



Halleluiah

A Mind Release
by Lisa Hering
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Recorded to the music Halleluiah by Leonard Cohen

Played by Hyun Piano

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KBRxxh6Ap8c>

I walk into a cathedral. I see limestone walls towering above me. A candle at the front altar is lit, and it sparkles as I draw near. I am the only one inside. The pews are empty. The ceiling is full of painted clouds and angels. I open my arms out wide as though lifting all my burdens up to heaven. And then I begin to spin around in a circle, all the while becoming lighter. I spin and spin, and soon the floor beneath me fades away and I am rising.

I hear stringed instruments. A violin, softly calling me. A second one in harmony. I see the angels above me painted on the ceiling. But they are moving. They are watching me. They have never seen a woman rising like this before. They are confused. They know their story. This is not part of it.

I must burst free. I must shed my burdens. I touch the ceiling and it opens up for me. The angels watch in utter amazement. For 800 years they have watched mankind. As I squeeze through the opening, my burdens are scraped off and fall to the marble floor. They crash into a million pieces. They are no more. They are vanquished.

I rise more. I can see the Seine River and Montmartre. I see boats on the water and people and cars moving along the pavement. Steeples and bells and spires and roofs. The breeze cools me in this summer day. I simply feel the rush and allow it to carry me wherever it will. I have no cares anymore. My body is tired and used up. I just want to sleep.

And the red rainbow opens up to me. I saw it once before, and it was beautiful. I wanted to touch it then, but it was not my time yet. But I knew it would be significant, someday. I hoped it would be significant. But time passed and I never saw it again. Finally, I had given up that I would ever get to know its secrets. But now I see it. I hear it calling me, calling me for real. It isn't my imagination. It's something meant for me. Wherever it leads, I know it will take me where I need to go.

As I approach it, it creates a bridge of red cloudy fog. I descend to it, and I can stand upon it firmly. A handrail also of red fog appears. I place my hand on it. My dress flows in the mist. Ribbons in my long hair flutter softly. I take a step. I know not where I am going. But I am anxious to go. It is where I belong. It is a home I have long missed. Whatever it is, it will be my place.

I take another step, and then another. My bare feet feel as though they are walking on marshmallows. The rainbow bridge is long. I have a long journey ahead of me. But I don't mind. It is an invigorating walk. The air becomes cooler as I walk higher and higher, like the first day of autumn, after a hot summer, and you don't mind at all being a little chilly. You yearn to cool off.

The fog makes dots of precipitation on my skin. It's like being cooled down under the mist of spray hose in the backyard in summer, running and running in circles to feel the spray all over, running down to your toes and wetting your hair. What memories I could have had. Whose memories were those?

The path is leading me up into clouds of the heavens. The fog becomes so thick I can no longer see past my nose. The red rainbow vanishes below me. I don't see the cloud anymore. I have shut my eyes. I hear whispering. What are they saying? I still hear the violins, and now there is organ music accompanying them. It must be from the cathedral. It is someone's funeral. There is black all around. The angels are in mourning. I can no longer move. But I don't need to move. I am in a world of my own. For the first time, there is peace. For the first time, I am perfect. I am as God designed me. All is well in the world.

And I see a young boy. He is the one who guided me through the crowd of people in the small village. He is the one who told them, "I saw an angel". I didn't know who he was then. But I knew he embodied all the goodness of the world. I knew I would follow him anywhere. And now I have. He is my son. And he is waiting on me expectantly. He knew I was coming. He is smiling and waving. I am welcome here, wherever we are.

I come close to him. He wraps his arms around my neck and calls me mother. I lift him up and hold him close to my breast.

"My son," I say to him. "I have missed you. I will never let you go again."

He smiles at me and stays on my hip. He fits just right, like he has been there many times. And it feels right. Nothing else matters.

"Is this where the rainbow ends?" I ask.

"Yes," he says, "it is."

"And where is the pot of gold?" I ask.

He gives me a funny look, and says, “Mom, you’re holding it. It’s me.”

I wrinkle my nose and touch my forehead to his, and whispered to him, “I knew it.”

We sat down on the angelic grounds and played, just the two of us. We played one game after the next. He was so excited to have a companion just for him. And I was happy to play whatever he wanted to. I just loved watching him. It was the first time I could be the mother he wanted me to be. Here, all mothers redeem themselves.



“When you arrived here,” I asked him, “Did you find a pot of gold?”

“No”, he looked at me sadly. “It was empty. I had to wait. I had to wait a long time. But now you’re here.”

We had all of eternity to play. We would eventually be joined by others, and we were eventually part of a large group of normal, not dysfunctional, but properly functioning individuals, who lived peacefully, joyfully, excitedly, showing all the good and having lost the bad and selfish because it no longer served a purpose. These were the angels with whom I spent the rest of my days, and they were many, and they were happy.

It was the truth, that life on Earth is just a passing thing, a mere snap of the fingers and it is gone. It is nothing to worry about, being of so short a time. An angel can stub a toe in the same time. Relative to eternity, it was like a dream to have been there, and sometimes I wondered if it had been real. But I look at my son, and I know it was. That’s how angels have children. That is the true purpose of life on Earth. It is the only place they have to go, and they only want to stay a short while because of all the bad. They are anxious to return home.

So no one need worry about life and death. Both are assured to us, and both have a purpose and a reason. It is not to fight, nor to be jealous. We will all eventually get what we came for, one try or another. There is no need to rush or to cry. It only seems so important while we are there. But the closer you get to heaven, on those mountain tops in Sedona, I was almost there, so close I could feel it. I could see the red rainbow, but it far enough away I couldn't reach it. It was the black ravens between me and the clouds that separated us. They knew then what I know now, and that is why I always admired them, their playfulness and their grace, their intelligence and their daringness to be close to humans and to try their best to communicate with them, to tell them the secret. If only we knew it for sure on Earth, it would be a different place.

Earth is a funny place. They strive for perfection, but it is unattainable on Earth. They cannot be what they are not. They cannot resist the laws of nature. And Earth requires attraction, like an ion looking to bond. So long as we are in the ionic stage, we will be volatile, radical, unpredictable, at random, needy, imbalanced. That is what we need to form families. But every now and then, one atom is formed that is independent, balanced, noble. Those are the angels. In heaven, one plus and one minus have combined to make a zero charge inert being, angels, peaceful, but without the ability to attract and repel, to reproduce. Even God had to involve humans to produce a human son. Life and reproduction require that human imbalance, volatility, radical tendency. Earth is where angels go to become alive again and have families, and you know when you hear the words, "He's a saint," or "She's a saint", it's truly an angel come. But with that off balance of electrical impulses comes passion, and with passion comes both good and bad, and so angels are somewhat anxious to return to heaven. Once they've raised them, they want to go home, where it is truly peaceful, and wait above the red rainbow. Sometimes the children get their first and wait. But reunion is certain, and time is the only barrier. But eventually, for everyone, the time will come, and once you understand, you no longer fear, but rejoice.

Halleluiah.

I am one of those. My use on Earth is only to make life better for others, but not for myself, for I already have everything I need, like the noble gas. But for a moment, I was human, and that was all the time I needed to be human. I got my son. And I will have him forever.

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