

# I HAD THE REVELATION OF THE APPEARANCE OF THE NEW COMET, I PREDICTED IT, AND IT'S GREEN. WHO IS?

by Octavian Ciupitu.  
(English version.)

The collapse of the sky, crushing me with the immensity of its endless despair, occurred on December 27, 2022, at 10:00 in the morning. Then the phone alarm rang, which would wake me up from my restful sleep after breakfast, but not my dear wife, Silvia Viorica Constantinescu. The breath had left her, her body was there, but her being was gone. Where did he go? Where do I look for it? Where do I return it? The rescue angels at 112 instructed me over the phone how to resuscitate her with chest compressions, and repeated mouth-to-mouth breath transmissions, which I performed frantically and frantically for almost a quarter of an hour. Then I was interrupted by the resuscitators who arrived with their huge electrostatic plates, but who could only ascertain his irreversible death. Her breath stopped, her soul was gone. Went! Where?

My fall into a lethargic state, as a result of the catastrophe that was diagnosed as an acute heart attack during the morning sleep, came to persist for a long time. In this state, two days later, on December 29, 2022, I met the Fonus funeral service office in the town of Laxă, the capital of our commune of residence, to establish the procedure and discuss the funeral contract that will follow. The weather was also crying sadly with a cold and gloomy rain. The thoughts overwhelmed me, the questions assailed me, my mind was more and more confused: What happened? How was it possible? What should have been done differently? What life have we two had in the 57 years of being together? 82 years is just not an old age! How did it all begin? And how to end?

One of the topics discussed at Fonus was the personal text to be added to the obituary that was to be published in the Svenska Dagbladet newspaper. I then decided to come back with a proposal for my personal message after a preliminary discussion with our children. And the children encouraged and urged me to compose my own message and not to use a quote from some "classic" writer. And my thoughts then stuck to the two key questions: How did it all begin? And how to end?

It all started on August 22, 1965, in front of the "Ion Mincu" Institute of Architecture and Urbanism, today the "Ion Mincu" University of Architecture and Urbanism, in Bucharest, where I was a student in the 5th year. I had just arrived from the preparatory practice for the paper degree that I had in

the city of Timișoara on the topic "Opera and ballet theater in the city of Timișoara" and I had left my things brought from there at my locker in the college. In front of the faculty building, I met a colleague and good friend who had just come there, and who asked me what my plans were for the evening of that day. The next day was August 23, a day of great celebration by the communist state for the fact that Romania betrayed Germany on that day in 1944 during the full advance of Soviet troops on Romanian territory. It was to be expected that the next day would be marred by these official manifestations, so we both concluded that it would not be a bad idea to leave the capital for a few days. From word to word we arrived at North Station, after which we randomly chose to take a train to Constanța. On the train, my friend proposed that we visit a younger college colleague who had his own large apartment where we could stay. That's what we did, and that colleague welcomed us with joy and organized a small party for us on the spot with his former high school classmates and friends from Constanța as guests, immediately summoned by phone. After a short time, the invitations began to arrive. I was waiting in one of the interior rooms of the apartment. Suddenly there was a great noise, doors slammed, voices raised, and a piercing young woman's voice asked, "Where is Seneca?" After a few whispers, the door of the room where I was waiting slammed against the wall, and in the opening of the door she fixed her position: Silvia! I then had the revelation that she had come crashing down on me like a meteorite out of nowhere, but looking for a predetermined target. We instantly became a couple and stayed together, me and Silvia, inseparable from that moment until December 27, 2022, 10:00 a.m., for over 57 years. But how did Silvia from Constanța know then that my nickname at the high school in Bucharest, and discovered by my colleagues from Architecture, was "Seneca", and why had she come to look for me there and then? This question still remained an unanswered mystery. These thoughts came to me on December 29, 2022 while I was preparing to write a few words for Silvia's obituary in the Svenska Dagbladet newspaper.

What then happened to this "meteorite"? The original attacking force was transformed, amplified and adapted to family life, to raising children, to professional development, to the search for the truth at any cost,

to the promotion of the truth through journalistic writing and book publishing, to traveling the world, to changed life and experience by moving from country to country even across the Atlantic - all with the effect of the snowball getting bigger and bigger and finding its way out into endless space: the meteorite has been preparing all his life to a new comet is coming! At the time of reaching this conclusion, I had the revelation directly in Swedish of the text proposed for the obituary:

„Hon kom till mig som en meteorit och gick iväg nu som en ny komet”.

The meaning in Romanian of this rhythmic Swedish text is:

"She came to me like a meteorite and now is she gone like a new comet."

I wrote this text in the afternoon of December 29, 2022 and forwarded it to Fonus for publication in the obituary in the newspaper. However, I immediately realized that this revelation of mine had the character of a prophecy.

The ancient Romans spread the belief that man consists of body and soul, where the word "soul" (spiritus) comes from "to breathe" (spiro, spirare). The soul is a breath, which at death floats up into the sky and turns into a star. The soul, the breath of active and engaged people, goes to the sky but like a comet, as happened for example with Gaius Julius Caesar (100-44 BC), at whose death a comet appeared in the sky that passed over his lifeless body: it was his soul on its way to heaven, an event commemorated by a coin minted with the image of the comet by Octavianus Augustus (63 BC-14 AD).

My belief stated in these obituary lines was that at Silvia's death her soul will leave us like a new comet. On January 22, 2023, exactly one month after the beginning of the suffering that culminated in death, a new comet, out of nowhere and unexpectedly, approached the shores of Sweden. On January 27, 2023, exactly one month after Silvia's death, I saw this comet above our house in Finnerödja, near the Ursa Minor constellation. It was small, barely visible to the naked eye. But it was green: Silvia's favorite color, which she also chose for the lining of the mantle on the helmet of her civic coat of arms registered in the Swedish Register of Coats of Arms.

So, the new comet is Silvia's soul on its way to heaven, as I predicted. And it has her own color: green! □