

More Annoying Dead People

Book #2

By

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All names and places have been changed to protect the privacy of those individuals whose stories and experiences appear in this book.

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Prologue

I am a Medium, or Psychic as some prefer to call it. The following are simply **more** 'life experiences' I have decided to share with you since many enjoyed '*Annoying Dead People,*' my first book. Each chapter appears in no set order so don't think in terms of a timeline.

Open your mind to new realms of awareness, which is simply to say let knowledge and truth shepherd you through this sublime voyage into the blissful unknown.

With love and blessings,

Evelyn Adams

Chapter One

There came a knock at my door that was so soft, I almost didn't hear it. As I opened my apartment door, I recognized an old friend who I once worked with at a nursing home in another city. I hadn't seen her for nearly twenty years, yet I knew her right off.

She was only an inch taller than me and had put on quite a few extra pounds. Tears streaked down her cheeks and her reddish-brown hair was in disarray. As I peered into her gentle green eyes, I could tell without my psychic ability she was experiencing some dreadful circumstance.

“Molly, it's so good to see you. Please, come on in,” I said as I opened the door wider.

Once inside she fell into my arms and we held each other for almost a full minute before she spoke.

“Whatever it is, you can tell me,” I said reassuringly as I led her to my sofa.

Molly finally spoke in a low voice, “I’ve missed you Evelyn. I’m sorry I didn’t stay in touch; but I fell in love with Tony, and everything revolved around him, and later we had a son and...”

I interrupted her, “Molly, you don’t owe me an explanation, that’s just how life works out sometimes. I knew you went off with Tony and I was happy for you both. So, how did you find me after all these years? I’ve lived in so many different places.”

“I was at the salon getting my hair done about three weeks ago, when I overheard two ladies talking about a psychic one of them had gone to

for a reading. I was so surprised when I heard one say your name. I dared to ask what you looked like and I knew it had to be you. They gave me your address. I finally got up the nerve to come see you.”

“Well, I’m so glad you did, but I feel you’re here for another reason. Would you like a reading?” I said patting her arm softly.

Molly seemed to relax a little as she looked into my eyes and said, “I didn’t come here for myself, but for my son Ross. Could you read for him?”

“Why, yes, of course. Where is your son?” I wasn’t sure what to expect.

Molly pointed toward my apartment door, “He’s outside in the car. I was afraid if we both came to your door you might get worried since you never met him before.”

“Oh, well you can have him come on in. It’s okay.”

Molly left, and a short time passed when I heard her soft knock again. Opening the door there stood a young man who looked to be about sixteen or seventeen years old. His hair was blond, and his eyes were brown. The mirror image of his father. Ross was only about three inches taller than his mother and was very good-looking. She introduced me as I invited them in. Molly and Ross sat on the sofa and I sat in a rocking chair nearby.

“Well Ross, your mother says you would like a reading.”

“Ah, yes please.” A bit apprehensive I felt as he made no eye contact; just looked down and every now and again he’d glance at his mother.

“Do you have a specific question for my guide Alexander, or do you just want him to bring what he feels is important for you at this time?”

Molly moved closer to her son and placed her reassuring hand on his thigh as she said, “It’s okay, don’t be afraid to ask her.”

“I can’t, please Mom, you ask her, please...” His voice was low and sounded like that of a fearful pleading child.

Molly turned to face me, “My son is gay, and he wants to know if there are any bad or harmful implications from being a homosexual.”

Ross leaned closer to his mother and whispered something. Molly continued, “He would also like to know if he’s going to burn in hell, like it says in th Bible.”

“Very well Ross, let me see what Alexander has to say about your questions.” The information came through very quickly.

“He says there are no adverse consequences to being gay. There are physical damages that can occur through long-term sex of a specific nature, such as ‘excessive’ anal sex, which could cause both homosexual and heterosexual individuals health problems later on in that area of their anatomy. Simple ‘moderation’ is the answer.

Alexander says, there is no definition of who may love who, and in what way, as far as God is concerned. As for the bible, he says that passage concerning man, laying with another man, being an act of abomination, punishable by death, was placed there, not by god, but by organized religious authority as a means of controlling the uneducated and superstitious masses of that time.”

I wasn’t sure if Ross was understanding all of this, so I asked, “If you have any questions, please feel free to ask. Okay?”

“Sure,” Ross answered without looking up.

I continued, as more information was coming through. “Alexander says a balance of love in all forms is necessary. Physical desirability of any kind is acceptable as long as it is not to the disadvantage of others.

He says, there are some that choose this path prior to incarnating to earth; there are others who choose it once they are here and it is an outward expression of their lacking love from specific parental or ‘parent-like’ figures in their life.

Though it is no less important, the lessons learned in that situation, no matter their motivations or the decisions to undertake them; many have not learned universal love, and perhaps the greatest lesson is not for the soul to undergo terrible persecution for sexual beliefs, or the love of the same gender, but for humankind to understand that there is still a soul in each physical form.

So, in a manner of speaking, no matter what is viewed on the exterior, and no matter the beliefs held inside that physical form, there is still a being of energy and light within that physical body that is learning, experiencing, and changing just as those who might be eager to judge, blame, and persecute are still evolving.”

Molly chimed in, “Honey, do you have any questions so far?”

“No...I get what that Alex guy is saying.” Ross blew his nose with a tissue his mother handed him.

Molly glanced over toward me, “Sorry Evelyn, I didn’t mean to interrupt.”

“Oh, no problem dear. Let me see if Alexander has anything else to say.” I almost didn’t get the last word in before more started to come through, “He says, often, there is previous debt that must be paid for prior actions, and there

is persecution experienced in a current lifetime that was a direct result of the actions taken by that soul in a previous lifetime. Quite often there is a balance in what one experiences by choice; choosing to experience both sides of the coin, both sides of the situation, this can be by choice and can be called karma.

Yet, even if they do not choose, in order to understand, you must be both the murderer and the victim, this is karma. You cannot only experience the rosy side of each action, karma is not a punishment, but the polar opposite of actions had before, in order to better allow you to understand what has taken place, what is taking place, and what is being experienced by those when the other side of the action is experienced.

There is no gay individual that can be ‘learned’ or ‘loved’ or ‘forced’ into being a heterosexual. Gay is not a disease; it is not a mental illness.

There are other problems, as with all humans, that can accompany any underlying desire, urge, or preference and these are what should be addressed.

Alexander says if they are uncomfortable with some aspect of their body or mind, this is for that soul to come to terms with, learn with, use as a tool, experience, and learn not to judge just as they wish to experience this lifetime without judgment and hatred towards them.

He says, all should love each other and through the physical form more is often associated with love through sexual acts; there is nothing negative or detrimental to the spirit or soul by any form of sexual experience that gay individuals may undertake. God does not judge; you are the judge concerning your chosen life.”

Ross looked up at me and his expression no longer seemed so despondent. It was like that

old-line people use, ‘as if a great weight had been lifted from his shoulders.’

Molly asked him, “Anything else you want to ask?”

“Well, after what your friend just said...you still think it’s your fault I’m gay?” He stared right into her eyes truly wanting to know her answer.

As tears rolled down her cheeks she said, “Not any more...it is, what it is, and that’s nobodies’ fault.” They both hugged and cried together.

I couldn’t contain myself, I too started to cry softly as this mother and son embraced each other with such love and forgiveness in their hearts.

As we all finally regained our composure, I asked if there was something else, they’d like to ask Alexander.

Molly and Ross made eye contact just before they both faced me. “No, you and your guide said all we needed to hear, I think. We want to thank

you both, but we need to be getting home.”

Molly reached into her purse and produced thirty dollars which she leaned forward to hand me.

As I accepted the money, I don't know why, but I asked, “I don't mean to snoop, but how is Tony handling Ross being gay?”

Molly glanced toward her son and then back at me, “He doesn't know yet. We were going to wait for the right time to spring it on him.”

Ross spoke up, “I don't think dads going to take the news his only son is gay very well. I've overheard how dad and grandpa talk about fags and cocksuckers; and how they should line them all up and shoot them.”

“I'm a bit surprised, Tony seemed so open-minded back when we all worked together,” I said.

“Tony's dad isn't going to win the father-of-the-year award any time soon.” She stated.

“That’s for sure. I think dad loves grandpa more then he loves us,” Ross popped off.

Molly spoke quickly, “Please don’t say that, you know he loves us very much.”

“Really? Well tell me how much he’ll love me when he finds out I’m gay. Tell me then what he thinks of me.” The fear and stress were clearly evident in his strained voice.

“Oh honey...” Molly tried to hug her son, but he pulled away.

Ross now turned on me, “You know what my dear old loving father had to say about psychics...he said they are scam artists who take advantage of the elderly and the weak minded. Well lady, we sure the hell aren’t elderly, so I guess that makes us the weak minded!”

“Ross, you apologize right now!” Molly screeched.

He shook his head from side to side as he spoke, “I don’t know why I said that. I’m truly sorry, and I do thank you for the reading. It really has helped me. I’m just scared to death what my dad’s going to do when he finds out.”

“You don’t need to apologize, trust me, I’ve heard much worse,” I said in a most reassuring manner.

“It’s time to go, your father will be home soon,” Molly said as they headed for the door.

To this day, I’ve not had any more surprise visits from Molly or Ross. After a few months, my curiosity got the better of me, and I did ask Alexander what had happened with my friend Molly and her son.

He wouldn’t tell me what occurred between Tony, Molly and Ross. Yet, he did say this; divorce does not always destroy a family; many times, it brings understanding, learning and the

true meaning of unconditional love for those involved.

*Note to Reader: The bible is a collection of stories that may be considered fables or moral stories. Some were based on actual events, while others were simply handed down word of mouth as lessons for those who needed the symbolism. There are many sections that were originally written by those with spirit communication, and even sections that were given to this planet by other beings from other planets, and other beings of light. There has been much work to control this book and use it for selfish purposes, and realizing this will remove the controlling hold it has over an individual or a group of people who are following this book as though it were an inflexible document and all binding. There was

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