

Journey to Magic and Beyond

As we Begin life, decisions are not Ours to make.
We enter in a strained passage and a Cry for Breath.

If we are privileged, attentive others offer us long and careful nurture.
If we pay attention, we discover our separate self in positive pathways.

For the lucky among us, most of our self-guided, adult life
Becomes a sequence of largely predictable chapters in our life journal.
There is just enough edge of uncertainty in these pulsing adventures
To keep us alert and make the outcomes stimulating.

At a few junctures, we elect a turn that destines our overall route.
These are times filled sometimes with confidence and exhilaration,
Other times charged with fear and anxiety.
Either way, our only option is to adjust our course creatively
And make the best of the consequences.

If our twists and turns are enlightened enough,
We dignify both ourselves and the lives around us.
And in our example, we point the way for those to follow
In the endless cycle of before and after.

At the end of life our decision is not what direction to take,
But how to take the direction given.
Absent the illusion of absolute faith,
We fall back on belief in ourselves
And strive to proceed to an unknowable destination
With grace and dignity.

If we have conducted our journey well,
All along the trail, we have shared the only thing of value –
Loving connections to others and our world.
We are the fortunate ones who have led lives
Whose wake itself is sustaining.

If we are blessed as well as fortunate,
We have lived a life of settled affairs without loose ends
As we prepare for our final departure.
It is our privilege to make an exit

Having honored the bond of family and friends,
While our loved ones confirm us
And project Serenity for Our Future.

We depart giving back the breath we first took
While accepting the offer of Peace others bestow.

At the threshold,
Our life lacks only a Magical last Step.

Each in our own Way,
We discover the Magic
.....And Move On
.....Into the ALL we have Always Been;
.....No White Light Tunnels, No Overseer Fathers, No Entry Gates,
NO JUDGEMENT

>> Just Dissolving into the Ever Reforming River of Re-Creation.

Roll On Jordan, Roll On.

Thomas A. Burns

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