

About a Beautiful Transformation

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"Death has been swallowed up in victory. Where, O death, is your victory?
Where, O death, is your sting?"

St. Paul. To Corinthian I. XV, 54-55.

I've been thinking a lot about death over the years. There is no resignation in these thoughts, neither sadness nor pessimism. They are not caused by competition, weariness, or boredom. Their genesis is different, and the source is pagan infatuation in the beauty of life. I love life not only in its Great and Unique aspect, in the inseparable Trinity of Life-Death-Resurrection, but I also love, but not at all, what is illusory and transitory in it, what persistence it has the rainbow of a soap bubble; I love the beauty of all forms: the game of colors, the magic of sounds, the unexplored mystery of the flowers' fragrance, the silvery dew and opal and ethereal mists, and the sharp rhythm of soldiers' steps, and arabesques of frost on snow-covered windows, and the dance of white snowflakes. I love the transparency of the wave, the rays of the sun, the touching greenness of the young sward of cereals, and the compact, cold whiteness of Uru marble, and the geometrical perfection of crystals, and fringes of rain - fluid lines connecting the sky with the earth, and the phantasm of the agony of fluffy clouds and the glow of thought in the eyes of a man, extent singing steppes and the power of the storm, the strength of the eagle and the weakness of the blue vial. flickering distant stars and purple flame. I admire and love birds and insects, animals and minerals, silvery devas and ridiculous underground people. It is dear to me this whole kaleidoscope of forms, the eternal dance of atoms intertwining underneath by the action of a secret force into millions of shapes, only to come together after a short duration, fall apart like a swarm of colored hearts.

I am not speaking at this moment of Incomprehensible Life, of Cosmic Life, which lasts for billions of years in the human conception, and is only a flicker in Being of that Supreme Being, about whom the mere thought raises consciousness to dizzying heights, for what is its beginning? What Genesis? How did it come into being? And when? And what was before that? And what will happen after countless billions of centuries? And not about the biological process we usually call life, and which it is only the moment of contact between Energy and Matter.

No. I love not only these Secrets of Life unsearchable and sacred, but also the wonderful Maya of ephemeral forms. And this love of life - across the gamut states of my consciousness make me think of one aspect of it - of deaths. About the Mystery of Death.

What is death? Is it destruction? Disintegration? Dissolving into nothingness? Is it the end, or only a transition from one state of being to another? Energy is indestructible. Biology speaks of the perpetual change of atoms and forms, about the transition of an energy unit from one conglomerate of atoms into another, focused by the power of its specific vibrations.

It is true that Nature jealously conceals the very moment of change; that the development of the bud into the calyx of the flower takes place under the cover of night; that the final transitional forms of one species into another and higher species perish; that no we can note and capture with awareness the moment of falling asleep, etc.

Similarly, science cannot determine the essential moment of death. Every organ, each part of the body dies at a different time. Nails and hair grow over time three, sometimes four days and even longer after the so-called death. Within, the functions of digestion last for several hours, etc.

The departure, the interruption of the vibratory current that connects matter and animate energy, is almost always very difficult and painful, thanks to ignorance. We have all watched the long agony of men, animals and plants, terrible, full of unspeakable pain, the last spasm of a human face, convulsions full of torment, horror frozen in glassy pupils. The anesthetics used by official medicine do not solve this at all. Because the moment of departure of energy from the body, the moment of liberation spirit, and the final reckoning with the Earth must be completed in full awareness. In peace, beauty and harmony. It shouldn't be right now hatred or resentment towards a personality that often disobeyed the orders of the Soul. And in the wilderness she wandered, but full of serenity and mutual gratitude parted: servant and master. Calmly noting all shortcomings and victories, all deviations and ascents. At this moment I am reminded of a beautiful poem by Roman Rostworowski read long ago:

----- Death is a wonderful page that keeps watch at the gate, So why tear and cry - Chopin's funeral march";

and another poem by Słowacki:

"What would all our wisdom be if she had not even taught us to die."

I'm sorry I don't remember all of it.

There is a knowledge that makes the transition from one form of being to another painless. There is knowledge that makes it easier for the Soul to shed the garment of the body, which makes this moment beautiful and full of dignity.

The final chord of human life must be beautiful. It must be in the name the beauty of the whole. For the further development of the spirit. It must be a solemn act full of harmony, peace and wisdom. Euthanasia must be — on every level. The Great Transformation of an earthly chrysalis into a wonderful Butterfly Spirit should be performed in an environment full of beauty and silence, where every detail would be wisely chosen; among flowers and colors and melody and fragrance, in the deepest understanding of the importance of the moment.

"I tell you a secret: we will all rise from the dead, but we will not all be changed" (St. Paul. To the Corinthians, I, xv, 51).

For this "change" to take place, the question of death, the art dying should be placed on a strictly scientific surface, out in the open, the *Eternal Knowledge* stored in Tibetan esoteric centers. I dream of making this knowledge alive, so that the science of the Great Change, which is the resurrection to life on the higher planes of consciousness, was available to every esotericist.

And then: "the last enemy will be destroyed - Death" (Cor. I, XV, 26).

Then the moment of Transformation will become the Golden Gate, the Rainbow Arch, leading to a new life, the Arc of Victory over Time, Matter and Space, bearing the radiant inscription: "I am the Resurrection and the Life".