

*What urged me onward in this search?*

*What made me rise again after every failure?*

*What or who whispered in my ear, opening the way?*

*Is it that the “gods,” sleeping in the depths of the human mind, allow everyone to achieve the Experience? And the myths tell us that, if they awaken, they give nothing away for free.*

*Long ago I asked myself whether, in order to achieve that Experience, I would have to perform great feats. How many seas, deserts and mountains would I have to cross? I was ready for anything, and so I set off on my journey. I went on my way, but found neither profound truth nor any complete experience. Discarding this and that I moved onward, discovering that sacrifices and the fear of death were absolutely useless for achieving what I sought. The path I had to follow was another.*

# **Commentaries on Silo's Message**

# **Immortality**

## **Report on an Experience**

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*But how could what is mortal generate something immortal? Perhaps instead we should ask ourselves, how is it possible for the immortal to generate the illusion of mortality? - Silo, Punta de Vacas, 2004*



# INTRODUCTION

One day, immersed in suffering, I began to reflect on why I was born. What is life about, if after all I' m just going to die?

We humans have been seeking immortality since ancient times. We've tried to achieve it by experimenting with plants, chemicals, stones, elixirs, and other external objects, treating them with different procedures. Across the ages, in myths from widely diverse cultures, immortality appears as something belonging exclusively to the Gods. The Gods decide humanity's fate, their misfortunes and their happiness, their anguish and their inspiration; in sum, they rule life in the space and time in which we mortals live.

Then I began to wonder if I myself could become a God. That enchained God that Silo mentioned, that God who lives in the depths of ourselves, could I unchain it? And if I could, would I myself become a God? Then would I be immortal? Thus I began a more focused search that, over time, became central.

It seems to me that when we speak of immortality, we are speaking also of death and of the transcendent spirit. And here I also include the inner God, because that is part of my experience.

This report attempts to capture a fundamental experience that opened my future. The work consists of three parts in a framework based on the chapters of *The Inner Look* entitled "Non-meaning," "Intimation of Meaning," and "Evidence of Meaning."

The first part has to do with the mental situation in which I found myself, and the urge to escape meaninglessness. Intermittently, thanks to certain strange experiences, I began to have doubts about what I saw and believed.

Other themes come into this:

- Failure
- The formation of the spirit
- Loss of faith in death, until the register of one's own immortality finally arises as an experience that every human being can achieve.

The poems included here are an attempt to synthetically express what has happened to me in this process, a process that has not been linear, even if it is presented that way here.

The second part includes significant experiences related to the three aforementioned chapters.

Some conclusions can be found in the third part.

In all of this, I recognize the following as fundamental:

- My frequent meditations on this theme, particularly on the phrase, "*There is no meaning in life if everything ends with death*"
- The experience of the Force (ceremony of the Service) as a practice that "sweeps the stones" from the path" and leads in the right direction
- Sustained attention, keeping focused in this direction despite all obstacles
- Valid action, especially following the Golden Rule, which facilitates reconciliation and has become an essential part of my lifestyle.

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Note: In the course of many years of internal work, I had significant experiences and profound comprehensions only now and then. However, thanks to the Message (with its environment and its practices), they became more frequent, and everything began to move in the same direction. I recognize that over the last four years there has been a greater acceleration in my process.

# PART ONE

*Since when, and how, did faith in damnation and death settle in my heart? Let me once and for all escape this trap of the mind that is destroying my unity and my hope!*

## Prelude

### The Anguish of Chaos

*Ominous you sprang before me one day,  
One day you did so, Oh death,  
Bringing nothing but pain and suffering.  
What have we mortals done,  
where did we go wrong  
that you assault us?  
Tell me, where do you come from,  
spawning darkness and oppressing the heart?  
It's clear you do not come from the luminous  
dwelling of the gods.*

*And now I ask myself,  
why are the gods hiding?  
Or do they no longer exist?  
Where are you now, oh God, where,  
that my uncertain soul keeps wandering,  
wondering where to go?  
May your signal reach me  
May you always be at my side!*

*"There is no meaning in life if everything ends with death."  
- Chapter III, The Inner Look, Silo*

## **Meaninglessness**

### **First State - Finitude**

#### **I**

*When I fall into meaninglessness  
I have no doubt that death is real.  
Then night covers my mind  
Sadness breaks my heart  
And a desperate cry catches in my throat:  
Why was I born, for what  
If I'm only going to die?*

#### **II**

*Oh death, beckoning with destructive  
charm to all who believe in you,  
What if you were nothing but a mirage  
Afloat in my fevered mind?  
Every time a fellow human breathes their last,  
Their body lying still,  
I see and feel you -  
Yes, someday every human body halts its steps forever.  
Yet, I wonder, am I only a body -  
Or am I something more?  
If so, who am I? Who? 7*

### III

*May God be here with me today, right now, this very instant!  
Give me a clear signal, that I might affirm  
That this life is more than a swinging pendulum  
That I am not, nor are you, just a perfect mechanism,  
That neither is any being, in this or any other world.  
May God or Goddess or the Gods be here within me now!  
May they reveal themselves, so that I may deny the absurd,  
And leave this empty wandering through life chained to these times  
My whole soul unable to fly free*

*And when you die, I either weep for my own death, or I comfort myself with the hope, or the certainty, of the transcendent spirit.*

## **Intimation of Meaning**

### **Second State – Persevering in the Same Direction**

#### **I**

*What can I do, what can I do, beloved Guide,  
When I believe in that final mirage  
Of the inexorable approach of death,  
And fear, hopelessness, and sadness  
Nestle in my heart?  
Help me, my God, because when I think I see death  
Looming on the horizon  
My suffering is great.  
But when, in spite of everything, I continue to seek the light,  
My faith grows, sustaining my steps.  
Thus you illuminate my being with the radiant sun,  
And sometimes I dream or know ahead of time  
What has not yet happened but will happen later.  
How does this happen? Could it be that not all I see is the real truth?  
And death, is it real or not? Because in the moment my mind opens  
I know without a doubt  
That there will never be a yesterday or a dark tomorrow,  
Only a journey through the infinite worlds*

#### **II**

*What if God, or Goddess, or the Gods  
Were close to me, so close, perhaps even within me,*

*That I simply couldn't see them?  
What if we were One, only One, within me?  
Ah, then, no doubt I too would be a God!  
Then would I be immortal?*

### **III**

*Sacred impulse, that-which-has-no-name,  
that which makes everything possible for me,  
hear my sincere call when necessity knocks at my door,  
make me feel your presence every time my eye wanders from its course.  
After failure, help me to stand up with renewed hope.  
Let joy be with me rain or shine.  
Help me stay calm when everything seems to be falling apart  
Help me continue on my path even in confusion or doubt.  
When hopelessness lodges within me, remind me that nothing is permanent  
When I am suffering, let me not believe so much in my beliefs.  
When I do something wrong, let me learn to treat myself with kindness, to  
understand and to rectify.  
Strengthen within me love, compassion and the Force that animates me.  
Grow irrepressibly within me, and thus I will arrive at my destiny, immortal  
spirit!*

*The real importance of mastering the Force in order to achieve unity and continuity filled me with joyful meaning.* Chapter on the Evidence of Meaning, The Inner Look, Silo.

*There is something in me that does not die!*

## **Evidence of Meaning**

### **Third State – Revelations**

#### **I**

*What do indifference, offense, flattery or applause matter,  
if the illusion of my daily reverie dominates my life?*

*What I mean is that my past simply happened  
and was stored in memory, but memory is not faithful.*

*What I mean is that what I see is tinged by my life experience.*

*What I also mean is that what I imagine is impregnated with all that.*

*What I mean is that I can break the mold, strengthen the Meaning, soar  
toward the heavens, find total freedom, become immortal.*

#### **II**

*Sometimes when one least expects it, the long-awaited, perfect answer  
bursts forth from the Sacred.*

*Then the constant search for that which completes the greatest act pauses,  
takes a rest.*

*Something impels me in a precise direction and something else pulls on me  
with equal force.*

*But what pulls me upward and forward is not that profound image I  
discovered.*

*That image is simply the closest image I can find to what I'm truly seeking.*

*Because what the soul longs for desperately and intensely, what it has sought  
from the beginning of time has neither form nor name, and is within me.*

*In other times, people spoke of gods.*

*Perhaps, at root, humans strive so feverishly to become gods because they know, as we are told in the myths, that the gods are immortal.*

### **III**

*Immortal spirit living within me let me remember*

*that this changing reality is not the only one that exists.*

*Let me remember that there is another, that of the abiding Meaning,  
of the Plan I was able to grasp when I was Awake.*

*Let my every act bear the seal of the best in me,  
because my acts will never end.*

*Let me live thus, capturing life's inexhaustible beauty  
and dancing freely to its rhythm.*

*Let joy overflow my soul and laughter easily arise,  
because death is nothing but my complete liberation from confinement,  
one more moment in my ongoing journey.*

### **IV**

*God of my heart, of love, of the eternal sun,  
may your presence be always with me!*

*Whoever dies before dying will never die. - Silo*

## **Synthesis**

### **Song to Awakening**

#### **I**

*Give me the rebellion that will not give in to "it's impossible"  
Give me the unity that feeds my soul  
And the freedom that grows day by day  
Give me beauty, compassion, love,  
Give me Awakening because only then can life unfold happy and full!*

### **Song to Experience**

#### **II**

*I want to go beyond all limits  
May the path become clear as I walk  
May the god of my heart, of the eternal sun,  
Shine within me, with no end in sight.  
May no one weep the day I depart  
That will be the day my rebellion totally triumphs  
Irreverent before so-called death  
I will laugh when I penetrate the wall  
I want to go beyond all limits  
Reach the confines of myself  
Cross the frontiers of my mind  
Merge forever with what I have always been seeking  
What I want to say is that when I die, I do not die!  
That I will only move on to other spaces.*

*That will be the new symphony of my life,  
And without doubt the most extraordinary!*

## **Song to Ourselves**

### **III**

*This is my time,  
The time of the Work  
Of the new seed  
In this darkened Earth thirsty for life  
This is my time,  
Prelude to the new landscape that will be  
When my beating heart  
Has stilled its feeling  
This is the time  
To act together  
To dream that which will be luminous  
This is the time of the spirit reborn in fullness  
When the gaze turns toward itself  
This is the time  
Of the Greatest of the Poets, precise helmsman,  
Long-awaited Guide who illuminates the shadows  
This is the time of Silo's Message  
This is our time, indeed!*

## PART TWO

*Then from the Profound a signal arrives...*

Following are some brief comments on a few of the most meaningful experiences I've had in relation to the above-mentioned chapters. They include dreams, recognitions and occurrences that I have experienced in this journey towards the meaning. I consider them to be translations of meanings that can be found in the sacred spaces.

### Experiences

*The spirit has a life of its own. It manifests in countless ways, and it needs to be fed. When I stop feeding it, "it leaves me," and then I miss it.*

### The Profound Guide

Many years ago I participated in a retreat in the Philippines when we were working on the configuration of the Inner Guide. We carried out certain practices in which we called on the guide to appear, whether visually, auditorily or cenesthetically. In the auditory exercise with the Guide, each participant repeated the internal mantra, "Oh Guide," leaving a brief moment of silence between repetitions of the mantra. In one of these spaces of silence I heard a voice that is almost impossible to describe. It was not a voice that came from memory, it came from everywhere! Much more than stereophonic sound. That clear, powerful and soft voice told me, "I am here." That experience shocked my whole being. When I opened my eyes, I did not know what had happened. I was so moved that my voice was shaking.

I remember writing to a friend about what had happened to me, saying, "If I believed in God, I would say that I heard his voice." Sometime later I had the opportunity to comment to Silo on this experience and ask him how to move forward with it. He answered with another question: "What state were you in before the experience?" I told him I was calm, with no expectations, with faith that something was going to happen to me, with my attention concentrated in my heart. He asked, "And in the days before that?" I remembered then that I had been

carrying out valid actions, that The Principles had been acting without my having to evoke them. He answered, "That's the way to go."

## **The Inner God**

Taking the bus to the little hall, I was thinking about different aspects of my life. All of a sudden my whole life appeared before my eyes in one instant, synthetically and at great speed. I saw when and how my inadequacy had arisen, and how, since early childhood, I had always looked for the compensation of what I had "lost." At the same time, I felt the register of a powerful impulse, felt it pushing my life forward, carrying me along in a direction that led me completely away from compensation. This was amazing, very moving and joyful. It is clearly possible to emerge from the mechanical life! This force is like the powerful current of a stream plunging down the mountain. It gives me direction, making it possible for me to overcome every hurdle. When I live with this Presence, when I feel this register, nothing can stop me; this is what I call God, it is within me and within everything.

Thanks to The Message, the ceremonies and my intuitions about what is said in the material, "The Message Inspires a Profound Religiosity," I have come to this experience of the Presence of God.

## **My mother's passing**

- My mother was hospitalized two days before her death. The day before, I had read her the *Guide to the Inner Road* since the ceremony of Assistance did not yet exist. The last time I read it to her, when I came to the entrance to the hidden city where you absorb the light, she said, "No, dear." This startled me and I asked, "Oh, no?" And my mother said, "No, it's not time." Thunderstruck, I could only respond, "Then you know there's a dark path and a luminous path?" My mother answered, "Of course." "Well then, whenever you want, mom, just follow the path of the light." What else could I say!

The next day she remained asleep until she passed away. I had been with her until about ten minutes before, and as soon as I got home I got the message that she had passed on. When I got to the hospital the nurses left me alone with

her fully draped body. I start to read her the *Guide to the Inner Road* and, at that precise instant, I felt an energy, a kind and enormous force that enveloped the whole room. It was certainly not mine, no – her spirit was there. I thanked her from the depths of my soul.

- After her departure I felt that I should have done something more to help her feel better during her last days, and I remembered her with nostalgia. I was like that for about a year until, for the first time, I did the Wellbeing ceremony. When we were invited to feel the presence of those loved ones who had departed, I vividly felt that she was behind me and that she was placing her hands on my shoulders, telling me, “I am well, dear.” It was not that I remembered her voice; no, I heard it. This powerful experience moved me to tears.

I think that these experiences were my first certainties that not everything ends with death. I’ve remembered my mother with a growing joy ever since.

### **The Light**

- I was about to close the door of the little hall when I saw a blinking light. Thinking the light bulb was loose, I went inside, turned on all the lights, turned them off again and went out to close the door. Again I saw a blinking light. Wondering what was going on, I turned the lights on and off all over again. Just before I closed the door some friends waiting for me outside approached. I asked them if they saw the blinking light (which I still saw). They said they did not. I insisted, because I kept on seeing it, but they still did not. I did not understand what was going on, and neither did they. Finally we left.
- The Light appeared three more times over the next two weeks. The first time was when I entered my house. and before turning on the lights, saw a light descending. It was not a flashlight, it was big and I could not see it fully. It came down and almost touched my head. While this was happening, I stood still, with my eyes wide open, almost not blinking and with full attention. The second time was in the little hall after a meeting of experience, and the last was again at home. This time I thought that the Light was inside myself and that it only looked like it was outside. The Light came down and stopped moving,

enveloping my head and trunk down to the chest. As I had the last time, I quietly observed what was going on.

- The Light did not appear for a long time after that, and then it came back again, appearing several times over approximately two weeks. It came and went as it wished in the way I described previously. In every case I was there with full attention, eyes wide open. This was most interesting.

I think these last experiences had to do with the moment of destabilization I was in at the time, to doing the Service, and to having been acting with unity. I had the intuition that I was about “to pass on into something else.”

### **The Force**

- “Talking” internally to the Guide as I walked down the street one day, I was asking for the Force that was not for me – asking intensely, devotionally with my attention in my heart. Suddenly there arose in me a great Force and my breathing became altered. The register was so intense that I had to lean on a wall. I was very moved and thankful. All of this happened while I was in full vigil, with my eyes wide open. After that, my level of attention was elevated.
- I was reading one of Silo’s talks on the computer when, suddenly, the great Force came to me without my doing anything to make it happen. It came to me and arose in me. I felt the need to “give” the Force to others, felt that it was not mine, that I had to share it. That is the way I experienced it. It happened without my closing my eyes, with self-awareness.
- When I asked, “But then what was I born for?” the Force arose immediately from the depths of my chest, that enormous Force, that powerful Impulse that leads me forward towards overcoming my limits. My breathing became altered. I saw the path of looking for compensation, always repetitious, and the other path into which that Impulse led me, leading me away from compensation. I think the answer came to me because of my sincere need to escape the suffering I was experiencing and find a deep meaning in my existence.

- When I was entering my house I wondered about the Light that had not come for a while. It did not come, but the Force arose, softly and completely concentrated in my head.

## **Joy**

- More than once I've been awakened by the register of joy. It is not that I wake up with joy, but that its register wakes me up, filling my whole chest. When this happens to me, for the whole day afterward I always have the soft register, almost ethereal, of my spirit in my chest. Nothing upsets me, I am fine with myself, I feel "complete."

## Dreams

### *Translations of the Sacred in the level of sleep*

I'll only relate a few of the dreams I've had on the theme of death/transcendence. For me, these dreams are indicators of the moment I was passing through at the time.

- Silo and I are chatting as we walking the garden at someone's house. When we get to the porch, he stops to talk to some friends. I go into the living room and walk to the kitchen. When I open the door, I am surprised to see Silo sitting at a table with some other friends. The only empty seat is right across from him. As soon as I sit down, Silo looks at me and asks, "Tell us, Norma, what has the Movement given you?" The question somehow startles me. "The Movement has made me grow," I begin, slowly rising as I speak. I continue, saying, "It has made me be really human," and when I am fully standing, I shout, "*Whoever dies before dying will never die!*" Then I begin to wake up with an intense register of the Force.

How to die before dying? This was what had to be revealed.

- I am going up some stairs in a house with two or three friends, and we reach the rooftop. I stand looking at the sky and, all of a sudden see a shooting star, then immediately another, and then many stars together, like flocks of birds "flying" through the sky. New "flocks" appear, it's fantastic! I cannot help being amazed and I am barely able to ask my friends, "Do you see what I see in the sky?" They answer that they do, in a whisper, because we are all looking up, almost breathless, amazed and bedazzled. Then, almost shouting, I tell them, "This foretells something, this foretells something, this foretells something!"

I woke up feeling an immense joy. Looking around the room, I saw my couple sleeping and everything looked unreal, as if in a fairytale and as if what I had dreamt were real, although I knew it was a dream. Both the dream and the moment after were marvelously strange.

Afterward, when Silo visited La Reja Park, I told him the dream and he said, "The dream and your mental situation afterward seem to me very significant. I think that many people are experiencing similar phenomena, along the lines of,

'I saw it or I lived it', something like in the Winged Lion. I think we will see more of this in the Community of The Message, and this will be an important symptom, an indicator that something is moving in the Profound."

- Sometimes I have had dreams about stars. In one of them I saw a storm of stars. Following a suggestion from the Master, I told Eduardo Gozalo about these dreams, particularly the one about the storm of stars. I asked his opinion about the moment of process I was going through, and whether the "storm of stars" were an indicator of anything interesting. Eduardo said, "It's the seventh step of the Material Discipline. The death of the I." I related it to the sensation I was having that something important was about to happen to me.
- It is late at night, almost everyone in the house is about to go to bed. Someone has found a small box containing four little golden busts of Silo's. I do not know why, but I know without a doubt what needs to be done. The light has to shine on the busts and the beam of reflected light has to "strike" in the center of the small pyramid that is outside in the patio. This takes place and to my surprise a small door opens in the pyramid and three strange beings appear. They look like us, with some differences; one of them has an egg shaped head and, apparently, he is the Master or the Guide.

We welcome them joyfully, as if we have known each other forever. We are neither afraid nor surprised just happy. One of these beings is amazed and says silently to another "But none of them was amazed that we showed up!" "That's because they also have their spirit," answers the other, meaning "strengthened or compact spirit."

I wake up with the crystal-clear sensation that I have dreamt before of the pyramid and of those beings.

- We are walking down the street with a couple of friends, the night is dark and there's nobody around. I start falling behind, and shout at them to wait for me. There's a lot of fog. I hurry and I see some silhouettes but I realize it's not my friends. I keep on walking until I reach a corner where there is an empty space but I see no one. I get scared. Crossing the street, I see a man sitting on a bench on the opposite sidewalk; he is completely dressed in black, with a black hat that covers his face. This calms me down and I shout, "Father!" Then the man

throws me a golden ball that is rotating at full speed, making the leaves on the ground fly about with its wind. The ball enters my chest. I begin to vibrate intensely and now the wind that is making the leaves fly around is coming out of me. I vibrate so much that in a moment I think, "I'm going to disintegrate," and I get frightened. Then I say, "God of the heart, of the eternal sun." With that I calm down and the ball explodes into light and I become light. I wake up with soft registers of the Force.

- I wake up twice and I remember that both times I have been dreaming that I am dying. I do not remember any images, only that I am dying. After the first dream I wake up without being upset and with no fear, but with a non-positive register and tension in my stomach. I get up, drink some water, go back to bed and dream exactly the same thing again!

Reflecting on these dreams, that is, on my death, I realize that even if I am no longer afraid of death, nevertheless I need to reflect more on my departure. I recognize that I have a hard time letting go of affections and that this has to do with that belief about "the 'abandonment' of other intentions" (this is in reference to the phrase, "*Do not imagine that you are alone in your village, in your city, on the Earth, or among the infinite worlds,*" Silo comments: "We experience this "loneliness" as "abandonment" by other intentions and ultimately as being "abandoned" by the future. "Speaking of "your village, your city, the Earth and the infinite worlds" confronts each and every one of those locations, small or large, unpopulated or populated, with the loneliness and negation of all possible intention. The opposite position starts from one's own intention and extends beyond the time and space that elapses for our perception and memory. We are accompanied by diverse intentions, and even in the apparent cosmic solitude there exists "something." There is something that manifests its presence." – *Commentaries on Silo's Message*)

- I am with many friends in a town. Each of the others is with their own group, and all are buying drinks and food. A call comes through a loudspeaker instructing us to go into the courtyard of a school. The assignment for the group I've chosen is to deliver maps to whoever needs them, maps that show the best route to follow. When I get to the place almost everyone is already sitting in groups and I still have to choose a helmet. I go around looking for one I like. They ask me through the loudspeaker if I need anything. Of course I say no and go quickly to my group. While I am walking I am also wondering whether my choice of a group was right, I did not think that just passing out

maps was very interesting. Then I realize that this is a service function, that it is to help others, and I like that. Right before I sit down I realize that they are going to get us ready to populate other planets, infinite space! A mission! And we are going to explore those other spaces and later draw up the map and give it out to those who arrive!

I wake up happy, experiencing one comprehension after another. I remember the Hidden City where “the done and the yet to be done” are kept; I remember that the permanent Meaning exists and that, therefore, it is always there, whether we get it or not. It becomes obvious to me that when I die I will fuse with the meaning. This opens my future completely! Then I wonder what I will do after I die, come back to help the human being or go on to the infinite spaces? I have a mission to fulfill. No matter how this turns out, there is a future and it is always open!

Immortality is not passive but active!

## Recognitions and Occurrences

*Meaning, future, immortality, transcendence... all of this is one.*

- I see that I know nothing about anything. I would like to know what am I looking for - what is my profound need? That is certainly what I am looking for. Bottom line, I am looking for something permanent, since everything moves and dances around, and it seems that everything is belief. Some time ago I saw that I was looking for immortality. Maybe that is it.
- I think that the meaning and my passage through life on this Earth, have to do with contributing something useful to others, to the species, so people can live better, so they can progressively overcome suffering and pain. However, I do not know the greater destiny of my species in the universe. I have the intuition, I believe strongly, that there is a meaning even if I do not know what it is. This gives me a register of contrasts: fragility-power, smallness-greatness. To help with human evolution I myself need to evolve, overcoming all obstacles that are hindering my progress. This opens the door to a new space. There is no doubt that the “evidence of Meaning” is one key.
- While I am doing the dishes I reflect about some of Silo’s comments about death, transcendence and God. Suddenly I recognize that I believed in God. A God with no visual image. At that instant I begin to be deluged with comprehensions, all disconnected, but great comprehensions that make everything, everything, have meaning. All of life has meaning! In that instant I understand the meaning of all existence, and joy invades me. Over time, the register was gradually “lost.”

When later on I had the opportunity to ask Silo what to do, how to move ahead with this, he answered simply, “Easy my child. God rides the troubled waters of the rivers. Genesis”

- Going deeper into the theme of life and death has strengthened a conclusion I reached some time ago: we are born with the possibility of contributing to life by evolving and, at the same time, by helping our fellow humans to achieve the same. That is what we are born for. I also have the strong intuition that there is no separation between life and death. In other words, our essence, “that”

which is found in the sacred spaces, already existed before we were born, and when we depart, if the spirit has been formed, we “go back” to that, because That is eternal, because it IS. The spirit simply exists, and sometimes it materializes, is made concrete, and when the “I” and the body dematerialize, the spirit continues to be, because it has neither beginning nor end. It is an eternal flow with different moments and manifestations.

- One day I weep because of my finitude. This was a moment of instability in which I recognize that I still believe in “the abandonment of other intentions” (his is In reference to the phrase, “*Do not imagine that you are alone in your village, in your city, on the Earth, or among the infinite worlds,*” Silo comments: “We experience this “loneliness” as “abandonment” by other intentions and ultimately as being “abandoned” by the future. “Speaking of “your village, your city, the Earth and the infinite worlds” confronts each and every one of those locations, small or large, unpopulated or populated, with the loneliness and negation of all possible intention. The opposite position starts from one’s own intention and extends beyond the time and space that elapses for our perception and memory. We are accompanied by diverse intentions, and even in the apparent cosmic solitude there exists “something.” There is something that manifests its presence.” – *Commentaries on Silo’s Message*).

I see clearly the mental moment I am in, the weight of my enchainment to attachments, and the next step I have to take. I must meditate, deeply and without hurry, like the horseback rider in *The Healing of Suffering*, on what I need to let go of in order to transcend.

- All my life I have believed that death is indisputable because that is the way I was raised, with this cultural belief that has been dragged along for centuries. I reflect that at the moment of my departure it will be hard for me to let go of everything, because for me there is nothing more beautiful than this world and, therefore, I do not want to die. Suddenly it becomes clear to me that all of that is belief! So I can believe whatever I want about the other space! I can design it, why not? I can believe whatever I want! And this opens my future!
- While out walking, I suddenly realize that I am alive and that this is something extraordinary! As I feel the full blown register of this, my joy increases and my level of consciousness rises. With a very clear register of certainty, I know that

we continue evolving. It is impossible not to continue evolving, both here and beyond physical death.

- I understand the thing of the spirit more deeply. Upon forming the spirit, we can go on to evolve forever. We actually do not die, we simply pass on into another state where we become that Being, become spirit.  
This is indispensable: *If you accumulate your acts of internal unity, nothing can stop you.*
- After my experiences of contact and after the Service there is no doubt that my level is of consciousness of self.
- I wake up with a soft register, one of volume, and I say to myself that this is the register of that “something new” that is growing within me. Then I remember the register of internal growth and I immediately relate it to what one friend said about the spirit: “The spirit does not necessarily manifest in an extraordinary (phenomenal) manner; instead, you feel a new being that is profoundly cenesthetic.” It is obvious to me that this new something that I register is my own spirit. At the same time, I also realize that my internal growth has accelerated during this year, my registers have changed. It seems like a change of a different quality has accelerated within me. I feel more Awake, remaining longer in the level of consciousness of self, recognizing the moment of process I am in without having to study it or review it; I see how little I still need to put in order, my limitations and my possibilities. My registers are of lightness, kindness, compassion, all them soft.

While I am considering the above, I suddenly realize and I am amazed at how fast (a couple of days) I have overcome a big contradiction that I have been dragging with me for years. This helps my spirit.

- It is a little bit easier for me to stay in my new registers. When I can face any daily event this way, I move forward in the consolidation of my central need: to increase my internal unity and to transcend. There is nothing more important in my life than that. That allows me to live as I’ve never lived before, almost completely indifferent to the dream of the landscape, especially in any negative situations I have to pass through. Do I suffer less? Yes, quite a bit less, and I feel light inside, somewhat as if I were in neutral, with a soft joy, valuing good times and small things, valuing every moment of my life, because I also learn

from the undesirable moments.

Now I remember *The Healing of Suffering* in a new way, with the register that I am the rider who is finally going toward his destiny.

- My death will be the overcoming of my last limits.
- While I'm waking up one day, I think in a neutral way about what I have lost, what I think I will never be able to achieve, in my search, in my hopes. I realize it may be that all of us go through life searching for meaning, searching for the eternal, hoping to find exactly that. The greater our faith in that hope, the more our possibilities for that to come true. Yes, there is hope for eternity.

# PART THREE

*From meaninglessness, to the intimation of meaning, to the experience of meaning*

## CONCLUSIONS

From this non-linear process of going deeper into my own transcendence, I've salvaged the following:

### **Suffering**

My suffering has been rooted in my fear of death, both as a belief and as something I imagine, and has therefore been rooted in a lack of meaning in life. Every time I've fallen into meaninglessness, finitude has been sending out its signal, whether or not I realized it at the time. More than once I've passed through meaninglessness and later emerged from it. My battle steed has been the work with the Force and the phrase "*nothing has meaning in life if everything ends with death.*" In addition I've reflected on the chapters "Intimation of Meaning" and "Evidence of Meaning" in *The Inner Look*. Meditation on all of this has become a recurring and frequent practice. Later I began to recognize that the time I remained in that state of meaninglessness was diminishing, as was my suffering.

### **Faith**

I've often experienced the failure of my minor illusions, but when my main reverie collapsed, suddenly the beliefs that were rooted in it also dissolved. When something precious that I believed I possessed faded, or turned out never to have existed, I fell into meaninglessness. Continuing in my chosen direction despite my losses strengthened my faith. Certain "strange" experiences showed me that within us there exist hidden abilities that allow us to see the world differently. Subtly, something new had begun to arise in me. It was the hope of being able to find meaning in life, of achieving immortality. The path had begun to open before me.

During that stage, regardless of my previous experience, I went back and forth between believing that everything ends with death and the registers that gave me

experiences to the contrary. The way I looked at death changed until finally I stopped being afraid of it.

It was also important for me to try to center myself in acting according to the way I thought and felt, and to realize that death was nothing but the entrance to immortality. My faith in immortality grew.

It took me a long time to accept that I believed in God, but when that happened, everything changed. Years after that I experienced the Presence of God and I saw two possible directions before me: that of mechanical repetition and that of the powerful Impulse that had the ability to take me out of it. I consider this experience my “inner revelation.” Everything else has happened as a consequence of this.

## **Freedom**

I kept deepening my experience of inexhaustible meaning; that is, as I reflected on the meaning of what I experienced and kept up the practices, the register of inexhaustible meaning began to last longer and longer in my daily life, and my fear of death finally dissolved, just as night dissolves when the luminous day arrives. Then my only need became clear: to transcend. Since then I’ve said that one can prepare oneself to transcend, not to die.

Silo asked us, *“How can what is immortal generate the illusion of mortality?”*

Through meditation, facilitated by the Force (in the ceremony of Service), I was able to see clearly the illusory way of living and of looking at death. I also recognized the register that my spirit was growing.

At some point the obvious impossibility of definitively dying became clear to me, and transcendence was revealed before my eyes as something that can certainly be achieved, until finally I had the experience that made my own immortality plain.

In addition, there is no doubt that one’s actions affect others, who in turn leave their own imprint, improving on those actions, overcoming them, influencing still other people, and so on. The actions we launch into the world are always tinged by the people who influenced us directly or indirectly. That is the way it has been

since time immemorial, and the way it will continue into the future. We learn from each other.

## **The Search**

For me, the search for meaning is the search for immortality, and has been pivotal in my process.

My death will be the overcoming of my final limits. The definitive inactivity of my body will make way for the liberation of my spirit, which is now unfolding softly inside me.

I, like all members of all generations, belong to a moment in this current, a current flowing like a torrential stream that never stops rushing down the mountain. We are here in transit, part of a Destiny. What can I do as an individual? Through intuition or intention, I can look for the meaning of life and align myself with that direction that impels evolution forward, staying with it despite all the obstacles I find in my path, and also helping others to have the possibility of achieving the same.

An immortal being came into this world with a message from the profound, a message that changed my darkened life with its light, giving me the gift of immortality. Thank you Silo, may you always guide my steps.