

Jenny is dead

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An awaking experience of a rising consciousness.



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Jenny is dead. She killed herself. And like it is many times; no one would have ever thought that she would do such a thing. The story of her life is not a sad one, nor is it filled with constant pleasure. She went through a lot of struggle, which I thought had only made her stronger. Now it seems like she hadn't killed herself, but the story of her life did.

A while ago she reached a point where her suffering felt so intense that she couldn't take it anymore. The pain inside her had actually taken over her, she was completely identified with it - she had become the pain itself.

From that point on she let go of everything to keep herself alive, so to say. Keeping her mind clear was her way of going through this situation. She wasn't filled with pain anymore, but also had no other feelings, no love, no joy of being, just emptiness. She was like an empty human shell, a ghost, a spacious entity that had taken a human form. It was like she was already dead.

Someday, when she woke up in the morning, she noticed a switch in her perception and feeling of being. She hadn't opened her eyes yet but felt a strong feeling of positivity which I would describe as love. She focused on this feeling, observing it without judging or analyzing it, simply witnessing it as it started to fill her body. It spread through every single cell, a feeling of still aliveness. She opened her eyes and was astonished. Everything seemed more beautiful, the colors were more intense; all forms seemed to look sharper, still but alive. The light which was shining through the curtain was perceived as pure love. She walked around her room in awe, everything looked different. There was not only form or matter, but also the space which allowed the form to be. Every item even though it was not really alive seemed to be alive and filled with a universal energy which is connected to everything that exists.

She felt like she had been reborn and wondered why she had not seen the intense beauty surrounding her earlier. She had given up the image in her head of who she was. All the pain from the past and the following emptiness did not exist anymore. She deeply realized that she had created her own suffering simply by giving it value and by allowing the negativity to take control over her, having the illusion that she actually is an emotion or thought, or whatever has happened in her past, or is happening in her mind now.

But now she felt innerly free and was filled with love, experiencing the present moment. All her past was now no more than a story, but not who she really was. She didn't want to go anywhere, trying to save herself into the future, like having a goal to go to some point in her future in order to be fulfilled and happy. She realized that she can never become happy, she can only be happy. The present moment is always everything there will ever be, life cannot happen tomorrow, it can only happen now.

She let go of all questions like "Who am I?", "Why am I here?" and so on. She simply experienced the joy of being, not demanding anything from life. She didn't see her life and herself as separate, she had become one with life.

After that event I just saw her one more time, which was when she told me the story that I just wrote down for you. It was a wonderful feeling being surrounded by her. She was still but alert, and looked relaxed & happy. I felt like every word that she said, every movement she made, every glimpse was pure love. She had completely changed, and I even thought for a moment that I'm sitting next to some super-enlightened Buddha-Alien being.

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The last words she said to me were: You too can be free, Heinrich. But you cannot work towards it; you can only be it, now. Everything you will ever have is the present moment and it should be honored & made your friend under any circumstances. Always work with it, not against it. Don't resist it, and don't judge it. Allow it to be as it is. I cannot tell or show you the truth, Heinrich. Words are just a pointer to the truth. Love, and do what you will. Are you breathing at this moment?

It took me a while until I understood why she had asked me if Iâ m breathing.

Are you breathing at this moment?

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