

Letter from Patagonia



"Exactly twenty years ago, in 1999, I was about to encounter within six months two supernatural experiences beyond any rational understanding.

During the first one, a circle made of a very bright light suddenly emerge into my chest. At the center of the halo, within my own body, a man walks in and into a blinding light.

For the second one, I feel like I am perforated, the top of my skull opened by a soft but strong heat which fills me up entirely to the tip of my limbs. I become that heat.

The first experience popped up when I was slumped, empty of any thoughts, on a chair in the back of dark and empty church.

The second one took place during a weekend while I was meditating with other people.

The most appropriated word to describe my reaction about what I experienced this very year is AMAZEMENT, but also fear during the first one.

What happened next is fifteen years of an almost complete silence.

Who to talk to without sounding crazy... ?

I kept going on with my everyday life but I have never forgotten what happened.

Fifteen years have passed and being over sixty, words have spoken. And with them, the necessity of sharing them.

I have first tried to bear witness to these experiences by engaging myself in artistic performances, then I have simply told the tale.

Some of it is left on Youtube « *Word from a pilgrim* ».

During this winter 2018/19, I let myself go in the loneliness of the Tierra del Fuego's desert and the violent winds of Patagonia.

This is where this letter come from.

It reveals how my state of mind was when I was going through these experiences, state of mind which could, if not explain, at least promote their existence.

Then it tries to understand, as well as it is possible to do so, the true meaning of it.

Finally, this letter forces to point out where these experiences could be placed regarding the religion.

I leave nothing aside.

Weakened after a break up, I was asking myself about the meaning of life. Ordinary midlife crisis...

On the other hand, I remember notice sometime ago in a magazine an image of a bedouin walking on a desert. I found it kind of beautiful.

I also had a religious childhood, quickly forgotten when I became a teenager.

Finally, I was in a church when my first vision occurred. Religious buildings are often places of silence. Sad after the break up, I needed it.

The vision occurred within the Thoronet's abbey, at the end of a week of solitude, sometimes interspersed with monastic services.

Could the magazine's image combined with my fragile mind, the place and what is left of my christian education have create the appearance of a man walking in the light, by an inner vision ?

I don't know.

Sometime ago, I had painted a picture, perhaps unconsciously inspired by a photography in some magazine too.

While painting, I had to my amazement made appear a hand that I had never thought of !

What happened is completely beyond me.

Just one certainty : it has happened.

The hand has been painted, the inner vision of the man walking in the light truly happened and I have physically felt the irradiation of heat inside my whole body.

I was back then just more than forty, I had a responsible and structured adult life, a job, a social life, a family, friends, two children. An ordinary man.

I was shocked as it can be.

As it was impossible for me to talk, I have kept searching about what the sudden appearance of this supernatural light in my life could mean.

How to understand what happened that night, on the eve of my 47th birthday ?

I see it today as an irruption of another time, a future time, in the time of then, that of April 17, 1999.

Why that irruption ?

How is it possible ?

No idea, no plausible explanation.

But as it occurred, this vision tells me that I have seen that day what I will see and be tomorrow.

The vision was within me.

It filled me up, invaded me, possessed me. I was it. I have seen it from inside. I was this circle of light, this walking man.

It was not an apparition, something that I looked from the outside. My eyes were shut.

I am walking in the light in a future time.

I saw this the 17th of April 1999, and having seen it, it is now that my walk begins.

Even in the night.

The second experience completes the first one.

Filled with heat at a point where I was more it than myself, I remember feeling conscious but afraid that my close companions would burn of my heat.

The fear is as meaningful as the irradiation : what I was, the others were it too.

Successives, those two experiences display a dynamics : the man walks in and towards the light until becoming light himself.

We are the future of the light.

It is our future.

What is experience isn't belief nor impression.

A supernatural light exists, it is in fulness, stays on going and says nothing about where it comes from.

Nothing or « almost » nothing...

During the first experience, it wells in and out my body at once.

During the second, it comes from the inside to fill me intirely.

Ubiquity that remains a mystery.

How to have its origin inside and outside at the same time ?

Equally incomprehensible is the timelessness of the vision.

How those different times – futur and now – can fit and flow and open up to each other ?

Aporia.

But it happened.

I have endured and lived that in the most intimite way.

I am what the light which embraced me is. It is what I am.

No illusions, misunderstandings and no doubt : as a man, I am and remain pretty dark...

« *I am light* » means that I am myself becoming this light within the becoming of itself.

It doesn't tell its origin, nor its name.

It remains unspeakable.

It is.

Because, for a short amount of time, it makes me what it is itself, I stammers « *I am* »...

This stammer rings as an echo.

Because say « *I am* » is precisely saying what the man from Nazareth has said.

It is also for what he died for.

« *I am* » is a name for the unspeakable.

It means « *I am who I am* » and also « *I am who I will be* ».

Say « *I am* » is being that « bigger » which exists and also wants to make of us what it is itself, that « bigger » which, already fully itself, stays in the making yet.

Say « *I am* », with that true meaning, is surely today taking the risk of being called insane.

That risk is lesser than missing out on life.

Religion soften the light in order to making it bearable, « believable » to match mankind understanding.

However, incomparably something else, it doesn't match it.

For whose it has be given to live it, he knows that he is all of what the religion tries to put words onto.

He is despite all his darkness because what he is, he is not by himself but because it has been given him to be.

Struck down, he is marked for ever and free of everything.

What science tells us about light ?

I am not a scientist, nor that I am a religious man.

I have only been the subject of an experiment. I endured, consciously. I have been filled up with light.

Science tries to resolve the mystery about black holes which contain the light and from where it cannot escape.

Is man a black hole which contain it, without knowing ?

At the edge of a black hole, time collapses, and has no meaning.

Is this why future and present have combined into a single point of time ?

Into the light, in me, walked a man.

Is the Universe fractal ?

Light is everywhere, diffuse, spreading out.

Would the consciousness of being, of which we are the receivers more or less well oriented, be what the light is ?

Stars, of which science tells us that we are made of the same dust, from us and until the most tiny particule of ourselves, everything is it one ?

I remain sure that science will manage to prove what I have felt. I have sensed, through these experiences, an intention wearing a complete love, and love, precisely, has nothing to hide.

What I have lived and told has completely upset my life.

That has also given it a meaning.

The moment of light changes nothing about the world's order and disorder.
Life goes on the same.

But the look on it is shifting.

Behind the chaos, cruelty of existence, there is light. The world's evolution is slow and chaotic but aims towards the consciouness of being.

This consciouness of being is the one of being light.

And the light is one.

This certainty becomes a challenge.

The moment remembers itself, inebriates and demands that the revealed meaning and the deep happiness coming from it to be shared.

Having a new look on the world as it is and say, without nothing more, what the light says.

It is light of love.

It seeks the being.

It wants to make him what it is itself.

Stammering « *I am* », it is answering to it.

Follow the path, already open, of the light-man.

No one is excluded, everyone missing.

The polyphony of all the « *I am* » is the deaf noise of the world.

The conductor remains the light as the stammering of each one orchestrates the becoming.

The evolution is walking towards the obvious of being.

The walk is patience.

For all of this : « THANK YOU ! ».

