



It was always an awakening of my senses, and a soul nourishing pleasure, to be with Ted Wentworth. His acute appreciation and respect for truth, no matter how astounding or unsettling, was always a refreshing and welcomed alert to me.

Ted was an avid student of life, and that led to his mastery of much.

After times with him, I was more aware, alive and appreciative of the awesomeness of *BEing*. He was a soul surgeon, realigning my perceptions so I was more aligned with existence.

We bonded through our appreciation of Truth and Awe.

With everyone I introduced to Ted, he sought a bridge of consciousness that was a meaningful connection.

“What an amazing man”, is what I’d hear my friends say as we departed from his presence.

Ted quietly rescued a dear friend of mine. He flipped her slide into dark despair into a trajectory of relief and gratitude with his acute legal expertise offered through generosity of spirit. He asked for a dollar, in return for restoring her peace of mind and security.

That’s community.

Death is our liberation from these burdensome limitations of damp, heavy gravity and linear time. It’s our graduation back to higher dimensions of infinite Beauty and Love.

“Beauty” and “Love” were Ted’s final words. I feel he was narrating his glimpse of *the beyond*.

Birth is not our beginning any more than death is our end, and Ted’s time on Earth earned him BIG wings in a high dimension where great and humble teachers, cherished practitioners of *BEing*, gather and glow.

Ted Wentworth decamps from this dimension, leaving it better for his being among us.

That’s the whole point isn’t it?

Peter McGugan