

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. Then, in 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.

(T)Here is light Ever(Y)(w)Here.

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

(T)Here is white light Ever(Y)(w)Here.

The whole space is saturated with white light.

(T)Here is no ground underneath.

(T)Here is only bright whiteness.

Bright whiteness is Ever(Y)(w)Here.

I know that my Loved Ones are with me.

I do not see them but I know that they are (t)Here with me.

Together we honour Buška's death.

In Silence.

In Peace and Harmony.

(T)Here is No thing to do.

(T)Here is No(w)Here to go.

(T)Here is an experience.

The experience is NOW.

(T)Here is NOW.

NOW is Ever(Y)(w)Here.

- *Death*
- *Yes?*
- *What do you need?*
- *I need your presence, your company, your beingness. I need you to taste me, to smell me, to hear me, to see me. I need to be tasted, to be smelt, to be heard, to be seen. I need to be touched by you. I need you to touch me. Just as everything else I need to be experienced. I need to be recognised, to be appreciated, to be. I need to be taken care of like a newly born baby - with utmost attention. I need to be treated gently. Yes, gentleness soothes me. And I need time and space. I need your time and your space. Give me time. Give yourself time to feel me, to feel into me, to feel into you, to honour us. You will know when the time is over. You will just know. And when the time is over, do not hold onto me. Do not keep me when the time for me to go comes. Let me go. Let yourself go. And give me space. Give me space in between Ever(Y) thing in your life. I will not hurt you, I won't, I promise. I am not (t)Here to hurt. I am (t)Here to be. I am to be. So give me space. Give yourself space to let me be. Know that (t)Here is nothing to fear. (T)Here is nothing to deny, to escape, to withdraw from. Be not in fear. Be in me. Be with me. Be through me.*

I AM in Bliss.

In Joy I AM

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

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

I call Buška.

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 (w)Here I AM

Buška's death moves me to create *Fear Me Not, Says Death*, a book about the Nonexistence of Death. I begin to write.

*I unknow so that I know.*

*Knowing is in\_with\_through unknowing. It unfolds in\_with\_through unknowing the known.*

*I unknow the known.*

*I unknow how\_why\_what I know.*

*I unknow me knowing into not knowing me.*

*I become me not knowing.*

*Me not knowing I AM*

*Me not knowing enables me to know different.*

*I know not so that I know different.*

*I know not so that I know.*

*I know not and I know.*

*From knowing into unknowing into not knowing into knowing different again.*

*From knowing into unknowing into not knowing into knowing different anew.*

*From knowing into unknowing into not knowing into knowing different more.*

*From knowing into unknowing into not knowing into knowing different NOW.*

NOW I know that Death is Bliss.

NOW I know that Death is Liberation.

NOW I know that Death is Celebration.

I sense\_receive\_feel Death as a chance to free the transitory self into the eternal self.

I sense\_receive\_feel Death as an opportunity to coalesce the multiple self into the one self.

I sense\_receive\_feel Death as an experience to live the separated self back into the Source WON.

I write again.

*(T)Here is no other side. The other side does not exist. We create the other side to label what we cannot come to terms with, to have a point of reference, to differentiate (w)Here they go from (w)Here we stay, to give the dead their place, to offer more space for those still alive, to maintain the distance, to soothe the grief, to release the desperation, to silence the rage, to mask the fear. We create the other side to continue to live.*

My other Beloveds died.

I experience their deaths in Silence, in Peace and Harmony.

Again I AM in Bliss.

Anew I write.

*Antośku! Since yesterday you have been (t)Here by my side. A bit behind to my right, somehow diagonally facing my shoulder so that when I slightly turn, we see each other. And they say that you are not. They say that you are not (t)Here, that you are not (t)Here any more. They say that there is your grave and that you are there in this grave. And I see you, I feel you, I am with you. You are with me. Here now. Sitting straight, calm and peaceful, gently joyful, silent, filled with light from within, surrounded by light from without, fluid, pure, full, very full and very empty. You are smiling at me. You know what, I don't listen to them. I just don't listen to what they say. I experience how I experience, I feel how I feel, I see how I see. This is the best for me, and for you too.*

In September 2019 I write these word. They are to become the prologue to *Fear Me Not, Says Death*.

*(T)Here is nothing to fear.*

*(T)Here is nothing to fear my Beloved.*

*You are loved. Beyond Ever(Y) thing. Beneath Ever(Y) thing.*

*In between all that is you are loved.*

*Absolutely and totally.*

*You are loved fully and freely.*

*You are forever within the expanding source of love.*

*You are (w)Here I AM*

*I AM (w)Here you are.*

*Feel love.*

*Feel your source.*

*Feel your source within your breath.*

*Here I AM*

I am very close to finalising the book. In Autumn 2020 I suspend the writing because of my other creation - DANCE BY MY GRAVE, a quantum consciousness multi film actualising the Nonexistence of Death. Editing the DANCE, I shift into a different reality. I move into the space\_time where and when Death does not exist. I tear up the notebooks with all the *Fear Me Not, Says Death* texts and dive into me NOW.

Within the NOW of the NOW of the NOW of me NOW I know to live.

Within the NOW of the NOW of the NOW of me NOW I choose to live.

Within the NOW of the NOW of the NOW of me NOW I just live.

How\_why\_what I live I AM