

THE UNSPOKEN

CHAPTER 1

Glimpsing a New Paradigm

I'm alive.

I can feel my heart beating. I can feel the pulse in my wrist. I'm alive—and so are you.

Beyond that, we have questions. How many of us find ourselves asking, how am I alive? What is my purpose, and does it end after my death? What is death? Where do we go when we die? And how are we all connected?

Today, in this new millennium, quantum science is revealing at warp speed that we are not separate individuals at all. We play a role, consciously or unconsciously, in a universe that is constructed of a vast field of information. We actually engage across time and space with the unseen energy of infinite possibilities.

Some quantum scientists are coming up with a “new” perspective, which is actually one that's been held by yogis and mystics throughout time. This scientific revolution began in earnest with astronaut Edgar Mitchell, the sixth man to walk on the moon. Mitchell, pilot of Apollo 14, had a simple but profound experience as he and his crew returned to Earth from the moon. Seeing Earth floating in the sheer vastness of space, he found himself engulfed in an expanded sense of universal connectedness.

It was an epiphany for Mitchell, and this moment in his life became the foundation on which he built the Institute of Noetic Sciences (IONS). In his words (<http://noetic.org/about/history>): “I realized that the story of ourselves as told by science—our cosmology, our religion—was incomplete and likely flawed. I recognized “that the Newtonian idea of separate, independent, discreet things in the universe wasn't a fully accurate description. What was needed was a new story of who we are and what we are capable of becoming.”

With the Institute, he shifted from operating as a strictly physical scientist—accustomed to directing his attention to the objective world “out there”—to a scientist investigating the nature of consciousness and recognizing the role it plays in human evolution.

Mitchell recognized that science might lead us to a different view of reality, where outer and inner are equal aspects in the miracle and mystery

of being. And in writing my own story, I see how I have been riding the wave of this ongoing paradigm shift throughout my life.

In my early beginnings, as a young child, I was entrained with a Catholic concept of God and religion, and I had a devotional bent for saints and angels. My guardian angel sat on my shoulder protecting me. My patron saint, Therese of Lisieux, was my constant companion. I remember days that I'd forego recess at school, instead using my play time to pray to the Blessed Mother in the church next door. I begged and begged for the statue to talk to me as she had to the children of Fatima. But she never did. I never forgave her.

When I went to college, I explored philosophers like Sartre, Kierkegaard, Nietzsche, and others. An intellectual embracing of their work supported my choice to become agnostic. In spite of an academic stripping away of my belief system, I still imagined a Force that had birthed humanity. I still envisioned a unity throughout mankind, a womb of Oneness from which every race, creed, and color emerged. I had an insatiable curiosity about relating and communicating with this Force. I wanted to experience its Presence in my connection with others. Was it an outer Force I needed to reach out to? Or did the Force come from somewhere within?

In my early thirties, as I began to extend myself beyond agnosticism, the unknown became terrifying. I found myself in a deep, internal existential debate. This increasing struggle finally culminated in a lonely night of torment that I spent on the floor, wailing for God—any God—to resolve this conflict within me.

Similar to the conversations I had with Mother Mary so many years earlier, my pleading that night yielded nothing. I went to bed feeling exhausted and emotionally drained. But an event later the next day provided the “glimpse” I had been asking for.

It was evening, after the sun had set. I sat on the porch with my four-year-old son, Connor, watching the full moon rise on the horizon. We'd been playing our favorite game of listening to sounds and identifying them. On our list: #1, crickets; #2, trucks on the highway; #3, an airplane overhead; #4, dogs barking.

After sound #4, something shifted for me. I was no longer aware of the game we played, nor my son's presence on my lap, nor my place on the porch. Without moving, I somehow was being pulled toward the moon. The closer I felt, the bigger the moon became, until I was one with the moon.

Here, I felt a strong Presence, and waves of love flowed over me. My heart became tender. Even as my heart softened, reason and logic interfered, and I kept saying to myself, “I’m just in nature. This is just how it feels to be in the wild.” Despite my efforts to discount what I was sensing, the Presence kept growing stronger and stronger. When I was fully engulfed in this Oneness, I ventured a question: “Is this really You?”

Then I heard Connor say, “#10 God.” In that instant, I was back on the patio with Connor on my lap, counting the sounds he heard. He’d kept playing while I was disconnected from the game, and he was now on the tenth sound he’d heard. “Connor, what did you say?” I asked, shaken.

Without missing a beat, he said, “#10, God.” Matter-of-factly, as four-year-olds do, he said, “Mommy, God is talking to us.” I looked at him in amazement and I felt instant gratitude.

For the next two days, I walked around in a state of peace and joy. Nothing irritated or disturbed me. I felt like I was the ocean, not just a wave; I was the flame, generating the heat. By the third day, this state of being had subsided, but the impact was firmly imprinted both in my heart and in my mind.

When I became a hospice volunteer, my ability to perceive beyond physicality—beyond my five senses—increased dramatically. Through observation, I saw mysterious things happen as people approached death. I became more adept at tapping into that subtle world beyond time “and space. I listened to stories of near-death and out-of-body experiences. However, it was not until I met a seven-year-old named Alan—who, under the label of autism, showed me the vast, multi-prismed world that he and other non-verbal and energetically sensitive children experienced—that I truly saw life and beyond as a continuum. It started making sense that death could be just another possibility.

Whether or not we can see death’s illusory nature, we yearn for that which is tangible. Even the most enlightened among us experience the grip death can have. In *Autobiography of a Yogi*, yogi Paramahansa Yogananda describes his reaction to receiving the news that his guru, Sri Yukteswar, had died: “Seething with rebellion, my soul was like a volcano. Beneath a hollow smile and a life of ceaseless activity, a stream of black brooding polluted the inner river of bliss which for so many years had meandered under the sands of my perceptions. Where has that divine sage gone?” Only when his guru materialized in front of him, a few months later with information about the worlds beyond did his bliss return.

In questioning the nature of death, it was actually the experience I shared with my husband which enabled me to break through many of my

long-held notions. Don was healthy and athletic, a vibrant man. Therefore, it came as a complete shock to suddenly find him in a coma. Everything happened so fast, there was no time to discuss what was taking place. A medically-induced coma meant that any form of traditional communication with him was not an option. I came face-to-face with the invisible as I listened within for information.

Was it intuition, or was it something more? Was it a sensing ability where I intermingled with Don and the Infinite Invisible in something that would remain unnamed and beyond description or “definition? Was it resonance or a coherence Don and I had established between us that whispered guidance to me, moment by moment? Was it love?

Whatever “IT” was, it turned out to be an invaluable compass in our medical crisis. It became particularly important when I needed to advocate for him in the present-day western medical model, which does not value or possess a barometer for the extra-sensory world. Equally important was the feeling of connection with him that it provided throughout his hallucinations and cardiac arrest in ICU, his fourteen-day coma, five days of semi-verbal recovery, and the final hour when he transitioned.

It is no coincidence that I was born under the sign of Libra. My quest has always been to reconcile the disparate parts of me—the poetic versus the analytical. Frequently, I have found my desire for explanation bucking up against what my heart simply knows to be true. My experience with Don was like walking through fire. My rational mind became servant to my heart. As I watched what was happening around me, it became obvious that communication is not just what happens when you open your mouth and sound comes out. Our entire world is filled with information being transmitted and received, but many of us remain unconscious of what is being imparted. In this book, I will share with you my increasing awareness and fascination with this truth.

The story I will tell is a testament to my wonderful and loving partner; it is also a touchstone for anyone who is curious about the nature of consciousness.

Along with a tale of my spiritual journey, I will also offer practical tips on how to handle medical crises, and how to move through grief and sadness. I also will shed some light on navigating the modern medical system.

What I’d like for you to take away from my story is the inspiration and permission to acknowledge that when you tune in, you know what is best for you and your partner or loved one. The path to that inner knowing can be lonely and frightening. In this book, I hope you’ll find some of the

support you will need if you experience the physical loss of a loved one. This information can be a basis from which to access the courage you will need for your journey.

What is it that feeds the unwillingness to let someone go? Are we afraid of feeling responsible as we allow them to leave? Do we fear we won't have a reason to live once they are gone? Is there a belief that nothing else exists, so we hang onto them no matter what their quality of life? What can be done to prepare for illness or death?

With increased awareness around these questions, you will be better equipped to move beyond what appears to be a set of limited choices.”

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