

# DESTINY DEATH

Everyman's destiny is Death, but what lies beyond is a reputation for, and goodness we hope, a legacy of love. I believe in a spiritual state because the air is full of spirits. God's creation manifests itself whichever way we turn and death is simply a blip in our soul's consciousness. This bold statement of facts is supported one hundred per cent by Christianity and can fill a whole being with confidence. I long to fly. I long to soar towards Heaven and by the grace of God, to get there.



*Photo by David Clarke*

My destiny is to leave this material world behind. What do I leave behind? "Oh Richard, THANK God he's gone! It is a great load off our mind. He was wicked to the core. He smelt and he never changed his socks," according to my friend John Aspey. Well, in my pedigree, I have very poor smelling ability, Winchester Cathedral Choir, Winchester College, Cameron Highlanders and Oxford University.

My showbiz career has cropped up all over the place, right up to the present day when I have built up quite a reputation as a broadcaster on LBC & Radio Kent, weekly rep. and at Winchester and Oxford, I took on mammoth parts and did them with great resounding success. Oh and what about magic shows all over west London; one man shows which were tremendous fun. I haven't meant any harm and at the end of my life I can look back without guilt. Well I had the usual Christian sins! Christ I'm sure approved of physical love, it is only the Pontiffs of the Church who got it all wrong, physical affection reigns supreme and is the highest pleasure known to man and woman.

But the pleasure of spiritual soaring, as can be imagined, is supreme. You simply have to raise your spiritual standards to the heavens **NOT TO CONCENTRATE ON THE CATERPILLAR HUSK, TO CRY LOUDLY GOD I COME TO THEE** and then take off. What a glorious destiny! We are too hedged round with this world to see the wood for the trees and we are not even seeing the wood, we're seeing the sky and the sunlight. Fabulous promise of continued light, the life that transcends the printed page and leads into the next slice of time, time in which to be with Jesus to physically love him.

The Pontiffs throw up their hands in horror, but I know Jesus loves me and I'm sure that he would approve. But the end of this life is more important than what comes after. This is all nonsense. How can you celebrate a blip as brief as Death? One moment you are alive, the next you are flying toward heaven. Oh glorious progress! So the end is indeed the beginning!

The beginning of our spiritual existence. We join the throng, the choir, in the silence of our room; it's no great sensitivity to spot this. What is this tinnitus in our ears? The Fires of Heaven? Born with the blood in our veins, rest for the body cos' it is no longer needed. Destiny Death must be therefore be revised, Destiny infinitely beyond Death into the spiritual realm and gladdening the soul. The truly holy men of centuries past saw this too clearly and we have an enormous legacy to ignore, don't be afraid millions have gone before. It is only being alone that makes it so terrible, to lie on a bed with people looking over you is a luxury, but just when you die in a second our reputation now goes before us. But pull that sentence out; it does not apply to me. But we are too highly blessed in death and we are to be respected.

**Richard Jameson**