

He is dying

by Sheila Luecht

Sitting there, late at night, there he was again. His words popped into her message box, he knew she was online. So privately, just as she was about to sign off, like a ringing phone or a door bell, he interrupted her zen-like feeling.

They had spoken before, he was a man from another time of her life, when she was young and her world was full of aunts, uncles and cousins in another state. He was younger than she was and she never really spent too much time with him but was connected to him.

His only sibling had passed a few years back and his mother was the only one left of a gaggle of 7 brothers and sisters and their spouses. The turning of the generations, from birth to grave, was always a bit like the tilling of the ancestral soil. A new generation was coming up all the time and the younger of us then, are the older of us now.

My parents are long gone and even one of my siblings, I felt some kind of connection to this man who was just once a little boy with a mischievous grin. Now he would be leaving too and this was just another part of the story of life. He has cancer, has had it, has beaten it and now it must be cancer's turn again to beat him. I hope it is not true, but my inner self tells me to prepare. Prepare what? Prepare him for the understanding or prepare him for the continuing fight.

The oddest thing about all of this, is that I come from a family connected to the inner self, the spirit.

I told him the other day, " You have demonstrated to me a lot of what is most valuable in a human. The sense of courage, the humanity of giving and laughter. You have shown a curious side, a strong side. I

always feel I don't know a lot of your personal history, the day to day of your life, the intimate questions that one would know if they lived there, near you. But what I do know is your soul, your self.

That might be hard for some to understand but I think you get it. You would have to otherwise you would not be drawn to me and I to help you.

I spend a lot of time "seeing" things that others do not. In that experience, I have found ways to offer comfort and peace, to help people find their "spot, their space. Their place to be and find comfort.

I feel that this journey you have been on has brought you to a place that is difficult and inconceivable for some to recognize. I want to give you the peace to recognize what you think is the path now."

With so many others, I do not say the known thing, sometimes I hope I am off, wrong. It is an inevitable thing, each of us will die and some of us sooner than later. It is one of the things we all know, but few embrace. It is a truth of our existence. What happens next is often difficult to imagine, some rely on their faith to give them the directions to and the pictures of the afterlife. The best thing is that not everyone believes the same things, knows the same things or chooses to acknowledge the changes in our existence.

In the past few years I have spent time using the talents which once were dormant by choice, and now I "see" more and "communicate" more than most people do. It is a strange and often quite wonderful gift to be able to "see" things and to "know" things and to be able to use that to help people who are in pain of loss, sorrow, fear and grief. It is also good to be able to help someone who might be soon on the other side. There are no predictions of the future, as free will, in all of it's forms exists. There is also the idea that while we cannot stop the inevitable, we can transition with grace and love. The

problem with those who have passed is always if they are dissatisfied with their lives, there is absolutely not much they can do from where they are to fix them. So the best message, the one that walks between both worlds, is ultimately the only message that matters, love.

Fight if you can, do so spiritually and physically to stay, to beat illness, demise, but know that in each day you can express love and give love, much more than you realize and these feelings and gestures help preserve and give you peace on all levels of your existence.

So as his story continues, and whatever is to be unfolds, that is my advice and counsel, to find the best possible way to exist, within love as much as possible.

