

A WHIFF OF IMPERMANENCE

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Happy Full-Moon eclipse! This is a follow-up article on what happens to us after the age of thirty years. Esoteric astrology (and philosophy) is by nature heady stuff, very abstract. If you have not had the experience being described, it probably won't even register as anything but intellectual gibberish. Is it about real experience? You bet, but unfortunately it is veiled by our lack of experience and/or awareness. It is esoteric or occult, hidden. The Tibetans call it self-secret because it hides itself in that most secret of places, in plain sight.

In the previous section I point out that at around thirty years of age we begin to emerge from time. At that point time as we know it stops for all practical purposes and our soul is mentally frozen in our prime of youth like an insect in amber. It never decays. But the body does decay and after its prime, it embarks on a long trajectory downhill that personally ends with death. In other words, at thirty years of age the spirit up and leaves the body, or begins to, and this transformation has not gone unnoticed by certain religious groups.

"Born Again" is what I am talking about here. A Christian concept? Hardly, but some Christians have been aware enough to claim it, although it is available to us all.

We each are "born again," whether we know it or not, whether we want to or not. It just happens. And it physically occurs around thirty years of age. And just what is it that happens? Simply put, at that age we (the one we identify with) begins to exit and separate from the physical body in what can only be called some kind of 'spiritual' birth, thus the reference to being "born again." We are born (and borne) beyond time. Time is no more or matters no longer for us. We gradually forget time or we might say that we are out of time, have gone beyond time, and I don't want to just play with words here, but we then "have" time, for the first time. We embrace it like a mother embraces a child and drink the waters of Lethe to the very last drop.

As mentioned, this spiritual unfolding is hidden in the one place we would never think to look, right in plain sight, and for everyone to see. Like the air we breathe, it is so much with us that few have any awareness of it, yet the signs of this transformation are etched on our aging faces, emblazoned on all the tabloids, and are right before our eyes: eternal youth.

Physically, we each will eventually fail. There is no remedy for death other than death itself. I don't want to be particularly morbid and this kind of undertaking is not my business, but as a famous man once said to me in a moment of imprinting, "Michael, we learn to fail successfully." Yes, that is the great truth, that we all will personally fail, but we can learn to fail successfully. So, how is that done?

Like the old Kenny Rogers song, we have to "know when to hold 'em, know when to fold them, and know when to walk away." Failing successfully is knowing when to let go and work with a situation as opposed to creating a new situation or adding on to an old one. Knowing how to take away (walk away) and let something go is as important as knowing how to create something there in the first place.

As the Christian Bible says, this came to pass, that came to pass, etc. Nothing comes to stay. In time, all things come to pass.

Beyond our first Saturn return at thirty, we all learn (however slowly) to help things to pass. Facilitating passage (including our own) is what life beyond thirty years is all about, "working with," learning to fail successfully. It is all the same thing. We can struggle against this change I am describing, but only as long as energy and determination last. After our first Saturn return, life flows gently downstream. Some individuals learn to swim or row, row their boats upstream, perhaps even build a dam or two, but this is just vanity and foolishness.

Sooner or later we all get around to the business at hand, which is separating from the physical or as my friend spoke to me, learning to fail successfully. The purpose of this blog is not to drone on about the inevitability of impermanence, although it can bring a whiff of smelling salts to our routine dreaming and distractions.

I admit that I have kind of drifted from my original theme, which was the admonition not to struggle against the current of life as we start to wake up at the age of thirty. Yes, we can sail like kites in the winds of change, and no harm done. My point is that there is as much beauty and perfection in closure as there is in starting things. Our society celebrates youth up to the peak of prime, and then falls silent. As a group, we refuse to look at our own reflection in the mirror of time.

But that reflection, like the Sun at the break of day, dawns on each of us and, beyond time, illuminates the sky of our mind. Remember, life is a palindrome. It reads the same, forward and backward.

The Sun is shining, always, and all ways.