

## Space Suits



By Anna Von Reitz

Our consciousness and our life force inhabit a dead body.  
This body I am "in" right now is naturally as dead as anything can be, certainly as dead as a stump or a rock or a piece of salt.  
It is the equivalent of a space suit. Is a space suit alive?

Not.

So all this whole drama and worry over being "alive" or "dead" is pretty silly.

We are all dead and we are all alive, and that's just the way it is. Some of us are "in" a space suit, and some of us are out of a space suit, okay?

And whether I wear a black, brown, red, white, or yellow space suit is just a color choice, like putting on a shirt. Some of us even put on the equivalent of a Hawaiian shirt and like the multi-color version.

Should we worry about this, either? Ascribe any special value or importance to it? Not that I can see.

It's not the package. It's what's in the package.

So take care of your bodies and value them, for the simple fact that they allow you to see and move and touch and feel, but don't allow yourselves to be deceived into thinking that your spacesuit is "you" any more than your name is you.

In the same way, don't overvalue the blueprint your spacesuit is built on. Tall, short, weak, powerful, fat, slim--- so what? These are just variations that suit you for whatever reasons. Literally --- "suit" you, as in wearing a suit.

It's not the color of your skin, the length of your legs or the size of your biceps that makes you who you are. And money or lack of it, has even far less to do with who you truly are.

It is the strength of your spirit and your mind and your heart that makes you, you. It is the essence of your energy, the fire within, the depth of your discernment, the balance of your logic, the compassion that lives in your soul, the things you value, the people you love, the things you like to do, your dreams and intentions ---- those are the things that make you who and what you are.

I am not a great admirer of Hollywood, but anyone who ever saw the Star Wars movies received a great lesson from encountering Master Yoda. Small, old, green, talks funny, can be irritating, has fuzzy ears----- and yet, he is the Master.

Take a hint, yes?

Our lives are far more and go far beyond our spacesuits, our colors, our blue prints, even beyond our condition described as "alive" or "dead". All these external things are not the point. It is the life that lives within us that matters, it's the who of who we are that matters.

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