



A Crack In My Heart

by Welles B Goodrich

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A few days ago one of my closest friends died. Our friendship spanned 50 years. Peculiarly I have moments of sadness but don't feel any devastating grief. We were born about 12 hours apart in the same year and celebrated our mutual birthdays nearly forty times. I'm sad we'll never do that again.

It doesn't really matter, though, for I'll see him again soon enough. Our lives are all mayfly-short in cosmic time and I'm certain of the continuation of our existences if we so choose. That certainty is why I'm not really grieving; reflective, most assuredly; spending considerable time in memories, absolutely.

My certainty of the continuation of life after death has been a process. It was starting just about the time I met Paul in 1969. At the time my entire world had been stripped away leaving me naked to the universe. In building a new life for myself I retreated to basics upon which I could build a foundation of my own making rather than relying on the values of the world around me. I didn't believe in them.

Perhaps the essential question I had to answer was, 'Is there life after death?' That was my most basic inquiry for it determined whether I invested my life in a potential eternal existence or not. Not meant I could do anything I wanted without regard to consequence. After seriously pondering the question I decided that the continuation of my being was a real possibility and I would be very shortsighted not to invest in it.

Over the years one experience with the Divine and some inspired illuminations created my current working hypothesis. Death can be likened to graduation from pre-school to kindergarten. There we will have new forms. Instead of our current chemical based bodies they will be electrical. Our brains will work much more rapidly. We will have an expanded palette of senses including the capacity to see and appreciate a larger variety of cosmic citizens. With the additional knowledge of the survival experience our lives will continue on our spiritual journeys essentially where we left off here.

I could go on but that's not the point of this rumination. I've noticed all my memories about my good friend are happy ones. I'm remembering only the events and stories that highlight his best qualities. Any negatives have vanished. The sadness of his loss has cracked open my heart and in the light pouring out all I can see is goodness, truth and beauty. Then I looked at the outpouring of memories his many friends are sharing and discovered we all were seeing him illuminated by the light of Love.

With that realization a thought popped into my mind. When we die our physical form drops away and the memories stored in our bodies cease to exist. But the soul is our permanent possession and will be the foundation of our next existence. It is the collection of spiritual energy made real by our choices and actions. Because it is made of Love it is only visible to us here through the lens of our hearts. So it seems that what I've been doing lately is reflecting on the soul of my departed friend. Perhaps in this way I am still reinforcing the positive values of his life. It will be my last gift to him from my stay here on earth.