



BRUCE LICHT

FOUNDER OF *MY ELEVATOR PITCH FOR GOD*, ENTREPRENEUR, AND AUTHOR

Bruce grew up in Lafayette, California and received a BA in Political Science from UCLA as well as a Graduate Gemologist degree from the Gemological Institute of America. After graduating, Bruce operated his family's 100 year-old retail fine jewelry business for twenty-two years. Bruce had a passion for computers and graphic arts, so he changed careers and joined his best friend at a national technical publishing company for seventeen-years as the company's Publisher, where they invented the modern labor law poster industry, including the first "All- On-One Labor Law Poster" and "Labor Law Poster Compliance Plan."

Aside from being the Founder of this website, *My Elevator Pitch for God*, Bruce was the co-editor of the book titled, *Elevator Pitches For God: Volume 1*, and author of the cookbook titled, *Immediate Chef: No Previous Experience Required*.

Bruce's goals for this website are: To introduce more people all around the world to God and strengthen the faith of those who already believe in a non-political and non-religious way, to bring people together, find common ground between different faiths, create meaning in people's lives, and start to move the world in a better direction.

You can help by sending this website to friends and family and posting it on social media!

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<https://www.linkedin.com/in/bruce-licht>

A Due Date with Destiny

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Two twins are warm and cozy in their mother's womb.¹

Twin #1: It sure is great here, but do you believe there's life after delivery? I think there has to be something more. Maybe we're here for a reason? Maybe this is just "*pre-life*," a gestation period, meant to test or prepare us for the future? Maybe we will meet our maker?

Twin #2: Are you kidding? That's crazy-talk. This is definitely all there is. There's no life beyond this reality. What kind of life would that be anyway?

Twin #1: I'm not sure? But I think there will be more **life** after we are downloaded. How could this be all there is? Maybe we will use our legs and walk, hold things with our hands, eat what we choose to eat, meet others just like us, have other senses that we just can't understand at this point?

Twin #2: That's ridiculous. Where did you ever learn that—watching *WombTube* videos? Walking? Where is there to go? Holding things with our hands? What's there to hold on to? Eating with our mouths? Your stomach may not always agree with it, but the umbilical cord supplies us with all the nutrients we need. And meeting others? You mean like aliens? You sure have a wild imagination wombmate. I think it's illogical and a conspiracy theory. The next thing that you'll be suggesting is that I use "*after-birth control*" or buy "*after-delivery insurance*."

Twin #1: What if it's just different than it is here? Maybe we don't need that physical cord anymore? It's kind of limiting, isn't it?

Twin #2: Okay, just for a moment, for conversation sake, let's just say there's life beyond. Then why haven't we ever heard of anyone coming back? I don't believe in NDE's—"Near Delivery Experiences"—where you move towards a bright light, see loved ones, etc. I think that can all be attributed to having bad gas. The "*after-womb*" or "*reincarnation into a new womb*" is nothing but false hope. Delivery is the final act, before it's curtains down, silence, and everything fades to even blacker.

Twin #1: I don't think so. I think you're a "*delivery-denier*." I believe we will meet our Mother and she will love and care for us.

Twin #2: Are you serious? Mother? You actually believe in Mother? If Mother exists, then where is she now? And what will she do? Dress us in cute matching onesies?

Twin #1: Just because you can't see Mother doesn't mean she doesn't exist. I see Mother everywhere I look. She's all around me. We were created in her image. Without her, this womb would not exist.

Twin #2: I don't see her and you can't prove it. That whole idea is totally unfertilized.

Twin #1: Sometimes, when I really listen, I can sense her and hear her loving voice. Sometimes I think I even hear classical music.

Twin #2: I guess we will just have to wait and see. But don't hold your breath.

Footnotes:

1. This essay is adapted and paraphrased to emulate a parable by Dr. Wayne Dyer, titled, *The Parable of the Twins* (also known as *the Conversation in the Womb: A Parable of life after Delivery*) which was included in his book, *Your Sacred Self*, published in 1995.

Dr. Dyer (1940 – 2015), was an American self-help author and motivational speaker, best known for his book *Your Erroneous Zones*, published in 1976, and for his numerous PBS specials. Over his career, he wrote more than 40 books, with many becoming bestsellers, and appeared frequently on television and radio. His work initially focused on psychology, self-motivation, and assertiveness, however in the 1990s, his focus broadened to include spirituality, with popular books like *The Power of Intention*.

Original Transcript of: The Parable of the Twins

In a mother's womb were two babies. As the weeks passed and the twins developed, their awareness grew and they laughed for joy. Isn't it great that we were conceived? Isn't it great to be alive?

The first baby asked the other, do you believe in life after delivery?

The second baby replied, why, of course, there has to be something after delivery. Maybe we are here to prepare ourselves for what we will be later.

Nonsense, said the first. There is no life after delivery. What would that life be?

I don't know, but there will be more light than here. Maybe we will walk with our legs and eat from our mouths.

The doubting baby laughed. This is absurd. Walking is impossible. And eat with our mouths? Ridiculous. The umbilical cord supplies nutrition. Life after delivery is to be excluded. The umbilical cord is too short.

The second baby held his ground. I think there is something, and maybe it's different than it is here.

The first baby replied, no one has ever come back from there. Delivery is the end of life and in the after delivery it is nothing but darkness and anxiety and it takes us nowhere.

Well I don't know said the twin but certainly we will see mother and she will take care of us.

Mother the first baby kafford you believe in mother? Where is she now?

The second baby calmly and patiently tried to explain. She is all around us. It is in her that we live. Without her, there would not be this world.

Ha! I don't see her. So it's only logical that she doesn't exist.

To which the other replied. Sometimes, when you're in silence, you can hear her, you can perceive her. I believe there is a reality after delivery and we are here to prepare ourselves for that reality when it comes.

As the weeks stretched into months, the twins noticed how much each was changing. What do you think all this change means? asked the first baby

It means that our stay in this world is drawing to an end, said the second.

But I don't want to go, said the first. I want to stay here always.

We have no choice, said the second, but maybe there is life after birth.

But how can it be, responded the one. We will shed our life cord and how is life possible without it? Besides, we have seen evidence that others were here before us and none of them have returned to tell us that there is life after birth.

And so the one fell into deep despair saying, if conception ends with birth. what is the purpose of life in the womb? It is meaningless. Maybe there is no mother at all.

But there has to be, protested the second baby. How else did we get here? How do we remain alive?

Have you ever seen our mother, said the one. Maybe she lives in our minds. Maybe we made her up because the idea made us feel good

Thus, while one raved and despaired, the other resigned himself to birth. He placed his trust in the mother. Hours passed into days and days fell into weeks, and it came time and both knew that their birth was at hand, and both feared what they did not know. And as the one was the first to be conceived, so he was the first to be born. The other followed after and they cried as they were born out into the light. They coughed up the fluid and they gasped the dry air and when they were sure that they had been born, they opened up their eyes and found themselves cradled in the warm love of the mother. They lay open-mouthed awestruck at the beauty of the mother whom they had never seen before.