice that his face relaxes completely. An hour later I observe that his breathing is changing and diminishing, that it has become difficult. I tell my sisters and Mama that it appears to me that our father is at the point of leaving us. It is two am, Friday morning. My mother does not want to stay any longer at his side, she says that she has already said goodbye, and goes to sleep in the living room. She asks us to wake her when Papa has gone.

My sisters and I place ourselves around the bed in total silence, to accompany him until his last breath. The atmosphere is very beautiful. We stay that way for two hours, and during the whole time I send him peace and gentle feelings of affection. An almost magical atmosphere is created. I attentively

observe his breathing, and I perceive clearly that it is only the mechanical action of the body. It is fascinating to me to see how the lungs and the heart are the last mechanisms that “keep” the soul and the spirit attached to the body. The moment comes when his lungs stop working, and precisely at that moment, there’s a movement in his throat, and his breathing stops. I see that his heart beats a few more times... and stops... I look at my father’s face, and I see how, suddenly, what had been in that body is no longer there. Suddenly the body is empty... and seems to be “without volume”...

For me it is an almost mystical moment... and also a moment of great relief. My father has freed himself from his body. I feel gratitude and a gentle happiness. I close his eyes and leave a kiss on the forehead of this empty face. In silence I wish him a good and happy journey toward his new world. And while my sisters busy themselves doing some necessary things that the doctor had indicated previously, I go to wake Mama.

My sisters and I occupied ourselves with washing and preparing the body. It was very special to do this final act together; the body still held a certain warmth. When we finished, something very exceptional happened to me. From behind, a very gentle wave of energy passed through my body. It was like a breath of air, a caress, that transmitted joy, luminosity and a feeling of gratitude. It was as if it touched my heart. I felt that it was my father’s essence, saying goodbye. It was a moment that was very intimate, magical.

After a bit, as I stood on the terrace, I was overcome by a convulsive weeping that I did not understand. Reflecting about it, I saw clearly that I had suddenly realized that I would never again be able to physically touch my father. I decided at that time to return to where the body was. I stood at the foot of the bed, looking at his body, and spoke to my father about what was happening to me, saying that now I had to say goodbye to his body. It was an act that gave me calm and internal peace.

That same day Lory came for me, and we returned together to Amsterdam. At home, standing with her on the balcony (it was very hot), I talked for hours and hours, remembering and telling her many

things about my father. That too was important. Speaking of him for hours, with Lory listening, trying to integrate my long life with him. The next day we continued these talks, and they did me a lot of good internally.

My mother and sisters and I had agreed that the ceremony – which is usually done by a priest – would be done by me: the Ceremony of Death. That was also something very special, that profoundly touched the interior of more than one family member.

With the help of Eduardo, who explained to me how to do it, I have continued to accompany my father for a time, doing the Ceremony of Assistance about once every three weeks, until I had the internal certainty that he had found his path toward the Light. These experiences were also very meaningful, because each time, I felt the nearness of a presence who was listening attentively to my words. I never “saw” him lost. During the first ceremonies I “saw” him happy and joyful, with a surprised expression, fascinated by something; but the words of the ceremony produced a change in posture, a listening. And this experience with him left me with the impression that he was still in an “intermediate space.” I don’t know very well how to translate that into words. The interesting thing was that I always saw him young, around 25 years old. The last time I did the ceremony, in November 2003, I saw him before a great Light, looking toward the Light, and I had the certainty that now he was fine, “on the road.”

## **My experiences accompanying Desiree for 10 months**

### ***Introduction***

I am going to try to give some order to my experiences accompanying a dear friend, Desiree, during the last ten months of her life in this time and this space.

I want to begin my story with the description of the moment she was informed of her health condition,

how she reacted and began to elaborate her image of how to live these last ten months, because that was the first impact.

Around May 2003, Desiree began to suffer episodes of dyslexia and loss of the ability to write. She also had moments of “fall-outs” – for example, loss of control over her motor reactions while driving her car. So she decided to go to the hospital. The doctors discovered three tumors in her brain and told her that the process was already too far advanced, that her case was terminal. They told her she had no more than seven months to live, and the only thing they could do was to help her with a series of radiation treatments to slow the process down a little and try to help her regain control over her ability to read and write for a while. They explained that the tumors had produced liquid that was pressing on certain centers and that this was what was producing the loss of function. They gave her pills to get rid of the liquid and told her that the following week, the radiation treatments would begin. They also told her that as time passed her periods of sleep would get longer and longer, until finally she would not wake up again.

After having received all this information, something very singular happened with Desiree. In a few seconds, her first state of shock turned into a register of full and complete liberation. She felt suddenly luminous and free from all burdens. With an unprecedented humorousness, with a very positive, gentle and luminous emotion, she connected with the best of herself. This impressed me greatly. She told me what she wanted to do with the time she had left, and also that she had the internal certainty that everything would go well. She told me she was ready to undertake a new adventure and that she had no fear of physical death; that she felt capable of fulfilling an intention she had always had but that had been difficult for her to realize; that she was very clear about her project for the coming months.

First she wanted to leave everything in order on the practical level. To make sure that after her departure, her family members (her sisters) would not find themselves having to find solutions for debts and the like. This she set about immediately,

with the help of two of her friends who were specialists in such things.

The second part of her project was to leave all her family members and friends with a very positive feeling that would open the future for them. To accomplish this, she decided to have private moments and very intimate conversations, heart to heart, with each of them, with the intention of giving each one what they needed. Additionally, she was very clear that each one would come with their own projections about death, projections that would make it hard for them to face this situation. For that reason, she told me, she had decided to “write down” the things that she did not want to talk about and the things that she did want to talk about with them. In this way she wanted to bring everyone in her immediate environment, and these were many, toward a joyful and luminous feeling, without any kind of drama.

Another aspect of her plan was that she was going to give away the things she had accumulated during her travels around the world – things that were quite extraordinary. She said that this act would give her great joy. She wanted to end up with nothing before going. She told me also that she had already let go of everything internally, but that she would like it very much if we could do a process of internal preparation together, she and I. And of course I told her yes, I would be delighted to be able to do this process of preparation with her.

And with this agreement between us, there began a period of long conversations and experiences that for me were an enormous and fascinating gift.

The rhythm of meetings and the process of working on the journey

We decide to meet at her house according to a fixed weekly rhythm, she and I alone, to converse and do some work, according to her needs. This in addition to other moments together: going to the country to dine with friends, accompanying her to her treatments at the hospital, etc...

This weekly moment was very private, without external distractions, and lasted generally around



six hours, always beginning at 8pm. On all other days, Desiree had appointments with friends and family members, week by week, as a “plan of action” with a clear objective.

At our weekly meetings, we dedicated part of the time to talking about her experiences in her daily conversations with friends and family members, evaluating and drawing conclusions for implementing the next week. The objective of this part was for her to be able to integrate what had been done and observe what was happening to her internally.

In all the first conversations with friends and family members, she brought up the subject of death and the fear of death, leaving no space for secondary themes. She wanted to transmit her luminous and joyful state and at the same time to touch the human in the other. She told me what happened with each one, the difficulty they had in lowering their defenses, and how she saw that in each one there was a beautiful human being; and that she only wanted to communicate with that beautiful being in each of them. She demonstrated a very great compassion, independent of the difficulty these people had in lowering their defenses. As she told me this, she moved me deeply, with her total lack of prejudice, frustration or disillusionment.

That was when I made the first decision, an internal decision that I felt deeply, to occupy myself fully with her wellbeing. From that moment on, her wellbeing became my main concern. Her complete dedication to the human in the other, to the wellbeing of the other, induced me to make this decision. And from that moment on, I felt a very singular connection and communication with her that was never interrupted throughout the duration of the whole process. I believe that it was precisely that particular connection that served as my guide throughout the different moments of her process of internal preparation.

Another consistent element in our weekly meetings was personal work. I left her complete freedom of choice. She decided on working with the Force, something we kept up the entire ten months. Only during the last three weeks did it become impossible to continue.

We did the work with the Force always in direct relationship with each weekly meeting, directing the experience of the Force based on what we talked about and on Desiree's needs and wishes.

The curious thing in all these conversations was that Desiree never complained, and that her physical state was of little importance to her. This fact helped greatly in not falling into dramatic sentiments. She was permanently launched forward, and I believe that it was precisely this attitude that made it quite easy for her to integrate her entire past in a calm and lucid way. Her main concern was for the future, and she was using her recognition of past errors to reinforce her desires and aspirations for the future. Her constant theme was to be able to have a project beyond physical death, a continuation of her process in another dimension. This theme was the motor of all our conversations.

It didn't matter what we talked about; often we spoke of subjects that were apparently completely secondary. We touched on all the aspects of life, talking about other cultures, about what was happening with her neighbor, with her friends, with her sisters. Everything fascinated her, and she was able to transmit this fascination to me. This produced in me a change of outlook, and a new connection with everything human. Her compassion was "shocking" for me; it touched me very deeply. In her terminal state, she was able to concern herself fully with the sufferings and illnesses of others. For these other people tears would come to her eyes, sincere tears, of pure compassion, without any dramatization. At these times my affection and love for her filled my heart, and made me reflect deeply on my own life and my relationships with others. I believe – no, I am convinced – that through this regular contact with her emotional state, I became gentler, more understanding, that it opened a deeper emotional channel in me, which even today is influencing my relationships with many people.

As for me, I concentrated greatly within myself on this special relationship with Desiree. Every moment was important, and I concentrated on being there for her, with my head, my heart and

my body. This also produced an internal opening in me, accompanied by inner calm. From this state anything was possible, everything flowed, with a reciprocal feeling of complete trust. Two souls touched, recognizing each other and cherishing each other reciprocally.

In all of this the experiences we were doing with the Force were a decisive influence.

I always asked her, each time, what she wanted to ask for. It was very important to try to “direct” the experience in direct relationship to her needs or desires. Often she would ask for the pressure of the tumor in her head to be relieved; other times she asked relief for her whole body, so that she would be in good condition to continue her daily “sessions” with friends and family members. Other times she would ask for wisdom regarding some very difficult cases in which the closed attitude of certain loved ones was frustrating her.

In this process of Asking, there came a moment of radical change. This was when she realized that she was not going to achieve her objective: to produce a change of register in her loved ones. That was the moment she began to doubt herself. After having given the best of herself for four continuous months, she began to doubt herself. And with all that had accumulated during that time, feeling her pure sincerity, I intervened forcefully. I told her she had fully done her part, giving the best of herself. And that now the others had to do their part. That it was not a given that they would do it. That what she had done was very valid and that no result or lack of result could deprive what she had done of its validity. I proposed that she locate the register of what she had been constantly doing during the last four months and observe whether or not this had produced and was still producing internal unity, a sensation of complete agreement with oneself. She took this very seriously and then confirmed that she did feel totally in agreement with what she had done.

I felt her profound gratitude, and I too felt profoundly grateful. I explained that she had constructed something very clean and unitive in her interior, and that I felt very grateful to be able to be part of this construction. That she had given me a

great deal. She answered that no, it was I who had given her a great deal. Then I said fine, that WE had given each other a great deal, and we laughed with delight...

From then on, although she continued the meetings with friends and family members, we entered a new phase. Desiree began to concentrate on the mystical aspect of life, in a way that was very close to herself and to her desires and doubts.

Besides the weekly evaluations of her experiences (the stories of what was happening in the conversations with her visitors), we began to speak of death and the mystery of what there would be afterwards. She confirmed that death in itself didn't cause her any fear, and that her great desire was to continue her path in another dimension. We talked a lot about the issue of letting go of everything. We remembered an exploratory transference two years before, when Desiree met a being in a cupola who put his hand on her heart, and she put her hand on his heart. And the meaning of that was: readiness to let go of everything.

I expressed my opinion about this matter: that perhaps it was important not to have anything tying one to this world, nothing that might get in the way of letting go of this time and this space. And that this had to do with a complete reconciliation with oneself and with the world that one was going to leave. We agreed that she would put her attention on her reactions regarding her external and internal relationships. She was so sincere and open, so humble, that again she moved places deep in my heart.

This being in such intimate contact with the Human in the other seemed to me a mystery in itself, and I tried to expand toward other people what I felt with her, beginning with my immediate fear of family members and friends and doing "experiments" with people I didn't know. I noticed that this way of being in contact also weakened my defenses. A sensation that left me very vulnerable, but that I did not want to lose.

In relation to the theme of the "post mortem," Desiree began to talk a lot about the "ego." How she observed that everyone around her had a

lot of ego, and that this ego was getting in the way of heart-to-heart communication. This very much called my attention, and I began to ask her questions, asking her to explain how she experienced this. It was very interesting, because it brought us to the issue of illusion. How the ego creates an illusion of oneself, how many beliefs serve no purpose except to get in the way of real communication. But the most interesting thing was that she was talking about this not with any prejudice toward others, but instead with compassion, saying, "What a shame that they don't realize, that they resist opening toward others the register of themselves and of other people."

We talk about how curious it is that these loved ones have a special connection with her, that they realize the great work we are doing, she and I, that they are very grateful for it, but that at the same time they are unable to open themselves to a new experience. And in that way we arrived at the general situation of the world, and how easy great change would be if everyone stopped defending their ego.

We continued with the theme that no one can change anyone else, we can only give the other person a real opportunity to be able to choose. Here Desiree recognized that she herself had resisted for many years, although in her heart she knew that she had a task in this world. And we came again to the theme of deep reconciliation. I told her that now the important thing was having recognized the obstacle: fear of loss. Everyone lives with this fear of losing something that is completely illusory. She asked me how to reconcile with this. And what came up for me to say was that the reconciliation was already beginning to operate through the simple fact of having recognized how fear operates and creates monsters. It was very good, everything was clear, and finally we could laugh.

We used the theme of reconciliation several times in working with the Force.

The key moment came when she expressed her deepest desire, but with a great doubt as to whether she had the right to have this desire. The desire was to be able to continue her process after

physical death. The great desire to arrive at the Light, at the hidden City, to be able to continue contributing to the humanization of the world. I told her that I didn't know how things work in that other reality, but that I was convinced that she had every right to ask in accordance with her deepest desires. That assuredly there are no judges that say "yes to you, and no to you." And we continued talking with great freedom about her wishes, about how to express with complete freedom what she wanted, about the guides who would accompany her in the "actions" that she might have to undertake.

Throughout this whole time I went with my materials, with Silo's Message. We read and talked a lot about the internal states in *The Inner Look*. We read the ceremonies of Assistance and of Recognition, and the Path, always interchanging a lot.

Finally we talked about whether what happens after physical death depends on what one believes. And that she had complete freedom to believe whatever she wanted (this in relationship to some things that Silo had said in a recent talk).

Throughout this experience with Desiree, about death and what comes afterward, my internal register of life and death as a great mystery, above and beyond everything mundane and all the poverty, difficulty and suffering that exists, was greatly reinforced. But another important conviction was also reinforced: that we have a task to fulfill in this world and that this task has to do with the mystery of life. For me this is important, but I would not force it or impose it on anyone. I can share, but not impose. This is my perception, and it might be very different for others.

The same goes, I believe, for the experiences with the Force that I've had with Desiree and that I am going to describe in the following pages.

### *Working with the Force*

Throughout the whole time, we experienced the work with the Force as a fascinating adventure of the mind.

We finished each weekly session with a Service: passage of the Force and Asking. In general we directed each experience based on what we had talked about before, or in relationship to a special need of that moment, which often was to do something to give relief to the body.

First, Desiree would do her external, internal and mental relaxation, and then follow the practice with the sphere up to its expansion toward the outside of the body. After a certain time, I saw that it was very hard for her to do all that, and I proposed that she simply relax as much as possible and open herself to the passage of the Force. We always sat side by side, which helped a great deal in creating an intimate atmosphere of two friends who are going together on an “experiential journey.”

Every experience was different, since we did not seek to repeat previous experiences and always kept a mental attitude of openness, without expectations: whatever happened would be fine. But there were certain aspects that always repeated. One of these was that we both had the experience of not being alone, she and I, that there was always another “presence,” and that was deeply comforting.

We agreed to always work in the same way: she would have it clear what she would ask for before we started. She was not to worry about the degree of contact with the Force, but was to simply relax as much as possible and open herself, mind, heart and body. I concentrated on doing the complete practice of the experience (the relax, the work with the sphere, and the expansion). When I was sure that I was in a state of silence and internal peace, and with a clear register of the expansion of the sensation of the sphere, I would softly take her hand, very lightly, without pressure, and begin to ask for her, telling her that now she should ask for what she needed.

As for me, I always asked for the same thing: Light for her mind, her heart, and her body. I was asking this of something very, very far away; asking that it come and utilize my body as a vehicle of transmission, asking for her with great strength. And that presence always came, accompanied by a great kindness, very gentle, but at the same time

very powerful. And suddenly I would be invaded by a special silence, a special emptiness. I felt as if I were suspended, suspended and anchored. And space would change. It would transform into something spherical and luminous, and I would begin to feel the rhythm of a heart. This rhythm, this pulsation, in which there was a powerful light, I transmitted through my hand to Desiree. Pulsations of powerful light.

Sometimes people appeared, some familiar and others unknown, always in a circular formation around the two of us. Other times there was only an enormous cupola of light, empty, but also full. And always this pulsation in the rhythm of a great heart. I felt how this rhythm harmonized everything, it was as if everything entered into harmony. And I was only an integral part of something much greater, fulfilling a function. When that pulse began to diminish, I also felt as if this "presence" was distancing itself, and then I would remove my hand from Desiree's, very gently, allowing some time to pass until Desiree opened her eyes.

That was what was consistent in almost all the experiences.

What was different had to do with Desiree's asking. If she was asking for her body (her head or other parts of her body where she suffered from pressure or pain), I tried to imagine those parts, which would appear, enveloped in a pulsing light. When her asking had to do with her wish to be able to move on, in a conscious way, at the moment of her departure from this world, images of her would appear that were very beautiful, young, luminous; and she would be facing beings who were waiting to take her with them.

The curious thing was that often, in our interchange after the experience, what she told me about her experience coincided with what I had experienced. Often even the experience in the cupola, the suspended silence, the people and beings in the circle, were identical. And when I had seen her enveloped in light, she told me that she had felt transported by light, experiencing great relief. In any case, she always found herself revitalized and with her head lighter. In the best of cases this state lasted for several days to come.



I can't say for sure, but I have the suspicion that this weekly experience with the Force gave her the opportunity to keep going actively, to be able to keep doing what was important to her to do, until the moment when suddenly her body stopped fighting and began a rapid deterioration (the last three weeks before her death). Even today I am very grateful for that, because the doctors had predicted another scenario (a progressive loss of control over her body, with longer and longer periods of sleep, until she went into a coma). And during the last three weeks, too, her mind remained clear until the last hours. Only in the last hours was she no longer in contact with the outside world.

One thing that impacted me profoundly was witnessing the progressive deterioration of a body that it is clear will lose the battle, and, at the same time, to see with growing clarity a beautiful being inside that deteriorated body. It was almost magical. The greater the body's deterioration, the greater the transfer of a beautiful and luminous being.

I also saw how Desiree, what she is, was transforming; and, although I saw her body, I also saw another body, in which she found herself well. It was not her sick body, it was something else, that coincided with her beautiful mental state. And that always gave me joy. With this, the great error of identifying too much with the exterior was again clear to me – the error of identifying with the deterioration of the body of a loved one, which causes great suffering and makes one miss the opportunity to connect with the innermost being of that loved one. This experience makes me think about the limitations of the body and the “limitlessness” of the essence of the human being, of its spirituality. If we give ourselves the opportunity to build this spirit with our actions – for which we need the body – this body has its meaning as a vehicle, as an instrument which we need in this world in order to build ourselves. And I believe that precisely because of this, it is worth the trouble to fight, even in extreme situations, to give ourselves the opportunity to remain in peace with what we have done and what we have not been able to accomplish.

I have had the great opportunity of witnessing the decision of a mind to move beyond fatality and

celebrate life with a passion and compassion that have left me baffled. I have witnessed a super-accelerated 10-month process in which a loved one was able not only to put her life in order, but also to open herself with total dedication toward the future as something very long and without limits. Inspired and excited, her eyes shining, until the last days of her life here.

Her dedication and our work together have enormous meaning for me, and even though I do not know much about the profound worlds of the Force, I am taking the liberty of believing that this work that we have done together has given a very meaningful framework to Desiree's process and that it continues to do so for mine.

*The last stage (the last three weeks)*

I want to describe this stage with much greater detail.

At the end of March 2004, Desiree's situation changed very abruptly. On Thursday we had our weekly session, which lasted several hours, and although she seemed tired, there were no worrisome signs. We spent the time together in a very good and intimate atmosphere and we finished, as always, with a work with the Force. I left her in a happy state, with the agreement (also as always) that she would call me if she needed me.

On Saturday morning one of her sisters called me, telling me that they were about to take Desiree to the hospital. Also that Desiree had told her that she was ready now to be transferred to the hospice, the place she herself had chosen months before, where she would pass her last days when the moment presented itself.

I went immediately to the hospital, where I found her sleeping. But I saw immediately that her body had surrendered. It impressed me greatly to experience her mental force. Because certainly she had kept her body functioning through sheer willpower. There had been no gradual deterioration, at least nothing visible from outside. Her body failed

suddenly. And until she died, she never arose from the bed.

On Tuesday, three days later, they moved her to the hospice. A beautiful place, a house in an Amsterdam neighborhood, where people with terminal illnesses can be in complete peace and where volunteers take care of them very tenderly.

I went to visit her that same Tuesday, to see if she was all right. I found her joyful and very happy with her room. And when I asked her if she didn't miss her home, she told me not at all, that she was well and happy where she was. After talking for a while with her sisters who were there, we agreed to continue our sessions that same Thursday.

On Thursday I arrived at 8pm and there were still other people there, friends, who were taking their leave. I saw Desiree quite exhausted, and when we were alone, she told me that they did not give her even enough space to breathe. That people were coming all day long, without warning, with very good intentions and flowers and everything, but that she could no longer deal with it. That it was too much and that now she needed time for herself. I understood what was happening. While she was at home, she had organized all her visits according to agreed-upon appointments, which she had under her control. Here, in the hospice, people were simply coming when it occurred to them.

It was clear to me that Desiree needed space to be able to prepare herself internally. She felt invaded, without control of the situation. She said that from then on, she only wanted to see a few people, those closest to her, and only one per day. We made an agreement and I went to talk with the hospice people, giving them a short list of names and getting their agreement not to let anyone see her who had not previously set up an appointment (by phone) with Desiree. Of course Desiree's two sisters would come every day. Thinking I had arranged everything well, I said goodbye to Desiree with the agreement that I would return on Sunday at 8pm. I called one of the sisters to communicate Desiree's wish and she was very much in agreement.

On Sunday I found her in a state of complete desperation. The thing had not worked, because

apparently the Thursday volunteers had not passed the information on to everyone. And of course, knowing Desiree well, once people entered, she would make an effort to receive them well. I felt Desiree's desperation physically, and I told her that now we would arrange it well and in writing, even with a sign on the door. Desiree said that she had given all of herself to everyone and that now they had to leave her in peace. "They come with their stories and don't even realize the state they find me in," she told me, with an expression in her eyes that pierced my heart.

I take her hand, and she lets herself go, closing her eyes, and I send her peace and my best feelings. After a while she asks me if we are going to do some work, and I propose that we read the Ceremony of Assistance. She agrees. I propose to her that she try to "absorb" the phrases. And so we do that together: I reading very slowly, and she absorbing. At the end of the ceremony, her face is very serene and she tells me that it was very good, that she feels at peace and that she would like to do the same thing on my next visit.

We smoked a cigarette, she asked me to fetch some things from her house that she would like to have with her, and gave me her keys. We agreed that I would return the next day to bring her the things. I left her in a calm and tranquil state, and we said goodbye with great affection. Before leaving the hospice, I went to talk with the volunteers to explain again to them what they had to do: not to let anyone pass who Desiree did not want to receive. They were very much in agreement and assured me that this time they would put it in writing.

The next day, Monday, I presented myself at 8 pm at the hospice door, and... they wouldn't let me in. Well, I think... at least now it's working. Only that it wasn't supposed to apply to me... I try to explain, but there's no way, because they say that the sisters have said not to let anyone in. So I leave the objects with the request to give them to Desiree, along with her keys.

At home again, I call one of the sisters and tell her what had happened. She explains to me that Desiree had given the "order" not to let anyone enter her room, that she wants to be alone for

an entire week. I respect her decision and agree with the sister that she will keep me informed. We talk almost every day and she tells me that she is getting calls from angry friends and we talk a little about how people are so insensitive to Desiree's needs in this last phase. It has made me reflect a lot about the egoism of those who give nothing and only want to receive. Fortunately, many others have not demonstrated this attitude and have completely respected Desiree's wish to "shut herself in" for a week. On Saturday, April 10, the eldest sister calls me to tell me that Desiree wants to celebrate her birthday, Monday, April 12, with her two sisters and her five closest friends, among whom I was included.

We all met on Monday in Desiree's room. She was radiant. It was evident that she was no longer eating, only drinking. It was an unforgettable birthday party. She was radiant the whole time, with great humor, giving attention to each person. We spent the time in a very serene and joyful atmosphere. At a certain moment, she said she wanted to see each of us, one per day, over the next few days. And each one made their appointment with her. My turn was Thursday, April 15, at 8 pm.

The day after her birthday, her sister called me, telling me that Desiree was very exhausted. Clearly, she made her birthday into a last personal work, putting all her mental strength into that one day, maintaining her radiant and joyful state for the entire day. Maybe it was her farewell to the people dearest to her. What an unforgettable gift! What generosity!

When I entered her room, on the evening of the 15th, Desiree was in semi-sleep, breathing with difficulty. She asked me to place myself at the foot of the bed, where she could see me (she could no longer see anything to the sides). I place a chair there silently, and wait, looking at her. She closes her eyes and keeps breathing with some difficulty. We are in silence, I don't want to break this silence, and I begin, with all my heart, to mentally send her waves of wellbeing, talking with her from my innermost being, without words. All very gently, with great affection. The time passes. Her breathing

becomes more and more peaceful and her face relaxes more and more.

Suddenly she opens her eyes and looks at me. She gets into more of a sitting position and asks me to give her her tobacco, to make a cigarette. A smile comes to my face, it's so like Desiree to smoke a cigarette... even in the most difficult moments. It is almost a ritual. I put the packet in her hands. With automatic movements she manages to make her cigarette, and I give her the lighter. She takes a draw and we talk a little, a few phrases that cost her a lot. I see that she has no more physical strength. After three pulls she leaves the cigarette in the ashtray. A sign, for me, that she doesn't have much time left. I ask her how she feels and she tells me that she is at peace. Words are no longer necessary. We say goodbye and I give her a kiss. She thanks me for having been with her and when I leave the room she already has her eyes closed, falling asleep.

That same night I call her sister, asking her to keep me informed every day, which she promises to do. The next day she calls me, telling me that the situation has worsened and that they have canceled the appointment for that day. Meanwhile I get in touch with my humanist friends, communicating to them the situation and proposing that they be on the alert, ready to do the Ceremony of Well-Being together Saturday night.

On Saturday at 3 pm Desiree's sister calls me, telling me that it is very likely that Desiree will die that same day. Desiree had asked for a priest to come to give her the last rites. She had also told her sisters that, as she had taken communion when she was young, it seemed coherent to her to also close this process (Catholic) with the last rites. We agreed that I would present myself at the hospice after this ritual, around 7 pm. I immediately called my humanist friends, agreeing with them to meet at Jan's house, a short distance from the hospice, that same day around 7 pm. That they would wait for me there to do the Ceremony of Well-Being together.

During that time, before going to the hospice, everything happened to me. Even though Desiree had told her sisters some time ago that she wanted

me to be with her in her last moments, doing the Ceremony of Assistance with her, I began to fear that they would not let me do that, that they would not let me go in to be at her side. Even though I told myself no, that they would have to respect Desiree's wishes, I was not very convinced. I felt that it was very important to be able to do the Ceremony of Assistance, as a conclusion to this whole period of ten months working with her.

I got very nervous, and when I left my home to take the tram, I began to ask internally that please, no one would try to stop me from doing this last task. And a very strange thing happened. While I was in this state of incessant asking, I had the sensation that more and more presences came to be with me, and as I walked the last stretch toward the hospice, these presences were walking at my side, and more and more of them kept coming. I felt as if I were walking with many "people." At my side was Salvatore. And all of them gave me something, some form of support. I felt my uncertainty disappearing, as my steps became more and more decided. I felt illuminated, serene, and in this state I arrived at the hospice at exactly 7 pm.

There I found myself with her friends and one of her sisters. They received me with much affection and told me I could go into Desiree's room immediately. And so I entered. The room was in semi-darkness and I saw the other sister seated tranquilly at the foot of the bed. Desiree was in a kind of coma, breathing with great difficulty. It was immediately clear to me that she was in the last stage of the body's struggle (which I recognized from my experience with my father in his last hours). The sister greeted me silently. I took a chair and sat beside the bed, as near as possible to Desiree. It was also clear that with all the noise of Desiree's breathing (which was quite loud), I wouldn't be able to do the ceremony aloud. And I quickly looked within myself for an alternative. It came to my mind that in the last conversations and times working with the Force with her, the main issue was that she would be able to accept that she might ask with complete freedom and without any restrictions according to her deepest and sincerest wishes. Fortunately she accepted this, overcoming her belief that she did not have the right to ask

for so much. Her great desire was to make her transit in the full presence of the Light, and to find the best of the Guides to guide her toward the Light and her “next task” (or project, as she said). Her wish was also to be able in some way to continue contributing to humanization and human transformation, although from another dimension of Life...

And therefore on remembering this great desire of hers, I made it the center of my concentration in the final accompaniment at her bedside, when she was waging her “last battle.” I began to connect with her, closing my eyes. Only her laborious breathing could be heard. I connected with her, searching within me for the best feelings of love toward her, and when I was sure that this special emotional connection had been made, I began to send her very gentle waves of peace and love. After this I began also to send her gentle waves of Light. Peace and love for her heart, and light for her head (her mind). And while I was concentrating on this act, I began to think of the phrases of the Ceremony of Assistance, communicating them to her in silence. When I finished, I continued speaking mentally with her, while the waves of peace and light continued, reminding her of her desire, inviting her to open herself toward the Light and to liberate herself... “lifting her,” carrying her mind to a luminous state. And while I was communicating with her this way, I began to ask the “luminous ones,” the kind beings, to help her, to bathe her in a comforting light, not to let her struggle alone...

And suddenly there appeared to the left of my head and facing Desiree’s head an enormous translucent being of very intense light, so intense that it was like a symphony of sounds of indescribable beauty. It was an angel with enormous wings that were moving. And I remembered that Desiree had often said that she would see an enormous wing, just one wing, and that she experienced this “apparition” as something important, but that she could never see more than that enormous wing and that she would like to be able to see this apparition completely.

And I knew with certainty that her angel had come to help her and to accompany her. As this was



happening, I felt Gerda, her sister, leave the room silently and I was alone with Desiree. And what happened then, I am still trying to integrate.

From behind, and more or less diagonally, I felt “pushes” from something that was arriving from very far away, pressure from a great luminous Force. It arrived with a magisterial “sound” and I felt like the conductor of a transmission. It grew in intensity and was aimed directly toward Desiree’s head. And Desiree’s head and everything around was illuminated in that intense Light. I surrendered to this luminous Force that was passing through me and ending, wave after wave, in Desiree’s head. At one moment it was so intense that I wondered if it was good that this was happening. And then I heard a powerful voice that said to me: “DON’T BE RIDICULOUS.” Almost like an order not to interrupt, but without aggression and with something vaguely humorous in its tone. So I relaxed and kept letting the pressure of waves pass through me. While all this was happening, I heard Desiree make sounds like little exclamations and I opened my eyes a little and saw that her face wore an expression of surprise. When this experience ended, I remained a while longer with a great inner peace, talking mentally with Desiree, communicating to her that all was very well, that she should go in peace and with joy.

An hour had passed. I arose and went to the door to leave. I found Desiree’s sister Gerda and told her that I was going to Jan’s house, which was practically next door to the hospice, to meet some humanist friends who were waiting there to do a Ceremony of Well-Being for Desiree. And that we were also going to do the ceremony for her sisters and other close friends who were there.

The ceremony at Jan’s house was very special for everyone, and everyone sent their best wishes and their support.

I returned to the hospice at 10:10 pm, and Desiree departed ten minutes later. And she left her last gift for her loved ones. Everyone felt a great joy, including the volunteer caretakers at the hospice.

As everyone was standing around the bed, I went into a room next door, with only a wall separating

me from the bed where Desiree's body was. And I did the Ceremony of Assistance, this time aloud. For the entire time I felt a great joy and connection with Desiree. And at a certain moment, I don't remember very well at what point in the ceremony, I registered her presence very strongly, in the form of a great sphere full of luminous joy. I felt the essence that was Desiree clearly, and I took my leave of her, telling her aloud that the whole process that we had carried out together had been very good; and that here, in this world, we had concluded this wonderful process of one year, but that, in some way, perhaps there would be a possibility of continuing to communicate from another level. And I saluted her, wishing her a good journey toward her next destiny.

For all the rest of the night, which I spent talking with her sisters and her other friends, there was a very gentle atmosphere, of a very gentle joy. Exactly as Desiree had wanted. Without drama.

I feel very good and profoundly grateful. For having had the opportunity to go through this process with Desiree and for the support and sincere interest of many friends from our Movement. More than one, including Mariana, Dani, Monica, Gustavo, Harald, Gabi, came to Amsterdam to visit Desiree and were fascinated with her. And the many interchanges that I've had with them and many others have been of great importance to me in being able to go through this process in the best possible way.

As Luz and Dani said: "Desiree has contributed enormously toward the birth of a new culture in the face of this apparent 'death.'"

For all this time I've felt in some way the "closeness" of a presence that I've registered clearly as "the essential part of my great friend Desiree." And tonight, April 22, 2004, I have put myself in an internal state to be able to do what a great friend has told me to do: to give thanks for this opportunity that she offered me for this entire year. This was not very difficult, since every time she would thank me for doing a work or having a long conversation with her, I would return to her my own thanks for giving me the possibility to have

this wonderful experience and to pass so many fascinating hours with her. I believe that, precisely because of this completely open and deeply felt relationship, we were able to go so far together.

But my experience this night was very different. After a good relax, I began to seek an emotional contact with her, assisting myself with the shining images of some good memories. Her shining eyes, her smile, her particular humor. And a figure presented itself to me, enfolded in a “wind” of Light. It was clearly Desiree. She was at a distance, but she looked unswervingly at me. And I began to speak to her in mental communication. My gratitude came from deep within my heart, showing her many moments together over the span of this year, and telling her how many people were grateful for her enormous contribution. And back came a gentle joy. I had the impression that she was listening to me with great attention, with an almost serious expression on her face. But also serene. Something emanated from her and came to me like the light caress of a feather.

While I was interpreting this “sensation” as a kind of contact, it suddenly came to me to ask her if she had found her great desire, and if she could give me some sign. Then something strange happened. I felt that I had to raise my hands toward her. Then her image disappeared and there was only a light. But something almost tangible enveloped my hands, then my arms, and passed back through my body, leaving the same light caress of a feather and a kind of confirmation. And I felt “united” with her presence. Then I registered her looking from my left shoulder and pointing forward with her arm and hand. With my eyes I followed the direction she was pointing in and I saw far away a figure in a luminous landscape. I knew immediately that it was my father and I felt a great gratitude for the gift that she was giving me. And everything seemed very fine. The figure of my father approached with his particular smile, and disappeared in a light. What a strange world, that leaves me without any parameters...

I took my leave of her with great affection. She gave me the impression that she was very happy.

All this happened in an atmosphere that was suspended and almost transfigured. One part of my mind was listening the whole time with a hearing that was not from my ears. I don't know very well how to describe that.

*Final note:*

Up to and including today, the luminous presence of Desiree, my father, and often Salvatore present themselves in the ceremonies of Well-Being that we do for many other people in difficult situations. And also in many of my private moments, when I communicate with these so dearly beloved beings, sending them my best feelings. They do not disappear, but remain in my interior with a luminous presence, very much alive in their new state, accompanying me with gentleness.

*Peter Deno – Dec. 31, 2005*

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**V.**  
**Experiences**  
**with the**  
**Ceremony of**  
**Death**



## **MARCOS – Sao Paulo, Brazil**

I was never one to write. It's not one of my attributes, as I see it is in so many of our people. But I have been impelled by the need to give testimony about something that happened after the death of Victor Lopes, a Brazilian humanist, a great friend, loyal, kind and ironic, as only the great wise ones know how to be.

This writing is an attempt simply to relate an experience of reconciliation and gentleness, after a Ceremony of Death.

I hope you will be able to forgive the lack of style from one who has only used his heart for writing.

### **To Victor**

*"...who has taken in his hands part of the thread of eternity"*

It was ten in the morning when the phone rang and Roberto announced to me that Victor had departed. I put my right hand to my face to compose myself and finish waking up.

I don't like burials, I've never liked them. I got that from my mother, who always kept the best images of those she loved who had died, without participating in wakes and that kind of thing. Besides, I had always known that Victor's family didn't like us very much.

But I felt a calling... something being born in my chest, saying: "Go... there's something important to do there." I called Roberto and asked him where the cemetery was and what time the burial would be. I didn't know if I would be on time, but with warm feelings I got ready, and before leaving I grabbed a Message book.

I got on the train that took me to Sao Paulo. Then the subway. When I got out in the neighborhood I asked a taxi driver about the address. The clock said 11:45. The event was to begin at noon, but the money I had wasn't enough for the taxi. Then the driver told me: "I'm going home, I live nearby. Let's

go and I'll take you." And so it went. I arrived at the place at 11:58.

I thanked the driver and got out, and saw Roberto, Jefferson and Eduardo, who were outside the hall where the body was. I went in and took a look at the place. There were few people, some family members. Most were friends of ours. In the center of the hall was a very simple coffin, of unvarnished wood. I looked around and saw Victor's mother, seated in a chair. I went to meet her, a little uncertain how she would react...

I took her hands and we looked at each other for a few seconds. She gave me a big hug and said, "Our Victor has gone."

I didn't say anything, but just stayed there in that comforting hug.

An elderly cemetery official entered the room and announced, with her bureaucratic formality, that the time had come, since there were other wakes scheduled afterwards. And that seemed funny to me, because I imagined several cars lined up with their coffins, entering and leaving, and always the same old woman with her state solemnity, hurrying everyone up to finish.

I averted my gaze from the old woman, and there in front of me was Victor's brother. At that moment I felt profoundly that I should do a ceremony. I took out the book and called everyone over, saying that the most important thing now was to comfort our hearts. I said, "Victor has always been a person who impacted us with his kindness, his joy, his generosity, his readiness to help, and above all, with his irreverence and his irony. That is why those of us who shared his best moments, his wishes for a better world without violence, are here to comfort our hearts together with his loved ones."

I began the ceremony, strong and potent, sensing how, little by little, a wave of warmth began enfolding everyone there. When the work was done, his mother gave me a big hug, thanking me.

The time came to take the coffin to the burial site. They gave this task to our people.



We had to climb a stairway to get to the cylindrical tomb attached to a wall. Victor's mother couldn't climb the steps and remained sitting alone, observing, connected with her innermost being.

The sextons, preoccupied with going to lunch, had disrupted the formality and slow pace of the coffin bearers and were hurrying to put it in the tomb.

I didn't follow the proceedings. Instead, I chose to go down to the woman who was still sitting there on a wall.

Once more, I embraced her and took her hands. Then she told me: "Victor has always participated in this movement. I've always fought with him over that. Sometimes, some of you would come to sleep at our house and I threw you out, but you weren't embarrassed... you always came back." And she laughed.

Pressing my hands, she looked into the infinite for a few moments, as if she were listening to something in the innermost depths of her heart. And finally she said: "And here you are... And how good it is to see you!"

I got up to say goodbye, promising to visit her house to do a Ceremony of Well-Being.

I was already walking toward the exit when I heard her say, "Victor wanted you to come."

I smiled and said only, "I know... I know..." At that moment I felt the force and the gentleness of profound reconciliation.

### **An Experience of Certainty**

*Thursday, 12/03/04*

My brother Edgar, 50 years old with two sons (Lincoln, 29, and Lucas, 10), has had a heart attack and has been taken to the hospital for urgent care. He is admitted to the ICU. His heart attack was very serious, but he is being medicated and monitored. We contact his doctor in Sao Paulo and he tells us that he will not be able to transfer my brother because he will not be in the hospital that weekend, but that Monday everything will be taken care of.

*Saturday 12/04/04*

We went to see him in Intensive Care. I brought my mother because if Edgar was going to be transferred to Sao Paulo on Monday, it would be more difficult for her to visit him. We brought him some fruit, and when he looked at us, he said mischievously, "I don't want fruit, I want my clothes so I can go home"... and smiled. Everything seemed peaceful, except to me, since I know the subject, and when I looked at the electrocardiogram monitor, I saw that his oxygen saturation was not at all good. We said goodbye warmly.

*Sunday 12/05/04*

The attending doctor called me by phone telling me she needed to transfer Edgar because his condition had worsened. I called some contacts and found a very good hospital in Sao Paulo. I called the doctor back and told her that everything was arranged and that in a while I would be there to talk with her. When I arrived she received me with a discouraging look. "I am so sorry," she said, "but your brother has gotten worse and has entered into cardiogenic shock," (this happens when arterial pressure falls too low because the cardiac pump can no longer keep pumping the blood to the tissues) "and now he is in an induced coma."

Nothing could be done – we could only wait. I felt a enormous impotence, as if I were suddenly knocked over by a shock of failure, without images, without sensations... only the feeling of impotence... I returned home to try to calm my parents and Edgar's family... What followed was a succession of events in which his state cycled through getting better and getting worse, until his kidneys collapsed eight days later...

*Tuesday, 12/14/04*

They tried to remove the liquid that was accumulating in his body through a procedure called peritoneal dialysis, where they introduce a catheter into his abdomen and inject a solution so that more goes out than in. It was the last attempt...

*Wednesday, 12/15/04*

I receive several emails from our people in various parts of the world. Messages of encouragement, stories of ceremonies of Well-Being in which they asked for Edgar and his loved ones. It was heartening and very moving. For the first time in those days I didn't feel alone...

*Friday, 12/17/04*

I awoke with a feeling of farewell... and, on precisely that day, I went to see him alone... I brought with me a Message book. When I arrived, the doctor told me that 40 minutes ago Edgar had had two cardiac arrests... I went in and looked at him, among all the pharmaceutical apparatus, with tubes in his mouth, and I felt that his connection with life in this place was the result of medical technology and nothing more... I asked if I could do a Ceremony of Assistance, to which they quickly agreed, and they drew a curtain so we could be alone without people watching.

I put my hand on his chest... and I told him how much I loved him... Knowing that I had never told him or shown him that... but that now was the best time to show it to him... because that would help him on his journey to another space, another time... I passed my hand over his hair, his face... asking for him to be at peace... as peaceful as a child who runs fearfully to his father and in a great hug feels all his protection...

And I began to read the Ceremony of Assistance. Not word for word... but like a conversation... helping him to recognize his own landscape... Very slowly, peacefully... peacefully... When I finished the last paragraph, a tear fell from his eye... while the monitor showed that his heart had stopped again... The team arrived quickly... and when they saw that I had my hand on his heart, they froze... The doctor had the defibrillator in his hands... We exchanged a profound look and she understood that it was time to let him go...

The feeling was one of profound sadness, but also of a gentle joy... I was very tranquil and at peace... great peace... And that was good, because the

worst job still awaited me: telling my parents and Edgar's family...

*Saturday, 12/18/04*

I was very tired because of the issue of the burial, but before going to bed I sent Karen an email. I asked her if I could do the Ceremony of Assistance again, because I didn't feel connected with my brother on the day of his death... Her answer was yes, certainly I could do that... which was enough for me to connect heart to heart.

*Sunday, 12/19/04*

I found myself with the people in my community of the Message. Among these people was a girl, very special, called Jessica. She didn't know much about what had happened. I told her we were going to do some ceremonies, including the Ceremony of Assistance. A little while before we finished, Jessica began to cry, and when we finished, she looked deeply into my eyes and came out with these words: "I don't know how to say this, but I have to tell you: your brother has come with you to this room, he wanted to say goodbye to you. He has asked me to tell you that he loves you very much and not to worry if life or circumstances didn't make you very close. He insists that I tell you that everything is fine now. He asks you to take care of his little son Lucas when circumstances make that necessary. You will know when, and what to do. He also said not to worry about the Ceremony of Assistance. You didn't feel him because he was no longer there... He was able to choose between staying or leaving, and he chose to leave, and that was Tuesday, three days before his physical death." Jessica ended by saying that he was insisting that everything was fine now and that it was necessary to let him go... At that moment we all felt something like a caress on our faces... A strong presence that gently gave us evidence... We all cried a lot with this experience that was so strong...

When I arrived home I was radiant... I wanted to wake my mother to tell her, but I decided not to, since she was asleep and that was good, because

she was very tired. But when I was about to go to my room, she woke up and called me. I went to her and took her hands. Before I began to tell her what had happened, she told me, "I am feeling a great peace, so great... I felt that Edgar was here and that he touched me on the face and all my anguish disappeared."... We hugged each other and smiled...

Before going to bed, I felt the need to open my mail, since I was receiving messages from all over. I perceived that physical distance had absolutely no importance, because mentally and in my heart I was connected with all our beautiful and beloved people. When I opened my mail, I was surprised by a special email... Yes... a message from the Master. As I opened it I cried, and I felt a gentle joy and peace in my heart that finally integrated everything I've related here.

The message said:

Dear Marquiños,

No, haven't forgotten your parents, Ana and Idegar. Of course I am very aware of Goreti and her sons, Lincoln and Lucas.

Like many others, I am very attuned to the situation of Edgar, who has passed into another time and another space where those of us who are connected by such strong ties will certainly meet again. Meanwhile, I think we are doing what is within our reach, with all the affection we are capable of.

The appropriate ceremonies and asking have been done, not only for Edgar but also for his loved ones.

That there be great peace and clear understanding of the meaning of this passage... I desire that with all my heart,

Mario

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NOTE: Exactly one month after his death, I ran into the head nurse of the intensive care unit where my brother had been. He is a good friend, and he told me, "Well, now that everything has happened, I have to tell you something for my own peace of mind. Do you remember that I was very upset the

day Edgar died?” I answered that I did. He went on, “Well, I was like that because I already knew: your brother was only artificially alive... In reality he had suffered brain death three days before, on Tuesday...”

I immediately remembered Jessica on the day of the ceremony... I had the confirmation of that certainty.

*Marcos Salgado*

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### **QUIM** – *Barcelona, Spain*

Dear friends!

At dawn on Thursday, Gerardo, the father of one of my brothers-in-law, left this plane. In the evening I went to the morgue and greeted my sister-in-law, my brother-in-law, my brothers and my mother.

They all felt great grief and very intense pain in their chests. I perceived each of them and tried to transmit relief and well-being to them.

I evoked the guide and he went right to Gerardo and they began to talk. I left them and gave thanks that he would do that with Gerardo.

Then I thought it would be appropriate to do a Ceremony of Death at the funeral. At least it would alleviate all that pain with a little understanding and peace. Immediately I began to have doubts and fears. I had never conveyed the Message so openly, and I was having doubts for fear of not being understood.

That night we had our Message meeting. It helped me a lot to be able to openly express my fears, and they encouraged me to carry out the ceremony.

Fortunately for me, Luis Armado, from Lima, who was with us that day, was able to testify about various ceremonies of Death at which he had officiated, when family members had thanked him for his words.

Obviously my fears were basically a fear of rejection. My great fear was to put my foot in my mouth at such a delicate moment. I couldn't foresee how it would turn out...

I asked to do a Ceremony of Death right there, although Gerardo's body was not there. During the ceremony I realized that I was unaccustomed to reading the text. The sentences are long, and it was hard for me to do it with feeling. It helped me a lot to have this opportunity, it made me feel secure.

The next day I got up at 7 am and printed some copies of the ceremony. At 8 am I called my brother-in-law, telling him I had prepared a few lines that I would like to read at his father's funeral. He told me there was no problem. That was a very necessary step for me. After committing myself verbally, the path was easier.

On the other hand, I felt that this was a very worthwhile contribution I could make for my sister- and brother-in-law. In this kind of situation, many contradictory feelings are normally mixed together, and I had the feeling that these few words could be very valid for them. It wasn't a question of putting my foot in my mouth, or of what others might think. For me it was a question of internal coherence, and that this was a unique opportunity to transmit the certainty that life does not end with death.

At 9 am I arrived at the morgue. At that moment a procession of Asians was on its way out. I was surprised at how noisy it was. The family members, dressed meticulously in white, were screaming and clawing themselves in their pain. Those who accompanied them looked confused. I had never witnessed such a scene, it set my hair on end. One of them was carrying a video camera and was running from side to side to get the best shots of the scene...

Finally I went in to the wake. Knowing that the cremation would take place minutes later, the family members were looking at Gerardo's body and crying inconsolably. I called on the guide, and just as he had the day before, he occupied himself with Gerardo. He too was in pain from everything he was seeing. We let the deepest tensions be discharged...

Meanwhile I went to the chapel. The structure was newly built, with glass from floor to ceiling on one side, from which the mountains and their slopes and valleys could be seen.

On the door, a very clear sign specified that the place was nondenominational, and that all kinds of ceremonies were allowed, civil or from any religion. Music was also allowed. The sign gave me confidence.

I went through a door behind the altar and asked for the person in charge. I told him I wanted to say a few words and he very kindly told me he would let me know when the best moment came.

I sat down in front and the mass began. I was very uneasy and asked the guide to give me peace. He told me not to worry about anything, that at the moment I was to speak, it would be in the best of conditions, and he would be with me. Meanwhile, I should pay attention to the moment.

The Catholic priest began to talk about pain, about sadness, about longing, about resignation... All those earthly values and leave the beyond in the hands of Jesus Christ, an intermediary of God. The only hope was that one day we would all revive... (in flesh and blood?)

His discourse made me more uneasy. I was facing the intransigence of my childhood. And in the midst of this vision of transcendence that was so limited, I had to speak?

Fortunately he quickly moved on to other subjects and I didn't want to look back...

The priest gives me the signal. A current of energy circulates up and down my spine. I step up to the pulpit. I look at the people. Some 300 people are observing. I only know the ones seated in the first row. Everyone paying attention to me.

The priest, after preparing the microphone for me, retreats two steps and stands behind me like an assistant. I look at the text.

"Life has ceased in this body..."

It is very direct. It doesn't make time for delays or ambiguity. At my side is Gerardo...



With a gentle tone and very slowly, I begin to officiate the ceremony. Slowly, so that each word might fall into the depths of each person.

“This body does not hear us. This body is not the person we remember...”

In each silence, not even a breath is heard. Everyone has an expression of great attention to what is being said.

“May those of you who do not feel the presence here of another life, separate from the body, consider that although death has paralyzed this body, the actions he/she carried out will continue to act, and their influence will never end.

“This chain of actions that was set in motion in life cannot be stopped by death.”

With these words I feel that people are relaxing, remembering Gerardo’s good actions. He was a good man...

“And may those of you who feel the presence of another separate life, consider that death has only paralyzed this body, that the mind has once again triumphantly freed itself, opening its way toward the Light...”

At this point I was deeply moved. It looked like I couldn’t go on, but an inner strength made me feel radiant and full of energy again.

“Whatever our views, let us not weep for this body. Rather let us meditate on the root of our beliefs, and a gentle and silent joy will come to us... Peace in the heart, light in the understanding!”

I looked at the family members, at everyone gathered there. The expression on all their faces was calm, silent, reflective. There was no more crying...

When I went back to my seat, my brother-in-law thanked me for what I had done for his father.

As we left the place, the priest touched me on the shoulder and said: “I liked your words very much.”

Then in the crematorium, all the family members thanked me for my intervention and asked

me: "Where does that come from?" To which I answered: "It's Silo's Message."

A big hug!

Quim

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### **ISAIAS** – *Buenos Aires, Argentina*

Sunday night my brother-in-law Arturo – my older sister Eva's husband – died, victim of a sudden heart attack. He was a good man, a retired pediatrician, a lover of classical music and of art books, who dedicated a great deal of his time to painting, in a room he had converted into a studio. It was there, while he was painting and listening to Vivaldi's "Stabat Mater," that he was surprised by that irruption, that strange situation – for every living being – that we commonly call "death."

I learned of the event just two hours later. At any rate, when I arrived at the house, I waited until his ex-wife and one of his two sons from that marriage were finally exhausted by crying and left the room. Then I went in and shut the door, moved a chair to the edge of the bed and, trying to connect with his soul, I slowly read him the Ceremony of Assistance.

At midday the next day, I joined about thirty people – including Arturo's ex-wife, his two sons, my sister and her two sons, several grandchildren on both sides (children between four and twelve years old), some other relatives and various friends – and left in that singular "caravan" for a private cemetery situated in the northern part of Greater Buenos Aires, a place called the "Garden of Peace," which I had never before had occasion to visit.

The place is a very beautiful and extensive garden-park, without any of the usual constructions and symbols of the traditional religions known in these parts (Christian crosses and Jewish Stars of David). No expensive marble mausoleums crowned with angels blowing their trumpets with their long hair blowing in the wind, no richer or

poorer tombstones, adorned with flowers or with all the signs of abandonment and forgetfulness, no “professionals” waiting for their “clients” – the priests and rabbis dressed in their black robes, holding aloft their holy books and mechanically reading their litanies to groups of grieving people, terrorizing them with gods who punish, with eternal hells, quickening the wounds with more pain and more weeping, and “next, please.”

On the contrary, there are a couple of white buildings of a simple design. In one of them, with skylights and a very pleasant waiting room, a kind secretary quickly takes care of the paperwork. And immediately we all follow the coffin, again in caravan, toward the assigned place. We go down a winding flagstone path, on a cold but very sunny day, while the children cross the grass, passing over and around small granite plaques which, set into the earth, recognize with simple inscriptions whoever is buried there.

To complete this peaceful and exquisite picture, small and very colorful floral arrangements set out on the plaques are spread by the hundreds in the areas of green grass, under innumerable and beautiful trees of different varieties and colors.

Only the weeping of those closest to Arturo now and then breaks this quiet. Weeping that grows more intense, almost desperate, when the workers uncover the pit in the earth, and the coffin – covered with a wide black cloth on which a “star of David” has been embroidered – slowly begins to descend by means of a smooth mechanism.

Neither my sister nor my brother-in-law, nor my nephews and nieces, have ever participated in or been very interested in our activities, whether of the Movement or of Silo’s Message, but they have always felt affinity with our social and political proposals.

Before leaving the city, I had consulted my sister about the possibility of doing one of our ceremonies. She was agreeable, and we agreed that she would talk to Arturo’s ex-wife and sons (both around 35 years old) about it.

But in the confusion of the situation, she forgot to do so... So something unexpected happened: to my

great surprise, my nephew Pablo stepped forward and announced that as a way of saying goodbye he would read a poem. Immediately and in a very moving way he read “I will not die,” a writing included in the anthology by five humanist authors called *The Other Look*.

His reading, although it transformed the general climate somewhat, was not enough to bring the exhibitions of pain to a halt, since the coffin, meanwhile, had finished its descent.

So I decided to step forward a few steps, and, making a slight gesture to my sister and directing my gaze to Arturo’s sons, I announced simply that I would like to read them “some comforting words.” With everyone’s consent, I began reading the Ceremony of Death, pausing for longer or shorter periods depending on the context.

I had barely finished reading the first paragraph, and the weeping had ceased completely. Then, raising my glance from the text, I began to notice gentle changes in the expressions of the listeners, especially among those who had been most affected by grimaces of pain.

By the time I finished the reading, the emotional climate had changed radically and a gentle peace had installed itself. A couple of people came up to ask me about the origin of the text. One of them – a friend of my sister’s whom I didn’t know – said that she had never heard anything so beautiful and with which she had felt so identified.

Pancho, Arturo’s oldest son, embraced me with great emotion, and while he thanked me, murmured something like: “That’s the way these things should always be...”

Then we said goodbye, moving away in small groups down the flagstone paths, while the children called to each other as they ran across the green meadow.

*Isaias Nobel, July 2005*

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## **SERENELLA – *Milan, Italy***

Dear friends,

Since some of you have told of your experiences with loved ones, I've decided to emerge from my shyness and tell you my own.

More than two years ago my beloved Mama left me, after a long period of depressive crises, culminating in an attempted suicide. Fortunately she did not die from that attempt; for me that would have truly been difficult to understand.

Two days before her passing, I had some very singular dreams, something that had happened to me before, with the death of two dear friends, at which time I thought they were simply unrelated incidents. This time I observed my dreams with greater attention, since I had already had those experiences.

She died on a Tuesday. She was fine, and they were going to send her home again from the hospital where she had been staying. On Saturday, however, I dreamed about what I had to do at her funeral, with all the details: the ceremony, the coffin, the bill from the bank... And that made me reflect.

Coincidentally, on Monday, they showed the movie "The Sixth Sense," which I had already seen, on television. At the end of the movie the boy says to his mother, "The (dead) grandmother has asked me to tell you that you must go to her tomb every day to ask her if she is proud of you, and that her answer will be there every day..." These words resonated with me for several days.

That night I call my mother, who asks me if I will go to the hospital to see her the next day, and I answer that I will go around 2pm. In the morning I go to work, and at the office I "sense" a voice that keeps telling me, "What are you doing here? You should be somewhere else."

Around 10 am I decide to leave the office, to listen to this friendly voice and go to the hospital. I have the strange sensation of unrest that assaults me every time something is about to happen.

I arrive at the hospital and she is really in bad shape. To make me happy, she does the rehabilitation exercises and eats something, but she has no strength. Strangely, she is alone in her room.

At around 2 pm I go out to smoke a cigarette, but in a weak voice she tells me, "Come back soon."

When I come back, she is lying down, not moving. There's a strange light about her, and she asks me to give her a kiss. I decide to give it to her on her forehead, which is luminous; I swear she has a strange light. Luminous, she takes my hand and tells me, "Remember that I love you very much." I sit down at her side and try to do the Assistance from memory (I had printed it and lost it, as often happens in such circumstances). She opens her eyes twice, and when she sees me, she smiles. Even though the sheets are covering her body, I see two heartbeats and then, emptiness.

At that moment I felt a state of unconditional love... as if an immense orange heart had exploded within my heart and illuminated my whole body, and this sun invaded me for an indefinite time. At that moment, she departed.

After that I called the doctors, who did everything they had to do, but she was already dead. I was alone in that room with her body for two hours. A little while later, when my siblings arrived, we were catapulted into our obligations, deciding on the funeral, etc., etc. But, thanks to my dream, I was able to respond in a way that would have been extremely difficult otherwise.

The funeral was officiated by a friend of hers, a priest, to whom we had sent our Ceremony of Death. After his personal sermon, he did our Ceremony at the church altar, in front of everyone. When it says not to cry for the body, he gestured toward the coffin. That moved me deeply.

A week later (the only night I was able to sleep alone, since they didn't want to leave me alone in spite of my wish to be by myself) I was in semi sleep at dawn, but it was a strange semi sleep... very strange. At one point I felt a presence behind me and a voice in my right ear that asked me, "How often do you want us to get together, to sense each

other?” And I responded: “Every day,” (remember the words from the film that impacted me with their significance). It was her, I know it was her...

A hug,

Serenella

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### **FEDERICA – Milan, Italy**

Sometimes I wish I had been born a man so I could be loved by a woman, as only a woman knows how to love her man: cherishing him, supporting him, accompanying him until the very day of his death.

Or perhaps I should say that sometimes I would like to have been my father, to have been loved by my mother, who cherished him, supported him and accompanied him until the day of his death.

I remember my father, I remember him in different situations, with his looks, his words, his judgments, his reproaches. For example, I remember when I was small, I was always afraid of getting a fever, because he would get angry and tell me that I had not dressed warmly enough, or that I had perspired and then drunk cold water, or had made some other mistake.

The fact is that he got angry with me, he was not proud of me, and I suffered a great deal. I wanted to be the best for him – perhaps a nonentity for the rest of the world, but the best for him... Then maybe one day, when I had grown up, he would be able to leave my mother and marry me... Oh yes! how often I dreamed of that...

Another sweet memory from my childhood is the Sunday mornings. Papa worked all week and I hardly saw him, because he left early in the morning and came back late at night when I was ready to go to sleep. But I never slept before he had enfolded me in his arms while he ate dinner (who knows how heavy I was for him, seated on one of his legs!). I remember him cutting a white apple and each of us eating a slice... I was telling

you that I missed him so much that during the day I would lift up his pillow to sniff his pajamas, which smelled of his cologne, Il Menhem (I'm not sure that's the way it's spelled).

Then yes, on Sunday morning Papa and I would go out together. We would go buy the newspaper and then take a stroll to get some air. And that was our moment, that was my moment, Papa and I; Papa, the newspaper man and I; Papa, the pastries and I... And when we went back home, Mama always scolded us because she had made a cake, or would have been able to make one, "and you wouldn't have had to spend money on this stuff when you don't even know who made it." Then, however, she would devour the pastries with us in a few seconds.

My father used to call me "my beauty" even when I was a little older and we were talking about politics or international economics.

My father taught me so many things, like all the other fathers in the world. He taught me like a good bricklayer to lime a wall, to prepare the lime, to hang wallpaper; and also to ride a bike, to speak his dialect, to dance the waltz and the dances of Sardinia.

After he had been two weeks in the hospital, the doctors were faced with a 20-year-old brat who backed them against the wall, demanding to know what was going on. And when they told me that he had a "pleural mesotelioma," I understood that nothing ending with "oma" means "don't worry, in a few days we'll send him home healthy as a fish." Especially when they tell you this in the hospital corridor without warning, and recommend that you say nothing to your mother, "because she is very fragile and it would be better to take some time"; when they give you a year, a year and a half for him to live. No, they wouldn't send him home healthy as a fish, but they would send him home, at any rate.

From that day almost two years passed before my father left the body he had been given. He departed in the arms of his wife, in their bed, the bed where they conceived their two daughters. He went almost laughing...



I was working in an ice cream parlor and that Saturday I finished my shift at eight, and instead of going home, I decided to stay at my parents' house and help my mother that night, so she might be able to get at least half an hour of sleep every now and then. I had brought ice cream for my papa, since he no longer ate solid food. I found him sitting in the dining room with several pillows behind his back, which my mother had tenderly put there so he wouldn't feel the hardness of the backrest on that part of his body where it was too painful. He was half there, we put on a cassette of Sardinian music and he followed the rhythm with his foot. I gave him two spoonfuls of ice cream that he barely tried, perhaps because it was cold. Who knows if he was tasting the flavor, my mother says he ate it to see me happy. Or perhaps, always to make me happy, he nodded yes when, placing myself in front of him, I said, "Papa, look what a beautiful daughter you have. Are you proud of me?"

Then we put him to bed and I did the ceremonies. A Ceremony of Well-Being and one of Assistance, which we had read together a few days before. My mama was there with us. A few hours later he became delirious, calling his brothers and sisters, friends from his town, playmates from childhood; but more than anything, he kept calling to his father. I can still hear him: "Babbu... Babbu." I understood that he would not live through the night, and I also understood that my mother and my sister had not yet realized that.

The three of us were there awake, when around three in the morning he became even worse, and his breathing got more and more labored. But the serum was still draining into his arm and that showed that his heart was still beating and his blood was still oxygenating his brain. Around five in the morning, the solution stopped going down. I went into the living room, smoked a cigarette, and after a few seconds felt a great relief... my heart exploded with joy and relief... it was my papa, who had freed himself of that body that was so heavy, sick and painful, and was going toward the Light.

At that instant I heard my sister call him: "Papa, Papa... Papa..." and my mother, "Angelo... Angelo." I went into the room and saw my mother giving him the respirator in a last, desperate

attempt. I told her to leave him in peace, that Papa had already gone on. I took a mirror, and put it under his nose, and containing my weeping and my cries, I went calmly to the telephone and called to let the doctor know. My mother washed him, and together we dressed him. We buried him in his home town in Sardinia, because he always told us he would like to return home.

That body there. I had loved it so much, as I had loved the man who used it as a prosthesis in this world. But no, that body was not my father.

My father is not dead, he lives in me, in my actions. He lives when I fight to defend my rights and the rights of others, when I study and seek to change my situation, when I accompany my mother to the train to go to meet him in the place he grew up, when I walk through his town, when I care for his sisters, when I go to vote.

Whatever our views, let us not weep for this body. Rather, let us meditate on the root of our beliefs, and a gentle and silent joy will come to us...

PEACE IN THE HEART, LIGHT IN THE UNDERSTANDING.

*Federica*

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**ANTONIA** – *Naples, Italy*

### **Diary of the Soul**

*March 1996*

I am living for a while in the countryside, a lot of silence, a lot of solitude. I am doing an intense internal work and besides that I'm in love... and so I find myself in a certain state of openness.

I have an image, which is more of a coenesthetic sensation than a visual image: After midnight the phone rings; it is my sister, who tells me: "Antonia, he has died..." I can't understand who she is talking about...

Three days later, at one in the morning, the phone rings. My couple goes to answer it... It's my sister, who wants to tell me something. I listen. She tells me: "Antonia, he has died..." I ask her to wait a moment... I put on a sweater because I am trembling with cold. She concludes: "Gino has died." It's my brother in law, her ex-husband and the father of her daughter.

Gino was a very sensitive person... At one time he was ill with asthma, but I had heard nothing of him for some time and didn't even know about his illness. He had died from anaphylactic shock. Alone. And the emergency medic hadn't gotten there on time.

#### *October-December 2002*

I have another image of the same type, with the particular sensation that generally accompanies these images: I see that my father is feeling bad at night, and my mother, trying to help him, runs and falls, breaking something. I see them both on the floor.

I begin to spend the night with them at their house whenever I can. Nothing has happened yet, but at night my father is afraid to go to sleep and calls my mother. I often get up, we go together to the kitchen, I make him some chamomile tea and keep him company.

#### *December 10, 2002*

5:00 am – I am asleep. My mother's scream wakes me up. My father has fallen while going to the bathroom and has broken his leg.

#### *December 14, 2002*

The father of a friend of mine, with whom I was doing internal work, suffers a stroke. Her mother, trying to help him, falls and breaks her leg. When he returns home he finds both of them on the floor where they have fallen.

It was that image that I had seen... as if it had been taken from a painting of the scene.

Since they cannot operate because of my father's respiratory problems, to avoid the aggravation of hospitalization, he begins using a wheelchair.

*April 10, 2003*

Interned in the hospital, my father has a high fever and goes into a coma. After they give him extreme unction, something tells me inside that he will recover... from 6:00 in the morning till 2:00 in the afternoon I caress him and keep talking in his ear. I do the Ceremony of Assistance, but not only that... I communicate to him all the affection I feel for him, which I had never been able to express till now. My father has always been shy, almost closed, reticent with contact and showing affection.

At 2:00 pm he comes out of the coma in a very strange way, almost suddenly. After half an hour he is on the phone talking with my mother in a strong, clear voice. He has heard me, for sure, because he tells my brother, "But Antonia is very worried..."

From that moment on there's a radical change in my father... He becomes ironic, more tender, more affectionate, not in the same way with everyone. He shows it with words and gestures, even with joy... Sometimes he covers me with kisses... He tells me that when he is with me he is fine. And not only that. Since that moment it's as if what is here is only half of what there is, as if from time to time he enters into contact with another dimension. And that is evident especially when he is waking up, at any moment of the day when he has been asleep.

*June 26, 2003*

Emergency because of fever and asthma. He goes to sleep. At a certain moment he wakes up with a ludic gesture like someone who has understood something and says: "A support! It's a support that's needed!" I ask him: "Why is a support needed, Papi?" He answers: "For all of us!"

*June 27, 2003*

During his afternoon nap he wakes up after resting and says: "The grave! The grave isn't there!" I ask him why he says that and he answers, "There's nobody at the border!" Half an hour later he begins calling his mother, who has been dead for some time.

*July 2, 2003*

It is morning. Seeming very aware, he tells Lucia, the nurse: "Open the door! Open the door!" "What door, grandpa?" asks Lucia. "The door to Paradise," he answers.

*July 5, 2003*

At one point, at night, in the hospital, he wakes up and begins speaking incomprehensibly... He is awake and articulates his words very well, but it is as if he were speaking another language... Then, little by little, with the light on and the nurse and me by his side, he begins speaking normally... As if little by little he were returning to the terrestrial plane, as if he were gliding back from another dimension.

*July 6, 2003*

As soon as he wakes up he tells me: "I am going to be free. Free of these two things." I ask him: "But you are not free now?" He answers: "No, as free as I can be... I am going to enter..." I: "Where?" He: "I am going to enter this forbidden place." I: "Why is it forbidden?" He: "I don't know."

*July 12, 2003*

He goes into intensive care. The doctors emerge from the room saying that he is in a deep coma (3rd or 4th degree). I, on the other hand, am sure that he is waiting to say goodbye. It is as if I were in contact with him; there's a certainty inside me.

*July 13, 2003*

We have only been able to go in at 2:30 pm. Up to the last moment the doctors have kept saying that he is in a deep coma, but when I go in my father sees me, he recognizes me, he responds, he begins to cry. I read him something I have written for him, thanking him for everything he has done for me. Besides that I do the Assistance, in my own words.

Then my brother Mauricio and Uncle Corrado, a doctor, come in, and both confirm that he recognizes them.

*July 14, 2003*

He's been sedated the whole day, and in a coma.

*July 15, 2003*

In the morning he responds a little, breathes with his lungs and is more awake.

5:00 pm – I go to a little church in the mountains to visit the Madonna di Castello, to whom my father is devoted. With great feeling I ask his Madonna to help him. I ask her also to give me a signal that she has heard me. After a moment, a dove flies into the church, making a great commotion with its wings, and lets a feather fall beside me. I take it, give thanks, and leave.

9:00 pm – He is responding... waking up a little. When I enter he sees me, and responds to the things I tell him... I promise I will help him. He squeezes my hand.

*July 16, 2003*

I begin the experience of the Force with some others to help him emerge from this condition. There are seven of us. The experience is very strong. I feel that I am entering his lungs and animating them, his breathing becomes stronger. I feel a great connection with his body.

*July 17, 2003*

2:30 pm – They have removed the tubes, he is breathing on his own... although it tires him a great deal. He is not very present... it is as if he were a prisoner of his body. And there is a serious problem with his kidney, it isn't working, he isn't peeing.

7:00 pm – Experience of the Force (with 6 of us): we try to visualize the kidney, but it is as if the passage of energy were blocked.

*July 18, 2003*

2:00 pm – In intensive care. My father is suffering a lot, they haven't been able to help his breathing or the kidney problem. They put him on dialysis.

6:00 pm – Experience of the Force (with seven of us): I can't reach him fully. At night they intubate him again.

7:00 pm – I go back to the church on the mountainside. I connect very profoundly. I ask for help for my father to stop suffering. And I think: "If they have heard me, someone will call me." A moment later someone touches me on the back. I had left my car keys on the wall and they are returning them to me. I feel that the great force I have perceived will help me, even if only to put him to sleep. I give thanks and leave.

*July 19, 2003*

2:00 pm – Intensive care. My father is sleeping; from this moment on he will sleep almost continuously.

9:00 pm – Experience of the Force (with six of us): the experience is very strong. It seems to me that I enter into his space, as if I were entering and leaving something, a place where he is at this moment. Especially toward the end it is very strong.

*July 20, 2003*

2:30 pm – In intensive care they tell me that tonight they have removed the tubes. This is an enormous joy, also because now he is breathing peacefully.

*July 21-23, 2003*

My father is more and more tired. He is full of water from his kidneys. The dialysis tires him greatly, but he seems to be asleep and not present. Today we will do the experience of the Force.

*July 23, 2003*

9:00 pm – We begin the experience of the Force.

I feel inside me a strange sense of joy. During the experience I feel a sensation of great lightness... The energy is moving from the bed to the ceiling... Later I imagine I am a little child, a kind of roadrunner who enters my father and jumping joyfully does an internal cleansing.

When we finish the experience I feel that strange joy that fills me. I am sure that tonight my father will either unblock his kidney or die.

This sensation continues until midnight. For two hours after this I begin to feel a sensation of suffocation. At 2:00 am I am asleep. At 4:00 am they call me from the hospital to tell me that my father has died.

I ask them to give me the records of that department so I can know what happened that night:

At 9:00 pm, while I was experiencing that sensation of joy, my father's blood pressure began to drop; maybe he registered this as fainting, as if he were walking on clouds.

At midnight, when I felt the sensation of suffocation, my father had a respiratory crisis and was intubated. At 2:00 am when I went to sleep, he went into a deep coma.

He died at 4:00 am.

In the morning, under the coffin, which is sitting on a table, I see a zigzag energy pattern in red and blue-violet.

Two days later, I wake up in the middle of the night. I am sleeping at this time in the countryside, with



the window open. I awake because my couple is calling me and it is as if half of me were in another dimension... From the window I clearly hear, in the silence of the countryside, a celestial music. I feel as if I am still in contact with him.

I miss him a lot. I keep looking for him in his bed. A month later, for the funeral, I write something for him, which I read at the church where the funeral is held. I have printed it on parchment and give it to everyone present at the end of the ceremony.

While I am reading I feel the Force growing within me, very strong:

### ***For Papi Umberto***

*There are fathers who are fathers,  
papas who are papas  
and papis who are papis...  
...you have been and will always be  
our PAPI!*

*You have departed from life  
but not from our life!  
You will always be in our heart, Papi  
with the memory of you  
as a simple and honest man  
and with the memory of the great love you have  
lived for your family!  
The love you have given has not died with you:  
it lives in our hearts, in our consciousness!  
Love will keep together what death has separated and...*

*“... I know that on some crystal-clear nights under  
starry skies  
you keep asking the questions that I did not  
know how to answer:  
‘What will our Destiny be, after all the hardships  
and all the mistakes?  
Why, when we struggle against injustice, do we  
become unjust?  
Why is there poverty and inequality if we all are born  
and die between one roar of the lion and the next?  
Are we a branch that has broken,  
are we the cry of the wind, are we the river that  
runs to the sea?...  
Or are we, perhaps, a dream of the branch, the wind and  
the river that runs to the sea?’<sup>8</sup>*

*Ciao Papi!  
Lord give his Spirit eternal rest!*

(I believe it is very important to be able to express at that moment what one has inside, even better if one can do it in a poetic way, without any embarrassment. But the most important thing, I believe, is to thank the person who has departed for everything they have done in this life and to give encouragement to their loved ones – family members, friends... – so that they can continue with their lives.)

From that moment on, when I return home, I no longer keep looking at the bed. I am sure that he is somewhere else... very close to me. From that moment on I no longer feel alone.

Often I have called him, I've remembered the beautiful moments we spent together, sometimes I have asked him for Help, and it was as if everything beautiful that happened between us were returned to me amplified with well-being and help. At one time, I felt that he showed me the blue light as a path to follow. I have no idea right now what that might mean. About all the other phenomena, on the other hand, I have asked him my questions and have received the answers.

*December 21, 2003*

Tonight my mother has gone to bed, tired, at 8:00 pm. At this time my mother is still overcome by the shockwave of my father's death and she is submerged in a serious illness, so serious that after his death the doctors gave her no more than a year to live.

Around 10:00 pm I see a blue light coming from her room. I think that perhaps she has awoken and turned on the television. I approach her room, the light disappears and I see that Mama is deep asleep. I sense that something is happening...

That night my mother enters a kind of hepatic coma.

After they flush her system several times she re-stabilizes at 1:00 pm the next day. That night, very worried, my mother tells me she had a dream last night... that my father came to get her... that's what he told her... She had the strong sensation that she met with him... and she says so with great

conviction, as one does when one has the register that it wasn't just a dream.

*April 2004*

I am in Rome at a Movement seminar and again I see an internal image. I feel that my mother is not well and I hear a voice that says, "Two months."

They call me from Naples telling me that my mother is ill. In reality my mother will live two more months in a more or less normal state, until June, then two months more in the hospital and in intensive care.

From June to August my mother goes frequently into hepatic coma. At the beginning of this sequence I want to invite her to call on her Guide, certainly a Madonna, but I do not know which one in particular is hers.

I do an experience of the Force and with great intensity do the Asking, for help in this search. I hear a voice that tells me clearly: "The Madonna of Pompey."

When I speak with my brother I tell him about the Madonna of Pompey. And he tells me that every time he has gone to Milan, she has given him a little print of this Madonna. She has collected a whole pile of them! He opens her drawer and shows me... Inside are a large number of prayer rosaries and pictures of the Madonna of Pompey.

From that moment on I begin to read her prayers in her ear and suggest that she call on the Madonna of Pompey. I also do the experience of the Force, alone and with others, to send her well-being. And from time to time, I try to do the Ceremony of Assistance, but with words that sound fitting to her.

It has happened often that, while I am at the hospital when she is in coma, the people in my counsel who are in Africa are doing the Experience of the Force. I will put my hand on her forehead, to give her the Force, and shortly she will wake up.

Finally she enters into a profound coma.... I know that it is the end... but she is resisting.

It is her third day with a blocked kidney. Maybe she is waiting for my brother to arrive.

My mother has always liked to dance, but had stopped doing it because she is a traditional lady... I lie down with her and say to her: "Mama, all your life, you've always thought about us first... now don't worry about us, think about yourself... Look carefully, somewhere there is a light... You have always liked to dance. Go, immerse yourself in that light, dance it; at last you can dance, at last you can think of yourself... free yourself, immerse yourself in it." Ten minutes later, she has died, with a frank and mischievous smile on her face. I press her hand and in those last moments tell her: "Bravo, bravo... go, go."

Since that time, each time I call my parents during the experience of the Force, I feel a warmth in my arms. My father on the left and my mother on the right. I no longer feel the loneliness that accompanied me for 43 years.

Death has made me see the other side of Life...

I have tasted the sweetness of death, of saying hello, of the importance of being in harmony with others.

Since these experiences I have begun to see my life in a new way.

I've felt the need to reorganize my life and my environments, to achieve in everything a register of unity, despite fatigue... And above all, I've felt the need for "healthy" relationships...

I want to tell whoever reads these pages to the end, not to hold back. To accompany a dying person is a great gift that returns multifold to the one accompanying.

*Antonia*

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**HUGO** – *Moscow, Russia*

**The Parting of Serguey**

*March 21, 2005*

Hello Miguel Angel,

Our dear friend Serguey finally began his flight toward the City of Light.

When I read him the Assistance today, first silently at the door of the intensive care unit, and then out loud with all my heart in a hospital corridor, I suddenly felt time stop. A ray of sun pierced the thick roof of winter clouds and reflected a thousand fold in the white snow that covered the park outside the window. I felt then that this was Serguey, in his farewell, giving us a wave of sparkling happiness.

We thank him deeply for the inspiring moments we experienced with him and for all the good things we learned from him.

A big hug,

Hugo

--

*March 25, 2005*

Hello Antonio,

This entire day was a very powerful experience. We left the Latin American Institute at 9:30 am, in a funeral bus, with Boris Koval and scientist friends from the same institute, Akop Nazaretián and our friend Anna Schkolnik, as well as Katia, Serguey's niece. We had already spent time with her on Tuesday at the hospital, a little after Serguey's parting, taking care of formalities. At that time we walked and talked a lot about him, about the Message and the ceremonies: about the farewell Well-Being, which we did that night, simultaneously with friends from several countries, and about the Ceremony of Death at the funeral.

Then today we left the institute for the hospital morgue, where some others were waiting and where there were the first speeches from those

who wouldn't be going the rest of the way. There was no religious service, since both Serguey's family members and Boris made it clear to the funeral company that Serguey was an atheist, so they didn't need any service or religious symbols.

Then we loaded the coffin onto the bus and traveled a couple of hours across Moscow to the crematorium. Two more family members joined us there. And after some very heartfelt words of farewell from Boris, Akop and Emil Dabaguián, we did the Ceremony of Death.

It was a moving experience. The family members were very moved, as were the scientists also of course, and at the same time they were all very respectful and interested in what was being said.

Then we all went to the coffin for the final farewell, before beginning the return trip to the institute.

From that moment on it was surprising how much warmth sprang up in the relationships among everyone there, including those present who had not seemed so close before. As if suddenly a bridge had opened up there, a new space of profound communication, kindness and gentle joy, that included everyone.

And at the memorial celebration, back at the institute with many more people, the testimonials and reflections about immortality and spirituality were very meaningful. Boris, for example, testified about the profound relationship that he had been developing with his own brother... after his brother's death. Asking himself, reflectively, after these experiences: "Where is he... only in my imagination? Is this memory of him in me, this presence that accompanies me, a kind of immortality?"

In addition, of course, there were numerous and very emotional memories of Serguey's life and work, including our common humanist history. One very special moment was when Tania Riutova remembered the epoch with Serguey and Boris and all our friends, from 1991 on: with the 2nd conference of the Humanist International, the forum, the Honoris Causa from the Academy for Silo, our friends who came on mission... Tania was

very moved. As she told us when she said goodbye to us, the ceremony had touched her heart.

Clearly, Serguey has left us a wonderful gift on parting. Besides the degree to which this experience has strengthened the ties with our friends, I feel that in the shared ceremonies the Message has become strongly manifest, taking shape for the first time in Russia, in the midst of a group of especially sensitive people.

Sending you a big hug,

*Hugo*

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### **CECILIA** – *Florence, Italy*

The reason I suddenly went to Chile was that my father's health had worsened. The cancer was advancing rapidly, despite the respite it had given him for two years.

The whole time I spent with him I was preoccupied with resolving practical things. Nevertheless, my main interest was to help him internally.

It was very difficult, since on one hand there was the urgency of time. I knew that I had little time, because I had to return to Florence within a month or less, and on the other hand the old tensions between father and daughter were emerging.

Despite all these difficulties and thanks to the unconditional support of our friends, my father and I were able to approach the important subjects. Little by little we began to talk about the subject of death and our beliefs about it. My father faced the issue much more tranquilly than I.

My father's close contact with the Movement, initiated a year and a half before, his trip to Punta de Vacas and long conversations with my couple, my peers, my orienter and other friends, had planted a seed that was germinating within him. I remember that one day he told me: "I am not dying, it's the package that is dying," referring to his body.

When the situation was more or less organized, after a month and a half, the time came for me to go home. The farewell was brief, and with some future images of his eventual trip to Italy when he was a little better.

After a few weeks my orienter wrote and told me that my father had begun to talk with him and with Rodrigo (my support sector) about unsettled issues, and that he was working on the issue of reconciliation.

When I talked with my father by phone, he told me that it worried him a lot that I might be sad about his death, that that complicated things for him. He suggested to me that I read the "little white book" that I had given him (referring to the Message), because in it, it was clearly explained what happens with death. He also suggested that I read The Path, because he was finding it very inspiring. I was very moved to see the Faith that my father placed in our themes, a Faith much greater than my own at certain moments.

A week later, while I was waiting for the bus to go home, Olivier called me to tell me that Papa had departed. My friend Rosita was there with him, with our doctor Nano, who opportunely had given him medicine for the pain, as well as Dario, Lili, Byron and German, his "adoptive" family, with whom he had shared his last years.

Rosita had arrived on time to calm him, telling him that all would be well, that his loved ones would be fine. And also to accompany him several times with our Ceremony of Assistance. She guided him through the landscape described there with all the gentleness and sweetness that Rosita knows how to give, while Dario suggested that he might help him to connect with the Force. Thus it was that my papa Ivan abandoned his body with a smile on his face.

When I arrived home to call Rosita, very little time had passed since Papa had gone. We decided to put the telephone to his ear, and I too began to do the Ceremony of Assistance for him.

I relaxed more and more as I began to make very strong contact with him and with what was happening at that moment. Each phrase of the



ceremony resonated in my heart, above all because I knew that he could recognize the path I was describing, a landscape still partly unknown to me. I reached the end of the ceremony with a register of Faith that he was fine and of profound gratitude, which still accompanies me when I connect with the memory of that situation.

The day after that was the funeral, with a mass (my family is Catholic) and then our Ceremony of Death at the cemetery, which left those present in a beautiful climate of Peace. Some of my father's elderly aunts were asking the other relatives "where did that beautiful text come from..." and, as they left the cemetery, our people were commenting about those curious relatives who were asking "who is Silo...".

When I think of that situation a smile immediately springs to my lips, as if I can perceive for a moment the illusoriness of death.

*Cecilia Fernandez*

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**JOSE** – *Quito, Ecuador*

### **Farewell to Marie Carmen...**

The day after learning of Marie Carmen's death, Carlos and I left Quito for Guayaquil. We were really so surprised that we decided to talk the whole way and interchange about what had happened... trying to understand the absurdity of her death.

When we arrived at the hall where they were holding the wake, a mantle of tragedy and desolation had settled over the gathering of family members, friends and relatives. Then, in solidarity, we embraced each of those who were closest to her, with a warm hug and a profound silence... that was enough. We looked at the coffin, where Marie Carmen's body was, while a strange feeling filled the surroundings... There was her body, bruised with the imprint of the blows from the accident, her light smile that she had never lost... and nothing more, because she was no longer there.

Only days before, Marie Carmen (that's how she liked to write her name) had had a fall, breaking the humerus of her left arm. They put a cast on it, but she needed an operation according to some of the doctors. That brought her to her last consultation, Monday, with the doctor who might do the operation... The strange thing about the case is that, when she got to his office, the doctor couldn't see her. So she, her brother, who was driving Marie Carmen's car, her sister-in-law and a nephew decided to go back home.

Since they had plenty of time, they stopped to eat something, and, since she had a cast on her arm, her family members asked her to stay in the car, when she was about to get out. They brought her her ration of "empanadas," ate peacefully in the car, and continued their trip. As they rounded a corner, the vehicle veered, and the right hand door opened unexpectedly, so that our friend fell out into the street. What had happened was that when they stopped to buy something to eat, the right-hand door had remained partly opened... Having her left arm in a cast didn't help either, since she couldn't hold on to anything. She fell onto the pavement, without saying anything... and the car behind them ran over her. The ambulance took half an hour to get there, and she died en route to the clinic.

We met and talked with her brother, who had been driving the car, and encouraged him, trying to give him strength to face the situation, above all so that he might lose the feeling of guilt.

Then we talked about the teaching we might get out of the situation, trying to find some meaning in what that had happened. Her older brother had left; now he would have to assume a new role toward her elderly parents and become the axis of the family... Perhaps that would allow him to get closer to his parents, who had been living with Marie Carmen. Turning this situation into a good opportunity for him, to accompany them until the end of their days.

We returned that night to the hall for the wake. It was full, and we stood before several friends and began the Ceremony of Death from Silo's Message. It was moving to read it. We asked right away for the people who loved her to share their testimony. It was amazing. The Marie Carmen we

had known began to be revealed... She was a very important person in her city and in the country. The wonderful things people said about her didn't stop. Her solidarity, her verve, her capacity for supporting many projects that she had set in motion, with all the social projects she was connected with: the social contract; the international Plan; UNICEF; her relationship with nonprofit projects, foundations, etc. Apparently she was a person who had been in many projects related to education and childhood. As we heard these testimonies, the climate in the hall began to change, and that mantle of tragedy began to disappear... elevating the spirits of those who were present.

When there were no more testimonies, we closed everything by reading "The Path" from Silo's Message. With that the service finished, and with the positive energy that had been established, the people began to converse. The hall was not a funeral hall any longer; the desire had been awakened to communicate and speak freely about these taboo themes, death and its tragic outlook. The lugubrious climate that we had met on our arrival had disappeared.

When I woke up the next day, it was curious, I was seized with a register of strangeness. I couldn't understand why Marie Carmen had not told us about everything she was doing... Then I thought that perhaps we had not known how to hear her, and so it seemed important to me to reflect... There must be something to learn here.

We arrived at the hall and the rumor of the ceremony the day before had washed over the whole hall. There were Marie Carmen's old friends from work. Her boss came up to us to ask us to please do another ceremony. They had told what had happened the night before. That was a genuine request from the people. So we did it...

Marie Carmen's parents were also there. We did the same thing we had done the day before: the Ceremony of Death, testimonials, and a reading of "The Path." Again they said beautiful things about her and about the contribution of humanism in her projects, the influence of this humanist behavior, applied in each of the projects and spaces that she had touched. It was another Maria del Carmen. Her associates and friends kept on recognizing

her virtues, to the point that her parents, who were listening very attentively, began to change, their faces relaxing, as they began to discover the dimension and depth of their daughter's actions in the world. Surely they knew her only as the daughter dedicated to them... but little did they know about all she did outside the family.

Hearing so many positive things, her father, moved, offered to make available the writings and notes she had left to publish a book... And with the profits from the book, to make those resources available for the Humanist Movement. He insisted generously that they didn't want anything for themselves, only to help the Movement. Independently of the pride he felt in his daughter at that moment, the important thing was how the transformation of the image of his daughter came about, her life taking on another dimension within him. The father of Marie Carmen's son also gave his testimony, being able for the first time to approach and speak with the family members.

It was a true transference. It was a collective transference and like the day before, everyone began to talk, to let go, to say things freely, a wave of communication arising again among everyone present. Again the taboo of death was overcome with open conversation and reflection on some of the ideas in *The Path*.

Later, at the cemetery, we walked with the people toward the urn. When we arrived at the niche, one of Marie Carmen's friends read a beautiful poem. Others, acquaintances of hers, did so too. Her little eight-year-old boy, Luis Eduardo, cried out, "Mama I love you," throwing some roses into the niche. Her father, quite elderly, put in the first shovelful of earth and said a few words about his daughter. Her brother was able to be present. Then there was a silence... and I took advantage of it to say aloud:

"Maria del Carmen has not left... she is with us... We must all pay attention to be able to hear what she will say to each of us who remember her, through our own dreams. And now, let us keep only her clear smile and the best that each of us received from her."

The birds began to sing... the swallows taking their final flight before settling in a great coral tree, while the red evening sun began to sink toward the horizon...

*Jose Salcedo*

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**VI.**  
**Experiences**  
**at the**  
**Parks of**  
**Silo's Message**





**IRENE** – *Madrid, Spain*

*May 6, 2006*

I would like to share with you what happened to me, this new and good experience that has left me with a very elevated, profound feeling, with a lot of force and faith. Thanking our friends, the human ambit that contributed to my experience of something so special and surprising.

For several days before this date, I had been suffering from an acute discomfort; I attributed all of it to my cardiac fears. The doctor sent me immediately to urgent care. I was admitted and subjected to a thorough evaluation that took a day and a night. My fears were unwarranted, and my cardiac condition was good. But for practically two or three days or more I was just dragging myself around. My melancholy and malaise were so bad that I couldn't even sleep and so, overwhelmed but without any medical answers, and without getting better, I passed the days until May 6, when I asked the guide for a little light, and of course to get better.

That same day my friends arrived, to pick me up to go to the monolith – Luis Carlos, Patricia and Nacho. No, no, I couldn't go, my condition was too bad. But overwhelming me with affection, they told me, "You're coming, we'll wait for you."

As well as I could, I slowly began to get ready, with sad smiles and a great painful effort...

On the way they gave me encouragement and a lot of affection. "You'll see, you'll feel fine!!! The air, our friends, the ceremonies..." I asked them to take me in the car up to the Toledo Park Monolith. Once there, I held myself together as well as I could, surrounded by this humanist feeling and by all kinds of encouragement. As well as I could, I sketched a melancholy smile, and then I began to feel a very special silence... The afternoon was splendid, the breeze tranquilized you, the place was becoming something sacred!!! The ceremonies were beginning.

So a little time passed, and as I talked with friends, I began to feel better, stronger. I moved lightly, with

surprise and questions that had no answers. An extraordinary enlivenment began to come over me. Everything that had been happening to me for the last 4 or 5 days disappeared like magic... I was like another person!!! Well-Being was taking me over inside.

And so I gave thanks, I gave thanks many times. To my guide, whom I had asked for clarification and help for what was happening to me. (I understood his response, and felt the sudden circulation of energy in my organism.) I thanked our friends, and the monolith itself. And all those who had helped me and listened to me with kindness and affection. For me, it was an experience of believing or... But I believe. In a confabulation of enchantment ... magic ... and faith. Everything was converted into a profound, broad and positive change. Then I understood. That when you want to trap certain states ... they escape... This is a TESTIMONIAL that I want to share with you, and a lot that reminded me, through experience, of what I have read so many times and perhaps not understood: The Inner Look.

*Irene*

**ISAIAS** – *Buenos Aires, Argentina*

**My May 4<sup>9</sup>**

*Punta de Vacas, May 4, 2004*

We had hardly arrived when I felt it like a unexpected onslaught. I had not realized that in reality something had been gestating within me for some time. The preparations, the commentaries and finally the arrival of friends showing up in the streets, had been silently sowing the seeds for this unexpected racing of my heart. I had been having dinner with Ester, Felipe and Marcos several nights earlier in Mendoza, with a lot of laughter, anecdotes and memories. The meetings grew in number, and something began to bubble up within me. Today I had returned to Punta de Vacas... Beto and Adriana went to the right and little by little, I

began to walk with the people. Catalina, seeing me agitated, asked me:

- "Are you OK?"

- "Too OK," I barely answered.

And she invited me to the water fountain. Chango Molina was there drinking, and with a smile he offered me a glass. The cool drink quickly slid down my throat and I lifted my face. I could see Gato Lemos dressed in a thick black jacket, walking in a multitude so huge I couldn't believe it. My bubble-wrapped head couldn't believe what it was perceiving. A multitude here. Further on, the hillside glowed, totally covered with flowers, excuse me I meant to say people, many people... People smiling, with astonished expressions (was something like what was happening to me, happening to them?), flags from many countries, orange scarves, boisterous colors...

From somewhere someone appeared with huge glasses and introduced himself in a very loud voice. He said who he was, I don't remember, but I do remember that he told me not to worry because everything was going to turn out very well...

Over the heads I caught sight of Alvadalejo from San Juan, he waved at me and as I jumped to intercept him, I bumped into Pedro, who had just arrived from Santiago. Emilia passed and greeted us with a gentle and complicit smile. I couldn't avoid hugging Roberto and his daughter Veronica; and then... well, I don't know, I don't remember. So many people passed, while the sun continued giving color and heat to the scene. I took off my jacket and draped it over my arm.

- "We are flying on a bird called intent" – could be heard across the mountains. I remembered then that intent is the action of intentionality, precisely the most outstanding attribute of human consciousness. I thought that to intend and to keep on trying without conceding any belief in failure, was the human act par excellence. Therefore it was worth the trouble. And the voice reaffirmed:

- "It is worth the trouble!"

And those five thousand intentional minds who had arrived there in the mountains confirmed that original conviction with the strength of rock. We

had not been mistaken. I saw Edgardo, standing beside the path, and in his look I wanted to see that he was in tune with my thoughts. Immediately I felt the arms of Marta, who, with deep intuition, was grasping me. At the same moment I saw the face of Ricardo M., who, realizing my perplexity, asked:

- "Don't you remember me?"

At that moment Negro passed beside me, and almost without looking at me, squeezed my right forearm. I simply looked down and discovered near my shoes a small handkerchief, white, soft, perfumed. Whose could it be? Perhaps a woman's, or surely a child's. I picked it up and used it to give solace to the wealth that was uncontainably bursting forth to water the magnificent valley with joy. I was assailed by the image of Chango drinking at the fountain and decided to join him again... After all... who said that you shouldn't drink a toast with the clear water of a spring?

*Isaias*

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**RODOLFO** – *Quilmes, Argentina*

### **Discovery**

I decided to go to Punta de Vacas when I found out about that celebration; I had a few days of vacation from work and it seemed like a very good idea to use them for this trip.

I wanted to see old friends again whom I had not seen for more than two decades. How would they be? What would have happened with their lives? So my interest in this trip was very clear: to meet those people with whom, at one time, I had shared ideals.

And so it was that I left with fifty other new friends on the bus for Punta de Vacas. When we got to the mountains, I began to look for those friends, whose faces I remembered... suddenly I found myself before the monolith, I saw my face reflected in it, in that shining surface that also reflected the light of

the sun... and I realized that I had arrived there to find myself.

It was necessary to go the whole distance between Buenos Aires and Punta de Vacas, motivated by an illusion, to understand that I wanted to see my old friends, but above all, I wanted, I needed, to reencounter myself.

*Rodolfo*

**RITA – Milan, Italy**

### **Silence**

I want to write two lines about my experience at Punta de Vacas on the occasion of the first anniversary of Silo's Message. I want to write a testimony for those friends who were not physically present at that moment, but whom I have felt were very close since I began participating in this project. Friends from Italy and India in particular.

What I want to write is not a chronicle, since just about everyone knows what took place on that day. Perhaps it is important to mention, however, that 12 noon had passed and we were still waiting for several buses from Chile, which had been detained at the border. We were already on the hillside, in that place that is so far from everything, almost "hidden," when we saw the buses arrive one by one, full of Chilean friends who were waving from the windows. We all exchanged greetings, our hearts full of joy for one person in particular who came to share that moment... because Silo had begun to speak...

There, at the place our doctrine began, we are 5,000; at the place where a truly special person began his path. The best of History, the best of humanity, the best of hearts has expressed itself, continuing a speech begun five years earlier: "We have failed, but we insist!" (...)

Silo was talking. And while his words filled my heart, the wind caressed my hair and the sun warmed my face, I began to look inward: the sky

was intensely blue, the surrounding mountains majestic, imposing, varnished with amaranth green and with white from the eternal snows... There were all my friends, and my master, and my future...

The mountains around us created a cone; and I imagined that that point could be a loudspeaker for the whole world, from which one part of humanity was launching its message of nonviolence, of joy, of love for a reality yet to be built...

The internal silence was absolute. And in that silence, in that harmony, I discovered the sweetness of contemplation. Around me the sacred was evident in the magnificence of the mountains that surrounded us (the great mountain chain, the hidden city... yes, "its walls are impenetrable for you, they are written in colors, they are 'sensed'"...). Just as the profound intention animating the good faith of all those present at that moment was sacred; just as the love I have felt for all those who were not there but who accompany me in this humanization of myself and of the world around us is sacred...

A new internal space has opened within me: high, luminous, powerful, infinite...

A moment later, an indigenous ceremony distracted me from my thoughts. With their traditional costumes, they were singing to the Pachamama and the Four Winds... The moment had come to share "merienda" – afternoon tea – and that is what we did.

*Rita*

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**RAUL** – *Jujuy, Argentina*

### **Chronicle**

Friends on this list,

I would like to share with you some private notes that I made about the Celebration at Punta de Vacas.

This is the chronicle:

.....

The celebration meant something very special to me, personally, since three generations of my family were there: the one who is writing this, my children Maria Guillermina and Santiago, and my grandson Mateo; in addition to, obviously, several other objects of my affection...

.....

The thing was important too because a delegation of “villeros” (people who live in shantytowns) from the Tupac Amarú organization, from the union organization CTA Jujuy, whom I had invited, including the secretary general of the entity, those who are at that point right between adhering to and being indifferent to our proposal. It goes without saying that they were surprised by the good climate and the open feeling that all our meetings have, in this case enhanced by the mythical place, the people, the words and figure of Negro, the ceremonies and all that. In this vein, I heard one of them comment: – “It’s like Punta Corral,” referring to the sanctuary of a highly venerated Virgen, located in the middle of the mountains, in the Quebrada de Humahuaca, where thousands of pledge-makers make pilgrimage to carry the image down to the town on their shoulders every Palm Sunday.

.....

It helped that it was a day with a splendid sun, brilliant and cheering, in a place protected by the peaks of the Cordón de Plata (Silver Cord), the Uspallata and of course the Aconcagua. It helped that there were flags from all the countries in the Americas, from Cuba to Chile, fluttering in the wind, including the multicolored Whipala of the Andean people. The people were walking, greeting each other and socializing genially; and they had installed a water fountain from a spring on a slope there, that quenched the thirst of some and cooled the heads of others (from the radiant sun).

The monolith, always standing, fulfilling its function that surely will be millennial, inciting awakening, sending a signal that is upright and different from anything that has been known... In short,

a day of a complete festival: a festival in the full meaning of the word, with the meaning implied by the expression Celebration. Because when you celebrate something from within and you do it with all you've got, it seems as if even history and nature go along with you...

Down the hill to the right of the monolith there was a group of coyas<sup>10</sup> who were celebrating the Pachamama and from time to time were blowing a horn, with a millennial, almost Tibetan sound. A little further away was a group of Brazilians, young people enthusiastically dancing the Capoeira – that ritual dance that was preserved as a testimonial by the Negro slaves sold by the traders in the land of Drumond de Andrade and so many other poets – remembering in each movement, in each gyration, the signals of a deep Africa.

At midday, as expected, the Master appeared, slowly climbing the path, among thousands of friends who greeted him without pressing him, spread out and without jolting, giving him their hand or a hug, smiling, asking for photos or holding out a child for him to kiss. All that was missing were flowers, like they once spread in the Buddha's path. But it was not a tropical Indian festival: the thing was happening in the hard, wild and majestic mountain range of the Andes, where, amidst the rocks and the streams of snow melt, could be observed, for the first time, the birth of an extraordinary celebration. Memories of the future, I say.

Suddenly an announcer declared that we were going to hear the words of Silo's first message, from May 4, 1969... the voice rebounded from the mountains, reminding us, with unusual clarity, of violence and the kinds of violence and a warning about a world, that already, at that time, was ready to explode... Immediately after that came another fragment, from the message of May 4, 1999, where he spoke again about the growing violence, and the types of violence; but where he also foreshadowed the rise of the Universal Human Nation.

After that, the Master took the microphone and with his chest out, in an irreverent and defiant posture, like a fortuitous American Zarathustra – with one of those attitudes that the press always criticizes



– he began the surprising alert: “We have failed and we will continue to fail not just once but a thousand times again in our project of humanizing the world...! but we insist...!! because we ride on the wings of a bird called Intent, that soars over frustrations, weakness and pettiness...!!!” Everyone laughed and applauded and some couldn’t help recognizing the poetic reference to the moment in which we find ourselves in the diagram of the Tree.<sup>11</sup>

.....

The talk can be read or listened to on the internet, and certainly people will have done so. You can also see the pictures. But what cannot be seen in the transmission of data is that an immediate contact was produced with the meaning and the sound of Silo’s words that were reverberating, one by one, across the echo returned by the peaks. And so the message rose and fell in intensity in the gorge of Punta de Vacas, as the emotions of the five thousand listeners rose and fell, as they gathered these resonances gently in their hearts. “America: Awake and arise!” the mountains seemed to say... and something in the depths of my consciousness made me remember, like a stage setting, Nietzsche’s strange vision in the Italian Alps of Sils Maria, more than a century and a half ago<sup>12</sup>, presaging events like this one...

Meanwhile, Silo was continuing: “The force that gives life to our flight is faith in our destiny, it is faith in the justice of our action, it is faith in ourselves, it is faith in the human being...”

Invoking meaning in history, the Master accorded just recognition to two great souls who, in their respective countries and fighting regional injustices, led struggles using the Methodology of Non-Violence: Mahatma Gandhi and Martin Luther King. From a certain perspective, such an invocation – made in the brutal times we are now experiencing – gave particular meaning to the road opened by Silo (which, as we know, will always continue), and also offers a reference rooted in the familiar for others who are interested.

Many are still afraid of approaching our work because they cannot define the complexity of the Message. Well, now they have in their hands a firm

handle, a recognized milestone within an intentional epic that obviously goes far beyond the overcoming of racial hatred or the independence of an Asian country.

.....

But I want to tell about two more things. Toward the end and as was publicly done a few years ago, there arose the appeal to the most important and profound: the sacred and the possibility of experiencing it. Gently, he made a reference to this subject, in an almost colloquial way. At that point, a complete communion could be perceived in the air between the audience and Silo. Thousands of people were moved not only by what was said, but by the way of saying it, by the kind of energy that went with each word...

And suddenly the subject of immortality leapt forth, changing, as well, the general tone, introducing humor: "Friends, I would like to transmit the certainty of immortality. But, how could what is mortal generate something immortal?" At that exact moment, he set off the question with an argument that no one expected: "Perhaps we should ask ourselves instead, how it is possible for the immortal to generate the illusion of mortality...?" Everyone laughed and those of us who received the proposal of thinking about this logical originality, in truth, were surprised by such an affirmation. We had been living deceived for so long... but OK; it's something to be deposited in the current of each person's mental time... Everything was very extraordinary.

.....

When the talk with its changing angles was over, the extraordinariness of this occurrence in the mountains on May 4 had not yet ended. We still had to have the experiences; that is, the extraordinary was continuing there like something normal, almost everyday. Because when different experiences were offered, what happened with them was historic. And I say that from different perspectives. For example, I believe that it had never happened that in a desolate place in South America, in the middle of the high mountains, thousands of people could experience with unusual voltage the register of the Force. I believe that

in the notebook of the Inner Religion there's a reference to the fact that, when human multitudes participate in that contact, the energy is enormous. That's the way it was.

The thing was awaited with a growing climate of anticipation, but what happened surpassed anything we had known before. First came the ceremony of Recognition, with all it means to mobilize internal contents and commands; then we did the Service that awoke the Force, and immediately after that, the Ceremony of Laying On of Hands... What can I say about that? Only what we know, if one has ever had this peculiar register; but this time unfolding in an expressed existential range, with unexpected overtones. From a logical point of view, it has to do with a succession; but from the experience, such a thing is indescribable, in particular when so many people participate at a time and place with the aforementioned characteristics. Finally, we did the Ceremony of Well-Being. As one might suspect, at that moment all kinds of things happened, although there were no spectacular outer signs.

Now that I am writing about it, I cannot believe that all that happened in that way, in such a short time. But finally... that is a subject for another letter.

A hug from

*Raul*

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### **MARIANGELES** – *Rio Negro, Argentina*

I assure you that what I felt having been in that place, at that precise moment, cannot be described in words. When I got the invitation, like many I had to sort out difficulties, obstacles, internal contradictions... Luckily, in the environment one moves in there's always someone who will help you find the way. At that time, in the environment my son was moving in, there was a very violent environment being generated, which was unbalancing all of us. It was because of him and

his decision to travel with “the humanist guys” that I packed my backpack and asked for time off from my job.

The climate in the bus, that was so healing... invited meditation and reflection; and in spite of the fact that several children of various ages were traveling with us, we didn't realize: they were as relaxed as we were.

When we entered the Hall, my emotions overflowed; I felt that the Force was acting by itself. My joy grew that afternoon, when I met those friends whom I hadn't seen for a long time. And to meet and listen to Silo... there are no words. And the ceremony of Protection for my son, for the sons and daughters who were there, and for all who were not whom I brought in my mind... deep respect and gratitude for that spiritual gift.

It was that day that I understood that I had not gone there for a picnic with friends, I hadn't gone to feed my physical body – I had gone to enrich and to feed my spirit! When I returned home, all my friends who are not humanists asked me: And...? How was it?...

And I told them that you can't express in words what I felt...

*Mariángeles*

**BLANCA** – *Buenos Aires, Argentina*

### **Uncle Hugo**

The week before our spring celebration, I had the opportunity to see my uncle, my mother's older brother. Hugo is over 80 years old and is a solitary man, a lover of nature and of classical music. He never finished primary school, and has worked since he was small... even now, he is still working as a servant in exchange for room and board. He lives three blocks from my house, but I had never invited him to our meetings of Experience.

A man who always looked at the sky... A few years ago he gave me his telescope, because he could no longer see very well (only with his eyes).

We don't see each other very often, but that morning when I saw him he was frightened by a pain in his left arm, and very "nervous"... My mother was taking his blood pressure. I began talking to him about the celebration, and he seemed surprised... he said he had always been interested in everything spiritual, and that he "understood a lot about energy..."

While we were speaking, we entered into that realm that is so inspiring where there is no I, no you, only ONE... I offered him the "Gift"<sup>13</sup> and he accepted it with pleasure... Then I felt the need to touch him, and I asked him if he would allow me... I did so, and after a few minutes he had changed noticeably, embodying a great peace. He said to count on him for the 24th, and went home.

At La Reja he was very quiet, despite having his sister and nieces there... He sat down first at the foot of the Monolith, and was there for more than an hour. Then he went to the Hall, and again, his emotion radiated. Approaching me, he said: "This is an enormous void... And look up... It is Infinite..." Just then Negro was entering the Hall, and he was able to greet him...

Today he told me that, for him, Negro is a holy man... And "Please, when are we going back to La Reja?" since his soul was still there, that the place is with him always, wherever he goes. He commented that for a week he has had no pains in his body and he gets up laughing, smiling... whereas it used to make him very angry to have to work... That he doesn't know why but people come up to him, especially children, even though he always considered himself a hermit. And that now he tells everyone to come and enter "paradise"; that on the other side of the entrance gate, in La Reja, you enter paradise... and that what he would like more than anything is to be a caretaker of this Hall, so that no one might damage it. He took the cards with the Gift and offers them to people saying: "Do this, it's the best thing you can do."

Well, that's all for now about dear Hugo.

A hug,

*Blanca*

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## MAROLY – *Brasil*

Hello friends,

I would like to share with you a dialog I was able to have with Negro at La Reja on September 24. I think it might be useful to other mothers (or fathers) who often feel so responsible for the good and not so good things that happen to our children...

Roberto had told us that Negro would be available and that we could go to him if we wanted to ask him anything. And so I saw him. Very close and very kindly available.

Just to provide some context, let me tell you that two of my sons went through a very rebellious phase and ended up being diagnosed with schizophrenia at the age of 18.

So I went up to him and asked for a moment.

He put his hand on my shoulder and we walked a little way off the path near the Hall.

Then I told him that I am always preoccupied with the issue of my sons' mental illness and that I keep thinking about the words: "If your children go in a direction you don't want them to, it has more to do with you than with your neighbor, and certainly than with an earthquake on the other side of the world."

N: And... what is your interpretation?

M: That I did everything wrong!

N: That is... how people interpret it... Don't recriminate yourself for what you haven't done! Things aren't like that. There are many factors that interfere. No, you don't seem like someone who would do everything wrong!

And emphatically he told me: You are mortifying yourself with that sadness!

M: It's just that I don't know how to forgive myself.

N: It's not a question of forgiving yourself. You forgive yourself when you are guilty! If you are not guilty... you don't have to forgive yourself... Do you do the ceremonies?

M: Occasionally.

N: He puts his hand on his heart and says: It is not a question of words, but of registers...

M: And how do I get out of that?

We were very close together and he looked me in the eyes and affirmed, "You already got out of it! Now is the time. Now! You already got out of it."

I thanked him and we said goodbye.

Then I was overcome with great emotion... And how beautiful to be able to get wet in the fountain at that moment!

And something released in my chest, joy broke over me, like a sweet little light that began to expand...

I understood how many times in this "process" of being more human, we put on blinders and forget how spacious the landscape is.

I am grateful to everyone.

A warm hug,

*Maroly*

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**VIKY** – *Madrid, Spain*

Hello!

It's hard to describe and remember point by point what happened and what Negro did yesterday, September 11, in Toledo. Here is a little bit of what I experienced.

I had been perceiving a preparation for several months, since we learned that Negro would pay us a visit, and we knew that it would be more than good! People were talking about thinking about what we would like to ask, and that made us keep looking within and talking a lot with each other.

As the day approached, it was as if we kept looking deeper within us, it was as if we were preparing for "The Festival."<sup>14</sup> And so Saturday came with a festive dinner, full of smiles, re-encounters, hugs,

positive expectations, greetings, meeting new friends...

The harmony kept growing, reaching that good frequency that characterizes us when we intend to achieve it and there's a mobilizing image that everyone shares. On that occasion the image was the presence of the Master (with his special charge) and the ceremonies that we would be sharing.

The Master and several other people showed up for dinner, having recently arrived at the airport. You can imagine the joy we all felt, and Negro's extraordinary, patient warmth. As an anecdote let me tell you that the children of three friends were taking no end of pictures with him, and at one point, one of the little girls insisted that she wanted to take a picture of her little brother with Silo. The little boy didn't want to, so Negro said to the little girl: "Remember that when you force something toward an end, you produce the contrary." And to the little boy he said, "If you don't want to, don't do it."

Eleven o'clock came. Negro took almost two hours to climb the hill: photos, hugs, greetings, more photos... Then he began to talk. He told us that we were going to see if we could get into the same frequency, to get in tune, that we weren't there to talk but to DO, he insisted: we are going to see if we can get in tune, let's try, let's try, without hurrying, without hurrying... He said it would be like entering a sphere and that nothing outside mattered at all (I remember that when he said that, he was laughing as if playing)... It seemed as if he was tuning up that orchestra, which he used as an example, and which was all of us.

When it seemed ok to him he began the Laying-on of Hands, and kept stopping after each phrase: "My mind is restless," we would repeat and he would add: "My mind is restless, full of thoughts, of noises... full of thoughts... Let's repeat, let's tune the instruments: My mind is restless" and we all repeated with greater awareness... "My heart is troubled," we repeated and he added something like, "My heart is troubled, I feel my troubled heart." "My body is tense," we all repeated, and he added "That's easier, my body is tense – it's easier to register," and many of us smiled and laughed in the middle of the ceremony without losing our state of



attention at all. On the contrary, it was as if it were growing with the help and orientation of his words, warm and clear, as he offered them. "I relax my body, my heart and my mind," we all repeated, and he kept emphasizing, reminding us: "And so I relax my heart, my mind, and my body."

He emphasized each word of the rest of the ceremony, without solemnity, in a close way, like a guide. Conchi invited us to put our hand on our heart to receive the Force, and when the invitation came to concentrate the Force we had received on what we really need, Negro emphasized again: "On what we really need... What do we really need?" and each person launched a deeper and more deeply felt search. After a few moments of silence in which our souls spoke, Negro greeted us with the words and the charge of Peace, Force and Joy for everyone! and we all united in returning to him what we could.

The next ceremony was of Well-Being, with the same tone that was intimate, profound, internal, gentle and firm all at once... making it easy. Something began to expand with ease... remember your best registers and you will know perfectly well what happened! The ceremony ended with a new, heartfelt greeting of Peace, Force and Joy. A brief silence and then all kinds of embraces: stronger, calmer, more emotional, brighter, more conciliatory, more moved, more...

Little by little, slowly, we went down into a hemisphere made out of tents, and the talks, the hugs, the interchange went on... At one point I saw Negro answering Rosa. I supposed that she had asked him about saying goodbye to and helping loved ones who have died, but for me what he told her resonated with every relationship we have.

The little I was able to hear went something like this: "Emotional attachments, yes, that's a whole issue. One does ones part, but then you have to let go, yes, let go. Emotional attachments... Yes, letting go is important, it's important for oneself and it's important for them; let go, let them go on (and he was looking at her with forthright kindness as he spoke). Yes, it's important for oneself and important also for them."

It's a subject for reflection.

Certainly there will be thousands of "anecdotes" and juicy conversations that will come, but I wanted to offer you a little of what I experienced. I hope I haven't tired you too much and that I have helped you to connect again with "that thing," so strong and deep, which unites us.

A big hug for everyone with all the Peace, Force and Joy I'm capable of!

*Viky*

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**VII.**

**Reflections**



**MAYTE** – *Alcalá de Henares, Spain*

In April of 2003 my daughter died in a climbing accident, which I will tell about later on in greater detail. And in November of the same year my mother died, something else I will also talk about.

But before anything else I want to say that I do not believe in death, and have not since I witnessed, at age 16, how my grandmother departed, after I had been with her for the entire last day of her stay on the Earth. Until then I had had another concept of death: I thought that it would come upon us suddenly, without us having any idea that it was going to happen.

My grandmother was a country woman, they had a farm in Cordoba, Spain. She had always worked in the country, very much in contact with nature. When she was older, an aunt of mine brought her to Madrid, because we thought that here there would be better doctors and she would receive better care.

There came a moment when she told us to take her to stay with her other daughter, who was still living in a village in Cordoba, because she wanted to die there. That was in the summer of 1966. They took her there, and my aunt from Madrid, my cousin and I went in November of the same year.

My aunt was 75 years old, which was very old for that time. She still did a few chores, she would get up, have breakfast and feed the chickens.

That day, as she did every day, she did her work and then went to my aunt from Cordoba and told her to advise all her children because she was going to die. I don't know whether they had been talking among themselves during those months, but the truth is nobody questioned anything, and my uncles launched themselves into action.

My aunt and her husband went to tell my other uncles who lived on farms in nearby communities, my cousins went to bring in the goats and other animals at pasture, my aunt from Madrid went to call my mother on the phone, so she could go there.

My grandmother lay down and I stayed with her, I was at her side the whole day. It must have been ten in the morning when she communicated that she was going to die. Sometimes I would pray, at others I would touch her and notice how little by little her feet and her hands were getting cold. I tried to warm her with my breath, and by giving her massages. At 9 pm my mother and brother arrived, being the last to get there, since they lived farthest away.

My grandmother, who had remained in silence all day, with her eyes closed, opened them, and said goodbye to everyone, telling us that she was going to be with another of my uncles, her youngest son, who had died several years before. She made a rattling sound in her throat and departed.

Seeing this way of departing at the age I was then (16) left me very shocked. So that's what death was! It was going away, it was leaving this body. So real death did not exist; it was just that, there was no trauma. She said goodbye to some of her children as if she were going on a trip with her other son.

Since then I have not believed in death. And now I have had more experiences with which I can assert that death does not exist.

But I also know by experience that one doesn't go in the same way when one is worried by things, as when one has no material possessions. When one has been letting go of things before going, when one has previously let go of or gotten ready to let go of everything, death is different.

My older sister died about fifteen years ago, and I saw her approximately one week before. I am not going to talk about her because she was in a very bad way, before she left us. And afterwards, several of us, her relatives, had very disagreeable experiences, after she left us, over the following days, for approximately a month, a month and a half... She was very attached to material things, she did not want to die because of what she was leaving behind: the flat, the chalet, the car. Not just the family. And for having done in life not what she wanted, but what others wanted her to do; she did not rebel against the subjugation of which she was a victim – subjugation first to my parents, and later

on to her husband. She lived doing what a woman is supposed to do.

I prefer to speak of the death of my daughter, because that has been something extraordinary.

She had been living away from home for about two or three years, with her boyfriend at the time. Then they split up and she went to live with some friends, near my home; we saw each other every week.

One day, in November of 2002, she came to my house and asked if it was ok with me if she came back to live with me. Of course I told her that my house was her house and that she could live wherever she liked. She came a few days later and told me that she was dying, that she was dying psychologically.

She was crying so sadly and bitterly, telling me that she was too young to die... I left the room because my heart was broken, I didn't know what to think or what to say. I didn't understand what was happening. When I was able to go back to her, she was calmer, and she asked me if I had something with which she might find some direction.

I've been in the Humanist Movement since 1981, since she was five, and although I've not participated continually, I have not swerved from those ideas and the attempt to apply them. When she told me this, she was 26. She had never been a member of the structure, for her own reasons; but her education has been based on the Principles, she had worked with the Force and the Guide since she was small, and she has been on our wavelength in her own way.

When she told me that she was dying psychologically, I wanted to interpret it as meaning that perhaps what was happening was that she was moving out of diffuse vitality via the path of death. So I left her the book the Internal Look, and we began talking about the internal processes through which the consciousness goes in the evolutionary process, how beliefs die, etc.

She kept leading a normal life, and now and then would call me to talk about certain issues, to see what I thought. For example, who I believed we were. What it came to me to tell her was that I

believed that we were a very great and important being that needed to evolve and that was projecting itself into us, to have experiences that can only be had through matter – how it is to let go of, to release everything material. Because otherwise death and failure, accidents and natural tragedies, would lose their meaning – because there are people who lose everything in an instant, in a tragedy, in a war.

We also talked about death, and once I told her how my grandmother went, and my lack of belief in death. We also talked about how the human being is in continuous evolution, and who knows, maybe in this same generation we would come to the point of being able to have a certain communication with loved ones who find themselves on the other side.

Little by little I began to realize that the death she was talking about was not just a process of the consciousness (it was that also). Instead, in some way that she couldn't explain to me, or did not explain, she was becoming aware or intuiting that the moment of her departure was near. Once she told me that she was going to leave me alone, that she very much wanted me to love my couple. We also talked about love, and the different ways of loving each other, about how important reconciliation was, reconciliation with everything we might have done that was harmful to others in life, and how each of us is in a different evolutionary process, although humanity as a whole is going in the same direction. Because there are things that humanists talk about and that others are afraid to talk about, like the subject of death. We also talked about whether I knew of any case similar to hers, but I had no more information than the experience with my grandmother.

In February 2003, she went on a trip to Málaga for a few days, she went alone in her father's car, which he had left in Madrid, to take it to him. On the road she called me on the phone and told me she had almost had an accident. On the highway she had had a blowout, and it had been very hard for her to control the car. But that I should relax, she was fine.

She very much liked high-risk sports, she did snowboarding, diving, puenting, and climbing.



According to my son's wife, who also practices some of the same sports and who had talked with my daughter about the subject, it seems that she had a high level as a climber, level 6, when they say that in Spain there are only maybe 4 or 5 climbers with level 8. She had scaled sheer walls.

Her father lives in a lovely town in Málaga called Nerja, where they made the movie "Verano Azul" ("Blue Summer"). She was born there (in reality she was born in Malaga but she was registered as having been born there), and my son has lived there for eleven years.

Around the end of March and the beginning of April, she began to have some moments of nervousness or alteration, but afterwards she calmed down. She kept leading a normal life, going to work in Madrid and going out with her friends.

At one point she commented to me that she could hear how people were talking about her – why did everyone have to talk about her, judging her, didn't they have anything better to do? She said she could hear them talking about her even if they were 200 meters away. I told her that that sounded like an obsession of hers, and that besides, what did it matter if she loved being the center of attention, if people were talking about her it was because she was important to them, if she weren't important to them they wouldn't pay any attention to her. She smiled and agreed.

On another occasion, about a week before she died, she told me that something was going to happen, that someone or she herself was going to do something that would make her friends and her suffer; and she didn't want anyone to suffer because of her, nor did she want to suffer because of anyone else.

Also, about a month before, she had told me that she really wanted to climb a building. I told her she was crazy, that if she had the sensation she was going to die, and she wasn't sick, then perhaps she was intuiting her death by accident, and if she craved so much to climb a building that this might be the way she was going to die. She smiled mischievously and told me that that was much less dangerous than people thought, but that I should

relax because it was one thing to crave to do it, and another to actually do it – at least for the moment.

I relaxed and the days passed. About two weeks before her death, she told me she was going to quit her job because she was planning to go and live for a while in Nerja, that she had work there and that way she would have a change of air. For the moment she was thinking of going to spend about five days there, because her father who was working at the sea (in customs) had been sent to Cadiz, and she had to stay with her little brother (his son with another woman after we separated) who was 16, to cook for him and be there in case he needed her. She also wanted to talk with him to see if she could take her cat to the chalet, because at my house she was very shut in.

During the last two weeks she had moments in which she seemed not to be in herself, she would wander lifelessly around the house, without vitality, as if she were a ghost, as if her energy left her in certain moments; and at other times she was just as alive as always. She kept to herself a lot, and spent a lot of time on religious reading, she had brought booklets with phrases from different religions and philosophies, from different cultures, Buddhist books.

She was reading the Book of the Community<sup>15</sup>. I recommended that she work with the Guide, and read the experience of Death. Because she was sensing that it was very near, I also noticed it, she was departing little by little. She had gone to the doctor, but there was nothing wrong with her. She was going...

She died on Monday, April 21, just after the end of Holy Week.

On Thursday the week before, she had been very joyful when she got up; she told me that she had had a very beautiful dream: she was in a sunlit meadow, leaning on a tree, and then the cousin came to her (that's what she called a very good friend of hers who had died the year before in February, in a climbing accident in Switzerland, in an avalanche, and for whom she had cried a lot because she loved him like a brother) and they were hugging... And she grasped me strongly by the arms and told me: "Mayte, the cousin is alive,

as alive as you and I!” Then I told her that I wasn’t sure whether we were the dead or those who had gone on, because I believe that matter is a filter that prevents us from seeing many things in life.

On Friday at midnight she got up and told me that her father had died, that she had felt as if the cord that connected her with him had been cut. I calmed her down, telling her that the next day she could call him on the phone, and that if anything had happened she would have time to cry then. When I touched her I noticed that she was as cold as a corpse, and I thought that it was she who was dying, and told her to come to bed with me so I could give her some warmth.

On Saturday my couple and I were free and we went to walk by the river; when we returned she had prepared a delicious meal, and had cleaned the house and packed her bags for Nerja. We ate and everything was fine. At 5 pm I was at the computer and she told me: “Well, I’m leaving,” she said goodbye to her cat and gave me a kiss. She opened the door to the street, and then the sensation came to me that it might be the last time I saw her alive. I got up and went out onto the landing to give her a big hug. Certainly, over the five months she had been at home, with that presentiment, we would give each other big hugs that lasted a long time, with all our love, from time to time.

When she arrived at Nerja my son called me several times, worried about what my daughter was saying. For her many people were dying, she remarked that her grandmother was dying and had to call her on the phone to calm herself, and then she felt that her ex-boyfriend was dying and had to call him. I commented to him that she shouldn’t drive any car, I was thinking that the accident might be by car, but I didn’t tell my son anything about her presentiments, so as not to frighten him. I called her on the phone, and found her tranquil, and told her to take care of herself, that I loved her very much; she told me she also loved me very much, and those were our last words.

My son (Sergio) told me he had had a conversation with her, and that they had agreed that on Monday she would go to a psychologist to talk about what

was happening to her. I had already told her the same thing before, when she told me about the sensations she was having that she was going to die soon. She told me: "What is a psychologist going to say to me that you or I haven't already said?"

On Monday my son called me again to tell me that Sandra (that was my daughter's name) had gotten up very early and had gone out leaving the door open. They had agreed previously that she would go with little Rafilla to school, and finally he had to take him, since she had left without saying anything.

At 11 pm that night Sergio called me again. He told me that I must come to Nerja because Sandra had had an accident, and the worst had happened.

I called my brother and told him what had happened, and he told me not to take the car, that he would take me himself. When we got to Nerja, Sergio told me that the judge wanted to talk with Sandra's father and mother.

We went to see the judge. She said that Sandra had committed suicide, that she had thrown herself from the roof of a building, one of the highest in Nerja, five storeys. She hadn't been murdered, because there were no signs of a struggle, and besides several neighbors had seen her alone on the roof and had seen how she jumped. I told him my daughter had not killed herself, that she had other plans. But she didn't want to listen to me, the investigation was open and all they needed was to find out who had given her the key to the door of the roof so she could go out on it, since it was locked; someone must have helped her get there. Then since the judge did not want to listen to me, Sergio told me: "Let them go on with the investigation."

I didn't want to see the body, I preferred to keep the memory of her when she was alive. I also was afraid of going to pieces in front of my son; he had already had a very hard time, since he had been the one who had had to go to the morgue to identify the body; because he had heard that a "giri" (that's what they call foreigners here) about 19 or 20 years old had committed suicide, that it was the girlfriend of the building concierge's son.

Now that I have the testimony, I see that the witnesses all saw her jump in different ways. One said that she was seated on the ledge and that he had told her to go inside, and she had thrown herself off; another said she was standing on the ledge and jumped; and a 14-year-old boy said it was as if she were walking on a tightrope and had jumped. I understand that each of them was talking about part of the movements she made: she was sitting, she tried to get to the roof, that's why she stood on the ledge, because if you tried to do it from a sitting position you would fall on your back, and when she stood up she slipped. Later the judicial police added something else: she had been pushed by the wind, since given the distance and the way she had fallen from the building, she must have been pushed by something.

Since we left Monday by car, we arrived in Nerja on Tuesday.

That day, Tuesday, I was only interested in knowing what state she was in. I wasn't interested in her body. I didn't believe that she had killed herself, but I was uneasy because the judge had told me that they had seen her jump. I only wanted a sign that she was ok.

The day was sad, the whole time it was raining hard, as if we were contaminating everything in nature with our sadness – and I believe it was our sadness and hers too. That night I did an experience of Peace, I called the Guide, and as I didn't sense anything, I tried to sleep. When I turned over part way I had the sensation that something was hugging me the same way Sandra had hugged me that Friday before, when she slept with me.

For me that was enough to know that she was well.

The next day I arose in better spirits, the sun began to shine, and my son told me that people were saying in the street that summer had arrived.

My mother-in-law called me to tell me: "My granddaughter hasn't committed suicide, my granddaughter has had an accident, because I know it." I told her that I knew that too, but we would see what came out of the investigation.

On Thursday morning the judicial police called my son to ask us to go speak with them. When we arrived they asked us what it was that we thought had happened. We told them that we thought she had had an accident, that Sandra was a climber, and that she had told me she really wanted to climb a building. The policeman who was attending to us, who was one of those who had been working on the case, opened his hands toward the sky and told us: "Case closed, we didn't know where to continue the investigation. Nobody in the building knew her, it's a new building, it hasn't been lived in for more than a year, the president of the neighborhood had the keys to the roof, and he had never given them to anyone, and no one had ever gone up there."

Later, the neighbors had noticed her moving all around the whole roof. If that meant to the neighbors that she had been looking for the best place from which to jump, for the police it was instead that she was looking for a way off the roof, more like something a climber would do. They told us that they had experience, from having investigated many suicides, and that this did not coincide with the behavior of a suicide. Because, according to what they told us, if she had wanted to jump she would have done it from a place where there was nothing in the way, and where she had fallen there was a ledge like a railing of brick and cement. Instead, they thought she had slipped and besides that it was very windy and the wind must have pushed her, because she fell at a considerable distance from the building and turned over in the air, as if she had been pushed. We too discarded the idea of suicide, because I live on the seventh floor, quite a bit higher than where she had fallen from. If she had been thinking of suicide she wouldn't have gone to Nerja expressly to kill herself; one day before she had been in Alcala, and if she had had problems she would have done it here, where she was living.

On Friday my son's friends came over to be with him in that difficult moment, and we were talking quietly in the living room. Sergio went to make coffee and I began to notice a kind of great joy within me that I could not contain. I thought it was strange. I thought: I am not doing so badly, but neither am I happy that she has died. This joy kept

growing; I told my son I was going to take a walk (I wanted to observe what was happening to me).

His house is by the river, which is about 20 meters away. I went to take a walk by the river, and after about ten or fifteen steps, I saw her, about 20 to 30 centimeters from me. Only her face. Her face was made of light. I have never seen anything like it, it was beautiful, resplendent, rays of light came from her face, I could only recognize her by her features, everything else was a light that did not hurt the eyes. I was astonished, I could only pronounce her name.

I don't know how long this vision lasted; but afterward there came to me a sensation of comprehension, of comprehension of everything. When that effect left me, I began to think: comprehension of what? comprehension that death does not exist? I already believed that. Comprehension that she was fine? That, yes – that had given me great tranquility. Her expression was one of Peace, Happiness, Ecstasy.

If I had to compare what I saw with something, I would say that she had become an angel. I have tried, with a photographic montage, to come up with a similar image to what I saw; of course there is no point of comparison, because the expression I saw, I have never seen in material life.

Between Saturday and Sunday, my daughter's friends came. From Alcala they rented a bus and several cars, for both her friends and their parents. Friends also came from Almeria and the Canary Islands, from England, as well as from Nerja. On Sunday there was a small ceremony in the church of the Balcony of Europe, because there were also a lot of older people. The church was full of people, I believe the priest was amazed by the number of young people there were, certainly he had never seen so many young people in that church as on that day. From there we brought her ashes to a nearby beach, because that was what her ex-boyfriend and best friend decided. There were around three hundred people, or more.

Her friends were climbers, divers, skiers. Most of the young people who were there I didn't know, but all of them had tears in their eyes, they were

all crying, all her friends, boys and girls. I tried to inspire them, I remembered what she had told me, that something was going to happen, that she or someone was going to do something that would make her and her friends suffer; and that she didn't want anyone to suffer because of her, nor did she want to suffer because of anyone else. I saw the scene and I tried to support her friends, telling them that she was fine, she was very well, that they should not suffer for her, that that was the last thing she would want, to see her friends suffer on her account; that sadness for the dead is a cultural phenomenon. I tried to support her ex-boyfriend too, who was devastated, and blamed himself. But I know that he was not guilty of anything. No one was guilty of anything. She was free, and that was good, not bad. A boy that I did not know came up to me and asked me if I was Sandra's mother, and then thanked me for the attitude I had, because it was comforting to them.

In the days that followed her death, everyone was talking about it, everyone made their judgments, both in Nerja and in Alcala there was talk of suicide, and it came out on some of the media. She had told me that everyone was talking about her, didn't they have anything else to do other than judge her, she could hear them even if they were 200 meters away, she knew they were talking about her! Curious!

I returned to Alcala, and took all her things out of the closet to move my mother into that room, since she was in a smaller one. At that time my mother was at my sister's house. I took out all her shoes. When I shed tears, I asked her pardon for being sad about her departure, and asked her to understand.

Two or three days after my return, her room began to smell of roses, at first faintly; and as the days passed, it became stronger and stronger. I had neither cologne nor air freshener with the scent of roses in the house; I had never had anything like that, and certainly not rose scented. There came a point at which I thought of leaving the door to her room open, so that the whole house would be perfumed. I had the door shut to keep the cats – including hers, I have three at home – from stepping on her clothes, which I was washing



and ironing and organizing to give away or keep. This scent lasted a month and a half, and all that time I didn't venture to put my mother in that room because I loved the scent it had and I didn't want it to go away.

One day I go into the room where I have the computer, and I let her cat go in and I see that she is lying down, as if dead; and I call her and she doesn't move, I touch her and she doesn't move, then I get scared because I think that she too is dead, I go up closer to see if she is breathing, and she smells strongly of roses. Then I tell my couple to come and smell her, to see what he thinks. He goes up to her and tells me: She smells like roses! Then I know that it's not my own paranoia, it's not that I am becoming deranged, I am not the only one who perceives these things. Was my daughter saying goodbye to her cat?...

One day I meet a friend, and she tells me that something very strange has happened to her. On her way to work, she stopped at a stoplight where there were quite a few people, and she was thinking about Sandra and tears were falling, and suddenly a rock fell on her head! On hers, even though there were so many people, in a place where there are no rocks... And she thinks it was Sandra, who doesn't want her to cry over her death.

I agree with Sandra's ex-boyfriend's mother, in the hospital a few months later when my mother had her heart attack. Talking about death and about how I'm doing with the subject, I tell her that I have seen Sandra, as I've already described. She tells me that she hasn't dared tell anyone, not even her husband, for fear they would think her crazy, but she would tell me because of what I had told her. She says that Sandra had been at her side, that she had been aware of her presence, Sandra had gone to visit her. Sandra loved her very much, so I don't find it strange.

My son called me a few days later to come and told me that his girlfriend was stupid, that she was scared. She was saying that Sandra was in the house, that she felt her behind her in the hallway. And even that on one occasion she had touched her shoulder, and she had thought it was my son,

and said “What?” and when she turned around, no one was there. I told her not to be scared, that Sandra wanted to demonstrate somehow that death does not exist. That she was still alive.

When my mother had her heart attack, at the end of October, she was left half crippled and could no longer speak. She spent 21 days in the Prince of Asturias Hospital in Alcala.

Her sons and daughters and daughters-in-law took turns in order not to leave her alone for even a moment in the hospital. During one of the times I go, I see that my mother is looking toward a corner of the room, as if someone were there. So, I tell her, you have a visitor? Who has come to visit you, your mother, Araceli (my sister, who died years ago), or is it Sandra? When my daughter died, we decided not to say anything to my mother, because she was very fond of her and my mother was very elderly to be able to handle so much pain. I decided to tell her she had found work in Nerja, and that she was planning to spend a while there. At any rate my mother had had senile dementia for several years now, she had lost her reason considerably, and didn't know us.

When I mentioned Sandra, she squinted (as if to see better – she wore glasses and didn't have them on at the moment), looked at me, looked back at the corner, and back at me, closed her eyes, and went to sleep.

While my mother was in the hospital, I was able to do the experience of Peace, and the Ceremony of Well-Being. I had the Message book now, something I hadn't been able to work on with my daughter, since I hadn't had the book. I also told one of my brothers to tell a priest so he could give her Extreme Unction, since she was a practicing Catholic. I thought that perhaps that might help her too; most of the time in the hospital she was sedated, because she was too old for any intervention, 91, when she died. It was just a matter of waiting to see how her body would react; and giving her sedatives and intravenous nourishment.

One day, I saw how much she had deteriorated, how she had no desire to stay alive, so I made a request to Sandra not to leave her alone – during

the last months my mother was very afraid of being alone.

When I made my request to Sandra, I heard a voice in my head telling me: "Be calm Mama, don't worry." The room filled with a presence, there was an atmosphere of something – then I stood up and said aloud: "Sandra, you are here, I feel your presence." The sensation I had was so strong.

The next day, when I went to the hospital, it was about seven in the evening, my mother opened her eyes and looked at me as if saying goodbye, her eyes full of tears. Then it occurred to me to tell her she could be at peace, that she didn't have to be afraid, that she was never going to be alone – that while she was here, her children were taking turns being with her, and if she decided to go on, Sandra had told me not to worry, that she would be with her. I also told her how much I loved her, and that I would love her always.

The nurses came and moved her to another room, so that there would not be other sick people in her room who would make her uncomfortable, so the two of us were alone. After a bit she began to breathe more deeply – it was the kind of breathing we do when we do the experience of peace or of the Force. It began slowly, her breathing kept on growing fuller and deeper, and after a while, she stopped breathing.

Two years have passed. I keep having feelings inside me, in my heart, and very often I am filled with a peace, love and warmth that I believe Sandra is transmitting to me. At any rate, she told me to repeat a phrase over and over, and the feeling comes to me when I repeat this phrase: Om mani padme Um. I know that it is Buddhist prayer.

In December 2004 my son got married and his wife got pregnant right away because they wanted to have a child soon. They are no longer so young and they didn't want to have children when they were too old.

On September 30, 2005, after eating I lie down on the couch to take a little rest, while I watch television. The image of Sandra comes to my mind, and I think: "My child, how I love you!" And I try to go on watching TV. The image stays in my

head, I keep thinking the same thing, the image won't let me watch TV, it stays in my head, and so I sit up on the couch and tell her: "Sandra, I believe you are trying to tell me something, but I don't understand. Is the baby about to be born? Is something happening to Nieves?" (that is my son's wife's name). "Well – I say – tonight I will call them and I will be at ease." I had spoken with them two or three days before.

My son leaves work at 11 at night and usually doesn't get home before 11:30, but after 11 I can't stop looking at my watch. This is beginning to make me nervous, so I decide to call even though I won't be able to talk with him. I think I'll talk with Nieves and I'll be able to relax. I call and no one answers the phone. Then I think that she might be at her mother's house, or, since it's Friday, maybe he left work early or the baby has been born, or they've gone out to take a walk. I call at 11:30 and leave a message that I will call them the next day, that it's nothing important.

At midnight my son calls and tells me: "Grandma..." Then I ask him: "The baby's already come? and how is Nieves?" He tells me that they had to do a cesarean, that she had a displaced placenta, the baby boy was born 18 days early... at 11:20.

Curious, isn't it? Chance, or nonstop communication...

.....

Before finishing, I believe I should tell you something else about my daughter. For her, climbing was not simply a high risk sport. Climbing was a personal effort with the best reward. She told me that the mountains were the place where she really noticed the presence of God.

I also have to highlight a comment made by one of the judicial policemen. He told us, "I don't understand climbers, because they risk their lives without making any money – at least people who drive race cars do it for money!" The other policeman asked us if she like beautiful landscapes; he said she had found the best vista point in Nerja – that nobody had gone up there but that they had done so a few minutes after she fell, and it was the most beautiful view they had ever seen.

La Axarquia is the region in which Nerja is located. She was inviting her friends to go there. They told me that she said it was Paradise.

Even though what I've written here is long, there are still many other things that have happened – but I don't want to bore anyone. If this is useful in helping someone let go of the charge we have about death, that is good. If not, excuse the long ramble.

A hug and Peace, Force and Joy for everyone.

*Mayte Roldán*

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### **ANGELO – Italy**

Tonight Gina has begun a new journey in her existence. She has left her body, to continue her evolution in other planes of existence.

For all these years she has been with us with her faith, her power, her joy and her humanity; and she will continue to be with us in our hearts, our thoughts and our actions.

Everyone who knew Gina will also have known her obstinacy, which I think can be described with the words of a dear friend of ours:

“A feeling that one wants to go beyond the provisional, that one will not accept death as the end of life, but will affirm transcendence as the maximum disobedience to our apparent Destiny. And whoever affirms that their actions will unleash a series of events that will continue in others has in their hands part of the thread of eternity.”<sup>16</sup> – SILO

A hug for everyone.

*Angelo*

**GONZO** – *Quito, Ecuador*

I was thinking about life and suddenly I couldn't help thinking about death. Could it be that my position with regards to life depends on my point of view about death? If so, Who am I? Where am I going? Why are the answers to these questions linked to my Faith? And why, each time I ask myself this, does there arise in me a sacred register? What is the sacred? Is the sacred the same for me as it is for someone else?

In this way so many questions kept arising from simple meditation that they began to impel me little by little toward the ambit of the transcendental.

The position each of us takes about life is very profound, because it connects us with something beyond, and opens the door to a new internal level, to a new search, to the simple feeling of a new joy.

And they are such profound questions that every time I launch these questions inside myself, the answers have different shades, colors and registers according to the "climate," the concentration and the strength with which I propose them.

Who else am I going to ask about this?

In my adolescence I tried asking a lot of people. I looked for answers in Miletus, in Anaximander, in Pithagoras, Parmenides, Heraclitus, Democritus, Gorgias, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Antisthenes, Diogenes of Sinope, Zenon of Citium, Epicurus, Giordano Bruno, Galileo, Descartes, Francis Bacon, Hume, Kant, Hegel, Comte, Kierkegaard, Nietzsche, Brentano, Miguel de Unamuno, William James, Husserl, Heidegger, Jose Ortega y Gasset, Herbert Marcuse, Jean Paul Sartre... And although I am grateful for the philosophical culture I have today, I didn't find an answer in these developments, which were sometimes too intellectual and difficult to understand, although I recognize that some of those authors helped me see a little better how to ask.

Then, later on, I decided to delve into the religious field, and I explored first certain religions that today are called myths and then some that are still in

existence, as well as some “religious theory,” but the answer was not there, outside.

In fact there was no answer outside, nothing was outside except externals, which sometimes terrify us with their fantasies or hypnotize our minds.

Just the answer to all those questions was within me, in the sometimes unexplored depths of myself; in another world within me that was not often visited, a world that is negated by the current rule of the anti-humanist system, a world that is trampled under by the successful and those who theorize the end of ideologies.

Then I began to connect with that destiny, that meaning, that transcendence, that rebellion against death. I began to connect with my religiousness, with the religiousness of my own existence – that which begins with my registers and ends asking deep within my innermost being, that which is based not on some “rumor” but on true sensations, that which does not brandish “God’s mailing address” but on the contrary pushes its followers to discover through their own registers the existence or inexistence of immortality, the existence or inexistence of God, the existence or inexistence of transcendence. In this way I began to connect with the Inner Religion.

A Path began to be revealed to me, and today I strongly desire to follow it, together with many friends and guides who have helped me to strengthen the evolutionary direction of my life.

*Gonzo*

**INDIA** – *Rome, Italy*

Dear Sara,

The Ceremony of Recognition enriched me too. Today, only a day later, it may seem strange, but I feel like a new person.

I found you in a particular moment of my life, when I felt disheartened and without a goal, living day to

day. You have taken me in without asking me who I was or where I came from. I began to go to the Friday meetings to look for a meaning in my life; I have found it thanks to the Ceremonies, I have opened up my deepest self. And with the Ceremony of Recognition, I have, almost, intuited Silo's Message. Silo's Message is a message of true inner peace.

THAT IF PEOPLE UNDERSTOOD HOW STRONG THEIR OWN WILL IS, THEY WOULD UNDERSTAND THAT ARMED FORCE CANNOT RESOLVE CONFLICTS OF INTERNAL SUFFERING.

Each week I can't wait for Friday to come so I can have that Peace, Force and Joy that the Ceremonies we do transmit to me, like a beneficent balm that heals my spirit, so often wounded by the evil of the world around us that sometimes doesn't take into account the mind or the emotions of others.

And like you were saying, talking about how you were before the change you've experienced, that you used to attack before being hurt, that still happens to me, although in a much smaller way. Yes, it might seem strange, but that's the way it is after all is said and done: I am changing.

I think that Silo's Message works in a different way in each of us, more or less rapidly depending on whether that person is more or less open to receiving the message.

Thank you for this wonder.

Peace, Force and Joy for you, sister.

*India*



## **APPENDIX**



## Appendix

*The material in this Appendix was chosen for its relevance to the questions of death and transcendence, healing and reconciliation; many, though not all, of these writings are referred to in the testimonies.*

*The Appendix is arranged in the following categories:*

I. Ceremonies

II. Guided Experiences

III. Silo on Death and Transcendence

IV. Glossary



## **I. Ceremonies:**

- The Service
- Laying on of Hands
- Well-Being
- Assistance
- Death
- Gratitude
- The Asking

The Service, Laying on of Hands, Well-Being, Assistance, Death, and Recognition ceremonies are all from Silo's Message; the Ceremony of Gratitude was written by Raquel Gargatte. The Asking, while not precisely a "ceremony," has been included because it is often used, as the ceremonies are, in a group context, and because it can be a tremendously useful tool for anyone seeking contact with the profound in daily life.

## The Service

*This ceremony is carried out at the request of a group of people.*

*Everyone standing.*

*The Assistant invites the participants to be seated.*

*The Officiant and the Assistant remain standing.*

**Officiant:** My mind is restless.

**Participants:** My mind is restless.

**Officiant:** My heart is troubled.

**Participants:** My heart is troubled.

**Officiant:** My body is tense.

**Participants:** My body is tense.

**Officiant:** I relax my body, my heart, and my mind.

**Participants:** I relax my body, my heart, and my mind.

*The Officiant and the Assistant take their seats and allow a few minutes to pass.*

*The Assistant then stands and reads a Principle or a passage from The Inner Look that is suitable to the circumstances. The Assistant invites the participants to meditate on the passage and then sits down.*

*A few minutes later, the Officiant stands and, pausing after each sentence, slowly reads the following.*

**Officiant:** Completely relax your body and quiet your mind...

Then imagine a transparent and luminous sphere that descends toward you until it comes to rest in your heart...

Notice that the sphere begins to transform into an expanding sensation within your chest...

The sensation of the sphere expands from your heart toward the outside of your body, at the same time that you deepen your breathing...

You will feel new sensations in your hands and the rest of your body...

You will perceive increasing undulations. Positive emotions and memories will arise. ...

Allow the passage of the Force to take place freely. This Force gives energy to your body and your mind...

Let the Force manifest within you...

Try to see its light within your eyes, and do not stop it from acting by itself...

Feel the Force and its inner light. Let it manifest freely...

After a time, the Assistant stands next to the Officiant.

**Assistant:** With this Force that we have received, let us concentrate our minds on the fulfillment of what we truly need...

The Assistant invites everyone to stand and carry out the Asking. After letting some time pass, the Officiant closes with:

**Officiant:** Peace, Force, and Joy!

**Participants:** For you also, Peace, Force, and Joy!

## Laying on of Hands

*This ceremony is carried out at the request of one or more persons.*

*Everyone standing.*

*The Assistant invites the participants to be seated.*

*The Officiant and the Assistant remain standing.*

**Officiant:** My mind is restless.

**Participants:** My mind is restless.

**Officiant:** My heart is troubled.

**Participants:** My heart is troubled.

**Officiant:** My body is tense.

**Participants:** My body is tense.

**Officiant:** I relax my body, my heart, and my mind.

**Participants:** I relax my body, my heart, and my mind.

*The Officiant and the Assistant take their seats and allow some time to pass.*

*The Officiant stands.*

**Officiant:** If you wish to receive the Force, you should understand that at the moment of the laying on of hands you will begin to experience new sensations. You will perceive increasing undulations. Positive emotions and memories will arise. When this occurs, allow the passage of the Force to take place freely...



Let the Force manifest within you, and do not stop it from acting by itself...

Feel the Force and its inner light. Let the Force manifest freely...

*After some time allowed for reflection, the Officiant and the Assistant stand.*

**Assistant:** Those who wish to receive the Force may stand.

*When there is a large number of participants, the Assistant invites them to remain standing by their seats; for smaller numbers, the participants are invited to form a circle around the Officiant. After a few moments, the Officiant begins the Laying on of Hands. If necessary, the Assistant may help with the circulation of the participants, occasionally accompanying some of them back to their seats. Following the Laying on of Hands, participants are given some time to assimilate the experience.*

**Assistant:** With this Force that we have received, let us concentrate our minds on the fulfillment of what we truly need...

*The Assistant invites participants to stand and carry out this Asking.*

*After letting some time pass the Officiant closes with:*

**Officiant:** Peace, Force, and Joy!

**Participants:** For you also, Peace, Force, and Joy!

## Well-Being

*This ceremony is carried out at the request of a group of people.*

*The Participants are seated.*

*The Officiant and Assistant are standing.*

**Assistant:** We are gathered here to direct our thoughts to those dear to us. Some of them are having difficulties in their emotional lives, some in their relationships with others, and some with their health. To them, we direct our thoughts and our best wishes.

**Officiant:** We have faith that our call for their well-being will reach them. Let us think of those dear to us; let us feel the presence of those dear to us, let us experience contact with those dear to us.

**Assistant:** Let us take some time to meditate on the difficulties that they are facing...

*A few minutes go by allowing the participants to meditate.*

**Officiant:** Now we would like these people to feel our best hopes for them. A wave of relief and well-being will reach them...

**Assistant:** Let us take a short time to locate in our mind the situation of well-being that we wish for our loved ones...

*A few minutes are given so that the participants can concentrate their minds on this.*

**Officiant:** We close this ceremony by giving the opportunity, to those who so wish, to feel the presence of those loved ones who, although not present here in our time or in our space, are connected to us in this experience of love, peace, and warm joy...

*A short time is given for this.*

**Officiant:** This has been good for others, comforting for ourselves, and an inspiration for our lives... Greetings to everyone who is immersed in this current of well-being, which has been strengthened by the best wishes of all those present.

## Assistance

*This is a ceremony of great affection. It requires the person performing it to give the best of him or herself.*

*The ceremony maybe repeated at the request of the person receiving it or by those caring for him or her.*

*The Officiant is alone with the person who is dying.*

*Regardless of the apparent state of lucidity or unconsciousness of the dying person, the Officiant comes close and speaks slowly in a voice that is soft and clear.*

**Officiant:** The memories of your life are the judgment of your actions. You can, in a short time, recall much of what is best in you. Remember then, but without fear, and purify your memory. Gently remember, and calm your mind...

*The Officiant remains silent for a few minutes, then resumes reading in a voice of the same tone and intensity.*

Reject startling fears and disheartenment...

Reject the desire to flee toward low and dark regions...

Reject the attachment to memories...

Remain in internal liberty, indifferent toward the dream of the landscape...

Resolve to begin the ascent...

The pure Light dawns in the summits of the great mountain chains, and the waters-of-a-thousand-colors flow amid unrecognizable melodies toward crystalline plateaus and prairies...

Do not fear the pressure of the Light that pushes against you with increasing strength the closer you draw to its center. Absorb it as though it were a liquid or a wind, for certainly in it is life...

When you find the hidden city in the great mountain chain, you must know the entrance and you will know it in the moment your life is transformed. Its enormous walls are written in figures, are written in colors, are "sensed." In this city are kept the done and the yet-to-be-done...

The Officiant makes a brief pause in silence, and then resumes reading in a voice of the same tone and intensity.

Now you are reconciled...

You are purified...

Prepare to enter the most beautiful City of Light, a city never seen by the eye, whose song has never been heard by human ears...

Come, prepare to enter the most beautiful Light...

## Death

**Officiant:** Life has ceased in this body. We must now make an effort to separate in our minds the image of this body from the image of the person we remember...

This body does not hear us. This body is not the person we remember...

May those of you who do not feel the presence here of another life, separate from the body, consider that although death has paralyzed this body, the actions he/she carried out will continue to act, and their influence will never end. This chain of actions that was set in motion in life cannot be stopped by death.

How profound it is to meditate on this truth, even though we may not completely comprehend the transformation of one action into another!

.....

And may those of you who feel the presence of another separate life, consider that death has only paralyzed this body, that the mind has once again triumphantly freed itself, opening its way toward the Light...

Whatever our views, let us not weep for this body. Rather, let us meditate on the root of our beliefs, and a gentle and silent joy will arrive to us...

Peace in the heart, light in the understanding!

## Recognition

*Recognition is a ceremony of inclusion in our community, inclusion through common experiences, shared ideals, attitudes, and common procedures.*

*This ceremony is carried out at the request of a group of people. It is done following a Service.*

*Those who will participate should have the text beforehand.*

*The Officiant and Assistant are standing.*

**Assistant:** This ceremony has been requested by people who wish to actively include themselves in our community. Through this Ceremony they express a personal and social commitment to better their own lives and to work on improving the lives of those around them.

*The Assistant invites those who wish to give testimony to stand.*

**Officiant:** The pain and suffering that human beings experience recedes when good knowledge advances, not knowledge at the service of selfishness and oppression.

Good knowledge leads to justice.

Good knowledge leads to reconciliation.

Good knowledge also leads us to decipher the sacred in the depths of our consciousness.

**Assistant and those giving testimony read:**

We consider the human being to be the highest value above money, the State, religion and social models and systems.

We promote liberty of thought.

We promote equal rights and equal opportunities for all human beings.

We recognize and applaud diversity in customs and cultures.

We oppose all discrimination.

We consecrate just resistance against all forms of violence: physical, economic, racial, religious, sexual, psychological, and moral.

**Officiant:** In the same way that no one has the right to discriminate against others for their religion or their non-religiousness, we affirm our right to proclaim our spirituality and our belief in immortality and the sacred.

Our spirituality is not the spirituality of superstition, it is not the spirituality of intolerance, it is not the spirituality of dogma, it is not the spirituality of religious violence. It is the spirituality awakened from its deep sleep to nurture the best aspirations of the human being.

**Assistant and those giving testimony read:**

We want to give coherence to our lives, making what we think, what we feel, and what we do coincide.

We want to surpass bad consciousness by acknowledging our failures.

We aspire to forgive, to reconcile, and to persuade.

We make a growing commitment to follow the rule that reminds us to treat others as we want to be treated.



**Officiant:** Let us begin a new life.

Let us search within ourselves for signs of the sacred, and let us carry our message to others.

**Assistant and those giving testimony read:**

Today we begin to renew our lives. Let us begin by seeking mental peace and the Force that gives us joy and conviction. Afterwards, we will go to those closest to us and share with them everything great and good that has happened to us.

**Officiant:** Peace, Force, and Joy for everyone.

**Assistant and all those present:**

For you also, Peace, Force, and Joy.

## Gratitude

**Assistant:** The purpose of this ceremony is to raise our profound thanks for all the positive situations we have experienced recently... events that have brought us joy, that have allowed us to experience freedom and kindness in our hearts, events that have allowed us to experience a register of internal unity...

**Officiant:** Giving thanks means concentrating those positive states of mind associated with an image, a representation.

In unfavorable situations, this positive state, bound in this way within you, allows the gratitude you have kept within you to return, amplified in benefit, especially if you have accumulated within you numerous positive states... These positive states are able to clear away the negative emotions imposed by certain circumstances.

For that reason... Do not let a great joy pass without giving thanks within you.

*(Brief period for meditation)*

**Assistant:** We will take a short time to mentally locate all the positive situations that we have experienced recently – situations that have allowed us to experience joy.

*(Brief period for meditation)*

**Officiant:** By evoking this register of joy, well-being and internal unity, we prepare ourselves to give thanks...

We take deep breath of air and gently bring our hand to our heart... Breathing deeply and fully, we will begin to register one by one the positive

situations we have identified, giving thanks in our heart, with profound gratitude, for each one of them... If we wish, we can lift up our gratitude to Life, to our internal Guides, or to a supreme being we believe in...

*(Brief period for meditation)*

**Assistant:** We will conclude this ceremony by giving those who wish it the opportunity to give thanks also for those difficult and painful situations that we have experienced recently, or over the course of our life... since all of these situations have had meaning for our lives, and have happened in order to help us to grow, to strengthen ourselves, and to evolve...

*(Brief period for meditation)*

**Officiant:** This has been good for us and inspiring for our lives... we experience joy and well-being in our hearts, we feel freedom and internal unity, we experience peace and a profound strength...

**Assistant:** We give thanks to all those present for sharing this space of gratitude...

**Officiant:** Peace, Force and Joy!!!

**Everyone:** For you also, Peace, Force and Joy!!!

## The Asking

In some moment of the day or night  
inhale a breath of air,  
and imagine that you carry this air  
to your heart.

Then, ask with strength for yourself  
and for your loved ones.

Ask with strength to move away  
from all that brings you contradiction;  
ask for your life to have unity.

*While doing the Asking, one may also place one or both hands on one's heart, with a firm pressure, to facilitate the experience.*

*The above text comes from Silo's talk on May 7, 2005, at La Reja Park in Buenos Aires, Argentina, on the occasion of the inauguration of the South American Hall of Silo's Message. Following is the portion of that talk that relates to this Asking. The text in full is available at [www.silo.net](http://www.silo.net).*

“Today we are holding this celebration, and since in some celebrations people exchange presents, I would like to give you a gift. Then, certainly, it will be up to you to decide whether it merits your acceptance. It consists, in fact, of the easiest and most practical recommendation I am able to offer. It is almost a like a recipe from a cookbook, but I trust you will be able to go beyond simply what is indicated by the words...

In some moment of the day or night inhale a breath of air, and imagine that you carry this air to your heart. Then, ask with strength for yourself and for your loved ones. Ask with strength to move away from all that brings you contradiction; ask for your life to have unity.

Don't take a lot of time with this brief prayer, this brief asking, because it is enough that you interrupt for one brief moment what is happening in your life for this contact with your interior to give clarity to your feelings and your ideas.

To move away from contradiction is the same as to overcome hatred, resentment, and the desire for revenge. To move away from contradiction is to cultivate the desire to reconcile with others and with oneself. To move away from contradiction is to forgive and to make amends twice-over for every wrong that you have inflicted on others.

This is the appropriate attitude to cultivate. Then, in the measure that time passes you will understand that what is most important is achieving a life of internal unity. This will bear fruit when what you think, feel, and do go in the same direction. Life grows thanks to its internal unity and it disintegrates because of contradiction. It happens, then, that what you do does not simply remain inside of you, but also reaches others. Therefore, when you help others to overcome pain and suffering you make your life grow and you contribute to the world. Conversely, when you increase the suffering in others, you cause your own life to disintegrate and you poison the world. And *who* should you help? First, those who are closest to you, but your action will not end with them.

Learning does not stop with this 'recipe.' Rather, it begins. This recipe says that you have to ask—but whom do you ask? That depends on what you believe. It may be your internal god, or your guide, or an inspiring and comforting image. Finally, if you don't have anyone to ask, you will also have no one to give to, and so my gift will not merit your acceptance."



## II. Guided Experiences:

- The Loved One
- Resentment
- The Protector of Life
- Death

Guided Experiences are short stories, written in first person, that differ in one important way from the traditional first-person short story: the “I” who is telling the story is not some other person, a character in the story, but rather the reader herself or himself. Placing myself in the situations in the story, I insert my own contents – my own memories, fears and hopes – into each scenario. This gives me the opportunity to transform negative images that might be keeping me stuck in unwanted emotions or beliefs, helping me move past many difficulties in daily life.

The book *Guided Experiences* by Silo can be very useful for reconciliation and healing when dealing with illness and death, whether of a loved one or of oneself. All of the “tales” in Part One may be found to be relevant; in Part Two, “The Clouds” will be of particular interest. (See Volume 1 of Silo’s Collected Works, under Reference Materials at [www.silo.net](http://www.silo.net).)

Due to space considerations, we have included in this Appendix only a few of these experiences that seem especially relevant to our theme: “Resentment,” “The Protector of Life,” and “Death.” In addition, since it has not yet been published elsewhere in English, we have included “The Loved One,” by Godi Gutierrez, an experience that can be very helpful in working toward reconciliation after the departure of a loved one.

At certain points in these stories, an asterisk (\*) will appear. This signals a pause in which readers or listeners can bring in their own images from the past, the present moment or what they believe the future may hold. Make sure to allow enough time during this pause, according to your sense of the complexity of each passage.





## The Loved One

*This Guided Experience is a direct result of a personal situation and experience with the death of a loved-one.*

*The purpose of this experience is not only to obtain reconciliation with the loved one, but more importantly, to reconcile with the fact of the death of this loved one. The advantages of such reconciliation are great, and will benefit us not only from the point of view of changed external behavior and integration of negative contents, but also from the point of view of gaining a new perspective regarding our relationships with other loved ones who are still with us.*

*This Guided Experience can be done either alone or with others. To facilitate doing it alone, one can record the experience (with the pauses included) and then play it back.*

I am alone in my room. Suddenly, I feel the strong presence of the loved one who (recently) passed away. (\*)

I begin to remember the one best moment I had with this person. (\*)

This person takes me by the hand and we go out the door. The day is nice. We walk and find ourselves in a secluded park. Alone in an open space, we sit down on an empty park bench. (\*)

Facing each other, this person takes both my hands and tells me his/her feelings for me. He/she tells me everything he/she has wanted to tell me... I begin to feel this person's unconditional and eternal love for me. (\*)

For my part, I tell this person my own feelings and say everything I have wanted to say (vocalized)... (\*) (\*\*)

This person looks me in the eye and with the kindest voice tells me that everything is all right; that he/she understands very well all the things and circumstances that happened. I, too, tell him/her that I fully understand the situation and that everything is now fine with me. (\*)

I put my head in this person's shoulder and he/she gives me a gentle and loving embrace. (\*)

My loved one stands up and starts to walk slowly away towards the green meadow. Then, a ray of light begins to shine from the sky touching this person. My loved one begins to ascend -- as if being drawn upward by the ray of light towards the skies. And as he/she continues to ascend, I see his/her gentle face slowly turn towards me, and with the sweetest smile, I hear his/her voice telling me that everything is all right, that I should learn to reconcile with myself, that from now on, everything will be just fine; and that he/she will be with me forever. (\*)

Still with the sensation of the strong presence of my loved-one, I stand up and begin to walk back. Only now, do I really become aware of my surroundings. The day is beautiful. The sun is shining brightly; the sky blue. I begin to feel life all around me... with my gaze still towards the skies, I begin to feel a total comprehension about the situation. Then, from within myself, I feel a gentle and silent joy slowly spring forth. (\*)

I continue to walk. I look up towards the open sky and with my loved one's smiling face still clear in my mind, I begin to rescue the beautiful moments I had with this person. (\*)

I stop walking for a moment, and silently, I give thanks within myself for everything this person has done for me and given me. I realize now that his/her actions are now all part of me, and through me these actions will have no end. (\*)

*(\*\*) If one is doing this guided experience alone, this part can be spoken aloud.*

## Resentment

It is night, and I am in an old city crisscrossed by canals that pass beneath timeworn bridges. Leaning on a railing, I gaze at the slow movement of the murky liquid mass below. Through the fog I can make out a group of people on another bridge, and I can faintly hear musical instruments that accompany voices sadly out of tune. Faraway bells toll to me in haunting waves of sorrow.

Now the group has gone and the bells have fallen silent. Down a narrow diagonal street, colored neon lights emit a sickly glow.

I move on, once again entering the fog. After wandering aimlessly down side streets and over bridges, I come out into the open space of an old square paved with tiles. The square seems empty, and the tiled surface draws me toward one end that is submerged in still water.

Ahead, a boat that looks like a hearse awaits me. But to reach it, I must first pass between two long lines of women dressed in black tunics and holding torches overhead. As I pass, they say in chorus:

*Oh Death! Whose unlimited domain  
Reaches the living wherever they may be,  
On you depends the span allotted to our life.  
Your endless sleep annihilates the multitudes,  
For no one escapes your powerful presence.  
You alone have the judgment that absolves,  
And no art can prevail upon your fury,  
Nor plea revoke your design.*

I step into the boat, aided by the boatman, who remains standing behind me. Settling into the spacious seat, I notice that the craft rises slightly until we're just above the water. Then we begin to move, suspended above an open and immobile sea that is like an endless mirror reflecting the moon.

We arrive at an island, and in the dim light I can see a long road bordered by cypress trees. The boat rests on the water, rocking gently, and I step out while the boatman remains behind, impassive.

I walk down the road between the trees, which sigh in the wind. I feel that I'm being observed, and I stop, sensing something or someone hidden up ahead. From behind a tree a shadowy figure beckons me with slow gestures. I begin to approach, and just as I reach it, a grave whisper like the sigh of death brushes against my face.

"Help me!" the shadow moans, "I know you have come to free me from this confusing prison. Only you can do this—help me!"

The shadowy figure tells me it is someone toward whom I bear a deep resentment. (\*)

As though reading my thoughts, the voice adds, "It does not matter whether the person to whom you are bound by this most profound resentment is dead or alive, for the domain of dark memory respects no borders.

"Nor does it matter," the shadow continues, "whether the hatred and desire for revenge have been knotted in your heart since childhood, or began only yesterday. Here, time is immobile. This is why we are always lurking in the shadows, only to emerge again at any opportunity, transformed into your various fears. And these fears are our revenge for the poison we must continually taste."

Just as I ask what I should do, a ray of moonlight faintly illuminates the figure's cloaked head. Then the specter allows me to see it clearly, and I recognize the features of the person who has wounded me most deeply. (\*)

I tell the specter all about my resentment, expressing things I've never told anyone—I speak as frankly as I can. (\*)

The apparition asks me to consider the problem once again, and to communicate everything that is important, even if my words are insulting. The shadow insists that I not fail to express any bitterness I feel, lest it remain imprisoned forever. So I go ahead and follow these instructions. (\*)

The specter shows me a strong chain that binds it to a cypress tree. Without hesitating, I break the chain with a single sharp jerk. The cloak collapses and lies spread out on the ground, as the shadow

vanishes into thin air and the voice recedes toward the heights, repeating these familiar words: "I must be gone, for the firefly's fading glow shows that dawn is near. Farewell, farewell. Remember me!"

Realizing that daybreak will soon arrive, I turn to go back to the boat, but first I pick up the cloak, which is lying at my feet. Draping it over my shoulders I hurriedly retrace my steps. On my way back to the sea, several furtive shadows ask me if I'll return someday to free other resentments.

Near the shore I see a group of women dressed in white tunics and holding torches overhead. When I reach the boat, I hand the cloak to the boatman. He in turn passes it to the women, and one of them sets it afire. The cloak flares up and is quickly consumed by the flames, without leaving a trace. At this moment I feel a tremendous relief, as though I've sincerely forgiven an enormous wrong. (\*)

I step into the boat, which now looks like a modern speedboat. As we push off from the shore, not yet starting the motor, I hear the chorus of women say:

*You have the power to awaken us from  
our stupor,  
Uniting heart with head,  
Freeing our minds from emptiness,  
Removing darkness and forgetfulness from  
inner sight.  
Come, beneficial power: True memory  
That straightens life into its rightful meaning.*

The motor comes to life just as the sun appears above the ocean's horizon. The boat accelerates, and I look at the young driver, his strong, clear face smiling toward the sea.

We approach the city swiftly, bouncing lightly on the smooth swells. The sun's golden rays gild the magnificent domes of the city, while bright flocks of doves circle overhead.

## The Protector of Life

I am floating on my back in a lagoon. The water feels very pleasant, and effortlessly looking on either side, I discover that I can see the bottom through the crystalline water.

The sky is a brilliant blue. Close by, washed by the waters of the sea, is a beach of soft, almost white sand that forms a quiet inlet without waves.

I feel my body floating gently, becoming more and more relaxed, filling me with an extraordinary sensation of well-being.

I decide to turn over, and begin to swim with smooth strokes until I reach the beach, where I slowly emerge from the water.

The landscape is tropical. I see date and coconut palms, and feel the warmth of the sun and the soft breeze on my skin.

To my surprise, on my right I discover the entrance to a grotto with a stream of clear water flowing nearby. As I approach the grotto, I see a woman standing inside. A crown of flowers adorns her head and I can see her beautiful eyes, but I cannot tell her age. Yet behind her face, which radiates kindness and understanding, I sense there lies a great wisdom. As I gaze at her, all of nature falls silent.

“I am the Protector of Life,” she says. Hesitantly I answer that I do not understand what she means. At this moment a fawn approaches and licks her hand.

She invites me to enter the grotto and has me sit on the sand facing a smooth rock wall. I cannot see her now, but I hear her say, “Breathe gently, and tell me what you see.” I begin to breathe slowly and deeply, and immediately a clear image of the ocean appears before me on the rock. As I breathe in, the waves roll onto the beach. As I breathe out, the waves recede.

Then she tells me, “Everything in your body is rhythm and beauty. So many times you have despised your body, without comprehending this marvelous instrument you have for expressing

yourself in the world.” At this moment many scenes from my life begin to appear on the rock wall—I see myself feeling shame, fear, and horror about certain aspects of my body. These images follow one after another. (\*)

I feel uncomfortable when I realize that she is watching these scenes, but immediately calm myself. Then she adds, “Even in sickness and old age, your body will be like a faithful dog that accompanies you until the final moment. Do not despise your body when it cannot fulfill all your whims. Meanwhile make it strong and healthy. Take care of your body so that it can serve you well, and be guided in this only by the opinions of those who are wise. I who have passed through all the ages know well that the idea of beauty is ever-changing. If you do not regard your body as your closest friend, it will become sad and ill—therefore you must accept it completely. It is your instrument for expressing yourself in the world.

“I want you to see now the part of your body that is weakest and least healthy.” At once the image of this part of my body appears. (\*)

The Protector of Life rests her hand on this area, and I feel a life-giving warmth. I sense waves of energy expanding in this area, and I experience a profound acceptance of my body, just as it is. (\*)

“Take care of your body, following only the opinions of those who are wise, and do not harm it with illnesses that exist only in your imagination. Now go, filled with vitality and at peace with yourself.”

Upon emerging from the grotto, strengthened and healthy, I drink the crystalline water of the stream and feel completely renewed.

The sun and the wind caress my body as I cross the white sand toward the lagoon. When I reach the water, for an instant I glimpse in the depths the kind reflection of the Protector of Life.

As I enter the water, I give thanks within myself for my body, this marvelous instrument I have received from nature. (\*)

## Death

I find myself in total darkness. Somehow, I can tell that I'm in a theater. Slowly the lights come on, and I see that I'm on the stage.

On one side, the stage is set with burning torches, and toward the back is an enormous balance scale with two arms. I sense that the ceiling, which may be vaulted, is very high, because I can't see all the way up to it. Around the stage I can make out walls of stone, trees, and swamps, which seem to lead into dense jungle. I see human figures moving furtively in the shadows.

Suddenly, two hooded figures beside me seize my arms. Then a solemn voice asks me, "Where do you come from?"

I don't know how to answer, so I say that I come from "inside."

"What is this 'inside'?" the voice demands.

I venture this reply: "I live in the city. So for me this wilderness is 'outside.' But for people who live out here, the city is 'outside.' And since I live in the city, that is, 'inside,' that's why I say I come from 'inside,' and now I'm 'outside.'"

"What nonsense," says the voice. "You have entered our domain, and therefore you come from 'outside.' And where we are is not the wilderness, but rather your 'insides.' Can't you see that this is a theater? You have entered this theater, which, in turn, is in your city. And the city where you live is outside the theater."

"No," I answer, "the theater is part of the city where I live."

"Listen to me, insolent one," says the voice. "Let's stop this ridiculous discussion. To begin with, let me tell you that you no longer live in the city. You used to live in the city, and therefore that space—whether 'inside' or 'outside'—is something from your past. Here, you have entered another space-time. In this dimension, things work differently."

Suddenly, an old man appears before me, carrying a large, open container in his right hand. As



he comes up to me, he reaches inside of me with his other hand, as if my body were made of butter. First, he removes my liver, and puts it in the container. Then he proceeds to take out my kidneys, my stomach, and my heart. Finally, in a most unprofessional way, he takes out everything else that he finds, until the container is filled to overflowing. All the while, I feel nothing unusual.

The old man then turns around and carries my viscera over to the balance, where he puts everything into a large pan that hangs from one arm of the scale. As he does so, the arm begins to tilt downward, until it comes to rest on the floor.

Now I seem to be in a butcher shop, where the different cuts of meat are weighed as the customers look on. Indeed, a lady carrying a shopping bag tries to take some of my internal organs from the pan. But the old man stops her, shouting, "Hey! Who said you could have any of that meat?" Then he climbs up a short ladder, until he can reach the empty pan hanging down from the other end of the balance, where he gently places an owl's feather.

Again I hear the voice, but this time saying these words to me, "Now that you are dead and have descended to the threshold of the world of shadows, you will say to yourself: 'My viscera are being weighed.' And you will be right—to weigh your viscera is to weigh your actions."

The hooded figures beside me let go of my arms, and I begin to wander slowly, in no particular direction.

The voice continues, "Your lower viscera are in the infernal fire. The keepers of the fire are always active, preventing those you desire from coming near."

I realize that the voice is guiding my steps, and, with each suggestion, the scene changes.

The voice continues, "First you must pay the keepers. Then, enter the fire, and remember all the suffering that you have caused others in the chain of love." (\*)

"Ask forgiveness from those you have mistreated, and leave the fire only when you are reconciled with them. (\*)

“Then, call by name those you have wronged, and beseech them to let you see their faces. If they agree, listen carefully to their advice, which is as soft as a faraway breeze. (\*)

“Thank them with all your heart, and leave following the torch of your guide. Your guide will lead you through dark passageways, until you come to a chamber where shadows await you—the shadows of all those you have harmed in the course of your existence. They remain—all of them—in the same suffering condition as on the day you left them. (\*)

“Ask their forgiveness, reconcile with them, and kiss them one by one before you leave. (\*)

“Follow your guide, who knows well how to lead you to the places of your shipwrecks, to the places of things forever frozen. Oh world of great losses, where smiles and enchantments and hopes are your burden and your failure! Contemplate your long chain of failures, and to help you, ask your guide to slowly illuminate all those illusions. (\*)

“Reconcile with yourself, forgive yourself, and laugh. Then you will see that from the cornucopia of dreams, a wind will blow, carrying the dust of your illusory failures to nothingness.” (\*)

Suddenly the whole scene changes, and I find myself in different surroundings. I hear the voice say, “Even in the cold and dark forest you must follow your guide. Birds of ill omen will brush against your head. In the swamps, serpentine vines will hem you in.

“Have your guide lead you to the grotto. There you can go no farther until you pay the price to the hostile forms that guard the entrance. If, finally, you are able to enter the grotto, ask your guide to cast light to the left and to the right. Ask your guide to bring the torch close to the large marble bodies of the statues of all those you have never been able to forgive. (\*)

“Forgive them one by one. And when your feeling is true, each statue will turn once more into a human being, who will reach out their arms to you, and smile in a hymn of gratitude. (\*)

“Now, follow your guide out of the grotto, and do not look back for any reason.

“Leave your guide and return to where you began, where the actions of the dead are weighed.

“Look once more at the pan on the balance that contains your actions, and see how they rise—they are now lighter than a feather.”

I hear the metallic groan of the balance arm, and see the pan that bears my viscera rising upward.

The voice concludes: “You have forgiven your past. And you have achieved more than enough to think of going any further for now. Were your ambition to carry you beyond this point, it could happen that you might not return to the land of the living. You have gained more than enough with the purification of your past. I say to you now: Awake and depart from this place.”

Slowly, the lights on the stage dim, and I can tell that once more I am outside that world, and again a part of my everyday world. But I also realize that even in my daily world I still carry within me the experiences of that other world.



### III. Silo on Death and Transcendence

*There is no meaning in life if everything ends  
in death...*

- "The Inner Look," *Silo's Message*

*It goes without saying that a great deal of Silo's work has direct bearing on the question of death and transcendence, given that this is a theme that is central in his message. The two selections we have chosen for this Appendix are writings that we find especially relevant: "Meaning In Life" from *Silo Speaks*, and "The Path" from *Silo's Message*.*

#### Meaning of Life

"Interchange with a Study Group"

*Mexico City, October 10, 1980*

I appreciate the opportunity you have given me to come here today to discuss with you points of view regarding some aspects of our conception of human life. I say discuss because this will not be a speech but rather an opportunity to exchange ideas.

Perhaps the first point to discuss is what it is that all our work points to, and specifically the question of whether or not our object of study is the same as that of the sciences.

If our object of study is the same, then science will have the last word. But while our interest focuses on human existence, it is not on human existence as a biological or social fact (there are already sciences dedicated to these questions), but rather human existence as daily register, as one's personal register of everyday life. When people do research into the social and historical phenomenon that are constitutive of the human being, the questions they ask in such studies are inevitably formulated based on their own daily lives, on their situations, moved by their desires, their anguish, their needs, and shaped by their loves and

hates, their frustrations and successes. In short, their questions originate from something prior to statistics and theorizing—they originate from life itself.

What is it that is common to all humankind and at the same time particular to each human existence? The search for happiness and the desire to overcome pain and suffering are common to all human beings and yet particular to each individual human existence. This is a truth that can be registered by each and every human being.

Well then, what is this happiness to which the human being aspires? This happiness is whatever the human being believes it to be. This statement, while perhaps surprising, is based on the fact that people orient themselves toward different ideas or images of happiness. In fact, the ideal of happiness changes with people's historical, social, and personal situations. From this we can conclude that human beings seek what they believe will make them happy and, correspondingly, what they believe will keep suffering and pain at bay.

With the aspiration to happiness, the resistances of pain and suffering arise. How can these resistances be overcome? First, we need to ask ourselves about the nature of these phenomena.

In our view of things, pain is a physical fact. All of us have, or have had, experiences of pain. It is a sensory, corporal fact. Hunger, natural hardships, sickness, old age—all produce pain. We make a clear distinction between this type of pain and other phenomena that have nothing to do with the sensory. Only the advance of society and science can make pain recede. And the eradication of pain is precisely where scientists and social reformers—and above all peoples themselves, who generate the progress that sustains these scientists and social reformers—can most productively expend their efforts.

Suffering, on the other hand, is mental. It is not a sensory fact in the same way that pain is. Frustration and resentment are also states that we have all experienced, yet they cannot be localized in any specific organ or combination of organs. Is it possible that even though they are of different

natures, pain and suffering somehow interact? Certainly, pain also gives rise to suffering. In that sense, social progress and the advance of science can make this one aspect of suffering recede. But where, specifically, will we find the solution to how to make suffering itself recede? We will find it through meaning in life. There is no reform, no scientific advance, that can cause the suffering produced by frustration, resentment, fear of death, or fear in general to recede.

Meaning in life is a direction toward the future that gives coherence to life, that provides a framework for all of one's activities, that justifies one's life fully. In the light of meaning, suffering in general and even pain in its mental component retreat and grow smaller as one comes to understand them as experiences that can be surpassed.

What, then, are the sources of human suffering? They are the factors that produce contradiction. One suffers when one lives in a contradictory situation, but one also suffers when one remembers past contradictory situations or imagines such situations in the future.

These sources of suffering have been called the three pathways of suffering, and they can be modified in accordance with the individual's state with respect to meaning in life. But before speaking about meaning in life and its significance in our lives, we need to briefly examine these three pathways.

(Inaudible question on recording.)

It is clear, for example, that just as there are sciences that study stars or microorganisms, there is the science of sociology that studies human groups. And from their various perspectives, biology, anatomy, and physiology study the human body, just as psychology studies the behavior of the psyche. But those who engage in such studies, the scholars and scientists in these fields, do not study their own immediate existences. There is no science through which one studies one's own existence. Science says nothing about the situation, for example, in which a woman finds herself when, upon arriving home, she has a door slammed in her face and is treated badly, or instead, perhaps, receives a caress.

And this is precisely where our interest lies, in the situation of human existence, and thus the discussions proper to the sciences lie outside our area of competence. At the same time, we note that science has serious drawbacks, serious difficulties, when it comes to defining what happens in human existence. What is the nature of human life with respect to meaning, the nature of suffering and pain, the nature of happiness, the nature of the search for happiness? These are the objects of our study, of our interest. From this point of view, it might be said that we have a position vis-à-vis existence, a position with respect to life, rather than that we are a science that deals with these things.

(Inaudible question on recording.)

We have focused on what people search for, what people believe happiness to be. But the point is that today one may believe happiness is one thing, while tomorrow one may believe it is something else. If we examine our own experience—what we thought happiness was when we were twelve, for example, and what we think it is today—we will notice the change in our perspective. Similarly, if we consult ten people, we will see a wide diversity of points of view about what people believe will make them happy. In the Middle Ages, people had a general idea of happiness that was very different from the ideas held during the Industrial Revolution. And in general, the idea of happiness varies for different peoples, cultures, and individuals. Indeed, nothing is at all clear when it comes to the object of happiness. Apparently, such an object does not exist—it is more like a mood that is being sought than some tangible object.

At times this is confused in certain advertising that presents a bar of soap, for instance, as happiness itself. Naturally, we all understand that in fact this is an attempt to describe a state, the state of happiness, and not an object, because as we know such an object does not exist. Not that it is at all clear what the state of happiness is either. It's something that has never been satisfactorily defined; it's as if there has been some sort of swindle that's left people with nothing clear about all this. Well, then, unless there's another question, let's go on.



(Inaudible question on recording.)

The question that's just been asked has to do with the progress made in overcoming pain and overcoming suffering. How is it that while the advance of science and society lead to overcoming pain, there seems to be no parallel way in which suffering is overcome?

There are those who hold that the human being has not advanced at all. However, it is obvious that in terms of scientific conquest, in terms of mastery of nature, and in terms of material development, the human being has indeed progressed. Of course, different civilizations have not developed to equal levels; but despite the fact that problems of all kinds remain, human beings and human civilization have certainly advanced—that is obvious. Consider how in the past, a certain bacteria would wipe out entire populations, while today the prompt administration of medical care can solve the problem. At one point, half of Europe succumbed to a plague. Today, we have moved beyond that, and while humanity continues to fight both old and new diseases, it is certain that with the passage of time more and more diseases will be overcome.

Things have changed, and changed a great deal. It is clear, however, that with respect to the mental suffering we have been discussing, someone five thousand years ago and someone today register and suffer disappointments inside themselves in the same way, register and suffer fears, register and suffer resentments in the same way. They register and suffer these things as though for them history did not exist, as though in this regard every human being was the same as the first human being. While pain continues to be pushed back by the progress of civilization, suffering in the human being has not changed—there have been no satisfactory responses with respect to suffering. And in this sense, there is something unequal in the conquest of pain, on the one hand, and suffering on the other. Yet how can we say that the human being has not progressed? Perhaps humanity has advanced sufficiently that today we are asking and attempting to answer this kind of question—a question that in earlier times would probably not have been necessary to ask.

Let us now return to the subject of the three pathways of suffering, which are pathways that are necessary for human existence, but whose normal functioning has become distorted. Let me try to explain.

The sensation of what I am now living and perceiving, the memory of what I have lived, and the imagining of what I might someday live—these three pathways are necessary to human existence. Cut off one or more of these functions, and existence becomes disarticulated. Do away with our memories, and we lose the ability even to manage our own bodies. Eliminate sensation, and we lose all self-regulation. Take away our imagination, and we will not be able to orient ourselves in any direction at all. Yet these three pathways, so necessary for life, can become distorted in their functioning, can then become enemies of life, carriers of suffering. Indeed, we suffer every day because of things that we perceive, things that we remember, and things that we imagine.

On other occasions, I have said that we suffer when we live in contradictory situations, such as when we want to do two things that are mutually opposed. We also suffer because we fear that in the future we will not obtain what we desire or that we will lose what we have. And certainly we suffer because of what we have lost or what we have not been able to achieve. We suffer now over what we once experienced: that punishment, that betrayal, that injustice, that humiliation, that shame, that physical pain that itself is past. And we live with the ghosts of the past as though they were events still happening today. These things, which are the sources of our anger, resentment, and frustration, condition and close off our future and cause us to lose faith in ourselves.

Let's discuss the problem of the three pathways of suffering.

If these three pathways—perception, memory, and imagination—make life itself possible, how is it, then, that they become distorted? If we assume that people seek happiness, it would seem reasonable to expect that they would learn to manage these three pathways in their favor. So how is it that these

three pathways can suddenly become precisely their own worst enemies?

Apparently, when the consciousness of the human being first began to expand, at a time when the human being was not yet a very well defined being at all—apparently at that moment, as the imagination expanded, as memory and the recollection of history opened up into a wider horizon, as perception of the world in which human beings lived was amplifying, at the same time that these functions were expanding, corresponding resistances arose. That is how things work with internal functions. Much as we encounter resistance whenever we try any new physical movement, any new activity, for the first time, we see that resistance is also found in nature itself. From the moment that it rains, and the rain falls to the earth, and the water flows into the river, the water encounters resistances in its path—though in surmounting those resistances, those obstacles, the water finally reaches the sea.

As human beings grow and develop, they continually encounter resistances in much the same way. And in encountering and overcoming these resistances they become stronger; and as they become stronger they integrate difficulties; and as they integrate these difficulties, they surpass them. Thus, all the suffering that has arisen in the course of human development has also helped the human being to become stronger than that suffering. So it is that past suffering has contributed to human development, in the sense that it has helped to create precisely the conditions to surpass that suffering.

We do not aspire to suffering. Moreover, we wish to reconcile with our species, which has endured so much suffering, thanks to which humankind has been able to achieve new advances. The suffering of primitive humankind has not been in vain; the suffering of generation upon generation—limited by the conditions of their times—has not been in vain. Our gratitude goes out to those who have preceded us, because despite their suffering it is thanks to them that we can now attempt new liberations.

The point is that suffering did not appear all at once, but rather with the development and expansion of humankind. And clearly, as human beings we do not wish to continue suffering but rather to move on, to break through these resistances, to integrate them, and to forge a new path in the continuing process of our human development.

We have said that it is through meaning in life that we will discover the solution to the problem of suffering, and we have defined this meaning as one's direction toward the future, a direction that gives coherence, that provides a framework for one's activities and fully justifies existence. This direction toward the future is of the greatest importance, because if, as we have noted, the path of imagination, of project, of future, is cut off, then human existence loses direction, and this becomes an inexhaustible source of suffering.

It is clear that for everyone death looms as the greatest future suffering. From this perspective, people can see that life has the character of something provisional, and therefore in this context that all human construction is useless, leading only to nothingness. This is why, perhaps, that turning their gaze away from the fact of death has made it possible to "change" life and to make it as if death did not exist... Those who believe that everything will end with death can make themselves feel better by thinking that they will be remembered for their splendid good works, or that their loved ones, or even future generations, will never forget them. But even should that be true, we all march finally toward an absurd nothingness that will interrupt all memory.

There are also those who think that all one does in life is to respond to needs as best one can. Well, soon enough those needs will end in death, and the struggle to escape the rule of necessity will have lost all meaning. Some might say that an individual's personal life lacks importance in the life of all humankind, and that therefore an individual death has no significance. If that were the case, then neither one's life nor one's individual actions would have any significance, any meaning. There would be no justification for any law or any

commitment, and there would be, in essence, no great difference between good actions and bad ones.

Nothing has any meaning if everything ends with death. And if everything ends with death, the only recourse for making it through life is to seek solace in provisional meanings, provisional directions to which we can apply our energy and our action. That is in fact what generally occurs; but in order for that to happen, one must constantly negate the fact of death—one must act as if death did not exist.

If you ask people what meaning life has for them, they will probably tell you that meaning in life is related to their families, or other people, or humanity, or some cause that, according to them, justifies their existence. And those provisional meanings will give them a direction and enable them to face life. But when problems arise with their loved ones, when they become disillusioned with that cause they embraced, when something changes with respect to that meaning they have chosen, then absurdity and disorientation will return to claim their prey.

Lastly, the problem with those provisional meanings in life, those provisional directions, is that if they are achieved they are lost as references, they lose their value for the future. And if they are not achieved, in that case, too, they lose their value as references. Of course, after the failure of one provisional meaning, there always remains the alternative of adopting a new provisional meaning, perhaps one opposite to the one that failed. As the years go by, then, people go from meaning to meaning, all traces of coherence obliterated, and in doing so they increase their contradictions and thus their suffering.

Life has no meaning if everything ends with death. But is it true that everything ends with death? Is it true that one cannot achieve a definitive direction in one's life, a direction that will not be turned aside by the accidents of life? How can human beings position themselves to face the problem of everything ending with death? Let's examine this question, but first let's discuss what we have seen so far.

(Break and discussion.)

Just as we noted that there are three pathways of suffering, we also observe five states associated with the problem of death and transcendence. Every person can be found in one of these five states.

There is a state in which a person has indisputable evidence of transcendence, arrived at not through education or surroundings, but through the person's own experience. For such people, it is completely clear that life is only a transition and death the merest accident.

Others believe that the human being will go on to a state of transcendence of some kind, and this belief comes from their education and their surroundings, and not from something that they feel or have experienced. This is not something evident to them, but rather they believe it because it is what they have been taught and have accepted without any experiential basis.

There is a third way of locating oneself with respect to meaning in life, and it is present in those people who want to have an experience of faith or certainty of meaning. You must have encountered those who say, "If only I could believe in something, have that certainty, it would change my life." We can find many examples of this—of people who have suffered misfortunes and have overcome them, either because they have faith or because they have a register that these difficulties, because they are transitory or provisional, are not all there is to life but instead are simply a test, a resistance or obstacle, that in some way makes them grow in knowledge. You can even find people who accept suffering as a tool for learning. It is not that they seek out suffering—unlike those who seem to have a special taste for suffering. We are talking about people who, simply, when something bad happens, take the best from it, not people who go around looking for ways to suffer, but rather those who, finding themselves in a situation of suffering, assimilate it, integrate it, and surpass it.

Very well, so there are people who locate themselves in this state: They have no faith, they

have no belief, but they have a desire to believe—they wish they had something to encourage them and give direction to their lives. Yes, these people exist.

There are still others who suspect, intellectually, that there may, perhaps, be a future beyond death, that some sort of transcendence could exist. They believe that this is possible, although they have had no experience of transcendence nor do they have any sort of faith, nor do they aspire to have that experience or that faith. You will also encounter people in this state.

There is, finally, a fifth state, which corresponds to those who deny any possibility of transcendence. You will also find people in this state, and even among you it is possible that many think in this way.

So we see that, with variations, each person can locate him or herself among those who have evidence of transcendence and for whom it is indisputable; or among those who have faith because they were taught to have faith when they were young; among those who wish they had that experience or that faith; or among still others who consider it to be an intellectual possibility but don't give it much further thought; or finally among those who deny any possibility whatever of transcendence.

But we have not yet come to the end of this point regarding how one locates oneself with respect to the problem of transcendence. Clearly, there are also different depths in this matter of locating oneself regarding continuity or transcendence. There are those who say that they have faith, who affirm this, but what they say does not really correspond with what they experience. We are not saying that these people are lying; we simply mean that they say this superficially. Today they say that they have faith, but tomorrow they may no longer have it. And so we observe different degrees of profundity in these five positions, and thus in the shakiness or firmness of people's convictions with respect to what they affirm. We have known people who were devout, who were believers in a

faith, but then, when a family member died, when a loved one died, all the faith that they said they had disappeared, and they fell into the most profound state of non-meaning. That faith was a superficial faith, a peripheral faith, the vestiges of faith. On the other hand, quite the opposite occurs for those who suffer terrible catastrophes, and yet continue to affirm and even strengthen their faith.

And then we have known other people who were absolutely convinced that transcendence did not exist. You die and you disappear and that's it. In a manner of speaking, these people had faith that everything ends with death. Of course, once in a while, walking past a cemetery on a dark night, some may have walked a little faster and felt a little uneasy... and how is this compatible with their absolute conviction that everything ends with death? So there are people who, even in their negation of transcendence, are superficial, are not firmly in this state.

One can find oneself in any of these states, and also at various depths within a state. At certain times in our lives, we may have believed one thing about transcendence, and at another time something else. Our belief may have changed not only at various times in our lives but also in response to different situations—it is something mobile, not something static. Our belief with respect to the problem of transcendence can change; it can even change from one day to the next. Sometimes in the morning I believe one thing, but by the afternoon I believe something else. And this is clearly of the greatest importance, because it means that the orientation of human life is excessively variable. And in the end, it brings confusion and disharmony to our daily lives.

Thus, the human being can be located in one or another degree of one of these five states. But what is the correct location? Does one exist, or are we simply describing problems without giving a solution? Are we able to suggest what is the best position from which to face this problem?

Some people say that we either have faith or we don't; that faith either arises in us or it doesn't.



But let's look more closely at that state of consciousness. Someone can have absolutely no faith at all, yet at the same time can want to attain it. This person can even understand, intellectually, that such a thing would be interesting, that it might be worthwhile to orient him or herself in the direction of having faith. Well, then, when that begins to happen, it is because something within the person is already moving, already expressing itself in that new direction.

Those who achieve that faith or that transcendent experience—even if they cannot define it in precise terms, as one cannot precisely define love—will recognize the need to orient others toward meaning in life, though never do they try to impose their own landscape on those who do not recognize it.

And so, coherently with everything that has been said, I declare before all of you my faith and my certainty of experience that death does not stop the future, that death on the contrary modifies the provisional state of our existence to launch it toward immortal transcendence. And I do not impose my certainty or my faith upon anyone, and I live in harmony with those who find themselves in different states with respect to meaning in life. But I am obliged in solidarity to offer this message—a message that I recognize makes the human being happy and free. For no reason will I evade my responsibility to express my truths, though they may seem doubtful to those who experience the provisional nature of life and the absurdity of death.

Furthermore, though I clearly define my own position with respect to this point, I never ask others about their personal beliefs. And I proclaim the freedom of all human beings to believe or not to believe in God and the freedom to believe or not to believe in immortality.

And so, among the thousands upon thousands of men and women who, shoulder to shoulder, work with us in solidarity, there are atheists and believers, people with doubts and people with certainties, and none of them are asked about their faith. Instead, everything is given as an orientation

that may help each of them decide for themselves the path that best makes clear the meaning of their lives.

It is less than courageous to refrain from proclaiming one's truths, but it is unworthy of true solidarity to try to impose them upon others.

## The Path

If you believe that your life will end with death, what you think, feel, and do have no meaning.

Everything will end with incoherence and disintegration.

If you believe that your life does not end with death, you must bring into agreement what you think with what you feel and what you do. Everything needs to advance toward coherence, toward unity.

If you are indifferent to the pain and suffering of others, none of the help that you ask for can be justified.

If you are not indifferent to the pain and suffering of others, you must bring your thoughts, feelings and actions into agreement in order to help them.

Learn to treat others in the way that you want to be treated.

Learn to surpass pain and suffering in yourself, in those close to you, and in human society.

Learn to resist the violence that is within you and outside of you.

Learn to recognize the signs of the sacred within you and around you.

Do not let your life pass by without asking yourself, "Who am I?"

Do not let your life pass by without asking yourself, "Where am I going?"

Do not let a day pass by without giving an answer to yourself about who you are.

Do not let a day pass by without giving an answer to yourself about where you are going.

Do not let a great joy pass without giving thanks within yourself.

Do not let a great sadness pass without reclaiming from your interior the joy that you have placed there.

Do not imagine that you are alone in your village, in your city, on Earth, or among the infinite worlds.

Do not imagine that you are enchained to this time and this space.

Do not imagine that upon your death loneliness will become eternal.

## IV. GLOSSARY

*Following are some common terms the reader may encounter in these testimonials, with a brief explanation of their usage in the context of siloism.*

**center of work** – a place where siloist retreats are held.

**climate** – a diffuse emotional background or mood. See L. Ammann, *Self Liberation* (York Beach, Maine: Samuel Weiser, Inc., 1981) p. 120.

**Community for Human Development** – social and cultural organization founded in 1981 to support and disseminate siloist work for nonviolent social and personal transformation.

**Community of Silo's Message** – any group of people sharing ideas, sentiments and procedures based on Silo's Message may consider themselves an independent Community of Silo's Message, regardless of their belief or lack of belief in transcendence, and regardless of affiliation to any other group. Members meet weekly without obligation, for ceremonies and study, applying the Message to their own work and interpreting it in the way that makes sense to them.

**the Force** – the life force or energy of life, known by many other names in other contexts – “Ki” in martial arts such as Aikido, “Chi” in the Chinese Buddhist tradition; “Prana” in Sanskrit; etc.. In the Ceremony of the Service, one mobilizes the Force by imagining a transparent and luminous sphere that descends from above, entering the heart and expanding outward. This is also known as “working with the Force.”; See Chapters VII-XIX of the *Inner Landscape from Silo's Message* (available at [www.silo.net](http://www.silo.net)). For complete text of the Service, see Appendix.

**internal guide** – an inspirational image that an individual can configure and use in meditation or prayer. See Chapter XVII of the *Internal Landscape, Book II of Humanize the Earth*, in *Silo: Collected Works* (San Diego: Latitude Press, 2002, vol. I).

**guided experience** – a short narrative written in first person, where the reader imagines herself or himself in the place of the narrator. These experiences can be useful as a psychological exercise in which one inserts one’s own contents into the scenario, working with one’s own memories, hopes, fears, etc., with the intention of transforming fixed ideas and beliefs that may be causing difficulties in daily life.

**The Humanist Movement** – refers to the people who participate in projects inspired by New or Universalist Humanism, comprising a worldwide all-volunteer movement for nonviolence and nondiscrimination that works on many different fronts to overcome pain and suffering at a personal, interpersonal and social level.

**landscape** – that which we perceive – including both the physical world, and our own memories, hopes and fears, which affect how we see and interact with events and people in the physical world. See “Looks and Landscapes,” Chapter I of The Human Landscape, Book III of Humanize the Earth, in Silo: Collected Works (San Diego: Latitude Press, 2002, vol. I).

**look** – the way we look at our “landscape” (see above). Each person’s “look” is intimately linked with and affected by their own personal experience of living. See “Looks and Landscapes,” Chapter I of The Human Landscape, Book III of Humanize the Earth, in Silo: Collected Works (San Diego: Latitude Press, 2002, vol. I).

**New Humanism**; also known as **Universalist Humanism** – siloist current of thought that focuses on overcoming pain and suffering at a personal, interpersonal and social level. See the Dictionary of New Humanism in Silo: Collected Works (San Diego: Latitude Press, 2002, vol. II).

**orienter** – the coordinator of a team of volunteers in the Humanist Movement.

**Parks of Silo’s Message** – parks dedicated to peace and reflection, where people in search of meaning, hope and human connection can come together in a common experience of their shared

humanity, regardless of cultural background. The five major regional parks are in Rome, Italy; Alexandria, Egypt; Bombay, India; Buenos Aires, Argentina; and Red Bluff, California. Smaller parks on a national level, as well as centers in cities and towns around the world, are also being built. See [www.silo.net](http://www.silo.net).

**Silo** – pen name of Mario Luis Rodriguez Cobos, born in 1938 in Mendoza, Argentina, author of numerous works in various genres, that have been translated into all the major world languages. See [www.silo.net](http://www.silo.net).

**siloism** – the “system of ideas formulated by Silo”; it is both “a philosophical humanism” and “an attitude and approach encompassing the values of New Humanism.” – from the Dictionary of New Humanism, in *Silo: Collected Works* (San Diego: Latitude Press, 2002, vol. II).

**Silo’s Message** – refers to both the book by Silo of that name, and to the message contained within it, as well as in other works by Silo. The book *Silo’s Message* a small book in three parts: *The Book* (The Inner Look), *The Experience* (Ceremonies), and *The Path* (phrases for meditation). Released by Silo in 2002, it is freely available at [www.silo.net](http://www.silo.net). The Message contained within the book is based on the universal principle that says, “treat others as you would like to be treated.” A message of nonviolence and nondiscrimination, peace and reconciliation, in the tradition of Martin Luther King and Mahatma Gandhi, it is an inspirational message for all those looking for meaning, hope and positive changes in their lives. It is a spiritual path leading away from contradiction, toward the Sacred deep within us.

**the structure** – refers to the way the membership of the Humanist Movement is organized. The structure is composed of small teams of volunteers connected through their orienters, allowing communication and coordinated work on similar projects worldwide.

**transference** – a technique in which one works with images to resolve persistent psychological problems. See *Self Liberation* by Luis Ammann

(York Beach, Maine: Samuel Weisser, 1981, p. 144); see also Psychology III in Silo: Collected Works (San Diego: Latitude Press, 2002, vol. II, p. 111).

**Universal Human Nation** – the ideal society to which siloists aspire; a world where all peoples and all cultures live in harmony, respecting and honoring each other's differences while celebrating their common humanity. "Humanists seek not a uniform world but a world of multiplicity: diverse in ethnicity, languages and customs; diverse in local and regional autonomy; diverse in ideas and aspirations; diverse in beliefs, whether atheist or religious; diverse in occupations and in creativity." From the Dictionary of New Humanism, in Silo: Collected Works (San Diego: Latitude Press, 2002, vol. II).



## NOTES

1. Silo is the pen name of Mario Luis Rodriguez Cobos, born in 1938 in Mendoza, Argentina, author of numerous works in various genres, that have been translated into all the major world languages. His most recent book is *Silo's Message*. For information see [www.silo.net](http://www.silo.net).
2. "The Meaning of Life" from *Silo Speaks*, in *Silo: Collected Works* (San Diego: Latitude Press, 2002, vol. I). See appendix for complete text.
3. *La Muerte, un umbral – Manual de ayuda para el antes, durante y después*, [Death, a Threshold – a Manual for Help – Before, During and After] Rosita Ergas Benmayor, editor. (Santiago de Chile: Fundación Laura Rodríguez, Red de Psicología Para Todos)
4. "Death," is Chapter XIII of *Silo's Guided Experiences*, from *Silo: Collected Works* (San Diego: Latitude Press, 2002, vol. I). See [www.silo.net](http://www.silo.net). See Appendix for complete text.
5. A reference to Chapter XIX, "The Internal States," of the *Inner Look* from *Silo's Message*.
6. From Silo's words at the First Annual Celebration of *Silo's Message* at Punta de Vacas, Argentina May 4th, 2004: "...We have failed and we will continue to fail not just once but a thousand times again, because we ride on the wings of a bird named Intent, that soars above frustration, weakness and pettiness." (For complete text see [www.silo.net](http://www.silo.net).)
7. "Resentment" is Chapter VI of *Silo's Guided Experiences*, from *Silo: Collected Works* (San Diego: Latitude Press, 2002, vol. I). See [www.silo.net](http://www.silo.net). See Appendix for complete text.
8. These last lines are a from the short story entitled "Kaunda" from *Silo's Day of the Winged Lion*, in *Silo: Collected Works* (San Diego: Latitude Press, 2002, vol. I).
9. May 4, 1969 was the date of Silo's first public speech, "The Healing of Suffering," given at the height of the military repression in Argentina before an audience of a few hundred people at Punta de Vacas, a tiny outpost high in the Andes. That date is celebrated each year as the Anniversary of *Silo's Message*.
10. The term "coya" refers the indigenous people of the Andes in the north of Argentina.

11. The Tree of Life is used to symbolize different moments of any process, including states of consciousness. In this case it is the stage of consciousness called “intent.”

12. Referring to the revelation that inspired the German philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche’s well-known work *Thus Spoke Zarathustra: A Book for All and None*. Nietzsche’s experience of sublime inspiration took place August 1881, at Sils Maria, high in the Swiss Alps.

13. The “Gift” refers to the brief prayer or Asking that Silo described in his speech on May 7, 2005 at the inauguration of the South American Hall of Silo’s Message; that part of the speech has been included with the ceremonies in the Appendix under the title “The Asking”; the complete text of the speech can be found at [www.silo.net](http://www.silo.net).

14. “The Festival” is Chapter XII of *Silo’s Guided Experiences*, from *Silo: Collected Works* (San Diego: Latitude Press, 2002, vol. I). See [www.silo.net](http://www.silo.net).

15. *The Book of the Community*, an early publication of the Community for Human Development, an social and cultural organization inspired by the Humanist Movement. Text can be found at [http://www.humanizmus.hu/materials/book\\_of\\_the\\_community.pdf](http://www.humanizmus.hu/materials/book_of_the_community.pdf).