

# Beyond Heaven

Robert L. Peck

© 2001

Updated February 3, 2019

It was exactly like they had described it. Heaven really was filled with warm fuzzies and I was surrounded by loved ones with whom I found complete union in the midst of a golden radiance and perfection.

Imagine my surprise, however, when after a millennium or so, I distinctly felt Suzie, who was a member of our old gang, question. It was an action that could be felt yet what the question was had no meaning. It was just that, a question.

Following that, there was another feeling of wanting more that radiated from June, who had been the brains in our old gang and a doctor in our old world. It wasn't at all specific as to what was wanted, only a general feeling of unrest or vague desire for something that could not be specified.

Then suddenly I knew! And with that knowing, a shudder or vibration seemed to radiate forth to those people I had loved in our old gang and with whom I had opened my mind and soul in our evening meetings together.

It was as if we were awakening from a deep wonderful sleep that had been filled with wonderful ethereal dreams and inner flows of extremely pleasurable sensations.

I desperately felt myself searching through all of the surrounding feelings of comfort and peace for a closer contact with the others. While trying to concentrate on them I had to forget the wonderful warming flow I had been in.

I knew that we were bored; I knew that we wanted something more; I knew that we wanted challenge and something to conquer or explore. June was the first to express the feelings behind that knowledge that Suzie had some vague question of.

It was as if we were actually living one of our old discussions about who we really were and were now attempting to make ourselves real. It was much harder than waking up from sleep where the dreams and contact with the bed keep our identity going even though we may lose contact with where we might be or what we have to do. Here in Heaven it was as if we had to first discover an inner fire of desire that somehow becomes personal. It is perhaps like a branch of a tree reaching outward for more sunlight or the subconscious reaching for the recognition of someone else who does not notice us. It can only be described as some sense of being a separate individual with some deep inner itch to become. What you are to become is unfathomable at this early stage, but only the sense of a direction to be taken is felt.

I felt myself being shaken by Maitri, who was born into a Brahmin family and had been an electronics engineer in our old world. "Look at me! Listen to me! See me!" he commanded. "Forget the peace of Heaven! Find me as an individual, and make me real!"

I struggled to see him and out of the warm glow of Heaven I finally started to see the outline of his face. I concentrated harder upon that materializing face and then very quickly his whole body

followed and he became as real as he had ever been. “Maya,” I heard him exclaim over and over, “we must exercise *maya*, give up everything that doesn’t belong to what we want! Concentrate upon what you want and let it become real!”

I have no idea how long all of this process took, it might have lasted a second or a millennium in earth time, there was absolutely no way of knowing time where we were. But finally, there we were, all six of us who had found such joy in being together in life and with whom all secrets were bared and shared.

Where we were remained a mystery to us in the surrounding radiant warm golden glow that reminded me of some of the pictures of Saints in Heaven. It didn’t seem to make any difference to us; however, as we all felt the wonderment of our present existence and reunion with each other.

As we recounted, the last thing we remembered before reaching wherever we now were, was the sudden awareness of being dead. It was a certainty, but amazingly, it didn’t have an iota of worry or concern about it, we were simply dead. With that knowledge came the sensation of rising up into a marvelous warm, loving, vibrant and familiar place and then nothing. But how we got there we could not figure out only that something must have happened as we were getting ready to depart after spending a Friday evening together in Jerry’s apartment. We were departing and suddenly we were dead, that is all that any of us could state. And now, here we were surrounded by something that can only be described as Heaven.

Peter, our lay preacher and chemist in the old life, gave a summary with, “We had talked about becoming perfected and knowing all things and capable of doing all things, and my guess is that we have found it here. As we question and search, it all becomes clear as if we had always known it, with of course two exceptions and that is: What happened to bring us here and how did we get out?”

Maitri added, “There is another unknown and that is, how did Suzie raise the feeling of questioning and June define it as wanting more, if everything was perfect? How can one question anything in the midst of all knowing?”

June explained, “I think that questioning arose because of perfection. Perfection is complete within itself, I agree, but I had the strong feeling that because I knew everything, I also knew that there was something beyond perfection or that there had to be a source for perfection that was greater than perfection. Perfection, in other words, cannot be perfect if it does not also contain both the source of and the expansion of perfection. Perfection must also contain its own source or it cannot be real and it must contain the means of finding more perfection if it is to be perfect. This means that the state that we just broke free of wherein there is no questioning, no separation, no unknown, no challenges and hence no individuality cannot be perfection. Perfection must contain a method of going beyond itself, otherwise it is either Hell or oblivion of the self. It was in the urge to go beyond, that I managed to frame the feeling of questioning that served to open our awareness.”

Peter then added, “It is now up to Maitri to explain how he managed to lead us out of the state of perfection and its totality of existence.”

“It was Tom’s knowledge that gave me a sense of direction. He saw that we were without challenge and separation and that we were also existing in a state of complete union. As he felt that knowing of being separated, I felt some old teachings I had as a child about creation being

formed from everything. The beliefs of India generally assume that in the beginning everything existed and reality only appears with what is called *maya*. *Maya* limits the total stuff to only that which can be realized. *Maya*, in other words, removes anything that cannot be perceived as real from our mind. On the reverse side, to make something real requires an increased concentration of that object to the exclusion of everything else. This I encouraged all of you to do. I also suggested, however, that you hear me, which required another elevation of the self to respond to that which was created. Following that same old model, we now find ourselves not only responding to each other, but also in becoming one in specific and limited purpose.”

Peter then took over, “I feel another model might be useful to us, and that is the Western model of the *Garden of Eden*. It is easy to compare ourselves as being in the *Garden of Eden* wherein we were cared for without any pain or strife and without any sense of individuality by the gods. Along comes the serpent in the shape of discontent that catches Suzie’s attention and awakens within her the vague desire to find more. She in turn awakens June and then Tom with her greed for more and he eats of the fruit that gives him the knowledge of good and evil or of the state without perfection and union. Tom then sees his own nakedness or separation and reaches out to join us. Maitri then manifests the knowledge of good and evil in his Eastern model that requires forgetting or removing much of the total knowledge gained in the Garden so that reality can be gained with specific objects of desire. The perfection within the Garden must be lost if the reality of a limited world is to be experienced. In a perfect world there can be no individual differences and hence no individuality or sex.

Jerry, who had been a grade school teacher, now spoke for the first time. “Are we not now in the same state as children? We have discovered that our reality can be controlled by the game we wish to play, and if we put our effort into the game, it becomes exciting and unknown in its outcome. If we play hard the rest of our world disappears and we become the chosen role we desired to be. It is as if we have been at home with our perfect parents who enveloped us with their love and care. We then heard a sound from one of our friends and we longed to escape the perfection of home and join in another game that was exciting, challenging and interactive with others. In other words, we wanted to create our own world.”

He continued, “I think that we are still in the midst of a game that we started at my home on that fateful Friday evening. We had been discussing how we wanted to grow even closer and to find perfection together, if you will remember. I think we even laughed about the idea that we would have to become Gods and Goddesses. We also assumed that whatever we dedicated ourselves to with effort would always occur. That our minds were capable of creating worlds and of changing ourselves.”

\*\*\*

“Goodnight Jerry, Goodnight Tom!” June said as she and Maitri headed for the door.

“Don’t forget our getting together this next Tuesday,” Peter said, “at Suzie’s and my place, I think we have a lot to talk over.”

---

**Copyright 2019 by the *Personal Development Center*. This text may be freely used for personal or scholarly purposes or mirrored on other web sites, provided this notice is left intact. Any use of this material for commercial purposes of any kind is strictly forbidden without the express permission of the *Personal Development Center* at P.O. Box 93, South Windham, Connecticut 06266. The author and/or publisher may be reached at [Contact@personaldevcenter.com](mailto:Contact@personaldevcenter.com)**