

MY SPACETIME: LINKING PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE IN AN UNBROKEN CHAIN OF ETERNITY

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They say living in the present is the only way to be happy. If so, why do I so often tend to yearn for my past, trying to revive emotions and events that turned to cold ashes a long time ago. What is it in my past afterwards that makes it so attractive I can't or even don't want to let go of it... Or, what is the past itself? Is it just my sweet memories, my unfulfilled wishes, my unexpressed potential or something else?..

To understand this phenomenon, I start to analyse what I truly feel when dwelling on the past — or rather on its brightest moments. First of all, I have to admit that I feel comfortable, warm and safe — yes, I feel like being at a safe distance, far away from the harsh modern day reality. Well, to some extent, my past gives me a momentary solace and relief, which help me cope with a day-to-day boring routine. The past helps me balance with the present.

However, there is something more to it than a perfunctory and brief relief. The thing is that I had (or I seem to have had) a very abundant life in my past, full of different kinds of events and experiences that would come and go, with every day bringing in something new. Then I was young and therefore eager to learn things, to absorb — even glutton — any piece of information coming from everywhere. Perhaps, it is my adolescence that made my perception too sharp, too acute, and too sensitive, no matter what I experienced — grief or joy, pain or excitement. Perhaps, due to my acute perception and open-mindedness, I thought I had been doing a big job in my life, implementing some important tasks (the Mission?) that mattered, in a way, both to the other people and to my spiritual progress.

Those days are all gone now... .

However, memories still stay here to help me go through hardships and ordeals that come up my way now and then. They help me face the current days, full of frustrations, sadness and bitterness. When I recall my past happiness in times of misery, it gives me strength and energy to go on. It gives me a sense of meaning and purpose of my being. I say to myself — if I was happy once, then I can be happy again, I can again enjoy the taste of life, I can again feel important, individual and confident.

Well, I am talking about recollections of mind, and this is just the first layer of memory. However, there is the second — deeper — layer of memory, which entails reminiscences of Soul, recollections of its previous incarnations, previous journeys and previous experiences with their effects still reflected in my nature, character, and the circumstances that surround my relations... .

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I think this ‘déjà vu’ feeling is familiar to you all — for example, when you walk through a brand new place and feel like you have been here before. Or you meet someone for the first time in your (current) life and suddenly feel like having strong and close ties with him/her. Our paths have crossed before, now they are crossing again. And I ask myself - what does it mean to me now? What for does this person appear in my life again? Shall I avoid or invite him/her in my life to complete my unfinished tasks? Do we have to continue our story or put an end to it? What roles shall we play now?

Memories of Soul can do some other tricks as well.

Sometimes I plunge in the past so deeply it becomes even more real than reality itself. It is a bizarre yet exciting feeling — like going through a layer of various dimensions, like being here and there and somewhere else just at the same moment. I feel like being someone else when still remaining Me, Myself. Perhaps this is a moment when I am truly awakened to some parts of my inner world, which were hidden (rooted) in my unconscious to come out as a sudden revelation. Each of this part also has its own past life memories to give me an idea who and what I am or was or can be or had better not be...

This multifaceted and multidimensional state of mind is equally as dangerous and destructive as conducting and healing. (It is just a tool, and the key issue is to learn how to use it in a proper way. Now I have arrived at the very core of my analyses, this is the cornerstone of the whole story...) This can be utterly ruinous only in case I start comparing my present and my past, with a distinct preference to the latter (while indulging myself in a sweet memory pie). In this manner I pump the vital energy out of my present and give it away to my past, thus stripping my future of its great potential. As a result, subconsciously, I know that nothing good awaits me in future, and consequently I feel upset, depressed and frustrated. Then the vicious cycle starts rotating...

This is how this foul scheme works — but only if I resort to comparative assessment. Although, when I don’t make evaluative assessments, when I acknowledge what I feel without judgment, my past memories (deprived of energy now) remain just... memories, which like fragments fall into one picture — my rich, wonderful and precious experience.

That is it. It is purely my experience and I have to treat it in a right way. My life is the process of going through a combination of states, of being and becoming. If I focus only on the past memories, I fail to pay attention to what’s going on in the present. If I dream of the future, I will get lost in fantasies leading me nowhere.

The best compass to guide me to the lighthouse is embracing whatever happens in my life: the past with its mighty history, the present with its poignant reality, and the future with its promising perspectives. I have to embrace it all to keep things going and write a new chapter of my life.

When I take my past as it is with all its lessons useful for the present, it gives me energy and hope for the future. Here is where the circle of LIFE starts rotating to produce the beautiful formula of my personal Spacetime: **“Trapped in the Past = Fearful Hopeful of the Future”**.

Here is where the Eternity steps in...

CIRCLES ACROSS UNIVERSE

I am the Rock, hidden under the inevitable dust,
(I wonder if ever the celestial sphere will condescend to embrace me?)
It might have been the Lord who flung me away,
Or perhaps it was Lucifer who kicked me off ...
Though scorched by the sun, still I remain cold,
Though worn away by the constant water dropping, and subdued by the
 seasonal snow,
Still I can feel, I can breath and I can see,
I am the Rock, I am the Faith coming from above.
I know what it feels like carrying the burden of the terrestrial gravity
Against the arrogant wind trying my patience with hundreds of its tricks,
I am the groaning of the Tablet, which gives birth to the Word,
I am the Rock — I am alive! So are the purple streaks throbbing on my
 skin
And shaping an intricate pattern of my future and past lives...
Constrained within myself, I am absorbing the outer Space,
I am the Rock, I am the flame concealed in a stone goblet.
I am Creator's first attempt, his initial design,
And his incipient premonition, which pre-shaped the first ever human
 heart...
I am grey, and therefore invisible when lying on the grey ground,
However, this is what makes my fragile carcass firmer and safer...
I am the Rock wrapped in a limp cocoon,
I am the moss-covered, worm-eaten mystery of the Being,
Call me a tombstone, a wall-stone, a cornerstone!
I am a block bearing the Universe,
I am the living soul of the co-creation process...
I am the Wanderer, who does not move,
But keeps going along the path of repentance —
At the end of my journey I will be freed (with a knowing grin on my face)
And I will sink in the starry Heavens
Sending circles across the Universe...
I am the Rock, I am the Rock...