

## **The Council.**

For several days, the man had, during his quiet, reflective times, noticed a gathering of spirits in his home. It wasn't unusual for him to see spirits, nor unusual to see more than one, but this gathering, now in its fourth day, was remarkable both for its longevity and the size of 7 spirits.

So this morning, as he began his meditation, his attention was drawn to the assembled spirits, and he watched. Soon, he was invited to join them. His spirit walked towards the group while the man watched. But the man was also the one walking. He was sitting, but he was walking too.

As he approached the space where the spirits gathered, it changed to a stage the size of a large city park, with stairs on the left. As he lifted his foot to climb the first of three steps, the audience, which he had failed to notice, began to applaud. Soon, the applause was all encompassing, as were the words "Good job", which were equally loud. As he got to the enormous stage, the crescendo was absolute.

As he walked across the stage, the congratulatory applause finally persuaded him to admit that he had lived an honourable life. He thought of something that would have seemed negative only moments before, but now it wasn't. He repeatedly heard himself saying, "It doesn't matter," as his thoughts were cleansed of doubt.

His smile increased as the raucous cheering overwhelmed his senses. Minutes later, he paused at the stairs leading down and off the stage, and looking up and all around, he knew he had just been validated and graduated as a good man. His years of constantly doubting himself were over, and he was free from the shackles that this same council of spirits had placed upon him, who knew how long ago now, but until such time that he learned not to take chances with other people's lives. That time was now, today.

His crime was a crime against humanity because, in a former life, he took a chance and deployed an experiment before it was thoroughly tested, causing the deaths of many people.

His time of involuntary and, at times, voluntary punishment, for the wrongs he had committed in that previous life, was over.

The man was elated yet humbled by the totality of the knowledge and wisdom he had accumulated during his current life.

He descended the final steps and returned to the chair in his living room.

Hours passed and still he sat feeling the feelings of freedom and unbounded happiness, that dispelled the doubts his learned, human, curiosity had instilled in him so he wouldn't be duped into believing in things that seemed too good to be true, and were too good to be true. This was true, and his harsh and lengthy sentence for his crime was over.

As he finally passed through the exit door of his karmic sentence of pain, humiliation, and physical and sexual exploitation by predators, he noticed the door wasn't really a door; it was simply a portal out of, but then straight into, his continuing journey, only now as a free man.

His consciousness of his crime in a past life, which he had learned merely two decades earlier, had answered his questions of why all the negativity had happened to him. And now he tempered his elation for the same reason. Yet there was no way to dismiss or avoid the spring of happiness he was feeling.

He was a free man, no longer bound to experience inevitable unhappiness. He was free.

He now took time to thank the spirits who accompanied him on his journey. Spirits he had witnessed not feeling his human emotions, but who watched in neutrality as he suffered almost unbearable deprivations and loneliness.

The Council had now disbanded, the commotion of congratulations was over, except for the welling and flooding of happiness at his graduation and after receiving his Free Man diploma.

The End.

Written by Peter Skeels © 4-26-2025