

A BIRTH CAN BE PREDICTED

A birth can be predicted, but death is a funny thing.
The two most important events in human experience
Are at opposite swings of a pendulum.
Life happens in between.



They say that the moment of death is set
On the day of birth.
Just **WHEN**, not **HOW**.

Makes you wonder:

Just how much you can dabble in your own destiny;
Just how far you can push the envelope;
Just how much exercise you really need;
If it's worth watching your diet;
Whether or not you have a time-sensitive mission;
If there's any purpose in a life that may end at any given second;
If the whole thing isn't just one big joke.

But, then, you listen to the sages and
Read the wisdom teachings.
Something about "*It's the journey that counts,*"
grabs your attention.

Seems that life doesn't **just** happen, because there are no accidents.
Seems that there **is** A Plan for the journey, or accidents would happen.
Seems that you **do** have choices about how you live, in between birth and death.
Seems those choices are limited by:
 your current understanding,
 your past experiences, and
 whatever belief system you've adopted.

Then someone throws the idea of "*Free Will*" into your machinery.
Sounds good.
You like it a lot.

Then you pause to think, *How's that possible?*

Death is on a tick tock. Not my will.
Life is on a Plan. Not my will, or I would know it.
My Free Will would have accidents happen so I wouldn't be responsible.
Even the few choices I have are determined by all that has gone before.

Then, while your head is spinning around
All the counter contradictions,
You realize that the pendulum swings **both** ways.

Crap.

Which way is the birth?
Which way is the death?

Where does the journey start?
Journey to where?
And, better, WHY?
Does life really, ever, have a beginning or an end?

Just before smoke pours out your ears
You figure out that
You can't figure it out because
You didn't arrive with the necessary equipment.

No Accidents!

Realization hits like a rock.
Holy Moly!
Inadequate brain-power is part of **The Plan!**

Suddenly, it's beer o'clock.
You need an *expanding consciousness* midwife.

See?
A birth **can** be predicted.