

# Running Commentary Following Gertrude's Death

## Part 28 of 53

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A couple of mornings ago, John reported either a dream or a real experience during sleep that I find to be of considerable importance. It involves a feature quite different from any reported in *Life After Life*.<sup>1</sup> He has written up the dream and I shall now dictate it onto the tape.

My memory of the dream begins with an awareness that Yogi was dying. I was with him, but I do not remember his appearance or the physical environment. I remember a precise moment of becoming aware that he was dying. There was no stress in this acknowledgment. I seemed to know what was going on and was not frightened.

Next thing I knew, I was in the air, coursing in a straight line with steady and deliberate speed down the middle of a narrow, rather dark valley. The mountains on either side were steep and they shimmered in the dimness as though not of a concrete form. They were amber and very dark in color. I was aware of a rushing sound like a gentle whoosh through the air. My attitude was very detached throughout this. I was calm and sensed a peace and an order. Then the awareness came to me that this was Yogi's death I was going through and not my own. My memory is very definite on this point. I was accompanying him through the initial passage into the other side. I was with him as he died—an observer, a privileged guest.

Passage through this valley took a period of time. We were moving rapidly though and soon I could see ahead to the valley's end. Beyond, it was a great placid and tranquil sea. The sun, some distance above the horizon, was very low in the sky. The darkness faded and the mountains on either side disappeared as we left the valley behind and entered into the light of the sun. We were above the sea. I remember it stretched as far as the eye could see. I had a feeling of great freedom and of great space. The sea was calm and I felt a great peace.

But no sooner had I embarked into this limitless, peaceful space and seen the sun so radiant and warm, than I found myself seated at a table of some kind. I think I remember being aware that I could go no further with Yogi; that I had gone as far as I could. At the table there were others beside myself. I was comfortable and very much at ease. There was a serenity there. And Gertrude sat to my left next to me. We were talking. I do not remember a physical appearance of her or of the others at the table. I

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<sup>1</sup> Raymond A. Moody, *Life After Life* (Harrisburg, Pa.: Stackpole Books, 1976).

remember a delightful feeling. There was an airy, light quality as we sat there. All of us there seemed to be waiting for Yogi to complete his passage. We were waiting for him to join us. Gertrude's presence was very warm and loving. She was very peaceful and calm. There was a definite radiance about her. It seemed we were old friends, that I had always known her. I remember saying to her that I missed Yogi. She said she also had missed him and that she was waiting for him. There was other conversation but I do not remember what it was.

And then I awoke—the bright moon now down behind the mountains out my window. I was breathing rapidly, wide awake.

The end of the account.

The effect upon me of hearing of this dream, or experience during sleep, was one of relief. It seemed to me that I would not have to wait much longer, that I would not for much time have to linger in this domain where all the values had been harvested, and the promise of that other life coming near to me seemed good indeed. I'm inclined to think that this was not a dream but a kind of real experience. The time on the inner planes may be quite different from time as we know it here. I see two possibilities: one is that it could be an inverse time that moves in the direction which we call the past and, thus, be the inverse of what we experience here. In that case, I have already died. But there are difficulties with this idea and there is another possibility which seems more reasonable and that is that the events which we experience here have already transpired upon that inner plane, that, therefore, I have already died and there only remains the work of the mopping-up crew to handle these outer remains. And now it would seem, in that case, that I already, in an inner sense, dwell in that richer domain.

I have suggested elsewhere that this domain down here which we normally call the domain of living is in fact the realm of the relatively dead, and that when we part from this, we enter into that which is more truly life. There is a statement in certain esoteric instructions issued by H. P. Blavatsky, and which are now already published, to the effect that this domain of life in this world is really *avitchi*, or in other words, hell; and that, therefore, a journey here is a labor of special difficulty and distastefulness, but a labor which has to be done; that when we are through with it we go to the domain of the truer, richer, and much happier life where possibilities are larger than those which we find here.

I am tired of this domain, for I have lived here a long time. I've known happiness here, but I've also known frustration. The days with Gertrude were days of a peaceful productiveness, the rich reward of long years of preparation. To a degree, I'm a little sad at leaving this domain of labor. There are values which I would like to carry with me and maybe I can do so. There are also the people here who have been my students and are among those that I love dearly. But in time they too will cross to the other side and we shall meet again. But I am very tired, indeed; and when I have finished what may be expected of me and have completed the request of the Brother, I wish to go over and join my other friends who dwell beyond.