

# Being

by Mario Petrucci

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In the Early Days, soon after humanity was formed, there lived a being who loved the Creator so fiercely that she could contemplate no wrongdoing. She vowed deep in her heart never to do ill to any fellow creature. Try as she might, however, she could not hold her moral balance indefinitely and, when finally she fell, she fell catastrophically. A neighbour had slighted her and, in response, righteous fury rose in her like a sea swell. She set about causing the neighbour great harm. So great was that harm, and the subsequent humiliation, that the neighbour took her own life.

At once, the being realised the gravity of what she had done, but it was too late. She drew back from creation, from herself. Feeling she had sinned irretrievably, she fell into believing that she was no longer worthy of the love of her Creator. Distraught to her bones, she lived out the rest of her life steeped in remorse, unable to speak with her God.

Finally, as death's shadow drew close, she suffered a fit of chagrin and, with great effort, spoke again with her Creator. *I have failed You, she groaned. And I have failed You doubly. Not only did I act viciously towards a fellow being, I compounded my error by living thereafter apart from You. Now it is too late. Can I ever be clean again...?*

The Creator had long been waiting. *There is nothing that cannot be achieved for one whose heart is fully open, said the Creator tenderly. Let me take you back to that moment you fell. I shall rearrange the entire cosmos around you – just you. Your wrongdoing, and everything that followed in its wake, is now undone. It did not happen, even in imagination. I return you thus to where you originally stood, at your moment of wrongful choice. You have no memory of that choice, nor its consequences, because you are now where you began. You did not make the choice. You have not yet chosen...*

And so the being was 'returned' to the cusp of her choice, with no memory of her journey to that return. How could there be any memory of it? Time had been wiped clean.

And what did she choose? She chose the wrongdoing – again.

Well, we should not say 'again', because it was actually her *first* choosing. This is difficult for beings who exist in Time to comprehend, but the Creator had not merely tinkered with Time. Time had not been simply reversed or replayed; it was completely

*erased.* And so the being chose, and her choice played through all the identical consequences, through to her regret and, eventually, to her dying reprieve in the Creator's arms.

Seventy times seven – but in reality only once – that game played through.

Each time (though, as we now know, it is not 'each time') the being was returned to the moment of her choice. Each reprieve was consummate: she could indeed 'repeat' the choosing without any prior or accumulating blame. And yes, she chose identically, with the same result, and with no memory of the consequences of her 'previous' choices because those choices and their consequences, through the Creator's grace, had been made to utterly unhappen.

Then something extraordinary happened. Poised at the cusp, the being hesitated. In spite of her rage at the neighbour, her heart remembered her profound love for the Creator. *Wait. I must do what is right, she thought. I will listen to my heart, not my fury. I will forgive this wrongful neighbour, and love her as if she had done me no ill.*

At that moment, the veil was lifted. The being fell to her knees in gratitude, glimpsing – in a flash of divinity – everything her Creator had done. *I never before faced this test, she said. And yet I sense I have endlessly stood here before...*

*Yes, the Creator replied. That is the nature of Choice. And you chose well. You chose with the heart. Not only this. You forgave – forgave without any memory of your unforgiveness or its consequences. Because of this, I shall bestow this same gift on all beings. I shall rearrange the entire cosmos around them – just as I did for you – whether they love me or not. Henceforth, with every wrongdoing, they shall be returned unscathed to their point of choosing, to stand there for the very first time. And so that they know this, I shall cause their hearts to stir in them at the moment of choice. Your vow to Me, to do no ill, began in the heart; so My vow, to them, shall return there. When much is at stake, they will feel it in them: a pressure, a subtle wrench, a powerful jolt. A vague yet insistent familiarity. They will sense the false path they are about to tread, as though it were already trodden. They will hesitate to again choose falsely, even though they choose for the first time. This they will call Conscience.*

And so we humans stand before Choice, with Conscience planted deep within us. We have chosen. We are about to choose again. How many times have we chosen falsely, choosing for the very first time?

Our hearts stir. The Creator watches intently, waiting for us to save ourselves.