

Before and Beyond

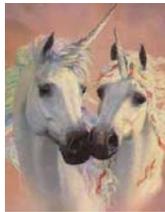
The Light of Day¹



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One day, during one of Heaven's typical beautiful afternoons, the unicorns had just finished performing a majestic dance and run across the meadows. It had been their gift to God and to anyone else who happened to wander by.

After the performance, God thanked them for their delightful promenade and started back to the celestial palace. As it was, God felt like carving, a hobby recently undertaken by the Almighty. As usual, others of heaven's inhabitants walked along with God just for fun.



On the way to the palace with The Almighty, the unicorns talked of their gratitude. They were still thankful to be free to roam throughout the land, unlike the ancient days when they were confined only to the pastures of sorcerers who thought they owned them.



As they headed toward the palace, they heard the beginning beats of a nearby orchestra which was starting a song. Michelle Branch was standing on a nearby

hillside, surrounded by hundreds who comprised a full orchestra and as many singers of a great choir.

As the pianos, electric base guitars and violins began with the initial beats in establishing a rhythm, The Almighty smiled in recognition of the hymn "You're Everywhere To Me"² and immediately begin to sway with the music. In an instant all who were walking with God stepped into a wonderful dance. They seemed to have been choreographed as all were waving their hands above and around themselves in perfect rhythm with the song. Everyone sang every word and those who could, performed equally exquisite symmetrical dance movements in the sky above. The swells of the chorus and deepening rhythm of the tympani drums thundered down through to the distant valleys. The singer's high octave soprano voice was perfectly supported by the blending of the sixteen part chorus. Even the trees swayed with the song and by appearances, the hills danced. Heaven rocked!

At the final chord, God, and all those surrounding dancing and singing beings, landed in a graceful final posture. In that instant, the seraphim angels exploded themselves into a thousand multicolored stars to light up the sky,

² Recorded back in the ancient earth time as "Everywhere" on her CD *The Spirit Room*.

only to slowly reform as angels kneeling at God's feet.

"Cool" said God as they resumed their walk back to the palace.



It didn't take the Almighty more than a minute to begin singing another familiar ballad with the silver-horned unicorns joining in singing. Those who moved along with God were now numbering several hundred. There were people, numerous angels and scores of gleaming fairies who had joined them after the unicorns' performance in the meadow. In Heaven, most everyone enjoys singing and whenever someone starts up a song, voices blend in with marvelous harmonies, rhythms and antiphonal choruses.

Along the way, Mary joined the group as she was just coming from the weaving cottage. She wanted to give God the beautiful blue robe she had just woven.



"This is splendid" God said, smiling and kissing her and putting it on with obvious

pleasure. Its blend of blue hues were woven with intricate artistry, shimmering as it mysteriously reflected the light of the Lord's countenance.

"Wow! Michael expressed as he looked at God's new cloak.

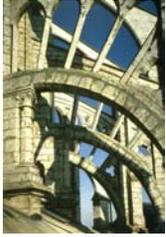
"Praise be!" said Angelica, a seraphim who was also among those who were in route to the palace.

God decided to express thanks to Mary for the gift and swept a hand out toward the slope of the nearby hill. Instantly the hillside was covered with thousands of bird of paradise flowers – all matching the many colors of the new coat. In a whisper that all could hear, God said "Thank you Mary."



As they neared the palace, several flew or walked off to other places. While walking down the beautiful central inlaid blue and green marble hallway, God noticed Michael stopping to talk with a woman leaning in her apartment doorway so God also came over.

Above them the grand hallway of the palace vaulted up to the open and endless sky. The crystalline gothic flying buttresses regally leaned in from above, as if supporting the vault of the sky behind them. Between them were intricately carved cave-like stalagmites of gold. Each formed giant ornamental figurines. Their weight and mass



created dazzling walls and foundations between and beneath the soaring buttresses – giving the hallway a cavernous and endless depth.

Directly above the hallway was a ceiling of open sky, all of the planets and stars clearly within sight. From standing within this grand palace corridor, one could see the expanse of the universe above – framed by this golden and crystal edifice.

The woman speaking in her doorway was Doris. God remembered she had recently entered the celestial palace to take residence after a splendid life on the earth planet. She had been here long enough to rejoin her husband John and meet most everyone. She even made several new friends who had come from the planet Photon in the Yuritheia galaxy.

Doris's face was radiant with joy as she saw God, Angelica and several others were coming to join her in conversation with Michael. She had passed through many human years but as were all, who dwelled in God's house, she was ageless. The resiliency of her spirit radiated out from her human form in which her essence dwelled.

Pausing in her conversation with Michael, she slowly turned and said to God, "Thank You for the two lights You had sent me in my last transition, Holy One. Both of them were uplifting at a time when I needed them most. I will thank them myself when I dine with them at tonight's feast."

"Your thanks have already been received, My child" God said, "for it was my two luminary essences and I Who Personally came to you in your move from your apartment to the rehab facility" God said with a gentle smile. "You would be interested in hearing how they came to you?"

"Oh yes," said Doris with interest as she, and the others who were there, slowly began to sit at God's feet in the hallway.

As God came to a cross-legged seated position to face the listeners, the winged creatures, in complete syncopation with the Almighty's movements in being seated, also gracefully collapsed to sit as one unit, folding their wings behind them with the poise of a ballerina's pirouette. With the natural silence of anticipation and reverence, all were now sitting around God in the grand hallway. God's face became even more radiant.

Brushing hair back with both hands, God smiled broadly and began with a face of beauty and joy. A story was about to begin.



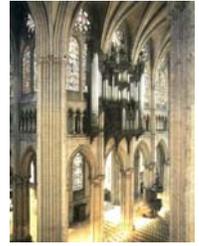
“Near your eightieth birthday, Doris, I was in the conference room carving on the grand table” The Almighty began. “I was considering how your earthly form was wearing. That you would soon be needing help. Of course I had, long ago, arranged for especially caring people to be coming into place to assist you as you had to change your dwelling.

One of the most difficult sorrows for Me is how I must refrain from showing My children the future. If you clearly saw how I am always beside you and how I unfailingly bring you what you need, you might go about your life less mindful of your own responsibility for your choices. In this domain beyond time – the future, past and present exist – you would have known that you were already here with John and the rest of us as he made the transition to fully-realize My Presence.

“On that side of time,” God went on, “you had to dwell without knowing the future. This is so that you would use your freedom to direct your life’s choices with the resources I’ve already given you. But you could not see this then and I knew you were troubled.

“I was feeling your sorrow when you were grieving about leaving your home to

move into the health care center. I know the comfort of familiar friends and familiar surroundings and the sadness that comes with their loss.



So as I was feeling your sadness, I was carving in the great conference room table. My current project is the wooden carved reflection of earthen life on the surface of the conference table.”

As The Almighty spoke, all could see the scene of God over in the palace conference room. When God spoke, you saw things as they happened.

In the room was a lengthy mahogany table with villages, farms and cities intricately carved on its surface. If it wasn’t for the uniform deep brown hues of the mahogany wood grain, you would think the table top were alive with life and movement.

God was sitting near the end of the lengthy table, slowly shaping the hat of a miniature person walking along a peaceful street in a town. At God’s left was a gentle turquoise glow, a light form being who, by being there, was reflecting her rays directly on the table at the place of the carving in progress.

To God’s right was a darker, more purple, light form also reflecting upward and around to the other parts of the room. This light was indigo

on the spectrum, also casting a complementing light directly upon God's carving work. As God continued telling the story, the listeners watched it unfold.

"I was whittling on the table with my two luminaries Turquoise and Indigo. They accompany Me wherever I go and as it happened, Turquoise was giving each of us a hot fudge sundae.

Turquoise, . . . I love how she becomes deeper in her hues when she fills with enthusiasm, . . . she began to speak of her meeting with the Sun. She talked of his powerful rays. The pulsing radiance of his golden and orange glow. As she ate and spoke, she paused to look into My face and then at Indigo but went on. We continued to listen."

The inhabitants of God's house, who were gathered there in the grand hallway, continued to see the events as God spoke. They saw the Lord at the table, sitting comfortably and casually back in the chair, smiling as Turquoise spoke and changed hues of her color according to the inflection of her words.

"I hope to spend more time with the Sun" Turquoise continued. Perhaps it will increase my own intensity. I know I could glow with a greater intensity and wider

spectrum" she said wistfully, pausing, and then looking at Indigo and then at Me" God noted. "She was looking for advice but I just smiled, knowing Indigo was soon to respond."

"Indigo agreed with her about the Sun's warm and powerful rays but he let her go on without interrupting as she thought, out loud, in our presence.

"If you ask me," Indigo finally responded, knowing she had finished and that God was likely to wait until he responded, "consider being more mindful of the perfect intensity you already possess."

Indigo smiled and let his words sit for a while with Turquoise. He looked at her with a steady and unchanging hue of his glow as he pondered what her response might be."

"As has always been the case," God said with an engaging warmth and thoughtfulness, "my friend Turquoise had given her pause but before she returned to her thousands of emerging ideas and creativity, she slowed in her thoughts to consider his words. Turquoise looked at the calmness in Indigo's countenance and then continued her next words. She looked at Me and from the look on My face, she knew I was about to speak. Her smile broadened but her eyes continued to show her questioning feelings.

“Turning toward Me she next asked, “How can I become more mindful of my intensity? It seems dim in comparison to the Sun’s glow.”

I said, “One of my children is about to enter a life transition, during which she will need you both. Both of you come with Me and the answer to your question, Turquoise, will be found.”



“With a sudden flare in their light forms, both Turquoise and Indigo thrilled within themselves as

they passed out of the conference room with The Omnipotent One to the Milky Way galaxy and to earth. The hot fudge sundaes had been consumed and like magic, the dishes had instantly landed in the nearest one of many palace dish washers. In no earthly time, the three of us stood in a modest apartment. The time space was measured just past one of the galaxy’s millennium markers” God said.

As Doris sat nearby listening and watching the Almighty’s story unfold, God turned to her and said, “Doris, here you see yourself sitting and reading through the descriptions of your future living space.” As could the others seated

around her, she could see herself in her old apartment. It was the wee hours of a morning and she had woken, unable to sleep. She was looking nervously through the pamphlets the retirement home had given her in preparation of her arrival.

“Your worry has found expression on your face,” God pointed out, “and I felt your sadness. You were struggling with letting go of your familiar furniture. You knew not all of your familiar possessions could be taken with you.

“You were also remembering your years with your husband John. You were overcome with a sense of your loss” God said, reaching over to put a hand on her shoulder. “How I longed to show you how you were already here with John in this place, even though all of your senses were focused only on your earthly residence in time past. You would have never understood how the celestial city owns times past, present and future. You were certainly not even aware that the three of us were beside you. I wept for your sorrow and the limitations of your awareness.

“It was then, however, that I turned to Turquoise and said, ‘This is your calling. Speak to her of what is possible. As you do so well, put her in touch with her abilities to see what could come about. Lead her to create and bring about what has not yet been’ I said.

“Next, I turned to Indigo and told him to wait for Turquoise to do her magic. ‘At the appropriate

time,' I said, 'show Doris that things are just as they should be. That all matters are connected and that there are lessons in each experience that relate to all others.'

"For the time following, Turquoise began to bring Doris' attention to the pictures of her future dwelling in the health center. Without her knowing of My presence and the luminaries, Doris turned her focus not on what she could not take but on what she could bring with her to her new home. She became full of ideas and possibilities. Turquoise showed her how a small oak table could serve as a writing desk as well as a breakfast table.

"Doris, you remember this time, don't you?" God said to her as she was intently watching her former form sitting in her apartment. "You were full of energy and some delight as you went through your most prized possessions and contemplated new uses."

"Yes," Doris replied with joy in her voice, "I found that what started out as a dreary day had been transformed into a time of creativity. I felt like I did when I was planning for our first new home" Doris concluded with joy in her face.



"In the earth hours that followed," God continued, "you heard a knock at your apartment door. Your kind neighbor, Andrea, had stopped by for tea and to ask if you needed anything at the store."

Those attending the story saw a red haired and cheerful woman in her forties, speaking brightly with Doris. "She had many enthusiastic ideas to help you decide what furniture would serve you best" God continued. "With Turquoise's gentle but new light, you came back in touch with your life-long abilities to think of new possibilities. You embraced your gift of creativity and connected with the new ideas of your neighbor Andrea" God added. By now, you've noticed that Andrea lives across the hallway from you here, as well.

Doris nodded affirmably with a warm smile but soon returned her gaze to the continuing scenes of her past life before her. "I wish I had been more mindful of what You had already given me" Doris said to God. "It seems as if I have lived with less light than I could have for so many years" she noted with a sigh.

"Ah, my dear Doris" God responded with a gentle arm on her shoulder, "that is why I have always been beside you. So that you would never feel the searing and unending despair as one who has no hope. Of course it was Indigo's role to continue from there" God went on.



In the scenes which followed, Indigo's purplish glow appeared to surround Doris in her new residence. She was eating in a rather pleasant dining area with other residents, talking with her new friends. At times, she laughed. In other moments, Doris was seen with sadness as she heard others tell of their transitions. Yet in more scenes than not, Doris seemed to have a look of contentment.

"Your thoughts often returned to your past" God pointed out as they watched. "Whenever the light of Turquoise embraced you, you were filled with profound thoughts of all with which you have been blessed and what could be in the future.

Whenever you were graced by Indigo's deepening light, you saw that in all of your loss, you somehow were able to embrace the wholeness of your own life. That throughout the many unexpected times of sadness, people and things had come together to the point of there being enough. As Indigo illumined your soul, in the tired sunset hours ending your days, you were mindful of time made precious

in its passing. Of the purity and holiness of each moment in which you have taken breath. How each exchange, with another of My creatures, is always filled with new possibilities of healing and delight. Of never-before-connectedness which makes for the meeting of minds and hearts."

"All these things you have sensed throughout your visit to earth" the Holy One said, "and it is now that you fully see how wonderful and transformed life becomes with the wisdom of these added lights."

"Yes, Sacred One" Doris said, looking into the gentle eyes of God. "The light of what can be and the knowledge of how everything is just as it should and will be makes each moment sacred. How utterly magnificent that we are privileged to breathe in each moment in eternity" Doris concluded.



As the story had gracefully ended and a singer was stepping up on a nearby pedestal in an enclave further down the hall, God, and all who where gathered, slowly rose.

God beckoned, with a slight wave of a hand, inviting Turquoise and Indigo to move into the gathered assembly. A chorus and musicians was beginning Handel's "I Know My Redeemer Liveth." Handel was there, quietly beginning to play one of the several harpsichords just in front

of the scores of violinists who were also assembling.

Before the first words came to be sung, God gathered the two light forms Turquoise and Indigo closely and said, “It is to you both that I entrust My Spirit of Wisdom for My children.

“Turquoise, before the morning rays of the Sun, come to My children and cause their eyes to envision what they can not see. Sing to their hearts of what they can bring about that has not yet seen the light. Fill them with the knowledge that in any moment, with a playful mixture of fun and work, magic can be created in any task. But know that it is the exact intensity of your present glow that brings about this power to transform the ordinary to something of splendor. Turquoise, the Sunshine has nothing on you.”

Turquoise smiled and her light blue hue deepened and all, who were near her, moaned in awe at her joyful glow.

“Indigo,” God continued, “your illumination brings all to see My actual presence in their life. As the weariness of life comes upon my children and as they reminisce over what has been, cause them to see how all things are connected. Illuminate them so they may make the

connections between the pain and the healing, the loss and the contentment. Bring them to see the astounding love we all have for them in a time when their hearts are shrouded with the darkness. Speak to them, as you did in speaking to Turquoise, that who they are is just who they should be. That they are and will become what they must. Convince them in their hearts that all things are in transition to good.”

As the nearby music was coming to the beginning of the song, God said to them all, “This has been from the beginning. All that ever was and will be is for you. All that I have been and will be is embodied in an unquenchable love of your soul.”

As The Almighty spoke, God’s image transformed to the likeness of a young Man of Mid Eastern descent. His hair was black as a raven and His face was of gentle compassion and somber wisdom.

In as much time, again God’s image transformed into a slowly moving swirl of light. It was as if all of the colors of the universe now joined in a dazzling blend of distinct light forms. Yet half of this moving column of light burned with an intense Turquoise – the other half, a deep Indigo.

And as the singer began her words, “I know that my Redeemer liveth,”³ all of the heavenly hosts joined in the rising swell of music and dance. All that lived, moved in dance or flight into sparkling patterns – all in cadence to the song. The earth, the stars and all the planets of all the galaxies pulsed with the unending universal chorus.

It was morning and it was evening and everything was just as it should be. 🌸



³ George Frideric Handel (1685-1759) wrote this as part of his famous “Messiah.” It occurs after the Hallelujah Chorus and is part of the Easter section. After reading Biblical texts from the Old and New Testaments (compiled by a friend), Handel immediately shut himself in and worked night and day for 24 days to finish the libretto and score for “The Messiah.” Servants often heard his sobs as he worked on this masterpiece.

