

Return to Love

Return to Love

KAREN SWAIN

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This is a story my journey into the unseen. I have had some extraordinary psychic and inner experiences with the other side, especially after my mother's transition back to the eternal reality. I was 16 at the time, and my mothers passing set the stage for the rest of my life. The experiences helped me realized we don't have to be John Edwards to maintain communication with loved ones who have crossed over. I discovered the joy of communicating with loved one on the other side and came to know we are never alone and are always guided by love. This book reveals how to have constant and immediate connection to your non-physical inherent wisdom and shows you how to connect to your source of well being. I am presenting a guide for regular people, a way to connect to your inner being, passed loved ones, your non-physical self and more of you. Death is not the end, it is a return to our true nature of unconditional Love.

“Inspiration comes forth from within. It's what the light burning within you is about, as opposed to motivation, which is doing it because if you don't do it, there will be negative repercussions. Motivation is making myself do something that I don't really want to do. Inspiration is having the clear picture of what I am wanting - and letting Universal forces come into play to get the outcome.”

Abraham Hicks

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I dedicate this book to my eternal friends in the unseen. You are my cherished teachers and eternal inner wisdom. Thank you for your loving guidance and showing me the way. Thank you for lighting the path. Thank you for answering the questions that were burning inside me. You are my friends, my family and my love. Thank you for showing me who we really are by communicating how you feel.

I came to this life with a quest to know and understand why we are here, what this physical life is all about, and how I can live this knowing and make the best of my time here. You have played your role in helping me understand and live the truth that has reawakened in me. Your passing has been a blessing on so many levels. Even though I miss playing with you here in this magnificent physical playground, your passing reminded me how to live, and for this I am eternally grateful.

I love you all ways.

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Introduction

I have been given a message, not once, not twice, but many times by my friends and family who have gone before me. It has taken me a while to share this message with you in a book, and life provided me with some amazing adventures along the way that has really driven the message home, so now I feel it is time to share this message with you in this little book so you too can share in the bliss I have felt from the wisdom my family in the unseen has shown me. Here we go...

All of the suffering in the world comes from one idea, and one idea only, and that is a perceived idea of lack, or loss. The thought that we cannot have what we want evokes some of the worst feelings we will experience. Every feeling of worry, frustration, hatred, anger, sadness or despair has this thought attached to it, “I can’t have what I want”, when really it is a big lie.

We can always have what we want when we give ourselves permission to receive, by feeling GOOD.

When someone dies, this perceived ending is an experience that triggers some of the worst type of discomfort. It seems there has been a permanent ending to something and the expectation of more experiences we could have shared together. It feels like our lives have been turned upside-down and all our plans have gone astray. When really we are all

eternal beings who will dance together for eternity. But we do not know this for the most part, we perceive we have been left and a permanent ending has occurred.

Death is not an ending; it is a transition into a eternal unseen reality. This life is the temporary reality, it is a journey of perception and an opportunity to created and enjoy our creations by changing how we choose to see the events and circumstances we experience. But our circumstance seems to be the only reality which we give our attention to, we forget we have the power to change what we think and therefore change the way we look at life. We can view life from a broader perspective and create a life of joy, fulfillment, Love and happiness.

What we perceive with our physical senses is usually what we believe to be true for us and everyone else, when there is so much more out there to feel, understand and learn from. We are all so much more than what we see, hear, touch and smell. We are an extension of the energy that lives forever, that has created the universe and we have an eternity to play with and mould this energy.

Throughout my time here on earth, many of the ones I loved the most have left the planet, but they never left me. All of them have communicated with me after their departure, all of them had one thing in common to tell me. They had a message for me. They told me in a variety of different ways, but they all said the same thing every time I communicated with them. And the message is.... "I did not die".

This book is some of their stories. It is their message to us all.

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In this book I wish to relay to you what I have experienced, and maybe you will find some comfort in these pages and learn to celebrate our eventual transition and not let it be the debilitating suffering we are told it should be, because no matter what, we will all experience it one day, even if it is our own passing.

In this little book we will explore why most people find death so scary.

- What happens when we leave this time space reality?
- My experiences with loved ones who have transitioned and what they want us all to remember.
- Can we still live joyously when someone we love leaves this life? Can we find peace and have their forgiveness with issues not resolved before their passing
- Can we still communicate with loved ones who have passed on?
- How does what we do with our life impact what happens to us when we die?
- What happens to the soul or spirit of a person when they leave this physical existence? And much more...

Enjoy the ride!

Forward

This book is a recounting of some of the experiences I have had in my life.

I have seen many of my closest friends and family make the transition back to the eternal reality. It has been a fascinating and enlightening time for me. Although many would call what I have lived through tragic, I wouldn't change a thing.

I know my story is not unique. We will all be touched by death at some stage in our lives. It is inevitable. All of us will return to the eternal reality one day. The thing that shocks us the most about death is the timing, the age we are when we transition. When is an appropriate time to die? When we have completed what we came to do? When is that? Could it be a moment, a year or ninety years? Does this journey of life have to be about longevity or can it be about quality? When do we know that it is time to go?

I have watched many people struggle with these questions, but for the most part the decision was made long before we came into this life. It was all part of the many decisions we made when choosing this life experience.

I've seen many of my loved ones make this decision to leave this physical experience, including three of my best friends, many family members, both parents and more.

I guess, as we grow older, there comes a time in life when death is considered the norm and not the unusual.

The parents of most of my friends are getting quite old now. Many are in their 70s and 80s and their response to death is, “Who will go this week?” They sit back and watch their friends and family leave the planet on a regular basis. “When is it going to be my turn?” most of them think now. Older people seem to have made peace with this thing most of us worry so much about.

We can all learn from their attitude. Most of them intuitively know it is not the end of them, just the end of this particular lifetime. There is much more out there that is waiting for us and when we are done with this adventure, a new adventure calls us.

The ones that leave us have one wish, and that wish is the same the world over. They wish us happiness, and not to let their decision to return home be the source of our sadness. They are not sad, in fact, many experience a happiness they had forgotten while living here on earth.

When we transition from this life and return to the eternal reality, we return to pure positive energy. We re-emerge into the sum total of all we have lived before and now, we become one with our source or soul; and this experience will feel so very, very good!

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Chapter One

Mum

I was 16, and the day that we had all been anticipating finally arrived. It was 4am in the morning when the phone rang. I knew straight away what the news would be.

"Hello", I said.

"Miss Swain?"

"Yes."

"It is St Vincent's Hospital here, we would like to inform you that your Mother passed on this morning."

I paused. What was I supposed to say to this news? What was I supposed to feel?

"Thank you for letting me know," I said, "What time did she go?"

"About twenty minutes ago."

In truth she had left weeks before her body eventually gave out. For the last few weeks of her physical existence she had been in a comatose stupor, not recognising anyone who was in her hospital room. One of the last coherent times I had with her was a few weeks before.

I came to see her one afternoon after College, which fortunately was only across the road from the hospital. She was awake and talking to someone I couldn't see. As I moved closer I could see she was not just talking she was ranting and raving to someone that wasn't there.

"Mum, it's me" I said, "Karen". But she didn't hear me, instead she continued to talk to the person she was emotionally involved with. I listened for a while, fascinated at what was happening and interested to hear her conversation. It erupted into an argument that seemed to become quite violent. Concerned for her welfare I leaned closer trying to console her and bring her back to the now. But as my face drew closer she reached out and slapped me across the cheek yelling something like, "I hate you".

I was shocked at first wondering why she had hit me, did she hate me? What had I done wrong? Did she know it was me talking to her? What the hell was going on? I sat back into the hospital chair crying and holding my face. A nurse came into comfort me. "What is going on?" I asked.

"Your Mother is in a drug-induced state, we have had to up her dose of morphine to help her with the intense pain. Sometimes a high dose like this affects the mind. I am afraid she will not improve, with all the drugs we have to administer, her condition will only get worse," she said.

I sat in the hospital chair dazed and confused, wondering where my mother had gone. As I continued to listen to her ranting, I realised she was reliving a fight she had with my father years before. There were many of them over the years,

but this one must have stayed with her and she was reliving the whole thing as if it was happening now. She didn't slap me she slapped him! This thought gave me some relief as I realised she didn't hate me in the last weeks of her life, but she was still hating him.

"Is this what they mean when they say your life passes across your mind at the time of your death?" I thought to myself. "Is mum going through her life again in the days leading up to her finale departure?" I didn't know, but I wanted to find out. I wanted to understand this death experience more, why did she get sick in the first place? Why was she leaving this earth at such a young age, and where was she going? Why did she have to suffer so much pain, and is there a way to overcome illness without all the suffering I saw my Mother go through?

Her struggle with the Chemotherapy treatment she received for the cancer horrified me. To think that the nausea and pain she went through was all a part of a treatment that was supposed to make her FEEL better. This never made sense to me, but these experiences were all part of initiating my inquiry into life.

Why are we here? What is the purpose of our lives? Why do people get sick? How do we get better and maintain health? Where do we go when we die? Where did we come from? How do we get what we want while we are here? I had so many questions, and finding the answers unraveled many of the mysteries of life for me. Now I am so grateful that this intense experience of my mothers passing happened. It set

the sage for the rest of my life, taking me on a journey, a spiritual quest to find the answers. This experience re-igniting questions that had been born in me lifetimes before. At sixteen I had a lot of questions and I was on a mission to find the answers.

When I put the phone back on the receiver that morning, I sat on the floor of the hall silent for a long time, not knowing how I was supposed to feel.

My mother had just died, was it a relief? I had watch her suffering so much. Even in the years before the doctors found the numerous tumours that riddled her body, she felt unwell and miserable. Living had no joy for her in the last few years of her life, and the hospital experience was definitely one of the lowest points. "Why do I have so much pain." I heard her say many times, "I wish the pain would go away, I just wish the pain would go".

So now that it was over, what was I supposed to feel? Elation for the end of her suffering? Sadness at my loss? Fear that I was all alone in the world at such a young age? I didn't know, but I knew that I did not feel the grief that we are supposed to feel when someone close to us dies. I did not feel sadness; I did not feel happy or relieved that her suffering was over.

I felt ready.

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Ready to take on the world. I was 16 and doing it all myself. The truth was I had been doing it all myself for some time now, as Mum had been in hospital most of the time over the past two years.

My desire for my independence had been granted. From a young age I wanted to grow up fast. I didn't want anyone telling me what to do and how I should live my life. I wanted to discover it all for myself. I wanted to see the world, date desirable and undesirable men, drive my own car, have my own house, wear designer clothing and high heels, create my own stamp and rule my own paradise.

I wanted to discover what this world had to offer, I wanted it all and I wanted it now. Well I got what I asked for with an abrupt jolt. I didn't have other family members willing to take me in and look after me, only my brothers who were 18 and 14 at the time. One would need looking after and the older one had to find out about the world himself, just as I did.

So there I was sitting alone on the floor in the middle of the hallway at four o'clock in the morning, and the only member of my family that knew she wasn't with us any more. I had a lot to do...

My big brother and I lived alone in the house for a few months after mum's passing, but the death duties caught up with us and we had to sell the house to pay the tax. This tax was abolished the year after mum died; I guess the

government saw the lunacy in paying taxes to die as well as paying taxes to live.

After that I went to live with a friend and her mum for a few months and then moved into a shared flat I found in the paper. I was all grown up at seventeen living the life of a young adult, working and paying the bills. I had all the independence I could have ever dreamed of. It was a fascinating adventure.

Life without my mother was challenging but rewarding at the same time. I had no one telling me what to do, or who I could hang out with and how I was supposed to live my life. I was a teenager with no parental discipline impinging on my life experience. My friends were envious of my freedom and would hang out at my place to escape their parent's control.

Most people would think that this kind of life would have seen me fall into the wrong environment. I was adventurous and wanted to explore all parts of life, but I was always guided. I had a great relationship with my inner knowing and it was communicating with me all the time. Just like a loving caring parent that knew about everything life could throw at me and was never afraid for my safety.

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I thought this communication was my common sense. I thought everyone had this type of thing going on in their mind. I thought every kid talks to themselves. Maybe teenagers do, but maybe they do not listen to their common sense as it sounds too much like their parents and they are trying to resist this type of communication, or at least rebel against it.

I know from my experiences growing up without my parents that we are all guided. Because they were not a part of my life I was not trying to prove anything to them. I wasn't trying to rebel against their authority. I wasn't trying to get their approval or their attention, so I was left to my own devices. I was left asking myself. "What do I want, and how am I going to get it without my parents providing it for me?" A question many of us do not ask ourselves till we are older.

This is the life I emulate with my teenage daughter. I want her to tune into her own guidance, her own common sense. I want her to make decisions based on what she wants and not on how she thinks it would affect me. I want her to know she can create anything she wants because the source of her abundance and her well being does not only come from Mum and Dad. The source of her well being is inside her. So I have given her the freedom I had at her age. Freedom to make her own mind up about how she will attract what she wants into her life.

I have said to her she can do, be and have anything she wants. She is her own best authority on this subject. I will always be here to look after her; she can always rely on that, but decisions about who she wants to be with, what she wants to do or not do and what kind of life she wants to live, is all in her hands.

This has proven to be the best parenting tool I could ever have, as she tends to be the most cautious of all her friends. She doesn't drink to get drunk like many of her age group or take drugs and have sex to upset her parents. Many of her friends do, as their parents have told them specifically they are not allowed to do things they want to try, so they go right ahead do it behind their backs.

She tells me she is like a mother hen to her friends, always doling out the advice to her confused teenaged buddies. She has communication going on with her inner being, or common sense, and she hears it and pays attention because she is not too busy listening to the rebellious conversation most teenagers have going on in the heads. Thoughts like "I'll show them, they can't tell me what to do."

We are all guided, we all have access to this common sense or inner knowing, but it really helps to quiet the mind of all the worrying chatter to hear it, and sometimes the best place to do this is at night in our dreams.

Mum's message

It has been about thirty years since mum left the planet, and over the years I have dreamt about her many times. In every dream she had the same thing to say to me, she told me in many different ways and in many different circumstances, but no matter where we were or who we were with she told me the same thing every time; she said she wasn't dead.

The dreams would start with me discovering her in a strange place, like working in a shop in Queensland, or in a different country or at a stranger's house. It was always a place where I did not expect her to be.

"O MY GOD you are here!" I would say to her when I saw her. "You are here. YOU ARE HERE!"

"Yes, I am here," she would answer.

"I can't believe you are HERE! I can't believe YOU RE REALLY HERE!" I remember thinking over and over again.

“I thought you were dead.”

“NO Karen, I am not dead,” she *always said*.

“If you are not dead, then where have you been all this time?” I would ask her, shocked and confused?

The initial shock, that she was actually with me after not seeing her for so long, would go on for a while. Then, when I calmed down, I would ask her more questions like, “what have you been doing all this time? Who have you been with? Where have you been living? I still can’t believe you are here!”

The dreams were always confusing and disjointed as I tried to remember them in the morning. I was interpreting them through my own personal belief system, with my fears and misunderstanding of the eternal life experience.

As I awoke into the daylight hours and tried to relive the night’s adventures, the overwhelming feeling was one of confusion. I did not have an understanding of life and death as I do now. All I knew was I was with my Mother and It was real. As real as any physical experience, and I didn’t understand how I could be with her if she was dead. So my stories of far away places, and seeing her working in strange circumstances was my mind trying to make sense of an experience that didn’t make sense in my waking life. I was trying to put a non-physical experience into a physical content.

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Anger was the dominant feeling I would remember as I awoke in the morning. “If she didn’t die and she has been alive ALL this time, why the hell didn’t she want to be with my brothers and me?” I would think while I was having the dream.

Why didn’t she want to be with us? Didn’t she like us anymore? “You’ve abandoned me,” was what I felt when she informed me she didn’t die.

As the daylight hours hit my waking mind I realised it was all just a dream and she was still dead. “Phew! She didn’t really abandon me.” I would think as I refocused back into the life I was creating in physical reality. It was all just a dream. As real as it seemed, she was still not here in my physical life, and life would go on as it had yesterday.

Dreams are strange and enlightening playgrounds. Our dreams are always giving us messages about what we are doing with our waking life. In our dreams we live out the dominant thoughts that run our waking existence.

The feelings that dominate our dreams show us the type of thoughts we are living with in our daily lives. These are the thoughts that attract the circumstances of our lives. If you can

remember the dominant feeling you had in a dream, it will show you the dominant feeling you have in life. These DOMINANT feelings or emotions are the ones that are getting the attention from the universe, because the feelings you indulge in most will attract the majority of the circumstances in your life. Even when we are not open or willing to look at our emotional set point, (the emotions we have the most) our dreams will clearly show them to us in a way we cannot ignore.

If we have scary dreams, this is an indication that there is an aspect of our life that we are scared of. Happy dreams are an indication we are focusing in a powerful way in our waking life and sad dreams show us the limiting mindset we are living with.

Our dreams are communicating to us about what is inside our minds. Dreams show us the habitual thought patterns we have picked up along life's journey. One could say it is our inner voice talking to us about the thoughts that are stopping life from bringing to us what our journey here has caused us to want. Dreams allow our inner being to guide us back to a place of connection. This is happening all the time in our waking life, but sometimes our inner voice wants our full attention, and this can happen at night while we rest.

We are being helped while we sleep. Our inner being is communicating to us on every level of our consciousness. The question is, which level will get our attention? This dream

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platform is a wonderful place to find answers that may not be available to us in our waking existence.

The physical world around us has mesmerised us so much, it has most, if not all, of our attention. Most of us are so busy trying to control and perfect the circumstances of our lives we seldom stop to think about the circumstances of our mind.

A death experience will remind us that we cannot control or perfect every circumstance of our life. Usually it renders us helpless in the face of a circumstance that has been out of our control, and this is the feeling so many of us are trying to avoid. We all want to feel like we have everything under control, that our destiny is in our hands and happiness is ours to live.

But when someone we love dies, it can feed our insecurity that we are completely helpless and out of control. Here we all are trying to have a great life by avoiding horrible things, and yet horrible things seem to be unavoidable.

What if we were to view these horrible things in a way that felt better, instead of trying to avoid them? What if none of them were horrible at all? What if we looked straight at them with a renewed perspective and saw them as gift instead of a horrible drama. The only way to avoid them is to leave the planet and merge back into the pure positive energy that

made us, and this may not be the plan at the moment.

What were my dreams telling me? Was mum showing me I had a belief that was not serving me? Was she showing me the thought that was causing much of the unhappiness I felt in my life? I had felt abandoned by the one person who was supposed to love me the most, my Mother.

This belief played out in a variety of disturbing ways in my young life. My unconscious thought was; if mum didn't stick around to love me, who else would love me? Not the truth of course, just one of the many lies I would tell myself to justify why I would push the people who wanted to love me away. The truth was, my Mother came to tell me she did not abandon me, she did not die. She wanted me to know she was always with me and I could be with her anytime I wanted to. She was trying to communicate to me that I was loved and that I can never be abandoned, had I understood the dreams better at the time.

These types of dreams stopped when I was in my thirties. I was coming to a better understanding of how all this living and dying thing works. My thirst for answers was being quenched; I was listening to my guidance more and gaining a trust in my inner voice and myself. I've had waking visits from Mum a few times since the dreams stopped; usually she came to give me a message. Sometimes I would listen and sometimes, when I was so busy with the goings on of my life, I told her I would call her back. This day was one of these...

A very real encounter

It happened when I was in my thirties and a single mother with an eight-year-old daughter. Christmas was drawing close and my young daughter was in her school's Christmas play. We had a beautiful Japanese student staying with us who was in Australia to learn English. I was in that stage of my life where I was still searching for answers to the big life questions like, "who am I and why am I here?" But the questions were less intense and my understanding was returning.

I had finished my Naturopathic studies and had explored all manner of self-help, psychic awareness and spiritual healing courses at this stage and was coming to an understanding that I had always had the ability to tune in, turn on, tap in and talk to my inner being and receive the guidance I was looking for.

I was now realizing I always had a relationship with my inner self and I could talk to a source of great wisdom, my greater self, and find the answers to my many questions without seeking an expert to facilitate this for me. I was coming to the understanding that I did not need all the courses and teachers to teach me what had always been within me, but this time of exploration was all apart of my awakening process showing me what was always there, and I am grateful for all the adventures and courses for that. This was a fascinating time in

my life and our beautiful Japanese student, Yamiko, was a very special part of it.

Yamiko was in her fifties then, maybe even older. She was not your average student living in Sydney learning English. Yamiko had a strong desire to come and live in Australia one day. She had worked in the same factory all her life, lived in the same house, raised two children, and outlived her husband.

Now, late in the game she was looking for a new adventure. We fell in love with her. She was a single mother's Angel. It was like the universe sent me an angel to look after us at a time when we would really need it.

It was the afternoon of my daughter's Christmas play and around five o'clock I took five minutes to have a shower and relax before I set about dealing with the details of the evening. I had soooooooooo much to do. I had to cook dinner for Yamiko and my daughter Anika. I had to get her ready for the school play, make sure her costume was in one piece and get her to school by 5.35pm. "I will just take five minutes to relax and rest," I thought to myself as I got into the shower. "Just five minutes, then I will rush around like a mad thing and make sure everyone is ready."

I sat on the floor of the shower and let the hot water cascade over my head and body. The heat of the water felt so calming and nurturing. I love the feeling of hot water running over my body, I was in bliss. I closed my eyes to enjoy the sensation more and then... BANG!

There she was in all her glory. My mother's face in profile. As clear as day, just her face. It was one of the clearest visions I had ever seen in my mind's eye. As I stared at her she turned to look straight at me.

"OOOOOOOH NO Mum! I don't have time for this right NOW!" I said to her. "I have a million things to do," I told her, "I'm just stealing five to relax before the rush."

I opened my eyes as quickly as I could, trying to rid myself of this psychic experience, but Mum was having none of this. The moment I opened my eyes, many of my other physical senses were engaged giving me the experience of her presence.

I could smell her, I could hear her voice, I could FEEL her presence and memories of her came flooding back like an onslaught.

"OH MY GOD," I said to myself. "I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER YOU."

I could smell her, it was such a familiar smell. I could feel her, I could almost taste her. I looked around me, she was everywhere, I could feel her everywhere. I could feel her and yet I couldn't see her. It was an amazing experience, one I will

never forget, and one that has never been replicated to this day with such clarity.

It had been about twenty-three years since she had left the planet, but this experience put her right in the room with me, just as she was when she was alive and being mum.

“Listen Mum, I know you have come to tell me something,” I said to her; “but I don’t have time for this right now. I have so many things to do and I have to get Anika to school before the play so she can get ready for her big part. I will call you back, OK.”

As quickly as I could I leaped out of the shower and raced to get dressed, hoping that my busyness would stop her essence. It did, and we made it in time for the start of the Christmas show.

The festive occasion was wonderful, Anika’s dad was there with his new partner and we all enjoyed celebrating Christmas at the school play. Especially Yamiko. It was her first Australian Christmas Play and she just loved it! It was a happy night filled with appreciation, laughter and adoration for my funny, beautiful little daughter and her cute school friends all dressed up on stage and loving it!

What was it that mum had come to tell me? Did I call her back? The next morning would reveal everything...

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Chapter Two

Kate

I met Kate working in a pub. She was 18 and I was 19 and had just arrived back in Australia after trekking around Europe with some friends and my trusty backpack. I was wearing the latest bright blue mini skirt and jacket straight off the racks of the Italian market place and I have to say, I felt pretty special.

She looked me up and down and thought, “Oooooooooo, who do you think you are all dolled up like that. Some fashion model! This is a pub not a cat walk.”

I too had my opinion of her. A tall slender country girl, not afraid of anyone, out there and open to the world with an air of country confidence. The sort of un-abrasive fearlessness only country people have. Innocent, trusting and very brash, I judged her straight away.

She was different to most of my eastern suburb private school friends. I was very wary of her but in awe of her brashness and jealous that I didn't have that kind of confidence. We stared at each other for most of the day trying to size each other up. She was working in the public bar with all the diggers and I was serving people in the bottle shop in the next room.

The bar extended into the bottle shop, so I could see her every move. Kate had so much confidence with the patrons, laughing at their pathetic jokes, and ignoring their leers. She had a strong, long lean body and everyone who met her admired her beauty, including me.

Then the next day she asked me if I wanted to have lunch with her. We bought takeaway and sat in the main bar, which was shut during the day. She dared me to put a song on the jukebox, but I thought I would get in trouble from management.

Exasperated with my wimpishness she waltzed over to the box and put on Let's Dance by David Bowie. We kicked up our heels and danced all lunch, trying to out do each other with our high kicks.

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She had taken ballet classes as a young girl and was passionate about throwing her body around the room to music, just like me. Dance was one of my greatest passions; one I nearly pursued as a career had I the confidence to see it through. We were instant best friends and inseparable from that day on.

We partied together, agued over boys, wore each other's clothes, loved and laughed. I loved every minute I spent with her. She was such a hoot, so brave and daring. She would challenge herself to do outrageous things. Things I never dreamt of doing. Other people's opinions did not stop Kate from enjoying her life. She loved life like no one I had ever met before.

She told me, when she was a small child, she would see people standing around her bed in the middle of the night. She was scared of them, she said, not understanding what was happening to her. She thought they were there to take her away. So every morning when she was still alive and kicking she would thank the universe for giving her life.

She told me that she was so grateful and happy every day to be alive. I had never heard this sort of thing from anyone in my life before. I was in awe. I had never met someone that loved life that much, who felt so happy just to be alive. As you can imagine, armed with this attitude she manifested everything she wanted out of life at a young age.

Kate came from a middle class country family. Her father liked his drink a little too much, and would often spend the

household money at the club. Her Mother was not happy about this, and if you ever met her, she would tell you. In fact that's all she had to say most of the time. How hard life was, what a dead beat her husband was. The complaining would go on and on, but this never seemed to dampen Kate's lust for life. I was amazed.

Kate married young. She met a woman called Marylyn at one of the fashion houses she worked in after the pub job. We both got the sack from the pub about six weeks after we met.

Marylyn became a good friend of Kate's, and told her that she had the perfect partner for her. A rich good looking, kind and tall man called Tony, who came from a very well known European family.

Kate wanted to meet him straight away, but Marylyn made Kate promise her something before she would introduce them. She said. You have to promise me I will be one of your bridesmaids.

"What?" Kate said, "I haven't even met him yet and you are marring us off. What's up with that?"

"Oh, you will marry him, I know that for sure. But you have to promise me I will be one of your bridesmaids." Marylyn said.

They were married when Kate was 24 and Tony was 25. They moved to a big house soon after the wedding, renovated it, had two beautiful sons and built a life together.

We had lots of parties at Kate's house; she had it all. Money, a big house, heaps of beautiful clothes, travel, friends, a fit healthy body, great children, a fabulous housekeeper who adored her and the freedom to be and do as she pleased. She really managed to get everything she wanted at an early age, but she still yearned for a career and recognition for her artistic and design talents. Kate had a brilliant mind when it came to design and exquisite modern concepts about clothes.

She started a fashion business with another good friend, and they made some beautiful clothes together, but an argument between them saw the business fold and a friendship die.

It was around this time that the boredom took hold. Kate had stopped striving to achieve more. She managed to get, what most people would call 'it all' by the time she was in her late twenties. Many of the people around her told Kate she should be happy with her lot, but being a wealthy mother with staff was not challenging her. She started to feel guilty for all the good luck she had and beat herself up for allowing a business decision destroy a good friendship.

She sought adventure out in the Sydney social scene, going to all manner of openings, fashion parades, balls, and cocktail

parties. Sometimes I went along for the ride, but when I was not on the A list invitation, I would hear all about the adventure the next day. At that time I was a single mother doing my best to make ends meet.

Kate had access to a lot of money, and I was at a stage in my life where money seemed to be very scarce. I did a lot of complaining at that time. I would go over to Kate's house to hear her latest adventure, then spend the rest of our time together complaining about my life and all the responsibility that was on my shoulders.

It is no wonder I was finding it hard to make ends meet, knowing what I know now about the law of Attraction and how we attract what we think about.

Our differences saw us drift apart for a few years. Then, when I pulled myself out of my doldrums, Kate returned to my life. We were in our mid to late-thirties then and somewhere in those years apart something happened to Kate, she was not the same. She was like the walking dead but not willing to share with me what had happened to make her this way, at that time.

Kate was drowning in depression. The happy daring, brave and outrageous girl I had known and loved had gone, and a morose girl was left. I had finished all my searching now and I was working as a spiritual healer. Armed with many healing techniques and ideas, 'I had to help her overcome this

depression,' I thought to myself. I wanted my friend back and I wanted to continue dreaming and planning new life adventures together like we did when we were young. But this was not to be; Kate had stopped dreaming and had become fixated on a past event.

Two of Kate's attributes were her stubbornness and her determination, and now these were working against her. She was determined to be right about how bad she felt, and didn't want anyone to tell her what to do or heal her and fix her. She wanted sympathy for her struggle, but she wasn't physically ill she was mentally ill, she insisted. We discussed her condition a lot. She wanted sympathy from others, but most people viewed her as lucky, advantaged or spoilt because of her material wealth.

Kate had such a strong healthy body. Years of ballet as a young girl and thinking positively had strengthened her magnificent frame. It was going to take much more than two years of beating up on herself to manifest disease in her body. I saw her give birth to her first son, my Godson. Her body gave birth like a well-oiled machine. The next day, just like an elastic band, her body was almost back to normal. She didn't even look like she had been pregnant!

"You would have preferred to have a physical illness than suffer this depression?" I asked her one day. "People would be more sympathetic of that than this mental illness; right?"

"Yes" she said, "I wish I was physically sick, not mentally sick. No one seems to understand that I am sick because they can't see it. I have a mental sickness but no one seems to understand that. They all think I should just get over it and get on with my life."

Kate had a lot of therapy over the time she suffered from her debilitating depression, even checking into a clinic for a few week's, with no results. We talked about death, we talked about suicide, we talked about spirituality and we finally talked about why she was treating herself so badly.

It all came out in the end. She finally told me what had happened that had her feeling so powerless. We also discussed the fact that past actions do not define our future happiness. But nothing seemed to get through to her. She wanted out. She wanted to go, she had convinced herself that she was not needed here on earth anymore and that no one would miss her. Her boys didn't need her anymore, she said, they had the family name to rely on and she felt she was not a part of this prestigious family. She was deluding herself badly and it was pissing me off because it just wasn't true!

It was a hard time for both of us. Selfishly I wanted her happiness back, I wanted my friend back so it could be like old times. She wanted happiness too, but thought it was not available for her anymore. She had convinced herself of her own badness, as if having a good life was bad because not everyone could have it.

Her Mother continually told her she should be more grateful for having such a luxurious life, when she had had to struggle to raise her and her siblings. This of course only convinced Kate more that she wasn't worthy of all that she had, because she was depressed and not grateful.

This went on for many months, but I was lucky, I spent a lot of time with her at that time. We were making up for the time we lost during the years we were apart. I had missed her. It was great to have her back in my life again, even in her depressed state of mind. We talked and talked about everything. We discussed life love and the universe, as I was loving reading the Conversation with God books at the time. I gave her one to read, but she wouldn't or couldn't read it.

The inspiring message of these books was not in alignment with her attitude at that time. I implored her to read them, but she said that the words all blurred on the page and she couldn't read anything. She spent a lot of time contemplating her life and had given up all the parties. She was confused, lost and desperate to feel better....

The next morning after Anika's Christmas play the phone woke me, it was my ex-husband. We had been with him the night before, so I wondered why he was calling me so early. What did he want when he could have asked me only hours before?

"Have you heard the news?" he said to me.

"What news?" I said impatiently.

“So you haven’t heard?”

“What, what is it that I haven’t heard?”

“No one has called you this morning?”

“NO! NO one has called me this morning, what are you on about?” I screamed at him.

It was early and he was doing the Guess What I Know game on the phone. I was not impressed.

“Sit down. I have something to tell you,” he said.

Kate left the planet the day before. Her body was found at exactly the same time my mother came to visit me in the shower. I knew Mum had come to tell me something, and I am glad I didn’t listen at the time; it would have spoilt my night at the Christmas play. I will never know how she was going to tell me because I shooed her away, but I knew she had something important to say.

I was so angry with Kate. How could she leave me again? We had been apart and we were back in each other’s lives now, how could she leave me AGAIN. But she never left..... In fact she had much more to tell me after her transition, than in the months leading up to it.

One of the last conversations I had with Kate was only days before she returned home. In previous conversations we had together, I tried to get her to focus on her life in a more positive way, and to get her to appreciate herself again. I told her a truth I had known for a long time. I said that she was a healer and a teacher and she had a lot to offer the world. Her

normal passionate and appreciative attitude about life was such a joy to be around. The gratitude she felt before she convinced herself that she was bad was such a gift to the people around her, and to the world.

I told her that people needed to know what she had known about being so appreciative for being alive. People needed to hear about her and learn from her example. She had always known the secret to achieving the life of her dreams. Her attitude of gratitude for being alive, her passion and her love of life had brought her everything she had dreamed of at a young age. She had achieved her Cinderella story because she didn't make her simple childhood circumstances the reason to feel bad about herself. Even in the face of my rich private school friends and their judgments of her. She always thought of herself as lucky.

She listened and tried to feel what I was feeling as I talked to her about how important she was to me, and the people around her. Then just days before she left the planet, while we were in my kitchen, she asked me something. She came very close to me and held her hands up to my face with her palms facing me.

"Do you really think I am a Healer KAren?" she said to me.
"Do you really think I have healing hands?" she repeated as she thrust her hands in my face.

I stepped back not quite knowing how to respond. This was the first time she had said something positive about herself in

months. I was shocked and a bit confused.

“YES” I said abruptly. “You are a Healer, of course you are a Healer.”

Little did I know at the time how this conversation would play out later?

Life beyond Life

I spent a good while being angry and pissed off at Kate after she transitioned, and when the anger subsided, I cried, a lot. I couldn't believe that she was not here anymore. I had plans for us, and she was not going to be around to fulfill them.

I stopped seeing clients, because I was in no state to help anyone. I was the one needing the help this time, and I received it. Yamiko, our Japanese student, was like an angel sent from heaven. She nurtured us, did our washing, cooked our dinners and totally looked after my daughter and I while I was going through my anger and tears. I was so lucky to have her there to help us. “Did Kate, or the universe plan all this?” I thought to myself.

I knew Kate was happy now. I knew that she was not suffering in any way now that she had returned home. I knew that the despair she had suffered in the last year of her physical life had completely been erased, now that she had reemerged back to her eternal self. I knew she had returned to the pure positive energy we all come from and she was viewing life from this expanded eternal perspective and had all the knowing of the universe. I was not crying for her, I was crying for me.

I wanted her back, I wanted my friend back. Even when she was depressed and totally self-absorbed in her own dilemma, I loved being with her. I loved her so much, and I still do.

The love that I felt for her in the months after her transition was overwhelming. It was as if someone had turned the volume up full blast on the love and appreciation I felt for my dear friend. I talked to her every day. I screamed at her and asked her a thousand questions. But when she first left I was not in the emotional place to hear her reply.

Kate's body was on ice for over a week, and by the time of her funeral I had calmed down. I wanted to see her body. I wanted my young daughter to see her too so she could say goodbye, something that still haunts her today. I didn't know if this was the right thing to do, to subject a small child to a dead body. But I felt it would help her at some stage in her life to have had the experience. We are all going to leave the planet one day, and I wanted to demystify the experience of death for her. I saw my mother's body in the coffin on the

day of her funeral and thought it was fascinating. I could swear I saw her breathing, I thought I saw her chest moving up and down as I watched the vessel that had once inhabited the spark that I knew as my mother. I guess I wasn't used to seeing a body lay perfectly still.

When we arrived at the funeral home I asked the attendant if Kate looked okay. "She looks beautiful," she said. "Are you sure, because I am taking my small daughter in with me? She doesn't look too scary," I asked her again.

"She looks very peaceful and beautiful", she replied.

My Daughter and I walked in together and saw the coffin at the end of the room. At first all we could see were some clothes and hair poking out the top of the coffin, but as we drew closer we had full view of the bodily remains of my beautiful friend. There she lay as still as ice, and as cold. It was a huge shock to both of us, and we both burst into tears and ran to the back of the room to sit down.

We both gasped for breath and held each other tight. It took a short time but when we had both calmed down, I asked my daughter again if she was sure she wanted to see Kate's body. "Yes, yes," she insisted. "I want to see her, I want to see!" A curious little being just like her Mum.

We walked slowly back up to the casket and cautiously peered in again. This time it didn't feel so bad. We just stood there

staring at her not quite sure what to say or to feel. She had on one of the fabulous outfits she had designed in the last years of her life and she looked wonderful, but her make-up looked very scary. It was if the person who had applied it had forgotten to bring their glasses to work that day. I joked with her about it. She wouldn't have been seen dead with such a bad make-up job.

After a while we became more adventurous and tempted to touch her body. It was ice cold and rock hard. My daughter was fascinated by the whole experience and started to ask me all manner of questions about life and death. She was receiving the experience of death as another part of the life adventure, not as the sudden disappearance of someone she once knew and loved.

We stayed for quite a while; both of us felt a sublime comfort being with Kate's physical form again. Then I started to think of what other people had said to me about their experiences with the dead bodies of the ones they love. Some of them had said to me they felt the essence of the person was not there anymore when they looked at their loved one's discarded form. The body was just an empty shell that didn't even resemble the person they had known anymore.

I closed my eyes, breathed deeply and relaxed. I wanted to feel if this was what I felt. I wanted to have my own experience of Kate's transition, and not be influenced by the memory of someone else's experience. As I stood there in the room of her coffin and her discarded form, an overwhelming

sensation swept through me. In my relaxed state I could feel her everywhere. I could sense her, breath her, even smell her. The memory of being in her presence came flooding back to me, but now it was different. Now her presence was more somehow, bigger and more alive than it had been before.

No, the essence of Kate's being was not confined to her body now. She was not as I had experienced her when she was in her physical body. But I definitely felt her with me. I could feel her strongly and everywhere. She was no longer in this body before me but she was most certainly there. As I stood in the room with my eyes closed the memory of being with her grew stronger and stronger, her essence, or energy felt so big, so much bigger than the body lying before me.

This presence, this enormous energy that I recognised as Kate was not inside the body anymore. She was so much more than the personality I had danced with in life. My experience of her was no longer confined to her physical form.

Now I was inside her!

I didn't want to leave; it felt so good to be in that room in her enormous energy. I felt her inside me, above and below me. She was everywhere! She didn't say anything to me at this stage, or if she did, I didn't hear her in a legible sense, but I could feel her beautiful omnificent presence, and this gave me great comfort. I walked over to read the lid of her coffin, which was leaning up against the wall and noticed her middle name was Rose.

I had forgotten she was a Rose.

A few weeks passed before I went back to work. I had calmed down and I was starting to hear communicate with me her more and more. Then one day during a session with a client when I was in a very relaxed and peaceful state and tuned into beautiful life giving source energy, Kate came through LOUD and CLEAR.

“I know now.” She said to me. “Now I know what you were talking about, Karen.” She said excitedly.

“What?!” I said.

“I know who I am. I AM a Healer. I AM A HEALED!” She beamed at me “And I can help you with your session.” She told me, “I want to help you, I want to help you Karen. I know now who I am, and I know how powerful I am. I know everything now,” She gushed.

Her presence was HUGE and distracting me from the focus I had on my client. It felt like she was hovering around me like bees.

“Go away,” I said to her, “you are distracting me”. I found it hard to be with her and be with my client at the same time.

I wanted so much to talk to her, to find out where she was, what she was up to. I had a million questions, but now was not the time. I had a paying client who was expecting me to focus on her. I know she was in a position to help me, but I didn't see her in this light. I saw her as my friend and I wanted to chat. Feeling her presence distracted me too much, so I shooed her away.

After the session finished I sat on the couch and thought about what had happened. Did I do the wrong thing shooing her away? Did I lose my only chance to talk to her with as much clarity as I had in the session? I didn't think so, but as I sat on the couch calling her back, I didn't find the same clarity as I had in the session. My mind was not as still or relaxed as it was in the session. My head was all over the place trying to talk with her again, and filled with questions. This attempt to reestablish communication with her again became a frustrating exercise. But she didn't abandon me and a profound discourse of events followed in the months after her departure from this physical world.

A chance to say hello

Kate visited a lot of people in the week after her transition. I love the stories that came out of the mouth of my skeptical friends. Some of them had experiences with her spirit that was undeniable, although today years after the event, they would probably deny them.

A good friend of Kate's, a talented designer and a terrible skeptic to all things supernatural, had an amazing experience late one night.

He told me that a few days after Kate's departure, he woke up with the feeling of something very heavy sitting on his chest. This freaked him out. He thought he was having a heart attack or something. He said that when he tried to move he couldn't. It was as if someone had him pinned to the bed. He struggled with it for a while and when he accepted he was going nowhere, he calmed down and stopped struggling. At this point he had strong feelings and thoughts about Kate.

Then, as if a boulder was lifted from his chest, the pressure stopped.

"Kate, is that you?" he thought to himself.

He told me he could sense her standing in the corner of his bedroom. She didn't say anything to him at this point, but he knew it was her. He started to ask her some questions, but before he allowed himself to hear the answers he stopped the communication with the thought, "I am going mad and making this whole thing up."

Another friend also said that she felt a strange sensation going up her stairs one night not long after Kate's transition. As she tuned in to what it was she was feeling she knew it was Kate coming to visit her. I don't know how she knew, she just

knew.

Kate was playing with us. Playing in her death just as she liked to play in her life. She was doing the rounds trying to communicate with people after her transition.

The one person that she wanted to talk to and reassure, but who couldn't feel her presence, was her husband. He was in a very bad emotional place for some time after her departure, but Kate was always with him sending messages of love and reassurance that all was well and life will go on. She wanted to communicate to him that from this time of grief new desires will be born, and the future holds more beauty and cherished experiences than it did before her departure. He didn't hear her message then, but life did go on and love was found again.

As I calmed down and opened to more communication with her, she said to me that she was very sorry to see so much grief. She told me this on several occasions and wanted everyone to know she was happy to be home and in an ecstatic place of bliss. Her wish was for others to be happy too. She did not want her departure to be a reason why so many felt so bad. She wanted us to feel this beautiful energy that she had now merged back to.

Return to Love

She tried desperately to talk to her husband over the time of his grief, trying to reassure him that all was well. But he could not feel her, the vibrational difference between them was too big. She wanted more than anything for her husband to get on with his life and to be happy. Eventually he did. Remarrying and had more children. Much to Kate's joy, her wish for his continuing happiness was granted.

It saddened me to see Kate's family hurt so much after the days of her passing. She was with them all the time, trying to comfort them, but most of them were not able to feel the joyous energy she was now vibrating, which meant they were not available to feel her presence or to communicate with her at that time.

The ones that leave us always merge back into the pure positive energy that made us as soon as the focus is removed from the physical body. There is no laps in time with this. When we re-emerge back to the eternal reality, we will with joy and immediately after death.

Communication with those who have left is always achieved from a state of vibrational alignment with the non-physical energy they are now living. The best way to talk to them and be with them again is to get into a similar emotional or vibrational place. This means, we cannot feel them or communicate with them in our grief, we can only feel them and talk with them when we are feeling peace or love.

When we feel good, all things are possible, because when we feel good we feel our connection to source...

It is good to be around people who see death as an inevitable part of life. Who know death has the power to transform the lives of everyone who experience it. We will all experience it one day. This time space reality was always meant to be impermanent.

People who understand this are the best people to hang out with during the time you are affected by someone's decision to transition. They are the ones who help us stay focused and feeling good, because it is when we are feeling good that we can still communicate with the departed, and the journey can continue.

Death is an interruption not an ending. It is a transitioning process and does not have to be the tragedy it is made out to be. If you can stay centered and feel peace about this experience, you will come to this understanding. Understanding the impermanence of life will greatly influence the way you view all aspect of living here in this wonderful physical world. All things are temporary, the good the bad and the ugly. All will change, transform and expand if you allow it.

In the time just after her transition, Kate gave this knowledge to me. She showed me what happens to us when we leave this time space reality, and it has been one of the most sublime experiences I have ever had in my life....

Kate's message

We moved a few months after Kate's passing and life went on. Kate was with me all the time during the months just after her passing. I dreamt about her every night. It was as if she was waiting for me to fall asleep and merge back to my broader consciousness so we could hang out together again.

I would feel her waiting for me as I awoke from my daytime focus into my nightly focus. Of course her passing was the talk of the town, everyone had something to say about it.

None of the friends I grew up with and who knew Kate would understand what I was going through with my communication with her after her passing. I tried to tell them, but they were not interested. They told me they didn't believe in the things I talked about, so I stopped talking to them about my experiences.

Then one night I had a very vivid dream.

I was in a room with a group of my friends and just like in life they were all talking and gossiping about Kate's death.

"She didn't die, you know," I told them

"Oh Karen, how deluded you are, of course she died," they said to me.

"No, No she didn't." I said. "There is no such thing as death," I told them, "She lives on in another place."

"Poor Karen she is in denial," they said to each other and continued to gossip.

I broke away from the group feeling left out and not heard. I could see that no matter what I said they would not hear me, nor did they want to. As I turned my head away from the group I saw a brilliant light coming from the next room. I went over to investigate and when I reached the open door I saw a room filled with a brilliant white light.

As my eyes adjusted to the brilliance I saw Kate lying on a white chaise lounge. "Is she asleep or is she dead," I thought to myself. I started to walk slowly over to the lounge, staring at her, trying to figure out if she was asleep or dead. She looked so very still.

"Maybe I am wrong," I thought to myself.

“Maybe my friends are right, she is dead and I am making all this life after life thing up. Maybe I am just trying to make myself feel better by making up silly stories that are not true,” I thought.

As I continued to walk slowly closer to the lounge, I became more doubtful of myself. “She definitely looks dead,” I thought as I stared at her motionless body.

I reached out ever so carefully to touch her. Would she be cold and hard, or is she just sleeping? As my hand drew closer to her face, almost at the point of touching her cheek, she abruptly opened her eyes and stared at me.

I drew my hand back with a start.

”OH MY GOD!” I said. “You scared me. I thought you were dead. You definitely looked dead, but you’re not, you are still alive, you are still here!”

She smiled at me with the reassurance of someone who knew the answers to everything.

“You know everyone is talking about you, everyone thinks you’re dead,” I told her.

“I know Karen; I know they think I’m dead. They don’t know, they do not understand; but you do,” she reassured me. “You know.”

A life changing experience...

We were with each other a lot back then. I don't dream about or feel Kate so much these days, but I can tune into her if I want to and have a chat. One of the nights we were together, Kate gave me one of the most vivid encounters I could have ever hoped to have of life after life experience.

I had been reading a lot about life after life and had many questions about where we go and how it all works.

My friend gave me the best experience and understanding I could have asked for. She showed me in a very real way that we live on eternally, and I will always be grateful to her for that. Truly she is my teacher, healer and best friend.

Not too long after Kate had left the planet, as I awoke into my nightly focus, I saw Kate sitting in a comfy chair across from my bed. As my mind adjusted to the scene, it felt like she had been sitting there waiting for me to wake up. How strange this was because what I was actually doing, from this perspective, was falling asleep.

I sat on the edge of the bed and Kate walked over to join me. We talked about the usual things friends talk about. What I had been doing, who I had been seeing. As we chatted I had this epiphany about the fact that I was actually with her. I WAS in her presence again and I thought she was dead! Our life together and our relationship was continuing as if she had never left.

“This is amazing,” I said to her. “You really are NOT dead are you?”

“No. Karen I am not dead,” she reminded me with a smile and a cheeky look.

“I just can’t get over this experience I am having with you. I am actually with you. You really are here with me in the flesh, so to speak. I can see you, I can touch you, I can talk with you and I can hug you if I want.” SO I gave her a big squeeze. “You really are here aren’t you? Really and truly!”

She smiled at me again with a reassuring look, and we both reveled in the joy of this realization that we are all eternal beings.

It was fascinating to me to have this experience of life after life.

I was in a reality that felt more real than most of my waking physical life. My other life, the one where I had been to her funeral, cried and screamed about her passing and even stopped seeing clients because I thought she was gone from my life and I could not do anything about it, felt like a distant dream to me in that moment.

We talked about it as if we were talking about a dream we had had together. Kate really had not gone from my life at all; here she was right in front of me, talking to me as if nothing had happened! “Had I made it all up? Was the other life where she had died been a bad dream?” I thought to myself while having this sublime experience.

As I recall, in this non-physical experience, or dream, we were sitting in my bedroom but it was very light. I remember it looked like a pure white environment.

We talked about what everyone was going through in the

earthly experience. We talked about the confusion that was felt throughout her friends and family. We wondered why more people didn't have the knowing I was sharing with her. Why they were not open to remembering this type of experience.

She told me she had been with others in their nightly existences, but they were not available to remember the experience because of the sadness they felt when they refocused back into their physical life.

While I was with Kate my waking existence became the dream. An illusion I was creating with my mind and thoughts, and the experience I was having with Kate was my true reality. I felt very comfortable and at home while I was with her. This place, even though it looked like my earthly bedroom, felt more to be my home than my physical house address.

It is an experience that will stay with me always. Truly, this feeling of belonging and remembering, has been a wonderful gift. I had read in *Illusions*, *Conversations With God* and other spiritual books, that this life was an illusion that we are making up with our thoughts and feelings. Now I had been given this experience of really understanding and feeling my true existence. An existence of pure joy, elation and LOVE. What a relief it is to know that nothing that happens to me in this earthly experience can change the pure love that is here for me, that is me, and that we will all return to one day. Truly this was a wonderful gift, and a life-changing experience.

You can not sooth them until they are willing to hear you.

My daughter recently went through feelings of tragedy when a wonderful old man, who operated the local beach kiosk, made his transition.

Anika, my daughter, was devastated at the news. She cried uncontrollably for a few hours and when I tried to comfort her she screamed at me that she did not want to hear all my, “death doesn’t exist crap.”

All she knew was that someone who she loved and who adored her had left her life, and the thought she could never have that feeling of being adored by him again felt really bad to her. In her disconnected state she was not having any of my attempts to comfort her.

From behind the locked door of her bedroom she screamed at me, “Just leave me alone!”

When she calmed down we reached a place of communication and I asked why she felt so bad. She said that he was like a Grandfather to her. The only grandfather figure she had ever known. It took her about twenty-four hours to relax and get back to a state of reasoning again and so we talked about it again.

During the hours of her intense pain there was no reasoning with her, even though she had spoken to Kate a lot also after her passing and knew that we are all eternal, she was still

feeling the pain of loss.

The next day I told her that Billie's decision to leave was a decision based from a desire, on his part, to feel better. He was not a well man, although he did his best not to show it. He played the local beach Kiosk guru doling out profound wisdom he had picked up along his life trail, and everyone enjoyed his stories. Especially my daughter. But he had many regrets and mental demons he did not know how to let go of.

His physical life was no longer calling him. What was calling him was a fresh new perspective. A chance to renew, and let go of the mental demons that seemed to be cemented in his mind. He was a local icon at the Beach Kiosk and he will always be remembered with Love and joy.

Anika asked me the next day if he had said anything to me after his passing. Just as she asked, the overwhelming feeling that came over me was, that his transition was wanted. Billy was ready and wanting to enjoy a new experience. He was reaching for more joy, which he felt was no longer available to him at his aged with his ailing physical decline

My friends who have left this magnificent time space reality have been some of my greatest teachers about life. Another good friend gave me a more wonderful life lesson, when she left to return home.

Nicki was one of the most exceptional people I ever had the good fortune to know. She taught me to appreciate my life so much more than anyone I have ever known. Her life was one fraught with struggle, and her struggle became one of my greatest teachers. We all have some struggles throughout our life, but the reasons for Nicki's struggles were much more prominent than most. Her story is an inspiration to us all...

Chapter Three

Nicki's Story

Nicki left the planet when she was 40. At that time she had outlived the time the doctors had allocated her by about 34 years.

It was a miracle that she graced us with her presence for as long as she did, as Nicki was one of many people born in the sixties affected by the drug thalidomide.

She entered the world missing her thumbs, most of the length in her left arm and suffering much internal malformation and complication which rendered her unwell and breathless much of the time.

Her 40 years of life was not easy. She spent much of her time in hospitals and looking for answers to why she had this physical burden to bear.

Because of her questions and her search for more understanding to the big questions of life, we really connected in many ways. We had known each other from birth. Our parents were friends long before we hit the planet.

We were in the same class at school and would play as children at each other's houses all the time. We parted company during our late teenage years and early twenties, as this was a time when I was doing a lot of traveling. Nicki was never well enough to get insurance to travel, and this became a long held desire for her, to travel and see the world. Something she would fulfill after her passing

I bumped into her in the street one day after returning from one of my travels. She was radiant. We had lost touch over the last few years and I had missed her. "What have you been up to?" I asked her.

"I've been reading lots of new age and spiritual books," she told me "and I am really well. For the first time in my life Karen, I am well, but I have a dilemma," she said. "I don't know who Well Nicki is. I have only ever known 'sick Nicki.' I know how to be sick Nicki, but I don't know how to be well Nicki."

It was amazing. Even though we had not seen each other for quite a while we had embarked on a similar path to find answers to the big life questions like, Who am I? Why am I here? What is my purpose, who is my maker and what's it all about Alfie?

Well, that was it, we were best friends again from that day on, talking to each other every week, going to all manner of self help seminars together, and reading all the spiritual books we could find. Although she thought I had really lost the plot the day I told her I was reading the book called Conversation with God. "Oh no," she thought, "The men in the short

sleeve shirts and the thin ties have finally convinced Karen to join their religious club.” But she relaxed enough to read it and really enjoyed the weekly gathering I had every Tuesday night.

We explored the concepts that were discussed in the CWG books, meditated and met lots of great new friends. These evenings were invaluable to both of us. It was the launching pad to my teaching career and Nicki found a lot of comfort in the material we explored. She was not always healthy enough to make every Tuesday night as sick Nicki soon returned not long after we became friends again. She was so used to playing this role and found it difficult to see herself leading a healthy life with her physical anomalies and the many pathological labels she was given. So her search continued to find a way to see herself as normal and to live a healthy and fulfilling life.

Nicki had a mitral valve defection, or a hole in the heart ,which is an anomaly of the heart that allows the blood filled with oxygen to mix in her heart with the blood that is not oxygenated. This meant Nicki looked quite blue much of the time, especially when she was cold or did any type of physical exertion. The blood that was circulating around her body was only half filled with the oxygen needed to sustain it.

She needed a full heart lung transplant to rectify the problem, the doctors told her, and we often talked about the dilemma facing her. Live with the discomfort she has or replace it for a different type of discomfort, as transplant recipients have to

live on immune suppressing drugs. These drugs depresses their immune system, leaving them quite bloated and susceptible to many air born diseases. Similar to the boy in the bubble. But there came a time when Nicki decided she would go for the transplant, and she put herself on the organ recipient list. This meant she had to wear a beeper. If and when a compatible donor became available, she would have to drop everything and race to the hospital to have the transplant.

Nicki's physical condition often saw her rushed off to hospital with one complication or another. So on the day she phoned to say she was going into hospital for a brain operation, I thought it was just another one of those times when she would spend some time in the care of the medical system and she would be back home soon. But that wasn't to be.

She called me one day to say she had been to the doctors and they had found a shadow on her cat scan. "What is it?" I asked her, "I don't know" she said, "but it is nothing to worry about, it may just be a little cyst. Like a pimple on the brain." So we had a laugh about having pimples in your brain as well as on your face.

It wasn't a pimple, it was a tumour, and her chance to have a heart lung transplant was now over. If she was to have treatment for cancer, there was no way she could be a candidate for a full heart lung transplant.

Nicki was not a stranger to the death experience, she had died three times from complications of her physical condition. She experienced amazing near death adventures, but she didn't tell too many people about them for fear that they would not understand, or call her crazy.

"Why did you come back Nic?" I asked her one day while she was relating her life after life adventures. "If you felt so bad and in so much pain, and then you felt so good when you left your body, why did you return to the pain?"

"The first time," she said, it was because of her mother. "As I was leaving my body I felt this wonderful feeling of peace, a relief from my physical suffering, and I experienced a floating sensation. Really I had never felt this good and I was enjoying the feeling, and then I heard my mother's voice cry out, NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO Nicki, don't go, pleeeeeease don't go. So I dutifully came back."

"The other times, as I was ascending and knowing I was leaving this particular life experience, I thought to myself, You know I would like to have one more experience, just one more experience. It was always my choice. I just didn't feel finished yet. I didn't know what the experience was that I wanted, I just knew I wanted more." She told me.

But this time was not one of her near death experiences, this time was a close up and personal death experience. She had the operation on her brain and was in a coma. She regained consciousness for a short time post op, but lapsed back into a coma. I talked to her sister every day to see how she was, reassuring her she would be OK. I knew Nic, I told her, and she wasn't going anywhere yet.

A few nights after her operation I had a very vivid dream about her. When I saw her in my dream I said to her, "Hi Nic, how are you? You look really well. Hey didn't you just have an operation on your brain?"

"Yes" she said.

"Then show me your scar," I said.

She lifted up the right side of her thick beautiful brown hair to reveal a big scar cascading over the top of her ear.

"WOW! I said. You are so lucky you have your beautiful thick hair to hide that ugly scar...."

Then I grabbed her by both arms and asked her if she was OK.

"Yes," she said smiling at me, "I am fine."

"Are you sure? Are you sure you are okay? You are not

leaving me are you? You are going to be all right aren't you?"

I made her promise me she would be okay. She did. She assured me everything was all right and she would be just fine.

The next day when I spoke to her sister Romain, I told her about my dream and reassured her that Nicki was fine and everything would be okay.

Nicki left the planet that night.

I was so confused; she promised me she would be okay. She told me to my face. I thought she was going to be fine! I was in shock. Did I make it all up? Am I crazy and a terrible liar? What did that dream mean? Why did she tell me she would be okay when she wasn't? I was desperate and confused.

After the initial shock of her passing subsided I calmed down and started to hear my inner voice again. I soon realize; of course she was okay, of course she is fine and still alive, she just isn't focused here in this time space reality anymore. She didn't lie to me, she told me the truth, just not a truth I understood at the time I interpreted the dream.

When the shock of her passing subsided and I came to grips with her decision to leave, I had a chat with her. It was a day or two after her passing and I went for a swim to feel better. While I was in the water appreciating the feel of the ocean on my skin and the sun on my face, I felt Nicki with me. I felt her everywhere and again she reassured me she was more

than fine, she was one again with her source, with unconditional love and her decision to go was wanted.

Nicki gave me a very special message that day, one I will always remember. She said;

“Enjoy the feeling of the ocean Karen; Cherish all the physical sensation you have on earth. To me they are just a memory now. Angels feel Bliss, but you can feel Bliss AND the ocean...”

“Thanks for reminding me Nic; sometimes I take this magnificent time space reality for granted.” There is just so much to be grateful for here on earth! Nicki reminded me that our non-physical counter parts are Bliss, but they can't feel the ocean and we can feel both...What a blessing!

I am not dead!

Nicki left this time space reality in 2002 and about two years after her passing she came to me in a dream. It felt really natural to be with her again and we talked as we would when she was here, catching up on all the gossip. Talking about what I had been doing, who was in love with who and what was happening in the lives of our mutual friends. Then I looked at her and said, “Wait a minute, aren't you dead?”

“NO I AM NOT dead,” she said.

"Yes you are. You are dead, I know you are dead, I am sure of it." I repeated.

"No Karen I AM NOT dead." She argued with me. The argument went on for some time, as neither of us wanted to be wrong, just like when we were kids. we would argue like an old married couple. Neither one wanted to be the one who backed down first.

"You are so dead Nic! I know, I remember, I went to your funeral." I insisted. "I distinctly remember going to your funeral. And I cried, oh boy did I cry. Even your sister said to me not to be so sad, as it wasn't my fault you had died."

"NO Karen I did NOT die," she repeated in a very insistent manner.

It was fun to argue with my friend again, we loved a good argument. It felt so normal and natural to be with her again in this way.

The next day I had a thought to call a mutual friend Julia. I wanted to catch up as I had been overseas and felt the need to reconnect with friends. As we chatted I told her I had dreamt about Nicki the night before.

"So did I!" Julia said with a surprised tone in her voice. "I had a dream about Nicki too last night. " she said. "In my dream Nicki told me that she didn't die." Julia spurted out over the phone.

I was shocked! "She said the same to me." I told her.

Well! What was the girl up too? Had she made it her night to visit her friends to tell them death doesn't exist?

I love that Nicki told me this again in my dream and I love that the synchronicity of Julia's nightly chat was made known to me. Nicki reminded me of something I knew well because I had been told many time before by my non-physical friends. Life is eternal! She gave me a message my nonphysical friends had shared with me many times over the years. Is this a message I should share with the others, or at least with the people attracted to my experiences? I wondered; "Doesn't everyone have these kinds of experiences?"

I guess I needed the reminder that we are all eternal beings, as life was taking on a tone of too many have to's after coming back from a world trip and getting caught up in all the details of life. Maybe I had forgotten to wonder at the beauty and perfection of it all.

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I loved teaching metaphysical principles and reminding people of their ability to perceive more than their physical senses allow.

There is so much more to us than meets the eye. We are more than anything else, vibrational in nature, or source energy, which we perceived through our emotions. Our emotions are not here to torture us, our emotions are here but to guide us.

When we feel bad, our guidance is speaking to us about what we are doing with our powerful thought process. Bad feelings mean we are thinking in a way that is not our truth. Good feelings mean we are thinking in a way that is the truth of who we are and where we come from. Our good feelings indicate we are receiving what we have asked life for. I know when we experience a loss, all we want for a time is just to feel better, as the feeling of loss is such a bad feeling. It feels so bad because it is such a long way from the truth of the oneness of all life. This departure from our truth can leave us feeling helpless and lost for a while, but the return to joy can be one of the most powerful experiences physical life offers.

If it is true that we do not die, then feeling bad that someone has left us would be a lie. They have not disappeared from our life if we can hang out with them at night in our dreams or talk to them in our hearts. So the feeling of grief is a feeling of disconnection to the truth of who we really are. We are LOVE, we are eternal, and we are always and forever connected to each other and to the love we share.

The deliberate reaching for thoughts that feel better, thoughts that feel more connected to our true nature, is a powerful life teaching. For as we practice feeling better in bad times we sharpen our power to feel better and more connected to our truth in life.

Our thoughts are the most powerful force we possess. Thoughts have attractive properties, or magnetic properties. This is called Law of Attraction. When we think in a way that does not feel good we are attracting others thoughts of a similar vibration. With our bad feeling thinking we are attracting more thoughts that do not feel good. Sometimes we get caught in a spiral of negative, or powerless thinking. We could feel sad because someone we love has left, then we find ourselves feeling bad about other aspects of our life and life starts to look like a bad place to be. But it is not. Life can be the most magnificent journey if we allow ourselves to reach for more connected thoughts, and stay on track when we fall back into negative thinking.

A thought feels bad because our inner being wants to show us that what we are believing when we feel bad is a lie. Bad feelings really get our attention. It is not possible to feel grief and not know it. We may not be aware of what we are thinking, but we are always aware of how we are feeling. I guess this is why we ask people; “How are you today? And not, “what are you thinking today?”

I love talking about the Law of Attraction and how everything we see in our life comes to us through the process of the

magnetic attraction of our thinking. I love teaching and have been doing it for years. I have taught all manner of healing techniques, and spiritual ideas, but it always seemed to be someone else's message. Was the message of my nonphysical friends a message that needed to be told? "Do we need to know there is no death? Do people really want to know about this stuff?" I have thought to myself often.

I have been given this message so many times. My non-physical friends had repeated the exact same words every time I spoke to them. They told me so clearly, precisely and without hesitation; "I did not die." And life has shown me this is the truth. My connection to their essence has continued even after their transition back to the eternal reality. It is wonderful to be with them again, not to say that I don't still miss them here in this physical playground. I would love to have more cups of tea with my girl friends, or give my mum and dad another big hug. I am sure this will happen again in another time.

I truly believe our message to the world is our life lived, and this is what I had been living. I prefer to see myself as an uplifter. I want to help people feel better about themselves and remind them of their connection to all that is. I want people to feel the power that is within them and to listen to their inner guidance. Death isn't the most joyful of subjects to talk about for most people, but it can be when we allow it to reveal the gift that is inherent in every life experience.

It is my wish that more people would feel better about

experiencing the transition of their friends and family, instead of making it the most horrible thing that could ever happen to them because it is not. In fact it CAN be the best thing that ever happened to us if we look at it from the perspective of the ones who have left.

This is the message our guides wish to give to us. To look at life in a better feeling, or broader way, and to reach to reconnect to the love that is available to us while we coexist on this planet. Our friends who have returned home remind us to be more patient with each other, and to feel the connection to the joy we are all seeking. We sometimes forget everyone wants to feel good as we struggle with our daily dramas. This time space reality has us so mesmerised most of the time, we forget more exists beyond it. We forget we have the ability to mould the energy and create something else, something wanted or something new. We forget we have the ability to tap into our innate blissful energy, even in the midst of drama. The ability to reach for a better feeling thought. To feel more connected to our bliss is more important in times of sadness, or loss and grief than at any other time. This is the time we need to know how to do this the most.

Of course it doesn't always make sense when we have gone through a grieving process, to feel happy about someone close to us leaving. But our pain is always about a perceived ending to something familiar, when the love that we shared will never die, and the communication that we have will live on eternally. I know that now. I know I can talk to my friends anytime I want, just like I could pick up the phone and talk to them when they were living in Bondi. The communication between us has not ended. It was only interrupted.

All our desires are valid, every single one, even a desire to be with or communicate again with the ones who have gone before us. We can have it all and eventually we will one day, eternity will see to that...

Fun at night, a desire fulfilled.

Nicki had a love for travel, but because of her illness she never really experienced much of it while she was here.

She loved to love too and had some wonderful adventures with relationships. She never had a problem attracting a man to love and adore her even though she felt she was ugly and deformed.

In truth she was a very beautiful woman with a lot to offer anyone willing to take on her enormous life story. And there was no shortage of them. I loved listening to her stories of love and wow. At our monthly girly dinners she would entertain us with all the dramas of her love life, both good and bad.

The man she was with, in the years before her departure, was a heart transplant recipient. She felt they had a lot in common as they had both struggled with ill health. Her illness and condition often had Nicki convinced she was alone in her suffering, but with this man she felt she had someone who understood her pain.

She tried to push him away in the months before her departure, but he was having none of it and continued to pursue her. She didn't want him to be so attached, as she must have known she would be leaving soon. Her efforts to hate him and drive him out of her life didn't work. He insisted on staying with her no matter what she said to him.

I think he was hit the hardest after she left. He had a life all planned out for them. They talked endlessly about traveling and seeing the world together. Her family and friends, on the other hand, had known for many years that Nicki's time here would be short.

The doctors had been telling us for years that it was a miracle she was alive at all. Even though her death was expected, it was still a shock to most of the people she knew. To see a young woman leave reminds us all of our own mortality and eventual departure from this life.

Nicki's boyfriend came to see me six months after she left the Planet. He was unwell and came with the guise that he wanted

a healing. When he arrived he looked like half the man I had known. He had spent the last six months mourning her death. Not willing to live any kind of life during the daylight hours, only glad to fall asleep again at night. He told me his only desire was to be reunited with his love once more. We had a fascinating talk; I asked him if he was still in contact with Nic. He said he was dreaming about her every night. "What are you doing in your dreams?" I asked him knowing they were together again.

"Oh every night we are traveling the world. We have been everywhere." he told me. "We are having so much fun and we have seen so much of the planet."

I knew then Nicki and her love were fulfilling a long held desire to see the world. She was fulfilling her dream to travel and he was coming for the ride. They had talked about doing this together, this was a f

He left the planet a few months after our meeting happy to reunite fully with his love in the eternal reality. He left quietly in his sleep. He must not have understood that they had never parted, even while he was still focused here in this physical world and she was not.

It has always been fascinating to me to know more about the

transitioning process. How and why we return home. Who are we, and why are we really here? I had read many near death encounters and heard many stories from people who remember their experiences with great clarity. Having Nicki as my close friend, a woman who lived with the reality of dying on a daily basis, has been a powerful life lessons for me, but one of my favorite life after life stories came from a beautiful man we met on our overseas adventure. Jon had a life changing experience years ago when he was a young man. He told me his story, a story of death and love, one I will never forget.

Chapter Four

Jon

Music to My Ears

We met Jon on a Mexican Riviera cruise in 2005. He was one of the few Australians we met onboard. We had embarked on this cruise for a variety of reasons. It was my honeymoon with my second husband and we were exploring the world. The cruise was an opportunity to see the Mexican Riviera and also to do an Abraham Hicks seminar. Many people are opting to run seminars on these wonderful vessels these days. It is just so much fun. We loved that we could hangout with beautiful people, eat as much as we liked, and be on the magnificent ocean. We were discovering a part of the world we had not seen before while meeting exciting and magical people and learning how to be the creators of our own reality.

Jon was one of the participants of the Abraham seminars. There were about 400 of us on a ship that held about 2000. We met him on one of our day trips exploring the coast on a small boat. We snorkeled around the rocks to explore the marine life, which was a lot of fun. I heard the accent before I

saw his sparkling face.

“G'Day mate?” It was so great to hear an Aussie voice. We had been traveling for nearly three months at this stage and were on the last month of our journey, it was nice to hear someone from home.

Jon's eyes sparkled with a sense of knowing that life is to be enjoyed and lived to the full. He had found his passion in photography and was enjoying indulging it. His photographic art also speaks of a sense of wonder and awe at the beauty of life. We became instant friends and promised to stay in contact when we returned to Australia.

“What had happened to this man to ignite this joy in him?” I thought to myself. Why was he so easy with life? I found out when he came for a visit a few months after we had returned home to Australia.

One day while Jon was enjoying a visit at our home in Sydney, he told me a wonderful story about an experience he had as a young man.

When he was about 23 Jon went surfing in huge waves. It was a day not to be messed with, but he didn't care, he was looking for adventure and excitement, but the sea became a bit too wild that day. As he began to paddle over increasingly large waves, he found himself in big trouble. He remembers counting the waves he was struggling with when the third wave pummeled him and pinning him to the bottom of the

ocean floor.

On the first attempt to reach the surface he managed a short breath but then was again pinned to the ocean floor. A second attempt to reach the surface followed, but with his failing strength he only took in half a breath. His third desperate attempt to reach the surface achieved nothing, and he returned to the bottom of the ocean floor, sinking like a stone with no air in his lungs.

He remembers the effort spent struggling for life left him helpless, too tied to move even a finger. His strength had left him to the point he could only managed to move his eyeballs.

With a force that seemed supernatural Jon was being held under the water pinned down and trapped on the bottom. At this point he thought to himself. "This is it, I have no air left and I cant make it to the surface, my time is up. I am going to die." His lungs tried to breath, but with this attempt they filled with water. Now he knew he was going to die. When it seemed inevitable he thought. "Why fight anymore? I have had an incredible 23 years on this beautiful planet, I'm sure I have lived what I needed to live and I am happy to meet my maker." He relaxed and awaited the next part of his journey.

It was then that he started to hear beautiful music. He told me it sounded like no other music he had ever heard before. It felt otherworldly, like choirs of angels and orchestras in perfect pitch. This incredible music was in perfect harmony with celestial choirs, every note resounding a more vibrant life-giving call to join it and to dissolve into the beauty of it. With every cell of his soul he wanted to follow this beautiful

sound. This incredible music.

He felt his spirit following the music, mesmerised by it's beauty. As he was leaving his body he remembered thinking. "This music is so beautiful where is it coming from? It feels so much like home, I want to be where it is. I want to return home." While feeling tremendously tranquil and having the sensation of moving towards the beautiful music, a memory of something he had learnt returned to his mind. Jon remembered a story he had read about a man who was trapped by a fast flowing river. He remembered how the man had called out to be saved and then found himself miraculously thrown up on to the riverbank.

Jon then thought "If these 23 years have been so beautiful maybe there is a lot more to come, and having had this experience I can reach even greater heights. I want to experience more life, I want to see more beauty, I want more life and I want to know physical love. This cannot happen now, I can't go this way now!" Jon's mind cried out.

As quickly as he had this thought, he felt his spirit propelled back into his body. And then with the same force that was holding his body pinned to the ocean floor, Jon was spat out onto the surface of the sea like a seal tossed from the mouth of a killer whale who is playing with his catch.

The force of the ejection put him on the front of a huge wave which carried him a considerable distance to shore. He landed on the rocks bruised, battered, bleeding and coughing up seawater. While he was gasping for air he regained a sense of balance and then thought about the implications this scrape with death, would have on his life.

He said as he walked away from this incredible experience, although a little battered and bleeding, he felt he was so very happy and lucky to be alive. The feeling he had was one of assurance that there is nothing to be afraid of when we leave this planet, but also a lingering curiosity of the other option not followed into the music and out of this physical life experience. To this day Jon has no fear of death only a lingering curiosity of what comes next. He looks forward to the expansion into a greater consciousness. The only question is, when will it feel right to follow the cosmic Pied Piper back home again? I'm sure he will know exactly when the time comes.

Heaven on earth

What I love so much about Jon's story is, that it was the music that spoke to him enticing his spirit to re-unit with the eternal reality. He became one with the music while it was transporting his spirit back home. Many people talk about experiencing a white light and feeling drawn to a light, but seldom do they mention hearing this celestial music. Following the music is to me, a beautiful way to return home while we are still here. Music is something we can replicate while we play in the physical realm. When we immerse ourselves in the music that we love the most, we can be transported to that same place of connection to our source and to the love that is our essence. Music can be our heaven on earth, so to speak. I know it is for many, it can be for you too.

Do we have to die to feel Bliss? No, of course not! Bliss is available right here and now, as it is in heaven. Our journey

here is to remember this and choose to focus on the bliss that is available to us and not to let the contrast that is also available here steal ALL our attention.

Another beautiful friend of mind, Lesia, shared with me an experience she had at the time her dear brother made his transition. He was on the other side of the world when he came to say goodbye. Lesia shared with me her beautiful experience of feeling him letting go. A feeling of bliss, of no resistance and of complete connection with who we truly are; LOVE...

Weightless

Lesia wrote to me;

Here is now a little story I would like to share with you.

In 2004 I decided to go back to full-time studying and in the first half of the year I felt I had to go back to Germany to visit my relatives. Mum was constantly on my mind at that time. Maybe because I had started to study full time and thought I might not be able to see her alive anymore since she is getting older now. I thought about it almost every day. One morning after waking I couldn't stop thinking about a dream I had the night before.

I saw my brother in a black suit wearing a golden shirt and my sister-in-law with him wearing a light blue dress. My brother is not the type to wear anything like that, because he loved his

Return to Love

Hawaiian shirts. I called my mum and told her about this dream, but mum didn't react to it at all.

A little while later I received a message from Germany that my brother had been taken to hospital and a tumour on his stomach was removed. It was cancer!

He then had a rupture in his oesophagus and had to be in an induced coma for about 2 months. Meanwhile my travels were confirmed and when I arrived the month before Christmas, my brother had been out of the coma and was in a sanatorium for rehabilitation. I went to visit him there and when I looked into his eyes I saw he had been already on the other side.

He recovered and came back home. However, I realised he was no longer the strong person I had known all my life. I accepted that and prayed for him all the time.

In February 2005 after my holidays, I returned to Australia. In March my mum tried to contact me while I was out, she wanted to let me know that my brother was in hospital again. I somehow knew what the outcome was going to be. When I returned home that night I had my brother on my mind and talked to him quietly. I wanted to let him know whatever he decides he should do, is okay.

If he knows it's time to leave then he should. I went to bed but I couldn't sleep immediately. When my mind slowed down and I finally fell into a good sleep, but then I was

woken by the windows of my room going berserk. They were rattling and shattering and making such a noise, so I got out of bed and went over the window to shut them. But there was no storm out there, the night was still and I couldn't see or feel any wind. How could this be I thought.

When I went back to bed, I knew it was my brother's energy letting me know he was around me. I knew he was trying to tell me he was letting go of his time here on earth. I acknowledged him and spoke to him reassuringly in my mind. Then while I was drifting back to sleep, I felt the most magnificent sensation I had ever felt in my life. This sensation came over me twice! It was like nothing I had ever felt before.

From the top of my head right down to the tips of my toes, I felt a feeling of lightness, as if a sheet was being pulled lightly across my body and then lifted off me oh so gently. All the heaviness and burdens in my body and mind seemed to disappear as the feeling of the sheet lifted from my body. It was the most beautiful feeling I think I have ever had, and it happened again. I felt the softness of the feeling of the sheet, and then the lightness in my body and mind.

I felt weightless and free! I felt alive and safe. What a gift. I know it was my dear brother allowing me to taste the beauty of letting go. He showed me that night, what it feels like to die. I will never forget that feeling. Thank you so much my dear brother, I love you dearly. May you rest in peace my brother and friend. I will love you always, Lesia xox

To be here, or not to be here? For some, that is the question. Can our bodies stay alive while our spirit romps and plays in another reality? Another good friend Mark and his Dad gave me a very important lesson about just this.

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Chapter Five

Mark's Dad

Still here, but mostly there

Mark came to me as a client. His Father was suffering dementia and he wanted me to help him. Mark had heard about me from another spiritual healer and was sure I would be the one to help his father. He knew that when we tap into the wisdom of the universe and allow source energy to flow, all physical imbalances can be cured and he thought I would be the one to do that for his father. Mark had read and heard about spiritual physicians healing diseases that doctors could not. What he did not take into account was the wish of his father's soul.

Mark's stepmother came with them that day. She did not believe in all this mumbo jumbo spiritual healing stuff. I think she came to prove she was right, that her husband was beyond help. Or maybe she was curious, but from the energy she brought to our encounter and by the look on her face as we talked, she definitely was NOT a believer.

The three of them arrived at around midday. We talked for a while then I asked Mark and his stepmother to stay in the other room while I worked on Dad. His condition had deteriorated to the point where he could not speak in a coherent way. Communication would have to happen on a psychic level, as verbal communication was not possible.

As I looked over his energy body I could see where there were imbalances, so I lay my hands on the places that were in need of an energy boost. His wife had told me that he was losing his balance a lot. She wondered if I could do something to help this. It was clear to me that the energy that kept him grounded was not strong, so I went to the part of his body to add some more energy. As I did this I felt and heard a very loud “NO!”

“What;” I said in my mind.

“NO! I am not here for Healing. I have chosen to leave this body and I do not want my energy strengthened. It is all part of taking my energy, (or focus), away from this body,” his inner being said to me.

“Oh,” I said, “I see, please tell me more.”

He explained that his greatest concern, at this time, was not his physical condition but for the welfare of his family. He did not want them to suffer over his decision to leave this life. He told me it would be a slow transition so the family could get used to the idea of his passing. He was most concerned about his wife. She had cared for him so much over the onset of his dementia, and he wanted her to relax and not worry so much

about him. He was fine. He asked me to tell her this, to let her know he was okay even if he didn't look like it. He wanted her to get on with her life and enjoy herself more. He wanted her, and the rest of his family, to stop worrying about him. He wanted them all to know he was alright and that his decision to be in this condition was for a good reason.

It was a beautiful session, one I will always remember. I learnt a powerful lesson that day about illness. I saw how some people use it to transition in a way that allows their family to get used to the idea of them leaving their physical body. They are still here even when they have finished with this life experience. Here while not really being here. I guess you could say, focused in two places at once.

In truth we are all in two places at once. We are here being physical beings with our limited physical perspectives, while our inner being, or higher self, is non-physical with a much broader more loving, much greater non-physical perspective. It is nice to know we can tap in and tune into this part of us anytime we want to. And we do this every time we feel good.

I didn't do more healing on Marks's dad that day, as he requested not to have it. So the two of us went into the next room where his family was waiting and I told Mark and his stepmother what he had said to me. As I spoke to them his eyes lit up. The man before me was not conscious of the conversation I had with his inner being. As I spoke and revealed his inner knowing, a message he wanted to relay but was incapable of communicating in a verbal sense, he sat on

the edge of his seat. When I was finished relaying the message I was given, he said in a surprised high-pitched voice. “Oh; very revealing!!” I was stunned; I didn’t think he could talk in a coherent way at all, but in that moment he found his voice.

Another message

After that day Mark and I became good friends and a few years later, he called to ask me if I was interested in going to see a renowned psychic with him. “I am not interested.” I told him, but he insisted and convinced me to go. It was a long drive to a part of Sydney I did not know well and when we got to the establishment that was holding the event, I thought to myself. “What am I doing all the way out here?”

The psychic event was in the main entertainment room of a big club. A huge hall filled with, mostly older women. The poker machines were ringing in the next room and the place smelled of beer. The star of the show, a female psychic who weighed far too much to mention, was sitting on a high stage that was lit up like a Christmas tree. Next to her sat a man holding the microphone and smiling expectantly into the crowd. The show started with the man interviewing her like the good morning program. It was all very tacky, I thought to myself. Then after they finished their little spiel, she stood up on stage and announced she would be going through the audience and would give psychic messages to some chosen people.

“Oh my god;” I thought to myself; “This is like a John Edwards show.”

She made her way through the audience and spoke to a few people about their families, alive and passed, reassuring them and giving messages from the other side. As she drew closer, I knew she would pick on me. Just the fact that I didn’t want to be there would draw her over to me.

She stopped at Mark and said to him, “Your father has passed away. I have him here with me now.”

“Oh no,” Mark said, “he’s not dead,”.

“Where is he?” She asked with a look of surprise.

“He is in a disabled facility with dementia.”

“Oh,” she said to Mark, “the spirit of your father has passed, his body is still living but his spirit has left his body and is here with me now and would like to speak with you.”

She told Mark that he was very sorry for the way he had treated him as a child, for being so hard on him and asked for Mark’s forgiveness.

Mark immediately started to cry, so I knew what she was saying was true.

I did not encounter a hard man the day I met him. I saw a loving father who could no longer communicate his love in a verbal way. I guess this was another chance to speak his truth. Maybe he had never really communicated his love in a verbal

way much while he could when he was well, and now he had another chance to speak it again through Margaret, the psychic.

What fascinated me the most was the fact that he had left the body and yet his body was still living. Every time I saw Mark after our session together, I would ask how his father was. He would tell me he was the same, still living in the facility and slowly getting worse. This information confused me, as he distinctly told me he wanted to leave his body and go home. So why is he still alive if he wanted to leave, I would think to myself.

I started to doubt myself. Had I made it all up? Was the conversation a figment of my imagination?

After I heard Margaret the psychic inform Mark that his father's spirit had passed even though his body had not, I started to understand that the death experience is not so black and white. The body has a consciousness that can be sustained even while we're not inhabiting it. Scientists can take tissue and sustain it for many years with the right nutrients and environment, even when the body from where the tissue has come ceases to exist.

Mark's Dad's body existing for many years after the healing session we had together. Mark tells me that even though he was not very responsive while he was in the home, he thinks he was still able to hear him when he talked to him. Mark said he still responded in some way to his conversation. I do not

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understand why this is so, but I guess Mark's father does. There is some reason for his physical presence staying here for so long. Maybe he felt his family needed his physical presence to be on earth in some way while they came to grips with his passing.

Margaret the psychic also talked to me that day. She gave me a powerful message about my career. A message I had been given many times before from other psychics and spiritual healers. A message that is being fulfilled even today. I am very grateful that Mark insisted I go to see her that day. It was a day that showed me much more about the miracles of life and life after life.

My over critical mind was getting in the way of allowing me to experience more understanding of how all this living and dying thing works. If it wasn't for my good friend Mark instating I go to this event, I could have missed this extraordinary moment. Thanks again, Mark.

Even though we will never admit it, I think we all know at some level when we are going to leave. Personally I think it is great not knowing this information. Who wants to know that? But there was a time in my life when this information about my Father's passing came to me in response to my cries for more understanding. And knowing the timing of his departure helped me put into perspective the life he had chosen to live. Next is Dad's story.

Dad

The decision made long ago

My father enjoyed a full life with many adventures. He experienced living as a poor man for a short period of time and a very wealthy one.

His numerous marriages found him experiencing more variety than most. He was married to three very different women and fathered seven very different children. Four girls and three boys.

Born into an affluent family, my father grew up with every material thing you would need. His boyhood house was a huge mansion on the harbor foreshores of an expensive suburb in Sydney. Originally from Wellington New Zealand, Dad's family moved to Australia when he was seventeen. When they arrived the family moved to a very expensive part of town and sent the children to the best private schools.

So I guess you could say dad was the son of a rich man and

had the attitude to match. He always knew he was worthy of wealth, something I wish he had instilled in me, but interestingly his favourite saying was; "Money is the root to all evil." I guess he didn't see a lot of love displayed in his boyhood household, and felt it was because they had money.

Dad married three times, but it was his last marriage that was the longest, 23 years or so. His third wife was the only child of a wealthy man who had long passed and left her all his money. She was spoilt and wanting for no material thing and she did not like the idea of sharing her husband with his past, or his other children. She was set on creating a life with him that included only her and the children they had together. I must say she was very successful at this, as we did not have much access to our father soon after their wedding.

Our attempts to communicate with him were met with the phone receiver being left or hanging up when we called. My brother arrived at their front door, at my father request, laden with gift for the family one Christmas, only to have the door shut in his face. I suspect our attempts to be a part of dad's life was the source of much unrest in his third marriage.

So I did not have the life with my father I would have liked. He basically disappeared from my world when I was about seventeen. We never really had a parent - child - adult relationship, but in the end he didn't have this with any of his seven children. This was the source of much confusion when I was young and trying to figure life out.

“Who am I and what I am supposed to do with my life?” I would call out to the universe while I was on my search for more meaning to life. One night while I was in a confused state, I again called out to the universe for help. “Why? Why is this happening to me? What is going on here, why don’t I have my father in my life, why am I all alone in the world?” My mother was gone and my father had nothing to do with me. “WHAT WAS GOING ON? Why was life treating me so cruelly?” “I thought to myself. When I calmed down and found my peace again, the answers came.

I was told that my father had a desire that was being fulfilled despite it not involving me. My inner being told me I would be all right; all was well and I was guided to read more books to understand life a little better.

My father had felt very guilty about his absence in our lives when we were young children. His focus, in those days, was on making money, which saw him traveling a lot. When his second marriage finished he made a vow to do better next time,. A do-over so to speak, much like the movie Groundhog Day. He wanted to be the sort of father people would be proud of. This opportunity came to him with his third family.

I was told by my common sense, or my inner being, that when dad’s youngest child from his third family was old enough to look after herself he would be finished with this

life and he would leave the planet.

Dad once told me that he didn't believe in reincarnation, but felt that he would live on in his children. It was as if he stayed to be the kind of father he didn't have as a child or he hadn't achieved in his first two marriages. He wanted to feel needed and to be very present to take care of his younger children. He achieved this with his third family. He worked from home and gave his three girls, from his third marriage, much attention support and Love. They told me he was always there to deliver their lunch to school when they forgot it, or he would always be there to drive them to their friends houses or pick them up if they needed it. He was proud of his third family and it showed when he talked about their achievements.

I was told this many years before his eventual passing when he would go, and I found this information to be affirming as I realised his life was not just about me. He had things to learn and places to go just as I did, and he was doing it the only way he knew how. He was not responsible for my happiness, just like anyone else in my life was not responsible for it. I was responsible for my happiness with or without him in my life.

When dad became ill, a few years before his passing, my stepmother relaxed enough about his former life to let us into theirs. We spent some short but quality time together as a family. I think she thought if he was allowed to see us more it would give him more of a reason to get better and he would

live longer. He did for a short time, and some healing was achieved with his other adult children.

My Father was 76 when he left the planet. He had been sick with cancer for about three years and life was a struggle with his health during most of that time. His wife had specifically told him he was not allowed to die, not until she said so. She was much younger than him and had no intentions of leaving the planet anytime soon. She told him he was not allowed to leave either.

He said he wanted to stay, he said he wanted to get better, but I always felt a yearning in him to go. Not because of his illness, but because he was ready. He had finished what he'd had come to do and he was ready. He died a few months after his youngest daughter turned 18 and finished school. It was just as I was told, he left knowing they could all drive themselves around and would not need his fatherly duties anymore. The calling to experience something more was stronger in him and he left the planet happy return home.

When you asked dad if he wanted to get better and live on, his response was always; "Yes of course I want to get better." But I saw him take a lot of contemplation time, often sitting for hours staring into space. On the Father's Day before his passing he spent most of the time staring out the window into the wide blue yonder. We were at a fancy restaurant and the meal had taken its good time in arriving at our table. Everyone was complaining about the service. Something that would have normally been initiated by Dad, but he did not

join the rampage of complaints, instead opting to sit quietly and stare out the window.

Then at the end of the meal when his o-so-shinny butt was aching from sitting for so long, he piped up and said he didn't like the wait we had endured and he wanted to go home.

"Why?" I asked him.

"It was boring," he said.

I looked across the table at him knowing that this would be one of the last times I would be with him physically, and I said to him that I was not bored. He looked at me with recognition in his eyes. A light returned to his gaze and love radiated from his face as he said to me, "Yes, you are right, I am not bored either."

I will never forget his gaze at that moment, a look of absolute peace and acceptance. He was with me in knowing that he would not be going to restaurants in this form for much longer. The thought of his passing was not scary to him, his fear was replaced by peace and love and his eyes showed it.

Paul Sydney Swain

Dad's transition was really a joyous occasion for me, as I knew he was fulfilling a desire to live more life in a different way, to feel better and to have the opportunity to start over and reinvent himself another time round. His desire to be a family man and a good father was fulfilled. He had seen his children grow into adults and he knew they would find their way in the world without his physical support. I believe he always had this intention.

Dad's passing was a wonderful experience. All his children flew down to Melbourne to say good-bye, something he really appreciated. He had flown down to Melbourne to be in a special hospital that dealt with the type of illness he was dealing with.

He waited for us. When we arrived he was still sitting up talking, although having difficulty breathing, as an oxygen machine was pumping air into his lungs.

He thanked us all for being there to say goodbye. While there were seven very sad faces surrounding his bed looking on in bewilderment, he said, "Come on, who is going to sing? Someone sing a song." He was joyous. I think he was relieved he had finally made up his mind he was going home, or at least trying to lighten the mood. He spoke his words of peace looking back on how he had tried to include and look after all of us in the only way he knew how. Then started to apologise for giving us pain at certain times in his life. So I replied,

"Well you could call it pain or you could call it variety, which is always a great adventure!"

I think my brothers were not happy that I interrupted the apology they had waited for most of their lives. But why have regret at the end of your days. Just LOVE, Just Love, that's all that counts.

He told us to leave after not too long as he was tired and waved goodbye with a twinkle in his eye. It was about 11pm at night. His vital signs ceased at around 4.40am the next morning but I think he left as soon as he went to sleep, which was just after we left.

When I think of him now I see a smiling face very content and joyous surrounded by golden light. He said all he had to say; he has no regrets (as he did in life) and is now happy to be apart of our lives with renewed vigour and confidence that all is well. The word that comes to mind when I describe my feeling of him now is "Radiance."

Many people ask me if they can talk to the other side also, and the answer is always YES! Anyone can if they have the desire and allow it to happen.

I am not a psychic like John Edwards, or Alison Dubois. I cannot stand in front of a crowd and speak to their friends

and family on the other side, but I have to say I am greatly awed by the ones who can. I wouldn't really want to do that either, because people are so fascinated with this ability. I think if I could do that, it would distract them from the message our friends want to share with us. The fact that psychic can read your energy and pick up names, people and places is so fascinating to many, that it distracts us from the real message, and the message is LOVE. My desire is to help people receive this message.

People are usually so at awe at someone's ability to tune into the other side they seem to miss the point of doing it. The only reason we would want to do it, is to keep the communication going with our higher wisdom. When we leave this planet and reemerge with our nonphysical counter part, the conversation we have with our friend in the physical usually changes. The ones who have transitioned back to source have a really large advantage; they now view our lives from broader perspective. They can see and be with our inner knowing, our soul or inner being. This is what you want to communicate with when you ask the big life questions, because this is the part of you that always has access to your broader knowing. If the ones that leave had a dominant message for us, it is this;

We are so fortunate to be living in this beautiful earth playground. There are so many wonderful opportunities for expansion here. This time space reality is the best place to expand our being, and expansion is the purpose of life.

“Enjoy your life, look for things to feel good about, do not take it all so seriously, you have eternity to play with and you will always get what you want even when it looks like it will never happen.” They say to us.

They view life from a very different standpoint. They understand the well being of the Universe and know we all have unlimited access to a power beyond imagination. They understand the universe is made up of energy and information; and that everything is in vibration. Everything we are living comes to us by virtue of the vibrations, or emotional energy we are offering with our feelings and thoughts. They remind us that we have supreme control of our own feelings and thoughts. No one can think for us, no one can make us think in a negative feeling way. Circumstances may influence our thoughts but we have the ultimate choice to think in a way that feels good or bad. WE ALL HAVE THE POWER TO CHOOSE!

We have not come here to this physical life to think too much about what happens on the other side. We are here to enjoy what is available to us here on earth. We can romp and play in our spiritual skins when we are dead, or every night when we sleep, but it is the deliciousness of romping and playing in our physical skins that the departed wish to press upon us.

They want us to know they are very well and still love life. They want to remind us of our power to have all that we can imagine in this physical world. They want to remind us that Bliss is available to us here on earth as well as in heaven.

As my friend Nicki said to me just after she passed, we can feel bliss AND the ocean in this physical playground. When we are in heaven, so to speak, bliss is available but the touch of the ocean or the smell of a rose, or the physical touch of the one you love is not, it becomes a memory. They want us to understand how important it is to keep reaching for more to enjoy and live, to create and to explore. Physical Life is a blessed expansive experience, and when we love our life, our friends on the other side celebrate our joy with us. They literally join us in it.

Many people ask me; How they can talk to loved ones who have passed over? It really is so easy. In the next chapter I will explain just how easy it can be.

Chapter Seven

The Lines are Open

Can I communicate with the other side?

Many people have asked me if they too can talk to their loved ones who have left this physical existence and I always say to them, of course you can. Anyone can talk to the other side, so to speak, it is who we really are, but you have to find vibrational alignment with well being FIRST!

How do I know if I am really speaking with spirit and not just making it all up? Some people have asked me. Here is the most important ingredient in all of this..... TRUST! Learn to trust your feelings, it is your guidance. Your feelings are communicating to you all the time about everything in life, but for the most part we do not give our feelings this much importance.

“I feel bad, oh it is nothing I am just feeling bad.” Some people think, but feeling bad is your inner being

communicating to you that you are indulging in thoughts that are pinching off your life force energy, and this is not nothing. This is something to take note of and change. Think in a bad feeling way long enough and the message from your inner being will get stronger, like soreness, pain or illness.

How do you know you are experiencing anything in life and not just making it all up? Because I can see, touch, smell and feel it when it is real. People will say to me. “So you are interpreting vibrations through your senses, and you are concluding that these interpretations are your reality.” This is exactly what you are doing when you are communicating with vibration that is coming to you from your inner being, or your dead friends. You are experiencing vibrations that you are interpreting through your emotional senses, but many people do not give these senses as much reality power as the other senses.

If your sense of smell disappeared and you could not smell a rose, but someone smelt it and said to you they were having this exquisite experience enjoying this beautiful smell, would it be real if you couldn’t smell it?

Everything in the universe is made from energy that is vibrating at different frequencies and we are interpreting all of it with our senses and making a life from these interpretations. All of us are using our emotional or intuitive senses every day to make decisions about what we want, where we will go and what we will do. This sixth sense, as it has been called, is much more prevalent in the experiences we

live than we have given it credit for.

My inner being has been counseling me on this for many years. Although I am very sensitive to vibration, I also have a skeptical mind, and often when psychic things happen to me I say to myself, "Oh I am just making all of this up."

I have always had a powerful desire to know my psychic, or intuitive senses better and to use them in profound ways. I have been given these experiences because I wanted it and for no other reason. As a young girl, people who called themselves psychics or mediums fascinated me and I always wanted to know how they did it.

What I didn't understand at that time was I was "doing it" all the time. I was using my inner knowing or intuitive feeling sense all the time. I could feel someone's energy as soon as I met them. I am not alone with this, we all feel each other's energy. Some are more sensitive to this than others, just like some people have better eyesight than others. The more sensitive people tend to accept what they are *feeling* more than what another person is presenting or *saying* to them as a reality because they have a stronger experience. They are getting very clear interpretations from their feeling or intuitive sense about what another person is really thinking and feeling.

Imagine if you were to take two people, one with poor eyesight, and one with good eyesight. Then you placed an

orange before them and told them it was apple. The one with the good eyesight would tell you that what you were saying was not true because they could clearly see the apple. But the one with poor eyesight may take your word for it because to them it is just a blurry blob.

This is the same with differing abilities to interpret energies. The one with clear inner vision or feelings will interpret your energy the way it feels to them, even when you say the opposite. This type of interpreting can extend to any and all energies around you. You have memories and desires and these are thoughts. All thought is energy and to the sensitive or a good feeling interpreter, they can feel this energy and tell you about your memories and desires. This is what a psychic does, but most of us are doing this all the time.

Think about when you are in traffic and you turn quickly to look at the person in the car next to you, only to find they are looking straight at you. What were you feeling in that moment? Their thoughts.

You are feeling your own thoughts all the time. When you think someone has ripped you off, this thought usually does not feel good, and is not in alignment with your higher truth, for in truth you can never be ripped off. You have the ability to tap into your abundance and attract more of what you perceive is missing. With the switch of a thought, you can tune into a better feeling and attract more of what you want any time. But you are clearly feeling the vibration that is attached to the thoughts, and these feelings are giving you

your life experiences.

When I was a young naturopathic student, during a massage I was giving a client I had visions of a life lived in another time. It was fascinating to me to see all these images of another time, and much information came to me about my client. I said nothing to her as I thought to myself. "Oh I am just making all of this up. My imagination is running wild." I thought, but it continued to happen every time I would put my hands on someone. It started to drive me crazy as I saw so many things and felt so connected to the person I was massaging. I knew their every thought, desire and fear from the time I was with them to the time they left. After years of this happening I decided to tell them what I was seeing and feeling, and to my surprise I hit the nail on the head every time I spoke to them. I was reading their thoughts, even thoughts and desires they had in other times.

But it worried me as I did not want to give people information I was just making up. So I asked my inner being over and over again. "Am I making all of this stuff up?" And they always said to me. "YES, you are making all of it up, just as you are making up the person lying before you on the massage table. You have created this experience because of your desire to do so, and so you are experiencing it. Just as you have experienced communication with us because you desired to do so. Everything you live in this world you have made up. ALL OF IT! There is nothing that you did not bring into your experience that you did not see in your mind or imagination FIRST." They reminded me.

After a few years of this type of counseling from my inner source I started to really get the picture. Nothing is real and everything is real depending on how we look at it. We are living in an atmosphere of energy vibrations and we are molding the energy with our thoughts and beliefs.

It was around this time that I was reading a lot of books about intuition and exploring the world of energetic healing. So I had thought a lot about energy interpretation. My inner being was right; I had first thought about the experience before I lived it.

Communicating with my friends and family who have merged back to the eternal reality, came naturally to me because I had been thinking about doing it since the time my mother passed when I was a young girl. The fact is, if we have the desire to speak to them, we do it all the time. Like anything else in life when we have a desire to do something and then we emotionally line up with it, it will happen to us effortlessly. It is when we really try to do something that we inevitably fail the first time we try because there will be too much resistance involved in the trying. Thoughts like: I don't believe in all this stuff, or I am making all of this up, or my imagination is playing tricks on me. Do I have the ability to do this? Am I getting it right? We cannot experience anything unless we have thought about it first and then have little to no resistance to it happening.

We are attracting everything in our life by giving our attention to the subject. I used to ask my inner knowing, "You mean to

say I created the car accident, the illness the lack of money or the terrible thing that has happened to me?” And they would say to me. “By virtue of your attention to these types of things you have brought this experience into your life. Through the power of law of Attraction you have created it because you have focused upon it long enough to make it real in your experience. The more attention you give a thought the stronger the attraction process is.”

Television is a great source of creative images. When you watch something horrible on the news and then worry about it happening, the more thought you give it, the more you imagine it, the more you are attracting it into your life. It is the same with anything you want to experience, even if you want to talk to people on the other side.

The ones in the eternal reality have returned to pure positive energy. They vibrate at a very high level of being no matter how grumpy, or mean or angry they were when they were here. Everyone who transitions leaves behind their fears, sickness and the struggle they experienced when they were physically alive. These types of experiences are only available on earth. You cannot have them when you are dead, so you might as well enjoy the challenge they present while you are here. But this means if you are to communicate with their energy you have to first find a good feeling energy to do it, because if you do not you will not be a vibrational match to their energy.

If you are in a horrible mood and you think you are talking to

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someone who has transitioned, I would say to you that you are not. You are just imagining or remembering something, or picking up on similar vibrational thoughts that are attracted to the thought you are thinking.

The way to know if you are really speaking to your loved ones on the other side is to FEEL it. When you contact them usually your other senses will come into play, not just your imagination. You may smell them, or see them in your minds eye or hear their voice and even feel their presence. This type of communication happens when you are NOT trying to make it happen, when you are relaxed and feeling good, and one of the best places to do that is when you are asleep.

I know I can be sitting in bed thinking about something delicious, like renovating my dream home and all of a sudden I will have a strong feeling of my friend Kate. “Hi hun, how are you doing?” I will say to her. We used to love talking about renovating houses, and passion never dies.

Try it yourself. Set the intention, feel you can do it and then forget about it. Just know it will happen because you want it to. It helps to get happy or blissful first, put on some music that you like, or think of a special time you spent with the person you want to talk to. You will hear your own thoughts talking to you. It is as natural as breathing. Just like the conversations you have in your head every day, you can have a conversation in your head with your loved one on the other side. People talk about doing this all the time, but most of their friends think they are crazy or just making it up to

comfort themselves, and why not think in a way that feels good? If it is comforting then it has to be a good thing and a connected thought. Do as much as you can to comfort yourself. You deserve it!

Grief and Understanding

A client wrote to me asking why she felt so confused and depressed when a friend of hers had made his transition. Although it seems natural to be upset and depressed over the death of a loved one, sometimes there is another conversation going on inside you, which can seem confusing and relentless.

Her question was;

“For the past couple of months I have been feeling depressed and have been questioning where I am going and what I’m doing. I lost a friend of mine in January, he was in his late twenties, and I couldn’t go to his funeral in Ireland as I had just returned from there after Christmas. I was upset when it happened and I still forget sometimes that he’s passed on, I think that it’s because I didn’t get a chance to go to the funeral and be with my friends who knew him. It’s left me feeling very detached from my friends in Sydney, because they didn’t know him, and I didn’t have anyone to talk to about him. I’ve started to feel negative about aspects of my life that I never felt bad about before, I feel that I’ve lost a part of myself, the really joyful part, because of his death, I feel like, what is life all about? And I know myself that it’s the effect

of his death, but it seems to be permeating into every area of my life – in general I’m feeling “blue” and don’t want to socialise or be around people as much as I used to. My boyfriend is very supportive and understanding and I know that he loves me very much, and I love him, but I feel like I’m holding him back from going out and enjoying himself when I don’t feel like going out. I’ve also felt homesick – not for Ireland, but for my family and friends, but I love my life here and have no intention of going back to Ireland, but the homesickness doesn’t go away, so I’m left feeling torn between loving my life here, and wanting to be close to my friends and family.

The main question that has arisen out of the last couple of months is, *what am I doing with my life?* I have tried my best to feel better with affirmations, and your weekly reminders have helped me, but I keep going back to feeling sad, I just can’t seem to shake it! I feel that I need a boost to get me back into the right frame of mind so that I can start enjoying my life to the full again.”

The Answer;

It is always wonderful to hear from you. What a time you have been having lately, I know how profoundly the death of someone close can affect us. The death of someone we know makes us question everything in our life like; who we are, why we are here and what we want to create next.

This is normal, even expected.

The person who transitions has made a decision to change their life dramatically. As you know there is no such thing as death, just a continuing of life in another reality. I know that at the core of everyone's being, or soul, we know this, and it is from this place that the decision to leave and pursue a different life is made.

Even though it does not look like it, when we pass and how we go, is a decision made from broader perspective or from our souls.

It is a decision made from a place of knowing that all is well, a knowing that says, I have done with this life reality for now, and I am reaching for new experiences. I am making some changes and some new decisions about who I want to be and what I want to do next.

We will never stop making these decisions; we make them in life, and in life after life.

The decision your friend has made to transition and change the circumstances of his life, has had a profound and deep affect on you because it has inspired you to re-evaluate your own life also. It does this with most people who experience profoundly the transition of a close friend or family member. We start to ask questions like...

What am I doing with my life?

Do not worry if what you are living right now doesn't give you ultimate satisfaction or all the answers you are looking for.

You have eternity to find more answers to your life. You have eternity to decide who you want to be and what to experience next.

It is this despondency with what you are living now that is giving birth to new desires to live into.

This sad time is a very creative time, a time to make some more choices. This is the beauty of the contrast we live in this physical reality.

It is this time of deep introspection and you are arriving at new choices about what you want to live into next.

Relax and enjoy this special time in your life. You do not have to be the party girl everyday. Sometimes it feels really good to be quiet and introspective. This is a powerful time for you right now.

You are successful at doing the things you like and want to do. You have achieved a lot being out here in a new country

with new people and a different culture around you. It is the adventurous soul that makes such big change, like living in a foreign country. Your home is not going anywhere, it is always going to be there for you to return to and visit any time you want. Just as the people who have been in your life in a time past are always available to you any time you want to communicate with them. They will always be on the other end of the phone or somewhere in the world when you want to find them. As you have said, it is no use feeling home sick when you could be enjoying your life here.

You will achieve much more living before you are finished with this particular life experience, there is plenty of time to enjoy other adventures, places and people. There is no point missing a life lived before when you can draw from your past experiences and use what you have lived to enjoy what else is to come.

You have so much to live into, this is but a short time in the greater scheme of things, again enjoy this precious time, it too will pass. Sooner than you know you will be that joyous gal again, busy with new people places and adventures, and you may miss this quiet time.

Stay beautiful it is wonderful to hear you have a loving boyfriend.

He loves you very much.

Enjoy the love that flows through you.

Many Blessing dear one.

Death always asks from us to reevaluate who we are and what

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we want. It is the reaching for the new thought or the new experience that makes this life so exhilarating. When someone leaves this physical time space reality, this is what they are doing. Reaching for more, for a new experience for a different perspective.

Eternal Being

What's Next, Reincarnation?

Not too many years ago a man came to me wanting to feel better about the relationship he lost with his mother when he was a small boy. A friend of mind had referred him to me, she had a date with him one evening and during the night he had said a few things to her that put the idea into her head that I may be able to give him some clarity.

He was a beautiful man in his sixties who clearly loved his adult daughter. She lived in another country and was studying to be a naturopath. She had introduced her Dad to many new ideas about health, life and spirituality. He told me he had meditated for ten days at a Buddhist retreat because his daughter said it would help him be more connected to his higher self. Not completely open to what I had to offer, but curious, he arrived eager and ready to find some answers to questions that had plagued him for many years.

He told me that his Mother had died when he was a small boy. At the time he did not feel responsible or remorseful for her death, but as life went on and he experienced many of the dramas that are available in this time space reality, the type of things we will all experience, he started to look for answers to why he was not always happy and why some of his relationships had not lasted.

Instead of being critical of his daughter's new age beliefs, he was willing to explore them further in the search for more understanding and happiness. Even though he was not so sure about all this spiritual and new age stuff.

He decided his unhappiness was because he was not a good boy when he was a small child, his natural exuberant childish behavior should have been different in the few years he spent with his Mother. Wracked with guilt he said to me. "I remember crying and wanting to get my own way. I didn't know my Mother was sick, maybe she died because of me, because I was a naughty little boy and she didn't want to be with me." He missed his mother very much and spent most of his life mourning her passing. Using her death as an excuse to feel bad about himself and to pinch off his connection to his inner being and good feeling self.

To alleviate his anguish I decided I would take him on an inner journey to meet and communicate with his Mother. Then he could ask her himself if this was the case, and all those other burning questions that had plagued him most of his life.

I always believe that giving my clients their own experience, rather than tuning in myself and telling them what I am getting, is much more powerful for them. Who am I to tell them anything? I could be making it all up. The best way, I feel, for them to get the information is to access it directly. After all I am not a psychic, I am just someone who knows we can communicate with our friends and loved ones who are not focused in this physical life experience right now. We all have the answers inside us. Just pick up the psychic phone, so to speak, and call! It is so easy!

So we did just that. I took my client on a guided meditation, the key to tuning into spirit is to become vibrationally similar to their energy. So getting my client very relaxed and feeling good is what I set out to do.

He had no trouble tuning into his mother, even though it had been many years since her passing. He remembered her face clearly and was having a nice conversation with her during the session when he said to me that he was experiencing something very strange. When he visualised his mothers face it would morph into the face of his daughter. I had a quick chat with my inner guidance, they told me what was going on and guided me to asked him some questions.

“Is your daughter your Mother?” I asked him.

“NO” he replied

“Humm,” I thought to myself...

“Change the way you put the question.” I heard them council me.

“OK, let’s try this again.” I thought.

“Is the spirit of your daughter the same spirit that was your Mother?” I said.

He did not respond with word, he just sobbed.

The person he had grieved for so many years had been with him in the flesh for at least the last thirty. What a waste of time he thought as he realised his mother was always with him, even if she was his daughter. He left my house with a renewed sense of comfort and reassurance that he had never been abandoned, that life is eternal and we will all dance together again one day.

I too had a powerful lesson that day. I realised that when we do come back, we are not the same. We may have the same spiritual energy running through our veins, but we have different personalities, and of course different bodies. When I asked if his daughter was his mother and he said no, I realised we may be the same spirit but we will not be the same person. All the fears and life experiences from the past have been erased. We are given a clean slate, so to speak, to start again and discover this magnificent world as if it is the first time we have encountered it. What a gift it is to have a life that feels so fresh and brand new!

Another chance to fulfill a desire

My mother came back to dance on earth again, I know because when I was holding her new baby body a few days after her birth, my inner being told me it was mum. While I held the baby in my arms I could feel mum's presence all around me. When I felt this I thought to myself. "Oh Mum has come to see this baby." Then my next thought was. "No Karen, this is not what you are experiencing here."

"It's not?" I said to my inner knowing. "If it is not, then what I am feeling or perceiving?"

As I looked down into the eyes of this beautiful baby girl I instantly knew what it was I was experiencing. I was feeling my Mother's spirit. She was not hovering around me, she is in this beautiful child body. She had returned.

"WOW!" I thought to myself. "So you are back! How coooooooooooooo!" I spent the rest of the day staring into the big beautiful brown eyes of this incredible baby. "Is it really you?" I thought to myself. "Are you really back?" "It will be fascinating to watch you grow and to watch for the similarities, if any, to who you used to be. Will you remember anything from before? Will you have the same passions, the same personality?" There was just so much to explore and discover. What an amazing chance I was given to see for myself how all this reincarnation thing works.

I must say as time went on I really started to doubt myself on this one. It was so close to home. "Did I just make it up because I wanted mum to come back?" I thought. The experience of feeling her presence was undeniable, yet as time passed I started to deny it. Then one day the mother of the baby was gloating about how beautiful her daughter was. She said she would be as beautiful as mum was when she was young, and at that point I couldn't contain myself any more.

"Not only will she be as beautiful as Mum," I said to her, "SHE IS MUM!"

Of course as a good Catholic, who does not believe in reincarnation, she looked at me with a startled look and thought I was crazy and having a delusional episode.

A few years later when the baby was about six, her Mother asked if I knew of a good psychic to have a reading with. I gave her the name of someone who was quite renowned, and she booked a session with her. After the session I called to asked what the psychic had to say.

"Nothing that you don't already know," she said to me.

"What? What did she say?" I asked her again.

"She told me that my first born was your Mother."

Another confirmation, I thought to myself, I am not going mad after all.

It has been fascinating to watch this little being grow and learn and desire. I knew her so well in her past life and I am lucky to have a close relationship with her again. She is very different to the mum I remember, but she is a child, and I never knew my mother when she was a child. She looks exactly like mum and I often wonder if our spirit puts an energy stamp on our bodies that makes us look the similar, even though we are wearing a different body.

She has a desire to be a singer and she has a beautiful voice. Mum was a singer for a short time before she married my father. She opted to get married and be a respectable housewife and mother and not indulge her passion to sing and be on the stage. A career, that was not considered respectable by high society, in those days. Something I hope she will have success in this time round.

I know we have eternity to play in this wonderful earth playground. I know we will always have our desires fulfilled, even if we have to leave this body and take on another one to achieve them. But no matter what, we will see the manifestation of every desire we will ever have at some stage on the physical plane. So I guess we can all stop fretting about if we will ever achieve it, and relax and enjoy what we do have.

I remember when I was about 7 or 8 and mum tried to brush the tangles out of my long thin-mattered hair. It was an intensely painful experience; mum did not have the patience to be very gentle, or I the tolerance for much pain. “You have horrible hair just like your mother,” she would spit at me during our hair brushing episodes. “It’s so thin and ratty, just like mine. Your hair is just like rats tails!” she would say. “It’s a pity you got my hair and not your father’s beautiful thick locks. I hate this thin hair of mine, I wish I had beautiful thick hair like your father,” was her wish.

Mum was also a sun seeker, and loved to bake herself to a crisp. She loved to look tanned and craved to have beautiful brown olive skin. But her skin was fair and did not tolerate too much baking; she developed many skin cancers later in her life. What is so interesting to me is that the two desires she most wanted, but thought she would never have, thick beautiful hair and dark olive skin, have been fulfilled in her little body this lifetime.

It does not really serve anyone to know that this child was once my mother, because this beautiful little human being is not my Mother. Even though they are the same spirit, or energy stream, she is an individual who deserves to live her life without the complications of people wanting her to be who she used to be in a different time, with very different circumstances.

Not remembering our past lives gives us the freedom to be something else, something new and something more. Even

though we may be fulfilling desires that were born in lifetimes before, we have a clean slate, so to speak, to live a fresh new perspective and to find new and exciting desires to live into. We have a new adventure waiting for us to explore, discover and create. We do not come back carrying all the baggage we did not overcome in the life before. We have a whole new opportunity to create new baggage all our own. A blank canvas, if you like. A do over!

It is a magical world this magnificent Earth playground, and I am so grateful and happy to be here exploring and enjoying it.

The death experience or, someone's transitioning back to the eternal reality, always presents a big change in our life. Even if they have been in hospital for years with an illness, or in a home, we no longer have their needs and desires to think about, and this can be the thing that challenges us most. Change! Change of habits, change of thought patterns.

How quickly can we adjust to the new life we are now living, how easily can we find joy again? Why do I see them everywhere in the face of strangers? Can they hear us, see us and feel our thoughts and Love? Is it important to keep in contact with them? When they are gone can they still, in any way, influence our lives? How do we move on with our life knowing life will never be the same again?

In the next chapter I talk about this and how to adjust to

changes in our life.

“One day this moment will all be a distant memory, and I can tell you now, with the supreme confidence of someone who's gone ahead in time to know, that you'll look back on your life and be so flush with love and admiration for yourself, your journey, and who made you, that you'll wonder, as I now do, how your magnificence could have escaped you then.”

Maybe this will help. Your Greater-Self, The Universe...

Return to Love

Chapter Nine

A Gift

Change - The Source of Happiness

The most difficult thing we have to adjust to when we experience the transition of someone close to us, be it a person or beloved animal, is the change that is now presented in our life. Whether it a sudden death or a slow journey with illness, we are left feeling that because a source of our happiness is no longer on the planet, we cannot be happy again. When someone leaves, good memories of the times we enjoyed together come flooding back to us. The love that we have for that person seems to escalate to huge proportions, then there is the thought, "I can no longer have their love because they are no longer with me." This of course does not have to be our truth, because the love we are feeling is not coming from them, it is coming from us.

We are thinking about them in a loving way and so we feel the love that is within US, not the love they gave to us.

The reason our love feels so much stronger when someone merges back to the sum total of who they are, is because they return to the love that we all can be. They return home to our energy source, so when we think about them, when we evoke a memory of them, we tap into this enormous love and feel it as strongly as we ever will. We feel the purity that they are. We feel them, not as the fears and doubts that they had in their physical life, but as the pure positive energy that they have now merged back to. We feel ourselves as we all can be.

Our happiness is never dependent on what others choose to do with their lives. Our happiness is always our choice to choose again when things do not look the way we had planned. To choose to return, to the unconditional love that we ARE. The people that transition back to the eternal reality are doing just that. They are choosing again. Choosing to live into a new reality, choosing another adventure, and when they leave we will have to make this same choice, to live in a new reality, to create a life without their physical presence, but not without their love.

It may not be this simple, as it takes creative thought and powerful decisions, but it is certainly very possible and eventually most people do just this, over time. The question is how much time are you going to take to adjust? How much time do you want to be in pain. The ones who have left are not in pain, so why are you giving yourself pain over their decision to release their pain?

There are many sources to happiness, we only have to look as

close as the ones that are here that we love and cherish. They are still a source of happiness for us. The ones that leave us, and their physical life, have a strong desire for us to be happy. If you were to ask how could I help them or please them, do they see me, hear me and still feel me. The answer to this is YES; unequivocally Yes! And the best way to help them is to indulge in your joy! It does not help them to see us grieve and to let their decision not to stay be the source of our despair. Despair never really benefits anyone. This intensely bad feeling is an indication that you are thinking in a way that is disconnecting you from your own inner wisdom, from your source energy and now from the one that has passed. Making the lives of the people around you miserable as well. How long do you want this to go on?

Anyone who loves you wants more than anything to see your happiness, especially the ones that have gone. Do yourself and them a favour, and look for things to feel good about. This is what they are doing now. They are looking for things in you to feel good about...

Communication from them comes in many forms. When we are just too skeptical to realise we can have direct access to them, they communicate to us in funny and unusual ways. People have asked me why they see their face in the faces of strangers on the street. This is them influencing you to look at someone that will remind you of them. This is their communication with you. We are here and ALL IS WELL. They want you to hear.

“Can they still influence my life?” Some people have asked me.

Yes and No is the answer to this. Law of Attraction is the most powerful influence in your life. If you have a request, law of attraction will bring it to you by virtue of the vibrations (thoughts) you are offering. If your request is to still have a connection or communication with passed loved ones, but you are not able to find a good feeling place about their transition, you will not be a vibrational match to their energy, so seeing and hearing them will prove difficult, but they are still trying to get the message through to you.

Through the Law of Attraction you will be drawn to places, people and things that will give you memories and messages from them. It will spark a loving memory or a beautiful thought that gives you a clear message of well-being. Or you will hear a song on the radio that will relay a message of love, and in this moment this song will feel so much more meaningful to you than it ever did when you heard it before.

You could see a beautiful scene in a magazine of people having a wonderful time, basking in a tropical paradise, and this would be more meaningful to you then ever before. Your nonphysical friends are always talking to you, the question is; Are you in a good enough emotional place to hear them?

They have no influence in the choices or desires you have. Only you have supreme influences over these things. The ones who transition are viewing your life from a completely non-judgmental vantage point. They are not concerned for your safety, because they know the enormity of your well being. They know and have direct experience of the LOVE, and well-being that is available to you, through and by you. They know you will get everything you want, because the

universe is knocking itself out giving it to you. They are living this truth, and if you listen you will hear them remind you of it.

In every moment life is changing. The only thing you can ever really rely on is that everything will change. So practicing getting used to change and learning to adjust to change quickly and easily. This is one of the most important quality you can achieve, if you want to live a happy life.

Some people spend a lot of effort trying to make things stay the same. But the river of life flows endlessly and never stops moving, changing and evolving. It is always in your best interest to go with the flow and not to swim against, or try to stop the current. This can prove exhausting.

A Gift

Although many people would view the loss of my mother, at such a crucial age, a tragedy, to me it was one of my grandest gifts. I have seen my mother live and die and live again, and this has been an enlightening journey. When I first read stories of reincarnation I was fascinated to know more. I became a regression therapist for a short time, taking people back to their past lives, but having first hand experience with someone who is so close to me has been invaluable to my understanding of why we do not remember our past lives. I now understand how unfulfilled desires born in previous lives

can be fulfilled in new ones, and I know we are adored by life and the universe so much we are able to create anything we could ever want.

My mother would never grow old, nor did she want to. She did not have the patience to watch her body age or the desire to see the young enjoying a life she could not live as she had once. She loved being young and beautiful so much, just as she does now. She looks so much like she used to when she was mum and has the same lust for discovering and enjoying life, no matter how hard her parents try to tame her. She is her own person and will do whatever she wants to do, just as she wanted to before. I just love watching this whole thing unfold.

Again the universe has answered questions I had about reincarnation, and shown me in the life I am living.

My mother's passing opened so many doors to the understanding of consciousness for me. Had she not left the planet when I was that particular age, the questions and the search might never had been ignited. It feels like it was all planned long ago. We had an agreement that it would be this way. She would live to a certain age then return home and do it all again from a fresh new perspective. In the meantime I would seek out answers to the big questions of life and when she returned I would have gained an understanding that would support her desires in her next life. How cool does all that feel?

Today my own daughter is the same age I was when my mother transitioned. Anika is such a joy to me and is just as excited about discovering life as I was at her age. I love getting involved in all her teen dramas. I love watching her take on life with such great enthusiasm.

She has so many questions and is open and willing to discover and learn many things. Because of my mother's decision to leave and the life experiences that were presented from this, I became very open and allowing to many possibilities, and now my daughter has someone to talk to who remembers what it was like to be a vibrant all be it, confused teenager.

She has a mother who is very present in a non-judgmental way and who supports her dreams. Who reminds her on a daily basis she can have anything she wants and that it is not a sin to desire. Teenagers have so many desires!

This is the gift my mother gave to my daughter. To be the Mother I didn't have, to be here for her, not just in a physical sense, but also in every sense. A desire to be a great Mother was another gift that came from my mother's departure from this planet.

I swore I would never forget what it felt like to be a teenager; I made a promise to myself that when I had children I would

remember what it was like to be a child and parent my children from this perspective.

My mother's passing lit a path for me to follow, it ignited questions in me that had been born in lifetimes before and in this life I have found some wonderful answers. I will always and forever be grateful to my mother for giving me this beautiful gift.

Thanks mum!

You do not have to die to feel Bliss

Do you know what surprises people the most? Those who transition into the greater consciousness and look over their most recent time-space incarnation?

Besides how safe they always were.

Besides how many friends in the unseen always hovered nearby,

or how much they accomplished and how many lives they touched?

or how powerful, and divine, and supernatural they always were...

It's how utterly unimportant all the things they worried about really are.

Karen Swain

You all accomplished so much more than you ever really realise. Which, ironically, was often the one thing you so needlessly worry about.

You are an expansive being, you can not help but expand, that's why you are here. And we, your friends in the unseen, are always with you supporting your every desire.

We are your Greater Self, we are Blissful Beings...

Love is You

Remember to feel it!

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

KAreN Swain

My Story; A conversation



If you are wondering why I spell my name in this funny way, it is because it's pronounced KAR-en, like motor CAR. My mother was very insistent, when I was a child that people say my name the way she intended. She would correct anyone who said it wrong. Something that used to embarrassed me to no end. I didn't care what people called me then, call me Jack or kid, I used to think, just stop mum from doing the car engine sound!

I'm all about the JOY of Deliberate Creation. Connected to the same source as you, I have encouraged my connection to my guidance, who I have called Blissful Beings. They bring us answers to questions like... "How do I create my own reality?" I do not call my teaching channeling, as I believe we are all doing this all the time, although some more than others. Teaching feels so very natural and easy to me, no need to create a different personality to bring you higher guidance. I Love inspiring people and I love being Inspired. That's why I do this! I call myself a teacher of the teachers, as everyone

who is attracted to my work is passionate about contributing to others in a powerful way. I am a qualified naturopath, Inspirational speaker and metaphysical practitioner living in Sydney on the sublimely beautiful Northern Beaches. I love where I live, when I first moved here I thought I had arrived in Heaven.

I am passionate about sharing what I have come to know in, what I call, the Reminders from home messages. Having studied many healing arts including Medical Intuition, Soul Journey meditation, Naturopathy, Theta or Orion Healing, Reiki, Yoga, Pranic Healing, oh you name it, I did them all in my quest to find answers to life, I found the best of all courses is LIFE!

When I was a young girl, I often felt alone and misunderstood by many of the people in my life. I had ideas about life that didn't seem to fit in with the view of the people around me. This was a knowing about my connection to my spirit, or my inner being, as the person I liked to talk to the most was myself.

Talking to the person in my head was my only solace when I watched the drama of my dysfunctional family life play out. I never understood why the grown-ups felt, because I was a child, I could not understand what was going on. They tried to withhold their feelings from us, my two brothers and I, spelling out big words so we couldn't understand their conversation. No matter what age I was, I felt I could understand people, if only they would talk to me about what was upsetting them. I always felt I had a very wise person living in my head, and if the grown ups would just show me the same respect they showed their friends, I would understand and we could all find a peaceful place in which to live. But they didn't, I was only a child, and I wouldn't understand. Fighting, verbal and physical abuse was the norm

in our house when I was growing up. Communication, acceptance and understanding were not on the agenda.

My mother was one of the most beautiful, friendly, funny people you could ever meet. But her self-worth was atrocious, later in her life leading to self-hatred and the decline of her health. My handsome wealthy father from a respectable family was always trying to please his judgmental family while trying to satisfy his own desires. He never got over his own father firing him from the family business and was driven to prove himself worthy of his father's approval. This he never achieved, as he was the only sibling left out of his fathers will. I think he spent the rest of his life seeking that approval, even though his father died when he was still a young man.

My mother didn't ever feel worthy enough to be embraced by my father's family, and they definitely did not approve of her. According to them she was from the wrong side of the street, and a showgirl, which in those days was considered to be common, and no amount of appearances in the social pages was going to change their minds. Screaming matches between my parents was a part of every day life when I was a small child, until the day my father left my mother for a younger women. He called from overseas to tell her the news. My devastated mother never really recovered. A few years later, when I was sixteen, she died a slow painful death from complications of cancer. My father told me years later his marriage to my mother was seven years of Heaven and seven years of Hell.

The fighting did not stop when dad left, it became even more intense as the two sides invented ways in which to hurt and disempower the other. It was war between the unfaithful husband and the miserable ex-wife. Their three children were used as a weapon. We became their spies and their sounding board, as they continually drilled into us how horrible the other parent was. On return from access visits interrogation about the other parent always ensued. The fighting was exhausting. Not only was it with my parents, my father's family fought with each other as well. It would take about thirty years before my father would see his brother again after a fight about the inheritance of the family Rolls Royce; this was on his brother's deathbed. My brothers and I were no exception. We fought constantly, I remember my mother saying to us." What did I do to deserve such terrible children, other people's children don't behave as badly as you." If I were my mother I would have bowed out too. How long can someone live in a war zone with their children fighting all the time and hating someone they once loved?

So one could say that the role models in my life did not portray an enlightened view of life. I thought that hating everyone around you, then turning your hatred inward on yourself, (because it never feels clever to hate anyone) was normal. Maybe it is for a lot of people, but it was always my intent to listen to my own guidance over and above what anyone else was telling me or showing me about life. I knew there had to be a better way to live and I was determined to find it. I was a stubborn child and thought I knew all the answers. An attitude I will always be grateful for, and an attitude my beautiful teenage daughter has adopted. My Mother used to tell me constantly. 'You never listen to me KAreN you always argue with everything I say. If I say it is black you will say it is blue'. It is just as well I didn't listen to

her, judging from the way she lived her family life, she didn't have empowering things to teach me. It took a long time to change the destructive thought patterns I picked up from my parents, but I was determined to know what it was to lead a happy fulfilled life. Thanks to the unhappy lives I saw around me as a child, I found the platform from which my desires to know and live an inspired, exciting, empowered life were launched.

An inquisitive child, I was always asking questions about life such as, "If a baby died before it was baptized into a particular faith, will it still go to Heaven?" "Why do some people die when they are very old and some at die birth?" Where do you go to when you die? Where did we come from before we came here to earth? "When mum died of cancer, my questions changed to. "Why do people get sick?" "What is it that makes people sick, and what is it that keeps them healthy?" And "How can I help them?"

These questions lead me on many journeys that would reveal a variety of answers. For years I would sit in bed at night and read all manner of self-help, personal growth and spiritual books. These words were the only conversation that made some sense to me in a world, which at the time I thought had gone mad. I tried to talk to my friends and family about what I had discovered in the pages of these books, like the ability we have to create our own reality, and that we alone are responsible for the outcome of our lives. I was excited to read about the reality of inner guidance as I always knew I was guided, but it fell on deaf ears. The response was something like, "KAre you spend too much time thinking about useless things that we can't change and have no control

over, and the world is a cruel place and bad stuff just happens”.

My inquiring mind was not rewarded with support from the people around me, at that time. But no matter how they protested and told me I was wasting my time, or I was crazy, I kept reading and reading and reading. The conversations became one I had only with my books and myself. I spent a good part of twenty years having this conversation with myself. I discovered a truth in the pages of these books that seemed more real to me than the world I was looking at. When I read I was filled with hope, gratitude, peace and love. The conversation inside my head took on new magnitude as I read other peoples interpretation of what life is all about. I discovered a clarity in my own thinking and an understanding of what I knew and had always known. But life outside the books was filled with struggle, fear, anger, stress and doubt. It was everywhere, in the news, on TV, in the lives of people around me and in my own life.

It was at twenty-four, when I started to study Natural therapies, that my conversation expanded outside myself. I talked to the other students about the ideas I had read about life and the Universe, although only on a level of health and well being. I was still starved of deep juicy inspired, spiritual, philosophical, cosmic conversation. Most of my fellow students seemed to be busy trying to workout why they had certain ailments, and of course like any other student studying illnesses, a lot of them became hypochondriacs, taking on the particular symptoms we were studying at the time.

I studied full time for five years, and when I finished, I had a baby and opened a furniture and homeware shop. The natural health conversation was not enough to inspire me to help anyone, armed with the knowledge I had gained from five years full time study. I did not find anything that I thought was going to change the world, so to speak. I felt that, although the information was valuable and should be in every school, especially the study of the human body and its workings, I didn't see anything that was going to satisfy my craving for an understanding of why things happen and how we can return to our brilliant natural healthy self. How do we make our dreams come true or how do we restore health to our bodies? I was driven by the questions, why do people get sick and how can we prevent this or what is the root cause, and how can we lead meaningful, fulfilled, satisfied and happy lives?

My search for understanding was always a personal quest. I wanted to know why I would beat up on myself so much and how I could overcome this bad habit that was running my life. I had a strong feeling of unworthiness, even though I was a tall, talented, healthy, good looking and an intelligent woman. I never felt I was good enough, and past experience had shown me that no one wanted to listen to what I had to say. I wanted to know more about the workings of the mind and our belief systems and how our spirit fitted in with all of this. I wanted to know why some people are successful and others not. I knew that success had nothing to do with what you looked like, how intelligent you are or the opportunities that came your way as a child, as I had come from a privileged background. I knew there was so much more to healing or getting what you want than anything the mainstream media was presenting us.

I kept reading and started doing personal growth courses. I think I must have done most of what was on offer at the time. My family and friends' opinion of me didn't shift, they still thought I was crazy and wasting my money. My family called me a mungbean hippie or gullible, I was being brainwashed by these gurus of self-help. "Better brain washed to love yourself then brainwashed to hate yourself," I say. I looked into different religions, and went to see all manner of mediums, healers, psychics and seers seeking answers to my burning questions. Still not too many of them lined up with what I knew to be true in my own heart.

It started to become clearer after I read the "Conversation with God" trilogy. So, inspired by the messages in these books, I started a study group in my home. This attracted other like mind individuals, and the conversation took off... It was fantastic, wonderful; I had found pals to talk to that knew what I was talking about. My conversation expanded yet again, and every Tuesday night a hand full of people would fill my living room with inspired, philosophical and spiritual conversation. Then one of the participants, Paul told me about other Meditation groups, so we decide to go on field trips to see what others were talking about.

I discovered a group called The Southern Cross Academy of Light. A gathering of people in search of more meaning to life, often feeling beaten up by life, and what society expected from them. They were seekers like me, looking for a deeper knowing, wanting to include their spirituality in the bigger picture of life, trying to fill the hole that religion did not

address. We were people looking for a freer way of thinking and living. The night started with a meditation, then a speaker was introduced and a different type of life knowledge was explored. It was an opportunity to meet other seekers and discover different types of healing techniques and spiritual philosophy. We could network and expand our new age business and healing services.

The first speaker I heard was a self-professed enlightened being. He was speaking a language I understood and I knew I had found a place where I could find some answers to the burning questions inside me, and life would never be a conversation alone again. The connections grew and my conversation kept expanding. From that time on all manner of miracles happened. I discovered other views on healing, courses and teachers that adjusted my inner lenses so I could see an ever clearer and expanding vista of life.

I was doing some body massage around this time, and found that during the session I knew all there was to know about my clients. What made them tick, what was running them and how they were feeling. I had regular conversations with their guides, or inner being, about what was troubling them and what would soothe them. It was a fascinating time for me; one filled with wonder and excitement about what else was possible. My massage clients told me that my hands seem to know exactly where to go, that without any verbal communication I would find the source of their discomfort and give them the relief they were looking for. But for me it was also a frustrating time, as so much information was going on in my head, I felt I had to speak it to them, but felt unsure about how they would receive my blabbering. After all they

had come for a massage not a psychic reading. So I decided to change the way I presented myself, and I set up shop as a spiritual healer.

More healing courses came my way and seemingly impossible things started to happen. I wanted to see, with my physical eyes, the universe heal the physical body instantly. I had been told it was possible. And like anything else we ask the universe for, I was given this opportunity to see it for myself. My daughter cut her foot badly one afternoon after school. She was playing in the garden while I was taking a shower, when she came running into the bathroom screaming and crying. I put her foot under the running water to wash off some of the dirt and blood, but her screaming continued. So I thought, "if I can just stop the bleeding she will calm down". I put her on the top of the toilet seat and placed her foot in my hand, commanding a healing from the universe, I noticed I couldn't feel the blood running under my hands as I had expected, so I removed my hand to see what was going on. The cut had sealed instantaneously. My daughter and I sat there stunned and in shock at the speed at which the cut had healed. Then I knew that what I was learning about and contemplating was a reality and that nothing is impossible, one only has to believe in it.

There comes a time when the searching is done, when you have to stop looking at why you are the way you are. Why you feel so bad and just get over it. No amount of healing or therapy will fix it or take away your emotional pain. I discovered that you cannot focus upon something and have it go away. Our thoughts are creating all the time, and what you focus on expands. There comes a time when you just have to

stop beating up on yourself and start to think better about who you are. You have to stop asking questions and start allowing the answers to filter into your life. I realised that when we are in the mode of asking we are not in the mode of receiving. Like when you are looking for your brush or keys, and in the panic of searching for them, even if they were right in front of your eyes you cannot see them. But when you let it go forget about looking for them, they turn up in the most logical places.

This is what was happening to me. My inquiring mind was being satisfied and my questions were ceasing. This was the time when my dreams started to come true. I was returning to the happy, bright, loving self I used to be as a small child, before I took on the belief patterns of my family. I started to realise how capable and worthy I am of achieving anything I want, how loved I really am, how magical the universe is in bring to me what I had been asking for, and how thrilling it is to remind others. It has taken me a good part of forty years to feel this about myself, so convinced of my own unworthiness, and I think that it's been far too long. My wish is to give people back to themselves. To remind all of you how brilliant you are, how worthy you are and how capable you are of having everything you want out of life, in a much quicker time frame than it took me.

My own spiritual healing gained new heights as more insight illuminated my path. People came to me wanting to know why they were here and what they were supposed to do with their lives. I soon realised I was speaking to healers, uplifters and teachers. People wanting, more than anything, to contribute to others, make a difference and to return to the

loving, helpful, blissful beings they new in their hearts they are. I am a healer of the healers, a teacher of the teachers, I decided.

Not only could I see the world changing around me into a place of Grace and Love, I could see inside people's bodies, read their thoughts and feel their emotions. Their deepest passions were no secret to me. I was now in a place of deep understanding of most people; what they were looking for and how best to help them. Every conversation I now have with my clients is filled with insight and meaning. Discussions about health, life, love, purpose and our place in the evolution of the Universe. It is a familiar feeling, I remember always knowing what people were thinking when I was a small child. But I felt confused when I knew one thing but they were saying another. No one told me then to trust my intuition, so I started to doubt it.

A feeling of belonging arrived in my life that I had not experienced before. My circle of friends expanded, and a profound bliss took charge of my being that started to channel through me in most of my conversations. I had put down my beloved books and I was fast becoming the library. The most profound words now spill from my lips and enrich the lives of those who wish to listen. I ran courses in Medical Intuition so that others could see what I was seeing. And talked about our psychic abilities. I wanted everyone to know about the guidance within them. I want them to discover or remember as I have, that we are never alone and everyone has an emotional guidance system that is guiding and working for them throughout their lives. I wanted people to feel the reassurance that the Universe loves us, that we are connected

to a magnificent brilliant source of creation. That we are all an extension of that source energy and the force that creates all life, and that unworthiness should never again be an issue in anyone's life.

I started to talk to small groups of people which overcame a huge fear that had haunted me most of my life, the fear of public speaking. So shy was I as a young girl, I would cry when an adult talked to me or asked me a question. When they asked me why I was crying I would say I didn't know why, but speaking to people, especially adults terrified me.

The light that had been hidden in me for so long became brighter. Not only illuminating my own path, but also the path of others. Life seemed to be moving quickly. I moved to a beautiful new neighbourhood and fell in love with a wonderful man. A nurturer like me, who wants to uplift others and who supports my every dream. Incredible blessings have been bestowed upon us. We announced to our friend we had committed ourselves to each other in a beautiful ceremony, and were given a trip around the world as a honeymoon present. On that trip we met wonderful new friends and had experiences I could never have dreamt of. I stopped beating up on myself and the Universe rewarded my self-love with more love. It is critical, no matter how bad your life looks now, if you can find that place of self-acceptance and then start to really love who you are and what you have to offer, every trial will turn around for you.

To me the world is a beautiful, wondrous, magical place. I no

longer pay any attention to the horrific news reporting on our television screens and radios that play hour after hour, as I know from my personal experience that life is fantastic and this planet is an incredible place to live. There is so much well being that surrounds us. There are so many wonderful things that go on in the world. We are so blessed in so many ways. All we have to do is STOP.

Stop giving our attention to what is wrong with ourselves, our bodies, our work, our family, our lives. And start appreciating what is right, what is good and fun about who we are and what we do have. And the Universe, through the powerful law of attraction, will bring more good things to us....

The enthusiasm and love is spreading. People all over the world want to feel more connected to their joy and pursue their passions. In this new age when so many people are getting what they want and seemingly impossible dreams are being realised. Life seems to be supporting the desires that have been born from the dramas we have all experienced. There are many people providing different ways of thinking for people who are searching for it. As more people start to believe in the well being of our planet and in the well being that is available for us all if only we will allow it, a blessed, abundant, healthy and happy life will become the norm in mainstream thinking and not the unusual.

There are so many opportunities to connect with people who want to be of service to humanity in a personal way. Just like

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the world wide web, it feels to me like there is an ever-expanding web of light allowing us to express our joy and serve each other in a variety of creative ways.

In this changing world there are many voices, many messengers of Hope and Love, and now more than ever before, new age thinking provides us with a platform to express our passion. This is the time to remember our unity, to sing in harmony with each other and celebrate our differences.

I am so fortunate to have found my place in the world and I feel so grateful to be living at this time in history. Today when so much of the world is focusing on how to live more in harmony with each other and know peace. There are just so many amazing people out there reminding us to reconnect to our authentic selves and act from an inspired place and not a place of denial. When we all come to an understanding that we are all one divine spirit dressed in different clothes, what we do for another we do for ourselves, we will live the Peace of Mind the world is looking for.

Talking to people and helping them find peace with their lives and within themselves is my passion and I love it. The expansion of my conversation has been a reflection of the expansion we all can live when we decide we are worthy, beautiful, blissful beings.

Karen Swain's web sites

www.karenswain.com

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