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HOW TO CONNECT WITH YOUR LOVED ONES IN THE AFTERLIFE

The healing power of spiritual contact in this life and the next

A collection of sparkling, life-shaping experiences which taught me about my own power, immortality and unlimited nature.

“Believe in a love that is being stored up for you like an inheritance, and have faith that in this love there is a strength and a blessing so large that you can travel as far as you wish without having to step outside it.”

- Rainer Maria Rilke

INTRODUCTION: Discoveries of Hope

Someone once said: “After the first death, there is no other.”

It’s true, the first is for sure the worst. It’s the finality. Those who have not lost a truly beloved person to the mystery of Death, cannot imagine that finality. It is beyond description or discussion.

People say, “It’s too cruel. There cannot be a God to allow this kind of suffering.”

I can tell them now, after a lifetime of pursuing my own personal quest, that yes, it would Indeed be too cruel...if it were true.

Thankfully, it is not true. There is no end. The ones we love are alive and well, but in a place which can be accessed only through what I would describe as a combination of mind management and imagination.

Imagination. “It’s only your imagination.” One of the most damaging things we teach our children.

Here is some Good News:

There is a place in the radio frequencies of the brain/mind where imagination clicks in and becomes a vehicle which takes us unerringly to our loved ones.

At first it seems, indeed, just imagination. Not a trustworthy experience. But as the searcher continues on, undaunted, proof comes in, a bit here, a bit there.

Those who seek shall find.

My daughter Lori passed into the afterlife on July 30, 1988 after a homicidal car crash.

When Lori passed over, I was at that time an atheist for the second time in my life.

My first experience of atheism had sprung from my parents and their Marxist view of life.

Unexpectedly, proof of an afterlife where we survive in our full personality was

provided by my daughter and son in law on the first anniversary of their death.

Following that sea-change event in my life, I then found teachers who know how to connect with loved ones “over there”. I learned to successfully practice mind-skills that enable me to see my dear ones and converse with them. Like any skill, it grows with practice.

My deceased family members are together, so far, in a specific location in that other world, clearing up trauma issues left over from this physical journey. At the same time, they are having a massive amount of fun, freedom, and pleasure. And work, if they want it.

Two weeks ago I connected with my older sister, Wanda, who had been a fun-loving youngster but had become very serious as she neared the end of her life.

I interrupted her sitting around a campfire at a beach party on the ocean. This ocean is found on what appears to me to be the western edge of a place we call The Park, a man-made reality in “inner space.”

She was beautiful and young, her face full of laughter at something a friend around the fire had just said.

But they also work at important tasks...my daughter, Lori, has chosen more than one field of service. In one of her areas of work, she is a specific kind of nurse, particularly, these days, in a “military hospital”, where deceased young soldiers are cared for and gradually informed that they have died. She assists as they “re-grow” their shattered limbs and bodies before leaving for greener pastures with their own dear ones.

She also works at “rescuing” those who are killed in catastrophic events...for example, following a disastrous plane crash recently, she appeared and invited me to assist her as she helped the deceased. She guided shocked souls who had left their bodies with sudden impact and fear to The Park and other places.

I had already received training in that art of “retrieval” and so was able to go in

and assist her.

She is such a beautiful girl and I am so incredibly proud of her. Her hesitant under-confidence has totally disappeared. She operates her life in a no-nonsense, deeply serious manner, but with her usual flashes of humor and love.

Maybe after reading this tome of seemingly uncharted life experience, you will be able to visit her and eventually learn, also, to talk with her and with your own loved ones.

She has shining gold hair, cut short; immense blue eyes like lamps with long gold eyelashes; skin like the inside of an abalone shell, and, well, she's just lovely. As soon as you see her, you will know you've found her.

Of course, I'm her mother. How can you tell?

I have not yet come across her husband, who killed her. A nice young man with some awful emotional problems, but who never meant to do such a terrible thing, not really. He came back with great courage to apologize.

"I never meant to hurt her," he told me desperately.

I will admit that being able to meet with her, and my other family members, and see them living happy, fulfilled, exciting lives, does not entirely erase the sorrow that they are **THERE, and not here.**

However, seeing how their dreams come true there with ease, how could I wish them back in this vale of tears anyway?? They did their trip, their time was up. They wouldn't want to come back. And they do support me as I continue to live without them.

It is possible to visit whatever Heaven is part of your particular religion. Those who were devoted to a particular church usually spend at least some "time" there, since that is what they expect when they leave the physical.

It is also possible to visit the other "Heavens" created by other religions. As well as

the Hells.

My concept of the Divine, of God, has changed over six decades of physical life as my quest has continued.

Though I started out as an atheist, I moved toward a rough idea of divinity early on.

By the time I was in my twenties, the Baptist Church had replaced Marxism in my spiritual experience and had a profound and unfortunate effect on the remainder of my life.

Later, when Lori died, I had come full circle to atheism again.

I was attending university as a mature student in my 40's when she suddenly and, without my permission whatever, took off for those faraway places, too far away for me to ever find her, it seemed at the time.

Until she died, a thread of metaphysical ability had run through my life in a small way, somewhat intermittently. As a child, I read ordinary playing cards once in a while with some success. From my twenties onward, I occasionally had flashes of clairvoyance and clairaudience, wherein I was suddenly elsewhere in space-time.

These experiences were untutored and unexpected. I had no control over them and there were only a few of them over the years.

I was 44 the year she died. 1988. The karmic nature of the 4's and 8's was not lost on me as time went on.

She herself was 22.

22.44. 88. Those particular numbers seem significant, almost like the fulfillment of something long planned.

INDESTRUCTIBLE HUMAN PERSONALITY

As a child, eight years old, I was horrified and disbelieving when my mother explained that people “die”.

“Die.”

I pondered it in my childish way, full of the pleasure of BEING and unable to comprehend Death. I finally gave up trying.

To END?? No Longer BE?? Impossible.

No one I cared about had ever died. Trying to imagine it was a waste of time.

My pursuit of truth took many shapes and directions.

Death continued to be an enigma as I grew up. There were no grandparents in our lives. Old age was an unknown.

From Marxist atheism through Baptist Born Again experience, to Transcendental Meditation and Reiki, my search did finally end...in a Reality beyond my expectations.

That ending, of course, has only led to new beginnings.

My lifelong search for God has been inextricably braided into the strands of nursing, nurturing and codependency.

And responsibility. Oh Wow. Yes, I was for many years responsible for saving the world.

I unconsciously took on the Hero role in my family. My job was to make a million dollars, exactly that, and save my siblings from poverty.

As a child, this conviction took root in my developing brain, unquestioned and unexamined, continuing as life went on. I didn't notice it was there. It formed the groundwork of my life purpose, a virus hidden in a computer code.

I never stopped trying to earn that million dollars.

What a shock, in my 50's, to have this conversation with a sister, only to have her say indignantly, "What on earth would make you think we needed you to SAVE us???"

I was dumbstruck when she said that. You mean, it wasn't my job?? I've been wasting my time all these years???

You're kidding. You didn't NEED saving??

Have you ANY idea how much work I have put into trying to get that million dollars???

Now, at 65 years of age, I can say I have emerged independent, largely healed of codependency, nurturing to a healthy extent, and in possession of a number of KNOWNS rather than Beliefs.

My search for God has been bound tightly up with a search for Self. The question, Who am I? reverberates within us all our lives, and there are few answers.

The theory of Reincarnation helped me find meaning and hope. A few years ago I went to a local psychic for a Past Life reading. She put me into a light trance very quickly. Immediately, what was supposedly a recent past life began to unfold in considerable detail.

According to that session, I was most recently a feisty woman called Iphigenia Carter. The daughter of a newspaper family in a medium sized town somewhere in the U.S.

At least, that was what I "got", unlikely though it seems.

It seemed I had left journalism and bought a little farm of my own. Ducks, geese, a pig or two. These were the animals I saw in the session. I loved my farm.

I also loved journalism. But the time had come for me to move on and out of the family business.

Active in my community, I helped when some sort of deluge came, washing away a

number of homes. People went to stay in the big Community Hall. My volunteer tendency took me there to help frequently.

I went to a wedding, all dressed up in an organza-looking beige dress with high heels, but had to stop as I pulled out of the driveway in my pale green car (make unknown) to check on one of my geese. Saw my feet standing, in my dress-up shoes, in farmyard mud looking down at a cheeky-looking goose.

Last thing I saw of that life, I took a heart attack outside helping some hired men move a garden shed to the other side of the yard. Age 74.

Bossing everything, making sure it was done right. That was my way.

Well, in this life (which has been much less fun) I can still be feisty on occasion.

All my life, this time round, I wanted to be in journalism and I wanted to have a small farm. After that psychic reading, I knew why. And I could let go of that stuff. Almost.

THE BEGINNING

On July 30, 1988, my daughter's life came to an end just before her 23rd birthday. Her young husband, unable to accept the end of the marriage, stalked her relentlessly and threatened to kill her. Finally, asking her to meet with him to discuss some necessary paperwork, he persuaded her to get into his car and, on the highway back to her place of work, he drove the vehicle head-on into the path of an oncoming bus. They both died.

Following a posthumous trial, according to British tradition, the jury found Peter guilty of willfully causing her death.

Small comfort.

At the time I was attending university as a mature student, preparing for re-entry into the work force.

After a long search for life's meaning, I had left the hated Baptist Church forever several years before and returned to the original atheistic view of life in which I had been raised.

I had no expectation of ever seeing either of the children again, in any world anywhere, ever.

My goodness, was I ever in for a surprise. And the surprise is still going on today.

THE END OF ATHEISM

Work is well known as a panacea for grief, allowing measured periods of relief from sorrow.

At school, I worked like a fiend possessed. In my mid forties, I worried about finding work upon graduation and tried to find ways to speed up the process till I

could begin my job search, so I added every credit I could squeeze in to a twenty-four hour day.

But even this intense level of work could not break through my deep desire to end it all; as far as I knew, there was nothing beyond this world. Beautiful as it is, the shining planet could not replace Lori. My soul was leveled to the ground, my efforts to pretend that recovery was possible was only putting off the inevitable.

Eventually, the first anniversary week of the deaths approached. I wondered how I would handle it. Would something inside of me implode and that would be the end? I tried not to be afraid.

The last week of July finally arrived. I thought I would get some candles, arrange her photo, and have some quiet time remembering my sweet, gentle, kind girl when the day dawned.

But, on that Wednesday I was standing in my kitchen washing dishes, facing the wall. My mind was far away, soothed by the calm process of hot water, soapsuds, the soft clink of china, the quiet familiarity of the task.

Out of the corner of my peripheral vision, over to my left, slightly behind me, in the area of the refrigerator, I saw a flicker of movement.

Whirling around to see what had moved, I was dumbstruck. My mouth flew open, my eyes were wide with shock.

Standing there was my son-in-law, Peter, who had died a year before. He stood there, hovering slightly above the floor, in his full bodily presence. I could see him clearly.

He spoke and this is what he said, in his normal highland Scottish tongue:

“I’m very, very sorry for what I did to Lori. I never meant to hurt her. I never meant to harm her.”

Then he vanished. As he spoke, I had been aware of other figures there behind him, as though they were supporting him, steadying him, for this difficult task of profound apology.

I remembered his words the day he had asked me for Lori's hand in marriage, so long ago back in Scotland.

"I love Lori," he had said. "I will never hurt her, I will never harm her."

He had so utterly broken his word.

He had come back to apologize. It was all he could do.

I wondered what came next for Peter. I wondered why Lori had not come.

Then I realized that Peter had not come at all, I was just going crazy, that's all. Losing it.

I was afraid.

Next day I rushed down to Hospice and got hold of Emma, my savior counselor.

"Emma, "I said, "Peter appeared in my apartment yesterday. I must be losing my sanity. Am I going mad?"

She said quietly, "85% of bereaved people see their loved one after death; it has been proven in studies. However, only a few admit that they have seen their loved one, because they are afraid others will think they have gone crazy. So they keep it to themselves. Don't worry, you aren't the only one. And it was not your imagination. These appearances happen all the time, and they are perfectly real. Did he say anything to you?"

I replied, "Yes. He said, 'I'm very, very sorry for what I did to Lori. I never meant to hurt her. I never meant to harm her.'"

She asked me if I had seen anything else. I explained about noticing the vague presence of others behind him, as if they were supporting him in this difficult task.

I told her that I had not been able to perceive his feet; the image he was projecting to me stopped somewhere around the ankles. She told me that many other people have noticed this anomaly during their own “visitation” experiences.

I left her office willing to at least allow for the possibility that the experience had been real: or at least, that I was not going crazy.

Lori’s ashes had arrived from the UK some time ago, and I had stored the sacred, precious remainders of her beautiful eyes, her creamy skin, her sweet person, in the plastic bag they arrived in, inside Hannibal, my pack sack bear. Sometimes I put him on my back and took him to classes, feeling her presence there with me right in class.

My bedroom was in one end of the apartment, with the living room and kitchen at the other end. When I sat on my sofa, I could see the world outside the sliding glass doors of my balcony on my left. Directly in front I faced my bedroom wall.

On Saturday, the first anniversary of their death, I got up early and arranged the candles and flowers on a pretty flowered runner on the counter, lit the candles, and sat down to drink my first cup of tea of the day.

I sat quietly, drinking my tea, gazing absently at the bedroom wall without a thought in my head.

Suddenly I went rigid with shock.

My darling daughter, a huge grin on her pretty face, swept through the bedroom wall and walked across the carpet toward me. She wore a white dress with blue forget-me-nots all over it.

She moved toward me, smiling this big smile, (like, hey, this is fun, I am gonna blow mum's mind!!) and said very clearly: "Hi Mum!"

She moved to the sofa where I sat, reached behind her to smooth her skirt and sat down beside me.

I sat still as stone in shock, my mouth open, staring straight ahead at the wall, unable to move a muscle. I could not move at all. I could just see her beside me as she sat waiting for me to turn my head and speak.

Paralyzed, I struggled to move. Eventually, I thought, if I don't turn my head and speak, she will vanish. I must turn my head. I could see the edge of her skirt in my peripheral vision.

I turned my head toward her, and she vanished.

Thus began a number of years in which I would search for more information and a fuller understanding of where my daughter and son-in-law were. The search did not fully even begin until I had some guideposts; no one seemed to be able to enlighten me as to the information behind their appearances in my home.

However, the guideposts finally began to appear.

In the meantime, I found relief from the savagery of my loss in a most unexpected place: I turned to the most ancient form of healing still in the world today – a First Nations Shaman.

PATHWAYS TO HEALING

SHAMANIC SURGERY: Nature's Paradigm

At the time of Lori's death, I was attending university, moving through my days in a fog, craving the release of death.

In one of my classes a slim, lithe figure had attracted my attention. He sat as still as stone during the lectures, paying close attention. A native, he possessed some quality that drew my attention.

One day, he stopped me suddenly after class, thrusting a business card into my hand. He said, "Give me a call. I can help you."

PART ONE: DISCOVERY

High heels clicking, head tossed high, the lecturer moved emphatically across the room. Sunlight streamed through wide windows, caught her expertly-shaped brown hair, flashed on rosy pink nails. Yards of blue cotton swirled round her pretty knees.

A curtain of tears swept up my throat, pushed against eyes and nose, demanding exit. Shut up, I told my body, breathe deep, don't let it out. Twenty minutes to go. Hang on.

"A different paradigm", the voice went on. "In these parts of the sub-continent, a child who lives to see its first birthday is lucky. Infant mortality rates..."

Mortality rates. Fertility rates. Crime rates. The stuff of university life.

I lived alone, a divorcee, chasing a university degree after twenty-three years of parenting.

A few months before, I had committed a small, selfish act, one which acted as a foreshadowing of events to come into my own life shortly.

In the wake of my divorce, my first singles apartment had been a nice little bedsit.

One rent day, I went down to slip my payment through the office slot. Hearing my approach, the landlord opened the door. He stood, weeping inconsolably. His daughter, thirty-six years old, was dying of cancer.

I had fled that painful sight, giving my notice within days, moving out, running from such unbearable sorrow.

When my own telephone call came, eighteen months later, there was no one to give notice to. Death settled down in my living room, a permanent resident. Wherever I fled, that dreadful presence followed. My young daughter had become a number in the annual count of women killed by their husbands. Undreamed of catastrophe. Nuclear winter, one family at a time.

Breathing carefully, I lifted my head, eyes dry.

Release, ten minutes away, hung outside in sun and open sky where majestic cedars lined campus walkways. Would I ever be happy again? Could I live, if the answer was no?

My gaze fell upon a quiet, slim Native in the second row, intent on the lecture. He always dressed in a track suit, long black hair pulled back, feminine style, behind his ears. About him was a peculiar stillness. I studied his cool, inscrutable face.

In a flash, I was in his net, stunned, rock-still. Long brown eyes, fastened on mine, probed swiftly the tear-curtain. "I've got you, it's all right. I know you're dying. Fly over here, it's all fixable."

As suddenly, his attention turned back to the instructor, her long elegant fingers now crack-crack-cracking the chalk hastily across the board. The bell went, mass exodus exploding in slams of books on desks, feet stampeding for the doors. As I threw my lumpy pack sack over one shoulder, a business card was placed in my free hand. Smoothly, so I was not startled. A serious, polite nod of the shining dark head, and he was gone.

"Shamanic Healing" it read. A healer. Although I received my R.N. years ago, I had never dismissed alternative healing. But how could he help? My daughter was dead, nothing could fix that.

Or maybe he could. Maybe he could find her, in another plane, waiting for me...I must find relief from this pain, or surrender lay somewhere in the mountainous nights up ahead...death held no fear if she awaited me somewhere...

Rituals, it turned out, do not come cheap. I struggled with my budget. Could I really afford what might be nothing more than an exotic fling? I phoned around, startled to find so many with good things to say of this healer.

My gut told me to go for it.

PART TWO: ANGEL WRESTLING

On a platform of hard, flat stone by ocean shore, moving into trance, attention riveted on the stately figure opposite.

The green, clear inlet widens to the sea, moon dances across water. Around us a rhythmic sigh; forest breath, responding to the arms of mighty wind.

Wrapped in blanket, stone-like, Shaman stands. Only those brown eyes move. Listening, oddly, I seem not to hear. Onrushing information, a train of explanation thunders down upon me; I struggle to bring the words to conscious level, to

examine them. Not possible. Soft rush of water and deepening dark carry me from the mundane, yield me over to the oncoming event of Ritual.

Effortless.

Gigantic firs, tentacled roots gripping cliff edge, lean out over the ocean. A cradle of high boughs becomes a bier for the dead in such a tree. From above, birds feed; from below, flowers bloom in fruitful soil. Relatives plant the flowers beside their own welcoming door. The personality transmuted elsewhere; the earthly receptacle forever embedded in the planet's unending cycle of life.

Each unit central, yet each unit dependent on every other unit. To natives, the oldest paradigm. For me, a new concept.

He had walked herb-anointed forests for a day, gathering my soul-specific pharmacy. Strong, wild herbs. Searching, he asked them, "Which one of you will cure this woman?"

Sage responded; I will cure, choose me.

Can murder, this violation of decency, be somehow made part of life's wholesomeness? Join me, once again, I pray silently, to the universal body. Whistle me in, call my name. I cannot bear the dark alone forever.

Warm herbal tea and a light meal, prepared by his wife, leaves us calm and refreshed. We move to a room deep inside his forest-hewn house, stand at the window.

"Look there, to the left", he says. "The campfire - one log. A good sign. Sometimes it takes two or three for it to burn like that. Throughout the ritual, a steady flame signals healing. Spirit watches over us."

We look directly onto the ocean, moon's silver path.

"Listen", he says. "An owl calls. That is good for our work."

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