

Things in Motion...

No. 70

All things are in motion and nothing is at rest. You cannot go into the same (river) twice. —Heraclitus (540?-480?) B.C.

THE PROPERTIES OF TIME

I READ the line again: “*In the world of spirit, time does not exist.*” I wrestled with the implication. This author’s books had intrigued me for years, and the reference to time was familiar; yet as I read it again, I felt a nexus which had escaped me before. I paused to remember my thoughts prior to settling down with the book ... what was I thinking about? Slowly, it came back to me; I was recalling the afternoon when my mother returned from town with a package, which she had just handed to my father. He looked inside the fancy bag and nodded. My teenaged curiosity popped out, and I said, “What is it?” My father glanced at my mother, who gave him a half-smile but said nothing. As teenagers are wont to do, I showed my impatience by snarling, “Well, what is it?” This elicited my father’s annoyance at my less-than-respectful attitude; he shoved the bag at me and turned away. I was immediately sorry to have been so insolent, but I remained true to the teenager’s code by

taking the bag and proceeding to examine what was inside as if I were the injured one. It was an expensive wrist watch and I knew at once that it was my gift for graduating from high school. I frantically hunted for a face-saving way to express my delight. I thanked them profusely, knowing full well that I should apologize for my rude behavior. But the teenager’s code prohibited such expression, so I kept my apology to myself. As the years passed, my intention to someday make the incident right was shoved in the back of my mind along with other good intentions and both parents went to their reward without knowing the regret I continued to feel at my poor behavior so long ago. I had waited too long, and my procrastination ate at my conscience ... too late! Too late!

During the ensuing years, I read many books and listened to many lectures by authors who claimed to understand the spiritual side of life. Some of what they preached did not impress me favorably; some of their information intrigued me greatly; and some of it I came to believe sincerely. One of the authors, a discarnate who called himself “Seth” insisted that each of us creates our own reality in the physical world—and therefore we are able to change our reality. I admit to testing his principles once or twice and to being pleased with the results. It seemed reasonable that if we can change our reality, then we should make the effort required to correct past wrongs we are guilty of ... the thought remained just that, but now comes the prompt “*In the world of spirit, time does not exist,*” and suddenly it became important to me that I apply myself toward “cleaning up” my past. On the heels of that thought came another, “*The Bird of Time has but a little way to fly, and lo! the bird is on the wing!*” I resolved to act.

According to Seth, every moment of history exists simultaneously and may be

revisited in spirit. My goal was to revisit that afternoon long ago and to re-live the incident in order to erase my bad behavior by replacing it with proper conduct. I had done this before in fleeting thought, but now I needed to bring passion, sincerity, and firm belief to the effort. It would be easier, I thought, to work from a secluded and peaceful surrounding, so I settled into my chair at the desk where I write. It was four-thirty in the morning; a time of peace and quiet.

I closed my eyes and relaxed, allowing my body to settle itself comfortably. Soon I was once again in my father's country store, able to see again the glass candy case, the long wooden counter with the hanging scales and antique tobacco cutter. I sniffed the old familiar scents so common to old store buildings; the dim interior lit by one small electric bulb and the double doors opened to a front porch. As I stood with a broom in my hands, my mother walked into the building. She carried a colorful bag and smiled at me in the old familiar way. My father was behind the counter. She handed him the bag, which he opened, noted the contents, then looked at her and nodded. She seemed quite pleased. I stopped sweeping and asked, not unpleasantly, "What is it?" Dad said nothing but glanced at Mom, who was smiling in that way which always meant, "Whatever you think." I said again, nicely, "Well, what is it?" Dad extended the bag to me without a word. I took it and looked inside, realizing immediately that the shining watch inside was my graduation gift. My eyes lit up and I looked at my parents with great joy and love as I exclaimed, "Thank you! Thank you! They laughed with me, knowing that I was thrilled to receive their gift and watched as I happily slid the watch on my wrist and held it high to show the pride I felt.

The scene began to fade and I was once again a solitary old man with tears running down my weathered cheeks, sitting quietly at my desk, awed by what had happened

and strangely comforted by knowing that I had accomplished my goal at last. There was no doubt in my mind that my parents and I had re-lived an event in our history and that the event had been changed. I sat motionless and tried to comprehend, but finally gave up and satisfied myself with the warm tingle that enveloped me. And to Seth: Thanks!

In the years that followed, I have sought out other scenes which besmirched my real character. To say that my "baggage" was lightened by the reduction of shame for bad conduct would be an understatement. There is undeniable joy in righting a wrong to others; there is peace in obtaining and bestowing forgiveness, and greatest of all is the satisfaction in knowing that what we call "Life" is so much more than we realize. It does not begin with our birth, nor does it end with our death; lives are like leaves on a tree—grains of sand on a beach, each one a part of something inconceivably larger. And so, as you age and realize that the end of your life is near, *"...approach thy grave like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams."*

AUTHOR'S NOTE: This is not intended to promote any religious or philosophical point of view, it is simply a happening in what I have always considered a relatively quiet and uneventful life plus my observations of experience-based probabilities. I see life as a distinctly individual journey where no two pathways are exactly the same.

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