



## **Limbo's Quest**

When spiritual evolution finally arrived in the hearts of mankind the spirit was likened to the driver of a car and the physical body represented the vehicle as without the spirit the body would remain inanimate in the third dimensional world that is the earth. Because the vibrations of the earth are heavier than those of almost all other spheres, a mediator is necessary between the dense physical and the living consciousness that is the soul and the spirit is this intermediary.

Independent of both body and spirit, the soul exists in a perpetual state of bliss for the soul both knows and remembers the Creator. The soul is also unaffected by things of the physical, consequently the vibrations of the soul are much higher than that of the body. The soul understands no limits, no negative, no positive because neither exist in its realm. For the soul each and every moment holds perfect harmony.

It was also understood that the soul is a mini-creator of both the spirit and the physical and this knowledge gave clear understanding as to why a particular body is chosen for a specific earth incarnation. The soul will always choose the best possible circumstances available to it in order to aid what it has come to earth to achieve and depending upon the lessons to be learned not always is a healthy body selected.

By then it was already historical fact that in the pre-enlightenment days the ego took over from the spirit, which was guided by the soul, and led humanity down a dark and lonely path from which it took many, many centuries and painful lifetimes to overcome. Ego was commonly portrayed in history books as a demonic force which, by trickery and by ignoring all but itself, caused mankind to live in fear, telling the individual that in order to be 'safe' and 'strong' one must crush one's enemies. The ego can only progress based on what it knows – and the ego knows nothing beyond its own limited understanding. The ego lives in the past, remembering what has been done why it has been done and contrives to do it all over again. So for centuries mankind made constant war upon one another, the ego prompting world leaders to remain lustful for power, unforgiving at past events and to retaliate. The unconditional love in which the soul

lives was alien to the ego enmeshed as it was in its mangled nest of fear in pointless pursuit of gratification and domination.

The earth existed in turmoil for an age before the ego was finally banished and the spirit took up the reins once again to steer the physical body through its earthly lessons. Now, aided by the muted tones of the Dark Army, ego has appeared once again and this time the knowledge of enlightenment works against itself as mankind, understanding that they had no power to kill – really kill – their enemies, sought a means by which they could destroy the soul.

The nuclear cannon almost worked.

But not entirely.

For Limbo still exists.

Propelled to a place in a dimension undiscovered yet parallel and not so distant from this universe which has yielded almost – but not quite all - of its secrets, his soul lives on.

# 1

Raphael observed from a distance even though he was within touching distance of Limbo. The human's thoughts manifested clearly all around as he walked and walked, on his way to nowhere. The barrenness and vacuity of the place did not affect Raphael at all, he was prepared to wait and the angel could wait for a very long time. He knew a brush of angelic wing, or the slightest stirring of his breath would cause a ripple so great that Limbo would know he was not alone and in this he would be strengthened but the angel remained still in the deep heavy silence, ever-watchful.

The thought process of the human interested Raphael greatly, which is why he undertook the responsibility, recognising that the human's position was pivotal at this time. He analysed each thought as they flew randomly from Limbo's soul. The angel understood that by keeping his thought process in motion Limbo believed he was keeping his soul alive. The realm into which he'd been blasted by the crude earth weapon held a desolation so powerful that, because he believed it to be so, Limbo was afraid that if he ceased thinking he would also cease to exist. So his thoughts spiralled crazily outwards like the undulations of a manic ocean.

Limbo thought of his wife Nelli and of the day they were married. He remembered his wife as she was at that time, her smile, her face, the love she held for him shining in her eyes. He thought of his children, Joseph and Zaccharius – Joe and Zak, twin boys just approaching the age of reason. He imagined their seventh birthday with the absence of their father. Would they weep, believing their father had left them forever or would Nelli tell them that no one dies, that the soul lives on forever and when the boys were very old men and made their own Passing their father would be waiting for them? Would she tell them this even although she knew how he'd been killed? Or did she believe that he was dead – really dead – this time?

And if this was so, would she realise how many enemies her husband had? Would she know without being told that his work had placed them all in danger? Would she worry that the boys too might be

taken? Or herself? Here Limbo amended that thought for he knew his unselfish wife would not fear for her own life. *If they kill my sons,* his thoughts flowed on like an angry river *they kill my wife.* Like Limbo, Nelli lived for her family but she was mortal and therefore vulnerable. Unlike him, she was of a practical nature but there were times, special times, when she appeared to know more about human nature than he himself did. He remembered one particular instance when Nelli had crept into his study late at night and solved a philosophical dilemma he'd been wrestling with for days with just one throwaway remark. He had loved her for that.

Limbo remembered the birth of the twins. He recalled the Passing of his father and how he remained by the old man's bedside whispering the truths he held in his heart, truths harvested from this and many previous incarnations. So that beneath his calm hand and whispered words his father left the physical body in peace and went forward to continue his life on another sphere. He thought of his mother. Old now, she clung to Limbo and Nelli and rejoiced in the lives of her grandsons. Now she would weep at the shocking loss of her son.

He wondered if the one who'd shot the cannon at him would be held responsible. Or did blame lie with the one who gave the order to fire? How about accusing the mind who'd thought up the evil weapon? Limbo looked around the emptiness, flat, grey and unchanging. Perhaps this was fitting punishment. Hoisted by his own petard as the mediaeval saying went. It seemed logical then to blame himself for the death of his soul, for the nuclear cannon was a product of his own mind and he its creator. He'd committed spiritual suicide. *But it was never meant to -*

The angel took on the human's sudden and desperate realisation as his own and he wore Limbo's melancholy as a mantle of grey. The thoughts came slower then, as Limbo came to terms with what had happened. Cosmic law which governs all things says that motive is everything and Raphael remained deeply in tune in order to ascertain whether Limbo would remember the intrinsic law at this time of deep confusion. This was an acid test. If Limbo could detach from his circumstances, dire though he felt they were, and realise that the brilliant inspirational tool he had invented was never brought into being with destruction in mind – if he could remember this – now – he was an exceptional human being.

The greyness gave way to a slow creeping darkness which moved in close and cloying. Limbo's thoughts immediately scattered. Something was happening. There was a change, a definite change. He could feel it, taste it almost. His mind, grateful for any sign, opened greedily, ready to absorb and communicate. Sensing the presence of negative energies Raphael moved closer, protecting, and the tip of his wing brushed lightly across Limbo's face but the human, in his excitement, failed to notice.

*Someone is here. At last someone has found me!* Limbo's thoughts, jagged with hope and also fear, flew crazily, invisibly around him and although the angel withdrew his own thoughts, his presence remained.

Limbo settled back into dejection so complete, so total that he closed his eyes, unable to bear the return of the greyness. *Someone was here. I know someone was with me. Where have they gone? And why? What have I done to* – his thoughts crumbled away then as he remembered just what he had done. He, inventor of the nuclear cannon, had destroyed himself and God knows how many other souls. *Mind games. I'm desperate for change so I imagined it to be.* Raphael permitted himself the smallest of sighs then but it was strong enough to dissipate the half-light a little, allowing shards of pure white light inside the grey drabness but Limbo, eyes closed, did not see.

He resumed walking. On and on he walked, lifting one foot then the other. His movements were slow, deliberate and his mind moved just as slowly. He remembered other Passings he'd experienced, other realms he'd moved through, realms where all one had to do was to think of a loved one and instantly be there. Unseen, unheard it's true but still one could be around those one loved. Not this time. He concentrated with all his being on the beloved face of Nelli and the twins. He even thought of his demonic invention, seeing every component again and again and rebuilt the whole thing once more in his mind but nothing would draw him back to the earth plane.

Limbo knew there were many others on earth working on devices such as his and, as with many inventions in the past, he'd come upon the weapon by accident. His intention was to build not a weapon but an apparatus with the ability to annihilate pieces of broken body, cancerous growths and aneurysms, and renew the body with healthy tissue. Instead he'd created another killing machine.

Raphael found a desire within himself to guide the human's thoughts, to lead him to the place in his mind where Limbo needed to be but, bound as he was by cosmic law, the angel withdrew a little further.

Limbo felt bereft at the distance created between the angel and himself and his soul understood he'd lost something good. *Is anyone there? If you can hear me, please speak. I know there is someone here. I only wish to talk.* The thoughts he put out were stronger this time and they drew like a magnet the unseen dark presence, hovering close and this presence, well-practised in disregarding cosmic law, moved in through the opening in Limbo's mind and, like a sleeping viper, nestled quietly there.