

April 19th 1991



Dear Jean-Pierre,
PETIT

Your son, your sun, our petit Petit, is gone.....just for a while. The entire universe is per se alive, life is the fuel of All That Is. "Death" is no more than a non-entity, a fortunate change of vibration, to leave the coarse flesh and blood body for putting an energetic one. There is of course a continuity of consciousness and personal self-identity, but on another environment. We do not live here 15,000 years, thanks God, to shake off routine and boredom, these, yes, a pair of true deaths. By design, a wise and intelligent scheme of things, the Omniversal System has delegated its global authority on the way to the entities from the lowest echelon, in order the electron could take the thrilling risk to evolve towards a quasi-Absolute state of being, protagonizing, along such a powerful cosmic cross-country, the whole gamut of all conceivable situations, experiences and challenges, each time on a fresh planet, vibratory plane or level of reality, assuming on any consecutive vital stretch a different external personality, but preserving the very same real inner identity, being the circumstances at every successive habitat always chosen by oneself, in order to learn, for growth, through trial and error, adventure and experiment. Because I like to think we live simply in the midst of the infiniverse, the most freewillist of all the imaginable universes. The second Petit has said by now good-bye. He has fulfilled his present purposeful task, and his subconscious real self, by means of the splendour or freedom, has chosen to venture a shot in dazzling darkness, to throw himself into the all-encompassing Void, hunting for redeeming his internal world, to fly up, up and away into more excitant cosmic arenas. Petit is now well, my friend. He has not told you adieu but so long. I assure you, from a solemn friendship, that you will meet again your very dear son, with total security; his parting is transitory. He is alive, engaged in a glorious flight as the seagulls of Richard Bach. He is probably at this moment staring directly at your eyes, from his new intangible sphere of existence. You are not powerless to interact with your son. To contact him in his etheric dwelling you possess the weaponry of thoughts and feelings, warm missiles of interdimensional scope. Throw to him beams of affection, closeness, intimacy: your rays of tender concern will hit the mark: the very heart of Petit. This is the maximum help you can gift to him. And to your own peace of mind and self-esteem. Both of you are at present in different mansions of the Lovecracy. But in the course of time father and son will experience the warmth of a delightful re-encounter, a kind of tender algebra of lovic paterno-filial algorithms. So be it, my friend, with my intense son-prayer. You say "I am still crushed by the death of my son". We are all crushed, too, by the death of our hope in perennial Life, the vibrant tissue of Creation. We are condemned forever to everywhere damned life. The only dead thing in the cosmos is death itself. Death is an hallucination in the mind of people who prefer, in the meantime, not to face unavoidable life. As agents of free will, we have the right to believe in death, turning our back to life. Well, life is patient. Quintillions of things in the world of worlds are teeming with the endless ferment of life. Sooner or later, after some perhaps necessary holidays in lazyness, we will return to life, that is, to responsibility, to our growth through living our very life. Astrophysicist Dr. Jean-Pierre Petit, fallen in love with mathematics, maybe he apprehend a better understanding of the inextinguishable fire of life through the smart equation "Life = Light". I am sure your son was, is, a lover of light. The light which dissolves the nonexistent tenebrosity of "death". Summing up, your son is still vibrantly alive, attached to his father by the unperishable bond of love. And, as Emily Dickinson said, "All we know of is that love is everithing".

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