

A tribute to Gaston Saint-Pierre

The Living Dying of Gaston Saint-Pierre

A Dream:

The presence by my side in the bed became more and more insistent that it wanted some room. I had pushed it away a few times but it would come back and give me a few shoves so that I would leave it more room. I protested that there was no place for the two of us in the narrow bed and, as it was larger and longer than me, it could sleep on the floor. The struggle finally woke me and I turned the light on, amused by the game. The room was completely still and of course there was no one else but me there. I drank some water and remembered the wonderful happenings of the day, when the whole group attending the workshop in this Centre in Berlin had shifted spontaneously to a much deeper level of awareness, which created an almost tangible silence. I fell asleep but after awhile the struggle started again. I realised that the presence was a dolphin and I said there was really no place for a dolphin in my bed. The reply came, intimated more than spoken: "You really don't want me by my side? Then I will have to take drastic action". With a few wiggles the dolphin plopped into my skin. Though we were one, we had preserved our separate identities. "What do you want?" – "To tell you something important". Then the front of the dolphin's upper jaw, the rostrum, together with the lower jaw, transformed themselves into some kind of golden instrument, a large pen, which started drawing hieroglyphs on the concave smooth surface of the dome of my own skull. I felt bathed in a warm, golden glow and went deeply into sleep, aware that a tremendous knowledge had been imprinted within my being, to be revealed one day, when and if it was necessary.

The above is a dream Gaston Saint-Pierre had that was published in the journal of the Metamorphic Association (Autumn 1987).

My life was greatly enriched by the very close 27-year friendship, until his death in 2011, that I had enjoyed with this very creative and extremely courageous person,

In January 2010 Gaston returned from holidays after spending a magical time in a small idyllic town on the Brazilian coast. Because of emails he sent me during his time in Brazil, I was already aware that he had been in a deep state of joy during his whole time there. It was as if he had been experiencing a form of paradise on earth and we even tried to buy a house together while he was there.

A few months after his return from Brazil I attended a trustee's meeting at his house in London. When I arrived, Gaston was bubbling with excitement and told me he 'knew' he was on the threshold of something very significant. He then told me that he would either be dead within one year or would live for a longer time. He said, regardless of which of these two scenarios that would occur, he would be very involved in this important event – *either* in this dimension or some other. A few months later he discovered he had cancer and would die just short of the twelve-month period he had mentioned.

My very last time visiting Gaston was around 6 weeks before he died. By then the cancer had taken a very firm grip and he was already very weakened physically. He announced he wanted the two of us to walk down together to Balham High Road in London, which surprised me and everybody else present because it was over a mile of a walk there and back.

Before we started walking Gaston told me that the only way for him to avoid falling over was for me to link arms with him and also to walk very fast. His advice not only worked perfectly but also displayed something that was still very present in his reality, which was no lack of speed in the action of his 'moving centre'. This 'speed' was something I had always witnessed in him during the whole time I had known him. For me this quality also personified why he was such an extraordinary catalyst for triggering into new forms of action the 'moving centre' of so many of the people he had encountered in his life, including mine.

Although he was suffering physically and mentally from the cancer, I was struck by the clarity and wisdom of the words he shared while we walked, and also his abiding

attention to always notice beauty when it appeared. For example, we encountered a woman walking with her small child and Gaston was so taken by the beautiful colours the child was wearing that he stopped to converse with mother and child.

A few weeks before Gaston died, he phoned and left a message on my answer phone to call him back. I called his mobile and, being aware that by then he was very close to death, I was surprised when he immediately answered. I asked him how he was feeling and in a very weak voice he answered: "just letting it be". I said to him: "You are not letting it be, you are causing it". I then went on to explain what I meant by telling him that during the previous months I had felt that there was a very significant underlying shift beginning to take place within the potential of the work he had introduced into the world 32 years earlier. And I told him that I felt he was somehow unconsciously 'causing' this shift. This was something I felt was made possible due to the extraordinary courage and creativity with which he had lived, and was continuing to live, his life.

At the time of his passing, I said to some friends that I thought it was hugely important that cancer had entered Gaston's world, because it seemed to have provided the environment that was needed for his individual consciousness to be able to adventure into completely new realms of experience and awareness. And from the depths of this very challenging experience he had entered, he was able to access new important realms of understanding, which I suggest impacts the overall consciousness of this world he was saying goodbye to. Towards the end of 2010 he had started to keep a diary and had sent me some of the entries he had written. The following is an entry he made on 28th December 2010, three months before he died:

The great mystery is to balance order and chaos, so that order occupies as much space as possible without having to 'borrow coherence' from fields whose frequencies have not yet entered the chaos always accompanying transformation. The revelation of these can happen through imposed order, pain being one of its allies as the doors of perception creak their way open through the repetition of great creative in-breath endeavours, such as variation on the theme, plagiarism, or the

sheer joy of harvesting from unexplored levels of perception, novel arrangements that gives the heart a shock of recognition. I would say that great works of art are a mini heart attack where source is the order of different dimensions. Where is the indefatigable surgence coming from? What's the motor that pushes creativity? One of the elements at work is music but its still within the context of the form with concomitant elements such as forever subtler shades of colours whose gross level of consciousness had prevented one from resonating to its beauty.

In other words, the practice of order and of economy of energy allows for that energy to be there at one's disposal to create, or to enjoy bathing into this pool of total silence where even silence has no quality or frequency, light has no shade, love has no boundaries. Silence, light or love all one and the same.

Ever since reading Gaston's dream about the dolphin above, the memory of it has always remained very strongly with me. When the mystic and philosopher Jean Klein was close to dying, he told a number of people close to him that he had become aware that a significant transformation would occur in his consciousness as he crossed that mysterious threshold from living into dying. Since Gaston died, I have often wondered if this dream had been one of the important events that had helped him to travel so creatively on his journey from life into death. And it is these following words which he had used to describe the end of his dream that reinforces my sense that this might well have been the case: *I felt bathed in a warm, golden glow and went deeply into sleep, aware that a tremendous knowledge had been imprinted within my being, to be revealed one day, when and if it was necessary.*

When Gaston felt that death would very soon arrive, he wrote a note saying goodbye to everybody in which he included the words: *My passage on earth has finally come to an end and there is great, great joy about it.*

I had the privilege of Valerie Saint-Pierre asking me to speak at Gaston's cremation ceremony and I decided to read out the following piece I had written and sent him eight years earlier:

I Know You

In a Universe of unlimited possibilities, already existing within an infinite number of different Universes, a fact now burns in my life with a newfound brightness. As big a cosmological event as the birth of Galaxies is the birth of this one single fact.

I Know You

To realise that it is a privilege to be alive is a fact, which, because of its abstraction, is one step, removed from fully impacting our sense perception. Life then celebrates the majesty of its own existence by allowing the birth of facts that are not necessarily restricted by abstraction.

I Know You

I know you because we have met and I mean *really* met. It is now a Universal song that has established itself in my Universal heart.

Surrounded by the dangers of darkness and perverse forms of time that appeared reversible, I am left wondering, was it the light of your mischievousness that attracted me? In any case, thank God and the infinite number of different Gods for the fact that you so glowingly exist.

Yes, Gaston Saint-Pierre, I know you.

Eddie O'Brien July 2017.