

Gregory LeFever
Accounts of Personal Phenomena
www.gregorylefever.com

When The Universe Opens Up

An Account of a Spiritual Vision

Spiritual visions are not uncommon. People from all walks of life experience them and the visions themselves can take many forms. But the type of visions I'm addressing here are powerful, life-changing events, never to be forgotten. No need for me here to describe the variations of these visions. If you've experienced one, you know what I'm talking about. If you haven't, no amount of description will do justice to the experience.

I've had two such visions, perhaps three. One of them — though powerful and life-changing — I tend to question because I'd taken a prescription drug, and I have a lifelong history of drug allergies. Because of my proneness to allergic reactions, I steer clear of LSD and other hallucinogens, though there are endless accounts of people having valid visions under the influence of psychedelics. Nevertheless, the vision of mine that I question occurred early one morning when I was a young adult, hit with a blinding force, and lasted for nearly two days. In essence, it was a peek into what I could perceive as the true nature of the cosmos. But I had a drug in my system.

When I say "perhaps three," an even earlier one would've occurred when I was an infant. Next-door neighbors were babysitting me one night and admitted later that they'd given me some sort of medicine when they thought I was congested. Something happened, and my parents never got the full story, but when they picked me from the neighbors' house, I did not recognize them and they knew

their baby son had undergone something. All I know is that, years later, reading accounts of survivors of near-death experiences, I've had instant recognition of what they described as the after-effects. These have included spiritual insights and even personality traits — strongly resembling things I've known all my life.

The incident I'm describing here is altogether different from my earlier experiences, mostly because of its arising from totally ordinary circumstances. It was in the mid 1970s when I was an editor at The Rutland Herald in Rutland, Vermont, with work hours from 6 p.m. till 2 in the morning. It was winter and this particular night was very cold and clear. I took a break sometime before midnight, bundled up, and walked a couple blocks to a convenience store. What happened on my way back to the Herald building came out of nowhere.

Back then in Vermont, the stars overhead were not dimmed by artificial lights from the earth. On a clear night the stars were a dome of a million bright specs piercing the night sky. As I walked in the cold night, I looked up and still can recall seeing an infinity of starlight. I must have stopped in my tracks and stood in that spot for a period of time. My guess would be a minute, maybe two. Time had ceased.

All I know is that I was overwhelmed, as if a curtain had been pulled back and I was able to sense the magnificent complexity of the universe. The orderliness and perfection of it all. Brilliant and intense patterns blazed with clarity. I knew in the very heart of my being that all was well with the world, with the universe, and that a pure and beautiful love permeated everything. I knew existence was a state of comfort and well-being and everything is as it should be. Perfect. That's the best I can put it.

It was a wonderful feeling, and it still is when I recall that night and some remnant of that vision returns. My vision did not require myth or religion, yet the revelations I experienced that night were so spiritually powerful they've changed me ever since.