

Moments of Enlightenment

What does it feel like when the words become real? When the theories become experience? When the platitudes become tangible? I've been pondering this lately, because at some point it really does begin to happen.

A few weeks ago I had an experience that, in retrospect, was rather amusing as well as enlightening. Its effects are still with me.

Working through my errands in town, the last stop was the grocery store. Pushing the cart through the familiar aisles, adding items and checking them off the list, at some point I made a short stop at the ladies room. There was really nothing much on my mind, but as I stepped through the door something dropped suddenly into my awareness.

During a conversation earlier that day a friend had happened to say, *"I know that you've chosen embodied enlightenment."* It was nothing new. I've known that for a long time. But as the words came back to me in that moment, something happened. The implications of *"this is the lifetime and yes, I have chosen it"* suddenly got very, very real.

The room began to wobble and I was grateful for a (rather awkward) place to sit and catch my breath. Glad to be alone for a few moments, the acute realization flooded my awareness: *"It is a foregone conclusion. I will experience my enlightenment this lifetime. I KNOW it in every cell of my being. I can no longer 'get it wrong,' there's nothing more to figure out, and nothing left to prove – to me or anyone else. From this moment on, life is whatever I make of it."*

I felt all that in an instant, and waves of chills passed through me. I closed my eyes and breathed, trying to stay present with something far bigger than my immediate reality. Sure, Adamus has told us all that many times, but I'd never felt it so deeply and so real. Even now as I try to describe it, the words almost sound too trite. It's as if they can only cobble together a superficial framework around something they can never contain.

Eventually realizing I didn't want to spend the rest of the day in the toilet, I braced myself for the world. Walking back out to the shop full of busy people was a bit overwhelming, so I kept my eyes down and concentrated on the shopping cart that connected me to the floor. In a grocery store, people are usually focused on getting their errands done, but the odd thing was, every time I looked up someone was smiling directly at me! *What... do I have green hair or something?*

At the bread counter I pointed to a loaf and the lady said, *"Do you want it cut?"* I wobbled my head and mumbled something, staring off into space. She paused... *"Um, was that a yes?"* Oops. Back to earth, Jean, back to earth.

At last I got through checkout and out to the car. I loaded the groceries, climbed in, and just sat there for a good 15 minutes. Nothing else felt important. Nothing else was as interesting as breathing in this beyond-words experience.

What had just happened? There wasn't much I could define, and the few words that came sounded very familiar. *"I can experience my enlightenment in any way I choose."* I already knew that, but apparently it had only been a concept. Somehow, in that strange moment in the ladies room, it became very, very real. There is nothing more I have to do. In fact, it doesn't even matter what I do any more, because I am at the end of the journey. Now all that's left is to explore this destination that I've worked so hard to reach.

We will each experience these moments of realization in our own way, in our own time. I know there will be many more for me – moments when the words become truth, when the concepts become experience – and honestly, I'm glad they are only moments! As much as I want my full enlightenment 'right now' I'm also glad my soul is taking it slow. They are so precious, these moments of awakening (not to mention intense) and I want to experience them completely without incinerating myself in the process. It's like savoring a first kiss that's full of promise instead of rushing headlong into nirvana; like tasting every nuance of the finest dessert instead of gulping it down in two bites.

Does life change in enlightenment? Not really... but yes, completely. As I edge ever closer, I find myself more introspective, more desiring to be alone, and far less driven than I've ever been. I do what I enjoy, relish time with the ones I love, and receive the gifts of every moment, whether they are delivered with tears or laughter. Daily life on earth continues, and I sense that even after that final breath of full reunion it will probably remain so. As the saying goes, "*Before enlightenment – chop wood, carry water. After enlightenment – chop wood, carry water,*" and yet life takes on such a different quality.

Dear Shaumbra, trust the process. Trust the moments, for they are nearly always unexpected. Give yourself to them completely, in full experience and love for you, no matter what they are. Trust the pace, because bringing heaven to earth is a delicate process that's never been done before. And relish the simplicities and pains of life, for they are precious beyond words.

(By Jean Tinder, Shaumbra Magazine editor, Crimson Circle - Shaumbra Monthly, August 2013)