

Reflective moments

by Kay Mouradian

The loneliness. That's what I remember the most.

And the shock of no longer being young – another reality I had to accept. In my late 30s at the time, I felt the pain of not having found “Mr. Right,” and I had to confront the possibility that maybe I never would. But I never gave up hope. Thanks to my travel addiction, I was looking for that guy in various parts of the world.

Then, one day, returning from a ski trip in Australia, I came home to devastating news. My sister was in the midst of bearing her heaviest cross. Her breast cancer had been in remission for ten years, but suddenly it began to spread with a vengeance. Malignant tumors were metastasizing throughout her body. I was told she wouldn't fully recover and that her time was limited.

She was acting courageously, but I was shaken to my roots. I couldn't face the reality of what was happening. My sister was going to die! *No, I wanted to shout. She's too young.* Hurting and grieving, I was desperate for answers. I needed to understand my sister's plight, and my painful need for answers was fierce. I was struggling. My heart was crying, *Her cancer is so unfair. Why? Why her?*

I couldn't fathom why this terrible disease attacked her at such a young age. Her illness and subsequent death at age 49 were catalysts into my search for deeper meanings with regard to the physics of life. My fun-loving attitude of having a good time and getting all you can get was crumbling like a

great wall. I was in a state of confusion and no longer felt invincible.

An old adage says that when a student is ready, the teacher will come, and I was in great need. That's when some great souls came into my life. What they said were ideas and thoughts that for me were steeped in truths I understood. Maybe they will be of use to you as well.

My teacher said:
There is no death in this universe.
There is only change.
What you call death
Is merely a change of vehicle.
When there is no longer a physical pattern
To hold it together,
The body disintegrates.
You can't see the occupant anymore.
You think it's gone.
But it is not.
It's just in another state.
When man leaves his body
He moves into what we call
The Astral Plane
And changes into another vibration of matter,
One slightly less dense
Than the physical one.
Then we have what is called
A Second Death.
Those heavy with selfish thoughts
and egotistical desires
Stay in the astral body a long time.
They become floating astral corpses

In the plane nearest to the earth.
But



An
average
good
man's astral
body

Will disintegrate much more quickly.
He will move onward into states of rest and recuperation
And into the Halls of Learning.
When karma is right
He will reincarnate into a new physical body.

As I reflected upon what my teacher said about death, I thought about our Armenian ancestors on that doomed march that took their lives prematurely. I wondered who and where they are today; and if they have reincarnated, have they become aware of the root causes that turns human beings away from compassion?

I thought about our Armenian ancestors and thought, can our Armenian community embrace compassion and lead the way to eliminating the hatred and fear Talaat Pasha embraced in his attempt to exterminate the Armenian race? ❧

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reflections

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