

## **SOUL LIGHT - Ten**

### **DEATH HAS NO STING**

Many of us regularly have to face the passing of loved friends, associates and members of our family.

Quite a few people have written to me recently regarding the death of those close to them – for some it is happening now, for others it is a lingering pain from the past.

Although we gain a certain level of experience in such matters, it can still be difficult for us to adequately resolve the issues that such passing brings to the fore. I offer the following kindly reminder, trusting that it might gently help you with any pain, fresh or residual, that you might be carrying.

Everyone of us passes from the Light into Day and from Day back into the Light. Everyone of us passes from the bliss into the unreal and from the unreal back into the bliss. This is the ebb and flow of existence; the endless tides of infinite life.

All is change.  
No moment passes without complete transformation into the next.  
No action passes without complete transformation into the next.  
No life passes without complete transformation into the next, too.

No caterpillar remains after the butterfly has emerged from its cocoon; and yet all that was the essence of the caterpillar remains within the essence of the butterfly. Nothing which truly IS is ever lost.

Form comes and goes but always the formless remains.  
Time comes and goes but always the timeless remains.  
Life come and goes but always the essence remains.

For those of us left behind it can be an incredibly sad time.  
A time not to lessen our pain – but to accept it as our heart expressing the inexpressible.  
Our love speaking the unspeakable.  
Our soul yearning for itself and its home.

As every Master reminds us this too shall pass.  
And it always passes if we will but let it - through the fullness of its expression.  
If you have sadness, express it.  
Do not hold the sadness within as a flower too painful to part from; but rather express it each moment as a flower too beautiful to keep to yourself.

Give it away – and in the fullness of your giving will only the loving memory remain as a soft and gentle reminder of that which was and has now passed.

The passing passes.  
Death, as Shakespeare told us, has no sting.  
The living lives afresh.

Love and Blessings,

*Les*