

INSIGHTS AND LIFE EXPERIENCES

1. I was coming to my block where I live on a motor cycle - I was approaching the corner at 45MPH and of course was going too fast. I planned to slow down by down shifting and I hit the shift lever with my foot. Instead of down shifting, the bike went into neutral and I had to take the corner at 45MPH. I hit the hand brake so hard that brake fluid sprayed into my helmet visor. There was a stop/dead end sign on my corner and I had the choice of hitting this sign or steering around it and perhaps going through the front plate glass window of a building set back about 25 ft from the corner. I chose to hit the sign. When I hit it with the handlebars of the bike, the sign pole broke and the pole and sign flew about 20 feet into the air and then came down on the front lawn of the building in back of it. The bike came to a dead stop - didn't even hit the curb. The bike stood straight up for about ten seconds, balancing itself without moving while I was still on it. That was because the full impact of the crash was “**miraculously**” taken internally in the bike's motor and power train. It seems that the gear jumped into first - downshifted when I hit the sign and because this was a shaft driven Honda bike - a Goldwing - the flywheel disconnected from the shaft - it sheared off because of the crash - and kept on spinning - keeping the bike straight up - like a gyroscope! *Now, the strangest thing about all of this was...* when I hit the sign, **I saw the outside of my helmet - from the left side - as if I was looking at myself. Michael Spirit**

The next is a letter from us to a very special person that we met on the Internet. She has related several of her life's stories to us, wonderful stories about the tacit control of her extensivity ...stories that have the ring of truth to them, even though they may seem “supernatural” - and they will follow below our letter to her.

2. Dear Sylvia,

Both Helen and I read your “life” with joy in our hearts. We are so fortunate to have found one such as you. If you do not hear from us for a couple of days - please know in your heart that we are with you and yours - in mind and spirit.

We are struggling through the re-write of Chapter 6. This is a particularly difficult piece of writing, but wondrous as I see it flow from my fingers onto the computer screen. It is as if I am not doing the writing, but just observing it being written :) I get into an area that I think that no one, including myself, could possibly understand and I then “see” the ease of it - and then the writing starts - as a burst of “packaged thought” - out of my fingers - onto the computer screen. Love and Light to you and Hubby,

Mike and Helen

The following is a condensed compilation of many letters sent to us from the person mentioned above - her name is Sylvia. She is 58 years young. Her language usage is in many ways childlike and I have left most it as it was written. There are misspellings and many grammatical errors,

but I think it is necessary to leave it this way because the sweetness of it comes through so innocently and with that sweetness ...the clear ring of truth.

1. Michael,

I have not read what you have send. I just downloand it and found that it is 23 pages long. But it was you intro. that made me do so. I have known, seen, been, AM, what you have spoken of. I don't even understand the word " Quantum " !!!!

Note: I sent out the Introduction to Grand Universe via the Internet to America On Line members that frequent Metaphysics chat rooms and to other discussion groups similar to this.

I don't read books, I find that books tell of what others believe and have seen for them selfs, and that is good FOR them. those that read the so call books, seem to get so caught up in them, repeating the words they read , making them thier own, As if they knew what they were really were saying !!!!!

I don't go into the meta-chat rooms all that much, because I find that they seem to have a foot nailed to the floor, and all they are doing is going round & round, rediscovering the same thing over & over again , each time they call it some thing else..

I will read what you have written, for you know the truth, about all of us! I just never had words for it.

Thank you, and am looking forward to more.

2. Mike,

What can I say?? Just finished reading your text, and if you started this back in 1956, wish you had finished it sooner!!!! You just described my world, my home, where I live my everyday so called "life."! I was only 17years N.A. then, and feeling like I didn't belong in this world. Fealt like some kind of dinosauria, that time had left behaind. That everyone like me had left this planet, and I had been forgotten!!! Or , did I just get ahead of every one and had to sit and wait for every one.....like me. CONFUSED! didn't know anything about meta./spiritual things. Too afraid to let others know , still remember, what the world did to those like me . By the time I was in my 20's I started to search. I have spended this life time hidding from the world! This why when you see me in meta-chat rooms , I only watch.

Please,do send me more of you writings. THANK YOU. SYLVIA

3. Hi mike,

Thanks , I just downloaded Chapter-2. and have read it again, must say great.! However, must say that you suprise yesterday, when you seemed suprised that I had read Chapter-1 so soon. You see mike, once before , when a group tested me, they wanted to know how I passed all thier tests . Even just flipping thought pages of a book, I knew, what it was all about, and the person who wrote it.

stupid, every one is looking for you. You shouldn't be out here by yourself, something could happen to you." Yes, something did happen to me!

thank you,

much love, and appreciation

5. Hi mike,

So much to tell you, that this is the times that I wish that we could just use MENTAL TELEPATHY, besides, you know that saying "a picture is worth a thousand words."

Josaphina, was a Spanish gypsy, around the 16th/17th century who lived with her grandmother. Very strong will, very free spirited. Had beautiful (so she believed) long wavy reddish hair, light skin, green eyes. Can you imagine, what a shock it was for her, when she first took a peek at her self, in the 1940s!

I had pulled the draws out of this dresser, to climb up to see my beautiful self....never stop to take into consideration that I was in a new body. Or that I had just started to walk. I climb up, and barely cleared the top, fully expecting to see myself at the level of an adult, and there was no one. I search the mirror trying to find myself, then I looked down and there was this brown face w/ black hair, yellowish-brown eyes looking back at me!!!!

Scared me so much that I fall off, bang my head, and then I REALIZED, that monkey looking back at mewas me. Hehe..lol. Go ahead mike, laugh at me ...that Josie, was vain!!!! However she still lives in me. Her strong will, temper and what she learned from her grand mother. I know the void & I use it. It is the seat of creation. I was present when the first word was SPOKEN. But for now, I will stop. There is so very much to the void... Like a whole new world. Will write later to you about it, but so glad that you have written about it. Again, must say that I have never known any one that knew about it.

Friendship and love.

Sylvia (Josphina)

6. Hi Mike,

yes I have been reading and rereading it over and over. I suppose that I am fascinated with the way that you can use words to tell about it.

I know the void & use it, but can never tell any body how, or what. Like knowing how to get to a place, but not knowing the name of the streets to tell people how to get there. Did try once, that's a long story, and won't go into it now. Except to say that I frighten my friend. There is no white blinding light, just darkness.

The void is where I go to every night, when I go to sleep. Otherwise, I feel like I am standing around, waiting for so called morning, to continue with everyday (So called) living. In the void (which

I somehow knew that is what it was called, from the very beginning) is every thing of nothingness. I call it the omega & alpha of every thing. No love, no hate. There is nothing, but every thing.

Like being in a ware house, that has all the raw materials to create what ever is needed. However, It does intensify what ever emotions one may have, as I have found out.

There are different ways of creating. One is what I have named the pool table. You look at the atom?

I always think of it as tapioca pudding, (have you ever seen tapioca pudding) ? Line up with one of so call little balls that is in it, hit it with your thought as to what you want and watch it scatter, each hitting others, causing others to became what you want. It is a kind of chain reaction.

The other way is, like becoming the void. Don't know how to really put into words. People, ask how I remember. Only thing I can say is that one life-time is like a day in the Void. There is no beginning or end to us.

Sylvia

7. Mike,

I always kidd people that they have to take me by what I mean, not by what I say. I didn't learn to speak or make sound, for that matter until I was about 4 years old.

I have had those that have said that it was because the water sign was in my throat sign when I was born. But the truth is that I expected those around me to see what I was saying, just like I did with them. They say I was silent, strange, they seem to have forgotten that I cry out loud as a baby, when they were trying to see if I was born blind.

You see, I remember waiting for the body to be born. I was talking to someone else that was there next to me. I had just finish a job, during W.W.II. Someday I will tell you about that. (We can create a full grown body, if needed, and as many times as we need it). Any way, the ladies, were trying to see if I was blind, so they were holding up those wooden matches to the eyes to see if the baby, would blink or give some kind of reaction. I became aware of this and had to jump in and make the baby cry. Others think that because I am bilingual, that I have an accent, when I speak English. But that's the only languish that I speak, without having to copy any one else.

Anyway, wish you could just be one with me, it would be like being in the same room, and I could put up a slide show for you. All the things you have spoken of, ghost, men/woman perfection/imperfection. All those things you write about that I have experience. I don't know if you can do that. Like with my hubby, there was a time when my children were in 4-H. My oldest girl had sheep, (will try to make it short), dogs attacked sheep, Brent wanted to shoot dogs. I could not punish dogs for being dogs. While he took aim at them, I walked into him, saw brick wall before dogs.

Hubby, realized that they were behind wall and couldn't shoot. By the time that he realized that there was no wall, dogs too far away.....hubby and I had BIG FIGHT.. and Lived happily ever after. You have made me realize that I do belong here in this world. That I can experience life without the guilt. I do not have to be a psychic, read anyone, tell anyone any thing, but enjoy living. Thank you so very much, what ever you have for me to read, I'll take with the greatest of friendship.

SYLVIA

8. Gee guys,

This is so great. Every time I read your work, I feel like I am on a tour, tailing behind Mike while he is going ahead of me saying , “ over here is, over there is ,” and he just pointing out all those thing, as he goes on. There are times I just have to make mental notes because I have to keep up with the tour. But when I stop reading, it is like stepping out of a movie house, feeling full and very satisfy, as if I just finish a big bag of popcorn, while watching a movie clip. No matter how many times I reread the same part, it's always the same. That full & satisfy feeling, of having taken something in to my being-est.

When I read anything, it has always been like an outline. In fact that is what I did, at first with you. Never allow anything to get that close to me, but now I read your every word. There are times when I feel like yelling “wait up, mike. I want to take a closer look .” Only other times that I can recall having a satisfy feeling is when I have lock horns with a neg.vib.Expample;Once was called because young girls was acting different, (make story short).

I looked deep into her, and strange as it may sound, there looking back at me, was someone else. * had see this girl, know her, and person looking back at me was not her. Asked her if there was someone else w/her. And very proud she said yes, Indian spiritual guide. And guide wanted her to leave husband, children, and run off w/ men she had just met. I walked in, told new vibration to leave, it did not belong there. NO, was it's answer. I said, leave while you still have free will, or lost it and became part of me.Those are the times that I fell like I just sink my teeth in and had a full meal. Come out feeling like I need a napkin, to wipe mouth and even feel like bruping. Talk about feeling satisfy!

*foot note. I have trouble with peoples forms/faces, looks. They all look alike....as far as I can see. Only way I get to know them is by their vibration.

Went back to reread about gender. I don't see gender. (which get me in trouble) only another being. As a child, after I saw that I was no longer Jose, I just kept going and became a tomboy. Boys, seem to have so much fun. They climb trees, run and jumped. Girls, cried, were scared, worry about their pretty dress. They seem to be so limited...and still seem to be, as grown women.....sorry Helen, don't mean every one, but in general. And men seem to be just as bad, they seem to be so impress with them self's and with what they have between their legs. Lol, because I have had those things myself, in pass lives.

Any way, what I had started to say was that I remember(?) or can recall a world(?) , society (?). May sound crazy, but here it goes.

It was a place where we all were the same kind of beings. not male or female. but we were different as in energy. we were either positive or negative. much like cables for a car battery. and we all lived in complete harmony with each other, because we were so connected to one another. we never

spoke, because to do so was to create a void in our environment. which Was a big no, no, and whenever there was a gathering of such beings, you could see it from afar, because the area seem to have an aura? Every thing was done mentally. I also feel like I was very young, like a child, so I didn't know that much of what was going on.

Marriages, if you want to call them that, was when a neg. and positive reach out and took held each others hands, causing them to became one. And after that they were always one. Separate but always one.

Then back in the 70's, I went to a metaphysical gathering, there was a man, don't even know just what happen. But It seem like I was transfer into that pool of tapioca and he was in it too. Next, I saw myself as a little girl (4 years) running up to a little boy to grab his hand and say do you want to play? Once I had his hand in mine, I FOUND THAT i was looking into his eyes and there was a smile in them. I knew then that he knew what had just happen. Wanted to talk to him and ask him, but somehow knew that his lady would have had my head if I had gone near him. Which our host, later said that I was right. Because of my confusion, I went outside to try to understand, I felt as if something had been loaded into me or transfer into me. Why did I wanted to take him by the hand and say let's go and play as if we were both children in a play ground. Then I felt them leave, but not before he whisper, It is in our DNA. Which made it worse. Made me want to run after them and tell her I was going to punch her out, if she didn't let me get some answers. But I DIDN'T. Here she is supposed to be so high conscious, and she would have never understood that there is no male or female bit. Just one being to another, say please help me. But that's the world!

Since you mention sex, I will say, that I see it as dropping the world and becoming pure energy. It seems like my husband and I both, became nothing but one mass of energy to where I don't know where one starts and ends. Then it is like we are some where just moving though space. As if we have no bodies. At that moment, I feel as if I just throw my body to one side. Much like undressing my self, only it is my body that comes off. Of course, I have never asked him about that. And if he knew that I am saying and taking about that to you, he would be upset. Because you are supposed to be a man. But, you said that Helen also reads this, so I don't see any thing wrong. Besides what's so sexual or sexy about telling you that I get sooo naked that I TAKE OFF MY BODY.

MMMMMMMM, I was just thinking. Do you suppose that I could someday make it as a center fold for playboy??? Have you ever seen someone without a body? I have. It was back in the 60's. I was asleep, and woke up because I heard someone calling out saying "Hey you physic, clairvoyance, mystic and so on. I sat up, looked around, then became aware that the voice was inside me. There was light in one of the other rooms so it was kind of shining into my bed room, then I saw this mist, very much like heat waves that come out of heaters. There in the middle of doorway, so I went up to take a close look, poke my face up it, then it hit me, I HAD JUST POKE MY FACE INTO someone. I just cracked up, laughing at it. Was a single mom, so no one there to wake up w/ laughter. Asked it who it was, didn't know this person, why me, I am no medium. Told me that the world was very dark, and only light he could see was me. Needed help. Had accident on freeway, and wanted me to tell wife where he had left bank book w/ money for her and kids. Also would I help him go back into the light? But he was just a little spot of energy that went right into me and somehow left. That was one kind of ghost, you might say. But also had a friend who had car accident. Worked with him, one day he took me for a ride in new car. I told him that death also rode with him. He said, every one has to go sooner or later. That was on a Friday, that Sunday, it was as if the tapioca shook and when I looked, I saw

what happen. Saw him next day, confuse, didn't know what was going on. Seem that he didn't know he was no longer w/ us. Well tell you about that later. Then there was a darling old lady. Girl friend was moving to new place, so I went over to see her place. I ran in w/out knocking only to be mat by an old lady with a knife yelling at me to get out of her house.

Make a u turn and ran out thinking I had gone into wrong house. Once outside it hit me, what was going on. So I went in but lady, was not there, so I had to search for her. Found her and had a chat w/her. Poor darling, she was caught in an endless loop. Every night she go to bed, only to get up and find strangers in her home. She had pass away in her sleep, and didn't know she no longer had a body. So I helped her find her way home. Guess that when they don't know they don't have bodies, they present them self's as people.

Almost forgot to tell you about that sex bit, that I makes me more aware of my husband. As if I am always with him. Like if I am in the house while he is outside washing car, I fell like we both are using the same hand to wash car. Well I do believe that I have said enough

Love and friendship to both,
sylvia

9. Hi guys,

Thanks, just down loaded #5, well look at it tomorrow. Tell Helen that she is right. But why do I remember it so well? I'll tell you, just before I came into the world (1939), humanity, had been destroying it self with war. I had a job, duty, I don't know what to call it. But my job was to be there when the mass of humans got destroyed and scatter. I pick them up and took them home. They were being scatter all over the place. So I was going in and out of the void. I played an English nurse, out in the field's hospitals. It didn't seem to matter if my body got destroyed along with theirs, I just recreated it again. After all, you know it is only an illusion. It seems that I belong to a group that has been taking care of mankind. While playing human, and trying not to forget, I have forgotten what I am all about, or for that matter, why I am here.

It is getting late, so I will say good night
once again, thank you.

10. Dear mike and Helen.

Been doing a lot of soul searching, since last contact. Yes, I have being living in two different worlds, you might say. But somehow, it doesn't matter any more. Thanks to both of you, I seem to have that "knowing ," that says, that it doesn't matter. But along with it, I have an inner understanding of both of them. Understanding of all those past "memories" of my home, brothers and sisters. Who were all those being that I use to see around me all the time. Here is

something that I have never told any one until now. Because it seem so unreal. When I started school, my brother use to lead me by the hand, we had to go through the main part of our city. One morning as we past by a store front, there leaning in front was a young boy about 16 years old. He had brown skin, black hair, but the most unusually color of eyes.

It was as if they were almost gold, and there was a light in them, that just about stop me, but my brother just tag on me to keep me going. The rest of the day, it was as if those eyes were in front of me ... all day long! So at the end of school, instead of waiting for my brother to take me home, I went back to the store. When I got there, it looked empty, so I looked in one window as I started towards the door, the boy come out and grab me. He started toward the back door, as he did, we both hear "eeek." put her down, do you dare to encounter the wrath of the gods? He put me down, I was no longer a child, it seem that I had grown and was a grown person standing before her, laughing at her. As if we had been transfer to another place in time. I said, I see, you have not forgotten, ancient one. And if you think we almost destroy you then, what do you think we will do to you now? I seem to know what I was talking about, as if I could see the time, and place. And at the same time daring her to do something. The boy picked me up and took me out, and as he put me down, I felt as if I was being place in my rightful place.

But still, I MYSELF, felt lost, as if I HAD LOST MY OWN PLACE. It took me a moment to put myself together, then took off running. The rest of the day, I kept asking myself, what happen, I don't speak English, was that English she as speaking, what was she speaking, how did I understand her. Why did I say "ancient one," not old, she was not old, she was ancient, like from a long time ago? How do I know that? ALL those thing that kept going thought my mind. Couldn't say any thing to any one, besides already in trouble.

I was scolded, for running off, was told that I could have gotten carried off by who know who, could have come to great harm and so on. Biggest puzzle of my life. Then there was the time I first started seeing people around me. Brothers and I us to pass by an old man's place. He always gave us candy. So one day, when I was by my self, he asked if I wanted candy. I said yes, he said come in, I will get candy for you. I did, he latched door, placed me on bed, (very small body, 6 yrs., looked 4) said wait, I will go get candy. Went into other room. I stated to tremble, scared.

Then, there out of no where was this person, beautiful being, face so bright, looking at me, smiling at me, who said "when you hear the fire truck, ran out side." I look at the latch so high, couldn't reach. But person smiled, and said, we will take care of that. Sure enough there was the fire truck coming with sirens going, right on to our street. Man comes out of room, unlatch door and I ran out. There was no fire, every one asking who called them. Meanwhile, I asked myself, who was that person, were did it come from, I didn't hear a voice, it was music, no, bells, chimes? We,..... there was only one, that I saw.

After that, they were always around. So many things like that that have been part of my world, didn't understand, until now that I have mate you. And if I don't, it doesn't matter any more. I now know that I, AM. I want to reclaim my way of live. That part of my bein-est that I have put away, when I found that others were not like me. Not even in the metaphysical world. They all seem to be so impress with their high consciousness, what I always through should be just common sense. That is why I never ask for any kind of payment when I have been asked for help. It has Always been my pleaser to help other to have a better life. But I will not became someone's physic to tell them such thing as, they will find Mr. right, yes they will have a wonderful live and so on. I well keep on them of the things they need to learn to help them became more of a true being. Does any of this make sense to

you guys? Also have notice that you make reference to Buddhism. Don't know that much about it. But do, in that "knowing" way.

Was going to ask you about the time that I took a moment to pull away from my body. Sat down, in front of window, wanted to feel sun. Pull away and walked to window, looked out, turned and instead of seeing my body, there was a Buddha in its place. Had jewels embedded all along its front going up. Kneeled beside it for closer look, out of left eye was a tear rolling out. Place my palm to catch it, and as it dropped on palm, it turned to a tear shape diamond, hear words, THIS IS FOR THE MANY TEARS YOU HAVE CRIED ONTO ME. Said thank you, and get back into body. But now, that doesn't matter any more. Thanks to you, I know that I am, who I am. Nothing special, or wrong with me, just very common being.

I have not had any response from you, should I have not told you that I knew myself? That, it all has been like the sun. I have experienced the sun, but I could never tell any one how far it is, what it is made of, how hot it is, what it is made up of. Why does it only shine during the day.

I would like to continue reading your work.

My very best to you and Helen with love
Sylvia

11. Hi Mike & Helen,

How are folks doing? Just wanted to ask a short question. Back in the 60's. I was a single mom, found that I could ask kids to let me lay down for 5-10 min. after we got home. So I would lay down and they knowing that I was a light sleeper, would behave and stay there in house. Then I would slip away, to do whatever I had to do w/out the hassle of driving (lived in LA area). Or having to pack them up. (Didn't do this all the time)

One day, I did this. Needed to locate item, so I was going to a mall to see if it was there. However, as I was going into store, I got a glimpse of my self, in the store window. Usually, I was in the store, but this time I am walking to into it. I stop and took a long look at it. Then I thought, gee it looks real. At that moment I stopped, where are my kids? If they are not here with me where are they? Panic set in, Oh no, can't remember where are they? Where am I? What am I doing here? Where did I come from? Where is my car? I don't remember driving! Oh, yes I am supposed to be at work. Min, I thought of work I was inside of building, oops, no one here. (Used to ride with two other girls) We always dropped Jane off firsts next thought, Jane. There I was in her house. She saw me come and go. When I saw her, I thought, SUE! Driver of car, and where I parked my car every morning. Next I am in her house, I see her, but she saw me too. She was getting dinner ready, Seeing that, I knew I was supposed to be home. That got me home. Never again did I do that. As for girls, Jane, went next day, to work and told every one I was a witch. I made fun of her and asked her what was she smoking. Sue, just said, "I knew you are special person, when I first saw you ." Didn't say anything to any one. What I want to know is ... What happen? No other time. Was it because I saw myself and for split sec. thought "REAL." After that, had to watch myself even more. There were times, that I started to turn side ways as if I was going some place, then stopped to remember to take

body. But in doing so, I felt as if I was talking out of my ear! Also found that I kept wanting to go through walls, had to stop myself and say “use the door, Sylvia. You are still human “
love to both,

Sylvia

12. Hi folks,

How have you been? As for me, well, I have been in a state of conflict.

The time for me to return to school, has come up. Must decide if I really want to go back. I find it very hard to be around those that have their whole existence between their legs, or maybe I am just getting too old! (yea, sure, I am as old as the hill, and just as dusty! Right?) Never been one for age.

Find myself in class of 18 yrs. and in their 20's. Little girls who's biggest events are finding someone to sleep with. Called love. Loose so much class time talking about their love experience (sex). As if I care to be invited in their bedrooms. Young instructor, loose control of class and finds herself doing same thing.

Little girls play stupid games. While back got in trouble was send to heard. Where I was scalded like a child. Something about, I had said something about one girl to others. # 2 jumped my case, when I tried to say” no, I don't even mix with them, don't know what anything. She got upset with me, took me to # 1, who also got on my case, when I told her that they were (students) little girls and I have nothing to say to them. That I would never cause them to fight among them self's. BIG MISTAKE! Now in even deeper, had just belittled young ladies. Tried, I am a 58 years old woman, too grown up for such things,” wrong, again! This time , “you shouldn't tell people how old you are, you don't look it and they WON'T want you around them.” OK, next, “ What I am trying to say is, that I have been around, and have learned not to behave in such manner.” So this time I got,” quit trying to use you age to impress people.” So what, I am 58 myself.”

Really wanted to stand up and look down at them, and tell them that they were really angry at me for not showing my age. Every ones says I look 40, who cares, what is age? Don't know what every one makes such big thing about age.

Once, class was talking about young instructor's B-day coming up. She was going to be-35!— Age, catching up, gee, over the hill, and so on. So I looked at her, and said , “ Gee, Susan, now I don't know if I should say happy birthday, or just so sorry you have lived so long, and haven't died, so that you wouldn't get old. Then sat back and watched everyone go mmmmmm. Like a radio lost it's station.

When I get home, I am so very tired. Like I have been walking through, very thick, heavy, Mud. And why I feel like I am trying to find her thoughts to separates them from the others. Just to know what the class is about. Don't want to pull out to far, I became a cold fish! Will tell them, what I know and won't care how they feel about it. Don't know what I want to do. Only that I enjoy reading your work. A whole new world!!!!. I find that I get bord being around others.

So, please, send next chapter. Been waiting for it.

Love and friendship

Sylvia.

13.

Good morning,

How are you, two, doing this fine beautiful morning? Have decided to return to school. Just going to plug in and swim around all those lose though that get in my way. Don't like to take people's free will, away from them.

How ever, have had instructor say to me that I have stopped her on certain occasions from doing things or saying them.....which she felt was good. God is a good cop out. So have had to say "God works in mysterious ways."

We read your story, we can relate to it. Had hubby and oldest daughter on motor cycle, coming up on freeway. When they had front tire blow out, on middle lane of freeway. Happen so fast! I was right behind them in car. We had been going at 70 (speed limit, then) saw them go down and sliding under tires of big truck next to us. Came to a dead stop, put my arm between truck and them, saw truck move over, just enough to miss them.

Thinking of cars behind me, I stood firmly behind my car.(didn't want cars to push my car up on them) same time I see them on a solid cloud(?) ...dough (raw bread dough) not sure. But it keeps trying to spill on to lanes next to me, cars still moving on other lanes. So I find myself, w/ my arms around this dough, pulling it on front of my car, building up big borders to keep them in it. Brent, keeps going in circle in front of car, trying not to drop it. Finally, they came to a stop, but daughter flew off, to middle divider of freeway and on coming traffic. I throw arm out as if to slap cars back, got out of car and ran after her. All happen so fast, no one got hurt, cars stopped, to help Brent move bike out to one side.

Been thinking of person that wants me to write of such things for metaphysical magazine, but first wants to know WHAT I can do. That is so hard. I am sure, that you didn't set out to get out of body, at time of your need. Did you? I am not a physic, I just go into actions at the time I need to. See many things that I would like to write about. Such as the road to San Jose. Saw a physic on talk show telling about it. So much death on it, ghosts, energy and so on. Even had video of meters to measure energy. Said it was dangerous road. Wanted to call show and tell them, been on it many at time. But only saw beauty, the history if humanity. Saw the early Spaniards, being chased by the Indians. But zeroed in on them, saw their thoughts. Regrets, as they took into account their past actions. Despair, knowing that this was their end, so far away from their loved ones. Saw the covered wagon train, that she spoke of. Yes, some didn't make it but others did.

It was like reading a novel. It touched me, as I sat w/ my eyes close seeing it all as we dove w/R.V. on it. It is an old pass, now made in a hwy. Seen so many things that read like a novel.....but then, I don't see death as others do. It is not so final. Just a chapter in our existent.

Have other thing want to write to you about. Thing I have learned about, but for now must get on school work. How ever, would like to have chapter# 6, if I may. Please?

Love and friendship,

Sylvia

From Helen's Grandmother, *Helen Backes*, recently passed away..



We were at her 89th birthday party on July 15th, 2001 and there was much laughter and celebration as there always was whenever we got together with her. Helen Backes expressed joyfulness in all situations and at this occasion she was bright and animated as she related humorous stories about her life. We spent many hours enjoying her company and then we finally left for home feeling content that both she and we had been part of a happy and meaningful day. Sadly, about an hour after we left we got a phone call from Helen's mother that Helen's Grandmother had suffered a heart attack and had been rushed to the hospital. We left for the hospital fearing the worst and we found her there, unconscious and on life support. A first, the doctors could not give us much information about the prognosis of her condition except to say that she required life support at this time to stay alive. We stayed with her through most of the night, comforting her as best we could and then we went home to get some rest. We went back a few hours later and found her still to be unresponsive. The doctors told us at this time that she was in a coma. Over the next three weeks she lay there, her consciousness rising and falling in small degrees. She was unable to speak or move. Occasionally, a glimmer of awareness would appear in her eyes, but would quickly fade. We were now visiting her in shifts, day and night, sometimes a few of us, sometimes all of us, Helen was there almost continuously, talking to her, reassuring her, wiping her forehead, applying lotion to prevent bed sores. The doctors told us that she would not recover, that they had done all that they could and that the life support apparatus was all that was keeping her alive. One night we all joined hands around her bedside, holding her hands tightly – her eyes were open – and she was aware to some small degree – and the words poured forth from us; **“The hell with the doctors! The**

hell with the machines! You take your strength from us! ...as we are all undivided from the one true God ...and you come back to us!”

We know that she heard us because she rested more peacefully after our declaration of solidarity. Her heart rate evened out and her breathing was less labored. After a few more days, we had her moved into a hospice area of the hospital, where terminally ill patients are given comfort and peace, with a minimum of medical intrusion. I sat alone with her one night, holding her hand and I told her that we were going on a mind walk together through the void. I pictured the two of us in my mind and spoke aloud to her visions of meadows and flowers and beautiful stars around, above and below us. I told her not to worry about her family, that her daughter would be ok, that Helen and Freddy, her grandchildren would be ok, that her dog, peanuts would be ok. I promised her that I would look after everyone and that I would make sure that they would always be ok. I told her that God was all around her, above her, below her and in her. I told her that everything she saw, *including herself* ...was what God is. Her eyes were now wide open, following me as I spoke and she appeared trusting and content. I told her that it was ok for her to go, as all would be cared for here – that I would make sure of that. I gave her my promise and I heard her joyful contentment and soft laughter within me.

About an hour and a half had passed as we walked and spoke through our mind's unity and finally, when all was said and done I told her to close her eyes and to sleep without worry ...and she did. Two days later we finally convinced the hospital to take her off of life support and she continued to breath normally and without distress. She lasted two more days and then she passed peacefully. I was at home the night that she passed. I woke up that night at 3am, hearing her voice. The feeling that I had of her presence was compelling. She said that she had something to tell me, that it might seem complicated, but was actually quite simple, if I would only concentrate and listen carefully. But alas, I thought it was me, thinking inside of myself because of all of the stress that we had been going through, and so I momentarily dismissed this communication and fell back to sleep. At 6am, Helen, my wife awakened me to tell me that the hospice had called and told her that Grandma had passed away. I was angry with myself that I did not heed my inner voice ...which was *her* voice ...but I was also joyful and content in the knowledge that Grandma was in a place of infinite happiness, as I saw her in my mind's eye ...dancing among the stars.

On this day, my wife Helen while grieving for her Grandmother, prepared with other wildlife rehabilitators to transport 25 young raccoons to a safe haven hundreds of miles from where we live. Through her tears, she and her friends loaded them into two vans and off they went. About halfway through her trip, Helen heard Grandma's voice in her head saying "slow down"! ...and she did. In the next second,

cars were crashing in front of her and wheels were screeching in back of her, but she and her friends were untouched. After she passed the accident site she noticed that the parkway median was bright yellow, *shimmering and undulating* as far as the eye could see **...and then it flew up!** The whole median lifted off all at once ...and there were millions of yellow butterflies rising together in unison *...as far as the eye could see* ...and Helen knew at once that Grandma was happy ☺.

Helen and her friends and all of the raccoons now arrived safely at a beautiful soft release site. They were warmly greeted by the owners of that property who also lived there and provided food, shelter and recreation for all of the wildlife that came to them. They had three huge raccoon pens set up, each containing lots of food and water and various shaded shelters within, lots of toys ...and a swimming pool! The raccoons were introduced into the pens and they immediately began to play, jumping in and out of the pool, wrestling with each other and throwing and chasing toys in all directions. It had turned out to be an amazing and magical day. The sun was going down now and as Helen and her friends prepared to leave she noticed three chairs sitting in front of the largest pen. The sky glowing amber, red, and deep purple as the sun set, trees and flowers speaking through gentle breezes ...and Helen looked at those chairs.

Only two people lived there *...but that third chair*, if you looked at it just right, shined most brightly, twinkling and undulating through the mist and dappled sunlight. Grandma was there, laughing *...shimmering with love and joy*.

A few days later, my son in law Michael came to me and told me that he had also awakened at about 3am the night that Grandma passed away and he felt that he had a message from her within him, but he was having a hard time expressing it. As we spoke, exchanging tacit underlying thoughts, concentrating as hard as we could to get those words out, Mike said, “I think its something like – when you show kindness, you get kindness in return, like – what goes around comes around, but really you create kindness in the person you are showing it to and so the effect is immediate, even though it might take some time to come around”. ...And then I heard Grandma’s voice in my mind speaking as she always does, starting with a “*well...*”, when she is about to explain something; “*Well...*”, she said, “**Its not so complicated ...its really very simple. Know that the Universe loves you and know that all people are a part of this. Assume therefore that you are loved by all ...and then you can love everyone and anyone ...unconditionally...**”

Michael just stared at me for a moment and said; “that’s it”.

Grandma touched every person she met in a positive way ...even in death. The hospital had never moved a person on a respirator into a hospice area. They had never removed a respirator from a terminally ill patient while that patient was still alive. Grandma paved the way for others in her condition to be given the dignity of passing away naturally while still in a hospital, that extreme measures of medical care should at some point cease, and only the comfort of family and friends should remain. During this entire situation we all wondered why she had to suffer so long and linger in such a semi-conscious state. We prayed that her suffering should end, long before it actually did, not knowing how necessary this condition was to her ...and to us. We could not see, while she and we were going through this, how meaningful this experience would be for all of us. Over this 5 ½ week period, through intense emotion and continued communication with her, speaking to her, praying for her, listening to her voice in our own minds, we were all brought to introspection and then to enlightenment. We all explored our own views of life, how we act towards others, in these our *own* fleeting moments of life ...and our consciousness was raised to higher understanding. Grandma went through what appeared to us to be a difficult time, but what actually turned out for her to be a gentle transition, a *preparation* to move from this life into the next.

Grandma did not want a funeral with a wake or casket, nothing fancy. She preferred cremation as the simplest way of disposing of her animate form. Her family gathered around her body one last time. Each one of us wrote a letter expressing our love and wishes for her continued happiness in her new existence. These letters were placed with her body as it went to cremation. We will spread her ashes into her beloved garden and there she will no doubt continue to forever instill her joy and magic.