

## The Realization of John Wren-Lewis

~ Excerpted from [The Dazzling Dark](#)

The fact that I'd undergone a radical consciousness shift began to become apparent only after everyone had settled down for the night and I was left awake, feeling as if I'd had enough sleep to last a lifetime. By stages I became aware that when I'd awakened a few hours earlier, it hadn't been from a state of ordinary unconsciousness at all. It was as if I'd emerged freshly made (complete with all the memories that constitute my personal identity) from a vast blackness that was somehow radiant, a kind of infinitely concentrated aliveness or pure consciousness that had no separation within it, and therefore no space or time.



There was absolutely no sense of personal continuity. In fact, the sense of a stop in time was so absolute that I'm now convinced I really did die, if only for a few seconds or fractions of a second, and was literally resurrected by the medical team.... And if my conviction is correct, it actually counts against rather than for the claim so often made by near-death researchers that personal consciousness can exist apart from the brain. My impression is that my personal consciousness was actually snuffed out (the root meaning, according to some scholars, of the word nirvana) and then recreated by a kind of focusing-down from the infinite eternity of that radiant dark pure consciousness. An old nursery rhyme conveys it better than any high philosophy:

*Where did you come from, baby dear?  
Out of Everywhere into here.*

Moreover, that wonderful eternal life of everywhere was still there, right behind my eyes or more accurately, at the back of my head continually recreating my whole personal body-mind consciousness afresh, instant by instant, now! and now! and now!

That's no mere metaphor for a vague sensation; it was so palpably real that I put my hand up to probe the back of my skull, half wondering if the doctors had sawn part of it away to open my head to infinity. Yet it wasn't in the least a feeling of being damaged; it was more like having had a cataract taken off my brain, letting me experience the world and myself properly for the first time for that lovely dark radiance seemed to reveal the essence of everything as holy.

I felt like exclaiming, "Of course! That's absolutely right!" and applauding every single thing with tears of gratitude—not just the now sleeping Ann and the small jar of flowers the nurse had placed by the bedside, but also the ominous stains on the bed sheets, the ancient paint peeling off the walls, the far from hygienic smell of the toilet, the coughs and groans of other patients, and even the traumatized condition of my body. From the recesses of my memory emerged that statement at the beginning of the

book of Genesis about God observing everything "he" had made and finding it very good. In the past I'd treated these words as mere romantic poetry, referring only to conventionally grand things like sunsets and conveniently ignoring what ordinary human consciousness calls illness or ugliness. Now all the judgments of goodness or badness which the human mind necessarily has to make in its activities along the line of time were contextualized in the perspective of that other dimension I can only call eternity, which loves all the productions of time regardless.

It was mind-blowing even then, when I was taking for granted that this had to be a jumbo-sized "mystical experience" visited on me, of all people, as a kind of cosmic joke, from which I must quite soon "return to normal." I envisaged making public recantation of my antimystical views and joining the formerly despised ranks of spiritual seekers. Because my skeptical bias had been recreated along with the rest of my memories, I toyed with the possibility that I might simply be suffering some aftereffect of the poison, which the doctors had diagnosed as probably being a heavy dose of morphine laced with cocaine. I didn't really believe this, however, because there was no trace of the "trippy" feeling that was always present when I took part in a long series of officially sponsored experiments with high-dosage psychedelics back in the late 1960s.

Later, when the eternity consciousness continued into the following days, weeks, months, and years, any ordinary kind of drug explanation was obviously ruled out. Moreover my bewilderment was intensified as I discovered how all kinds of "negative" human experiences became marvels of creation when experienced by the Dazzling Dark. To convey even a fraction of what life is like with eternity consciousness would take a whole book...