

HOLDING ON

Channelled for Lord Michael by Rae Chapple

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In your existence there always has to be – a beginning, an end and an in-between. It is the in between which is the most important to you – the other two being a fait accompli. It is not up to you - as you perceive - when you are born and when you leave! But it *is* up to you - as you perceive - what you do in between, what you believe, what you know, what you do, where you go, and when. This encapsulates your life, as you experience.

Then – you may wish to view other beginnings and ends.

When you look at your life from the beginning of one year to that year's end – you view - *really* – the in between! There is also another in between - from the beginning of one month to the month's end. Another, from the beginning of one day – to the day's end – and that day itself, is often divided into two, as you recognise night and day.

Then – there is the scenario within each day – the hour's beginning and end. The minute's beginning and end. The second's beginning and end. And when you view all of these, it is the in-between which is seen as being the most important to you. Like the calendar year “down” to the second, you have no control – the only thing you feel being able to “hold” – is the in between.

But then – can you? Can you? Can you even “hold”/control, the in between? Or – does the in between, slip from your grasp as each second passed/past? - from one second's ending to the beginning of another – and so it goes!

Each moment, each second shows you, you are *unable* to control, to hold on to the in-between experience. You feel – always – then, unable to hold, feeling out of control, and so you turn your attention to things that you *can* hold – unlike time! The cup in your hand, the car, the house, the husband, the wife, the child. You feel you *are* able to command that part of your life, and, as time slips from your grip, you ever more tightly clench teeth, purse lip, as you hold on, control, in case these *too* slip away – just as night turns into day.

You "see" the in between, not as pure experience of heart and mind, but the bind of physical possession. The in between, *becomes* the physical *and* your ability to possess it. But can you? Can you really possess – totally – all of these "seen" possession – totally? Or - are these possessions too, slipping away from your grasp, just as night and day?

So – the display of inanimate objects become the prime focus – for all the time you know, by what experience shows you – the children come and go. The husband/wife can come and go. But you know – the cup can not – the car can not – the house can not. They *are* totally in your control. You *think* you *can* keep hold - unlike time - and another person, animal or plant.

“*They can’t take these from me!*” you think. But – you see – *Yes they can.* Another man *can* take the cup. Another hand *can* take the car, house. It *can* all be taken from you, as you vainly pursue the need to control, hold, not let go. Each minute, each hour, each day, someone *could* take it all away from you.

So- what do you do? You say, “*Because I have so much fear that “they” could take it all away, I’ll take out insurance. Then - I’ll get it all back*”. And satisfied with your fear of lack being taken care of, you settle, thinking you have covered all bases. But have you? Have you?

That *could* all be taken away too! And where would that leave you? How many times will you find yourself hanging on? How many times sitting in fear, that all the things you hold near to you, will no longer be near? How many times – before it becomes clear to you, that *nothing* is yours to control, because the day will come when you will no longer need, or be able to hold on – the day of *your* "end"!

This is when all the grasping will have you laughing at its absurdity, as you flee this physical existence. There can be no resistance to letting go here! Here – all is seen in its truth - the space in between the moment of life and death. Nothing tangible can be held as you meld into the unknown – but known.

At last – nothing to grasp. Peace!

Truth reveals – *that which is yours, is only how you think and feel.* All else – is not to keep!
