

## The Avoidance of the Void

Feeling like standing there – at the very edge of the Universe, feeling a tug into an absolute unknown, just poised to jump. Dreading it, but fascinated at the same time – fascinated in a way that you have never been so aware of Life before.

You are in the process of dying.

It is here. The day you knew would come. The day your body can no longer exist. Did you ever imagine that inevitability? It's here. It's NOW. Your life, and everything you know is slipping out of your hands. It's probably the most profound experience that you will ever have – and you may not wish to be in this place. Life was too positive for you to give it up without a fight. The fight of your life, and you lost it.

You are in a state of suspension between a useless shell and something new, but you don't want to leave all you know and love. A life that you created - that is now shattering before your eyes into a million tiny fragments, much like taking a mirror with a reflection of yourself and seeing it smashed in such a way that it is just the glass you see, and nothing else.

What is left is a moment in time. A fragment, a piece of the reality you know and you are hanging onto it in the great eternal ocean of time, slipping off but trying to grasp on until your fingers are frozen and you can hold on no longer.

Feeling nothing, you begin to slip into the water, the primordial waters of creation and it is warm, like being back in the womb – that safe place with love and peace surrounding you. It grows very quiet and still and the life you know is gone. It has culminated in this absolute finality. There is no return now. It is over, but you do not want what you see at the next moment.

The womb expels you to a place you do not know – in the way that you came into your life, but that was a time for a pair of arms to envelop you and reassure you. Being born into the vastness of the Universe is not so comforting. It is cold and dark. You can see little twinkling lights at the end of a tunnel that feels as though it wants to pull you into a place of your answers to everything – but you don't want to know them.

You are afraid. It's what feels right, but yet so strange. Just a moment ago, you were looking into the eyes of your son – crying, knowing that he would never look into your eyes again. Those deep brown eyes so like your own, watching as you close yours for the last time - one last little flicker of love in the now-fading light of his father's life.

You take one last look. There is someone else in the room now – like a ghost, a spirit, holding out her hand. An Angel of Death. She smiles the smile of a promise you will make to her in another time, another place. Softly pulling you – irresistible, but then she is gone. Colors like nothing you've seen before; auras, even from objects. Lights sparkling and dancing all around. Then you close your eyes for the last time. Just can't keep them open now.

Your son walks over and kisses you, but you cannot respond. Your wife's touch in your thin hair as she gently strokes it; the yesterdays in her mind recounted as you fall into the sleep of Death. A daughter's voice. "I love you, Dad;" another in the arms of her brother, softly weeping. Your sister holding your hand, feeling you slowly leave her.

The room grows silent then. They are somewhere else now – or is it that you are not there? You have passed into the abyss of eternity, unsure of where to go. The tunnel opens, the twinkling lights – the complete unknown that is somehow familiar. You have been here before - when you were born, the few years ago that you came into your mother’s womb, just before you were pushed out into the life you are now leaving. A fully formed baby became the shell you would assume, and you entered the world with it – like a full package on its way via a perfect delivery service.

Moments ago, you were that little baby. Now you are going back to where you came from but you don’t want to. Stopping right at the edge, you don’t want to go and you don’t know why. You came down the same tunnel you are looking into but it seems too cold, too straight into a void and you can’t quite recall so much of what is at its end.

The tug is great, but you hold back. Now it begins to close, and the opportunity is closed with it but you are wondering what comes next, still trying to cling onto to life for a few more moments, feeling your shell take another deep breath to give you more time for other possibilities. You cannot control it so much, but perhaps it is still part of the package – still wanting you to tell it what to do as you are holding onto it. It will soon not be able to feel you. It is shutting down rapidly. The neurons are disconnecting and so your energy will have no response from it. It will feel some quick gust of a last breath leave it – and then nothing.

The next opportunity comes. Now you see your life going on as it was, and you want that. It’s familiar, warmer. It’s what you wanted while you were so ill – life back, when you were working, doing what you love, feeling good, coming home to your beautiful wife, your kids, the noise. The wrath of a mother on them – loving yet firm, as she was to you, her fourth kid – wearing you down into some sort of compliance that you know you need but still revolt against.

You decide to stay. Yes.

I had made the choice and a new life began, a new life that I had to now deal with in that life as I knew it was gone.

I had not.

*Steve Jobs ... 06-05-2013*