

I have always known that I know something very important. Yet I could not name it. It was two days before Buška, my beloved Grandma, died, that I remembered me knowing. On 3 June 2017, lying under a tree on a field of grass in Germany, I have a dream.

Clad in white blouse and red skirt I stand by a coffin in which Buška lies.

The coffin is made of very light, almost white, raw wood.

Buška lies there with her eyes closed and her hands clasped on the chest.

Her body is light and easy, her face kind and gentle.

There is light everywhere.

This light is very bright. It is almost too bright. It is actually white.

There is white light everywhere.

The whole space is saturated with white light.

There is no ground underneath.

There is only bright whiteness.

Bright whiteness is everywhere.

I know that my Loved Ones are with me.

I do not see them but I know that they are there with me.

Together we honour Buška's death.

In Silence.

In Peace and Harmony.

There is nothing to do.

There is nowhere to go.

There is an experience.

The experience is NOW

There is NOW

NOW is everywhere.

I AM in Bliss.

In Joy I AM

I wake up from the dream, sit on the grass, and accompany Buśka through death.

The next morning I call my Parents in Poland and learn that Buśka had a heart attack
and is in hospital.

I call Buśka.

I experience her very far away.

Rest Busiu. Rest NOW

I AM peaceful.

That evening I dance my gratitude to Buška and her Love.

To Your Joy And In Your Honour Busiu !

After midnight I learn that Buška died.

Again I AM in Peace.

Again I AM in Bliss.

Live Busiu ! Live NOW !

As I wake up the next morning, I hear the birds singing and my heart beating.

Anew in Peace I AM

In Peace. In Bliss. In Joy.

My Loved Ones are somewhere very else.

Their experience is very different.

I AM somewhere very else.

I AM somewhere very different.

The roses in Buśka's garden blossom.

I continue to be where I AM

