

Realms of Light

*Clairvoyant Experiences
of Life After Death*



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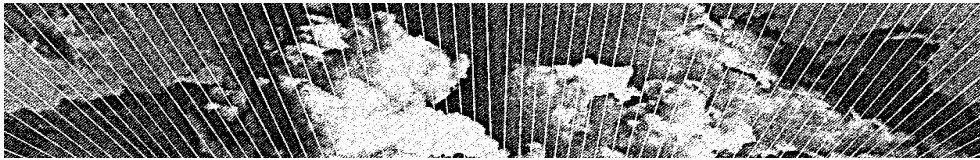


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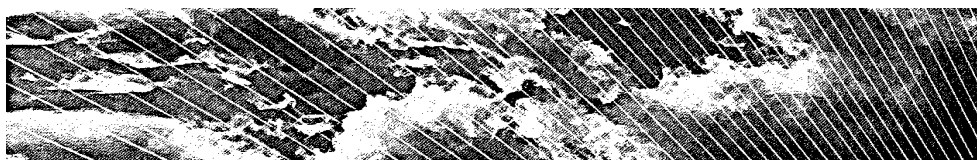
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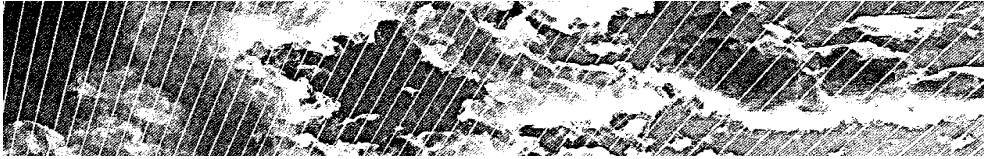
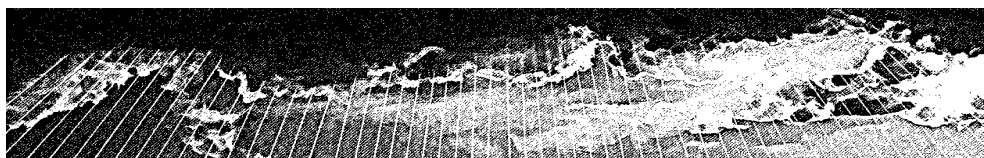


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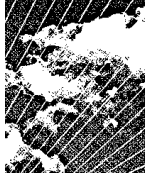
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PREFACE

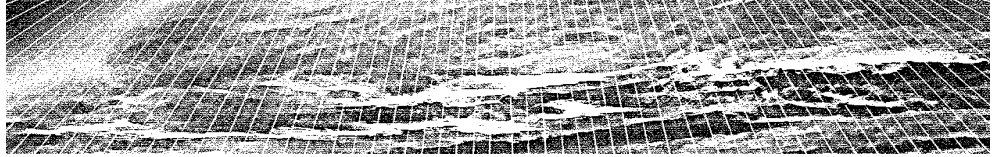
The intent of this book is to speak of other realms and my experiences as a clairvoyant in other realms.

And many of those realms are infinitely Beautiful and filled with Love and Light.

However, had this volume been of a different nature, I could have written endless poetry about my friends here on earth. A page on Eleanor's eyes, another page on the timbre of her voice – the way she walked or sat, the structure of her sentences and the various patterns and inflections of her mind. How her clothes moved as she walked, and folded as she sat. The sounds and rhythms and pitches of her shoes on my living room floor, or out in the gardens, or on the cement and asphalt paths we followed into town. The touch and outline of her hand as she opened the front door or held a book. The inner life that manifested, radiated in a myriad of ways, in the countless words and expressions and regards, movements and sounds that we shared in all the years we knew each other on earth.

All my friends, any person I have ever seen or met or read of – whether it be for a fleeting instant on the street, or a photograph, or in a book or dream, or in my life – all have a uniqueness that cannot be duplicated, not even in part, not in a single glance or touch or word.

This I cannot capture for you in these stories. You yourself will have to imagine what time and space will not allow.



The Journey

*From realm to realm,
we follow and find each other
and we will always know each other
by our Light and by our Love.*

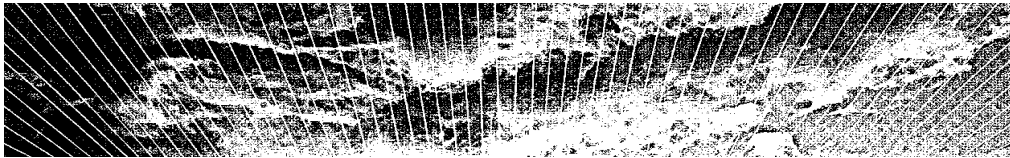
There is no Death, no end.

As God IS

*so we, His frail emissaries
of Divinity and Light here on Earth –
also ARE, eternally.*

For the soul is eternal and immortal.

FRONTISPIECE



INTRODUCTION

In my work with the Distant Healing Network, I receive many healing requests for the pain and sorrow experienced after the death of a loved one.

One of my healees, who later became my friend, suggested that I write this volume. She was struggling to recover from the death of her father, and we sent many e-mails back and forth. In one e-mail she wrote that many people would want to know what I clairvoyantly experienced of other realms and the souls in those realms. After a few helpful communications on the topic of writing such a book, she sent me the following e-mail in the early fall of 2002:

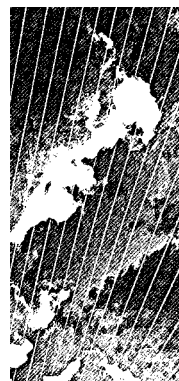
Hi hon,

A friend of mine lost her Mom last year, and she just wanted to know for sure that there was an afterlife, that her Mom wasn't just a lump in the ground now.

That's what we all really want to know with certainty, that they are happy and OK. That death isn't just the end. That we don't die without it being our own time, that we don't need to feel guilty because we think we should have done more in the hospital to save them. You could explain the whole process, where they are, what they are doing. How do we increase the chances of personal contact, personal contact where there can be no question in our minds that it is real. What are some prayers to say for our loved ones. What are some signs we overlook or rationalize away. Tell people what you see.

xoxox Linda

Basically, I have taken Linda's e-mail as the outline for this book. This volume is not a textbook on life after death. Rather, it is a volume of my clairvoyant experiences of souls in other realms, and the experiences and perceptions of others I have interviewed. I do not pretend to know and understand all the Mysteries of the universe. I am also not a Bible scholar nor a



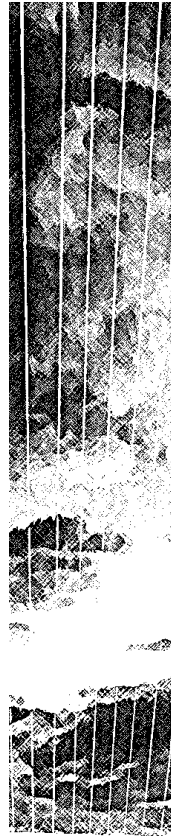
theologian, but only a clairvoyant. The Mysteries of Life and the Soul are vast, no human will ever understand them all. At most, I can only attempt to describe the Glimpses of other realms given to me over the course of my own life, and record the experiences of others.

Some of these perceptions of beings in or from other realms, and the realms they are in, were experienced clairvoyantly in waking state consciousness, others in dream state. I hope that my experiences and the experiences of others in this book will help many to better understand the ways in which we can and do communicate with those we love in other realms – whether we are clairvoyant or not.

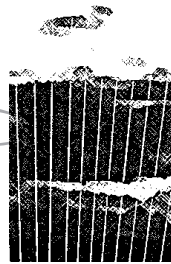
I was fortunate to find many willing friends who agreed to be interviewed for this book. In typing up their interviews I was struck by how we all struggle to find words, find a vocabulary for our experiences. For what we perceive in these other realms is very different from our ordinary life and perceptions here on earth. I also noticed that in almost all the accounts, at some point in the interview the persons being interviewed slipped into the present tense when describing their experiences of other realms – even if the rest of the interview is in the past tense. I think this is because those experiences are so deeply felt, so impressed on our minds, that they seem timeless, eternal in a way. And in describing them, we are once again brought into that timeless place that always IS. You could also say that those experiences are given to us in a different consciousness, and to recall them we must return to that consciousness. I will leave this analysis to the philosophers and theologians, to those who have a deeper understanding and training than I.

ONE FINAL COMMENT

I put the word "died" in quotation marks throughout this book, because we clairvoyants can tell you that no one ever "dies." No matter what realm we are in – we are still quite alive.



My Experiences in Other Realms



SECTION



My First Experience in Other Realms

Although I had often seen angels as a child, and looked into other realms – my first conscious visit to another realm was to be with my father. I was still in college when he "died," and not at all ready to say goodbye to him permanently.

Nonetheless, he left for other realms one night, and I felt abandoned and very alone. It was a dark and scary time for me. I remember standing alone by Quarry Bridge one cold, windy autumn evening and looking up at the moon, feeling a hundred or so years old. And then I had the Dream.

I had always dreamt in black and white – or worse, in shades of grey. This dream, however, was in vivid colours – deep, rich, vibrant hues, and not the shades of colour we usually see on earth. And I have never forgotten the dream, nor the colours. I can step into it whenever I wish.

I had come to see my father, and he was outside mowing the back lawn of a house I had never before been in – and the grass was a deep green of an unusual colour, almost startling in its intensity. It was a sunny, bright day. The sun was a true yellow, like a crayon drawing of the sun, and in the wrong place in the sky for that time of day. Even in my "dream," I knew that I was not on earth because of the position of the sun. After a while my father finished mowing and we both went into the house. My father sat down in a big, stuffed armchair of a light beige colour, and smiled at me. He was young again, youthful and healthy and trim, with blond hair and piercing blue eyes. When I knew him he had dark black hair – but as a younger man in his twenties, he had been blond.

He smiled at me in a radiant way – his entire being was radiant – and we spoke together for a time about various things that I do not now remember. And then he said that he was tired and that he had to go, he had to leave. I went over to him and sat in his lap and hugged him, and hugged him again, begging him to stay longer. He smiled a little sadly and said that he must go.

That is all I remembered the next day.

When I awoke, I knew this had not been an ordinary dream, a psychological dream. I knew that I had really been with my father, that I had met him in another place, a place not on Earth.

Years later, walking down the street one day – I felt his presence walking next to me, and we conversed. I heard him speaking, not outward-

ly, but more telepathically. I believe he was telling me that he was going to yet a different realm.

Shortly after this I had another Dream. In the segment of this dream that I could remember, I was on a train. Trains for some reason often show up symbolically in these "other realm" dreams, either conveying the passage of time or that the loved one is changing realms, going to a different realm – or that we are changing realms or changing consciousness – and I knew that my father was outside the train and that he had reverted more to spirit than the bodily form I once knew. And that my visit with him was over, I was going back to Earth.

 *Daniel*

I was in my late twenties, teaching piano and giving concerts, when Christopher and I created an artists' commune on State Street. I had met Christopher in the bagel store one day. He was a violinist, disheveled and thin, about my age, and he had just arrived in town. He was homeless and broke, so I brought him home with me. Christopher came with all his belongings: his violin, which he wore by a strap from his shoulder, and a knapsack, which was filled with violin scores and his clothes.

My little house on Buffalo Street was too small for us, so we began to look for a house that we could share with other artists. The State Street house seemed perfect, and the rent was only two hundred dollars a month. I signed the lease, being the only one with an income, such as it was – and we moved in.

The house was of an unusual architecture, as many of the old houses in Ithaca are. From the outside the house was not spectacular. Mainly it was in disrepair. More tall than wide, it had two gables with light-coloured stone mosaics and some scroll work, and a good sized wrap-around front porch. Stained glass windows formed the top panes of both front rooms; a small roof to the third story jutted out perhaps six feet and formed a balcony of sorts. Even from the outside, doors and windows seemed to be everywhere, in the most unlikely places, giving the house the overall helter-skelter appearance of a house you might find illustrated in a volume of fairy tales.

It was the interior of the house that most intrigued us. We first entered a glass enclosed entryway with built-in seats and places for shoes and boots. Inside, a labyrinth of high-ceilinged rooms and oak doors opened into other rooms and unpainted oak staircases wound through the house seemingly from all directions. Stained glass windows threw their coloured patterns from above the front door and the landings, and rooms with hardwood floors seemed to materialize everywhere, tucked into corners and along hallways. Two large living rooms faced the street; their French doors opened out onto a wide hallway, lined entirely in oak. This hallway led to another hallway, which led past several more rooms, and eventually ended at the downstairs kitchen.

Upstairs rooms opened onto other hallways and staircases, and more rooms of different sizes and shapes seemed to appear wherever we turned along the meandering hallway. A trap door that led to an unfinished attic stood at the top of the staircase leading up from the kitchen. The back downstairs porch led to slate paths banked by low stone walls,

from which wild columbine and vines in tangled profusion grew in spring and summer. These paths wound around the house to the street, and a field of red poppies filled the small back yard. There was a small patch of grass for a front yard, and a thick row of hedges, five or six feet tall, shielded the house from the busy street.

Christopher moved in with his violin and his knapsack filled with scores; I at least had enough possessions to fill my small front room just off the eastern living room. The room was perhaps ten feet by twelve feet in size. It held a single bed, and a small wooden dresser that I had brought with me – and not much else. The walls were painted a light creamy yellow, with a few scattered crayon marks, and various smudges and dents from untold past encounters with either humans or moving objects. I began to write Zen koans and short poems on them in pencil. Eventually friends would enter and then follow the walls around the room, reading as they went. One door opened out onto the slate path which led to the street, another opened out onto the downstairs hallway. Christopher chose an upstairs room overlooking the back staircase. This was our new home.

Before long other artists asked if they could join on. Within a few months we had added a poet, a flutist, a writer, a calligrapher, a photographer, two additional violinists, a singer – and two painters who chose to live in the unfinished attic.

Soon both living rooms contained beautiful grand pianos, loaned to me by friends who had left town. The living room just off my room held my Chickering grand piano. A Steinway grand, a Mason and Hamlin grand and a harpsichord that friends had left with me for safekeeping were in the other living room. Both living rooms had window seats, which my students used while waiting for a turn at one of the pianos – later I was also loaned a Steinway upright piano which we put in the photographer's room at the end of the downstairs hall. During lessons I went from room to room teaching small groups of children. A visitor might enter the house and hear Czerny exercises coming from one room, a Mozart piece emanating from another and students playing duets on two pianos coming from a third room ... with other students practicing their note reading in the window seats and quizzing each other with flash cards.

To try to organize the running of this large household, we made a list of all the chores that needed to be done weekly, and divided them up among us. The poet read his new and old poems in the kitchen while we prepared dinner, and the artists who lived in the attic sketched some angels by the telephone in the back hallway and painted us whenever we would hold still for them. The rest of us practiced our instruments, or followed our muse more quietly – with ample philosophic and artis-

tic discussions at all hours in the kitchen. Visitors were a constant source of companionship and interest. The rent per person when the house was full was less than twenty dollars for each person, and some of us still struggled to find enough money to pay it. Often some of us would pay someone else's rent as well as our own.

It was here that I met Daniel. Tall and thin, handsome – with dusty blond hair and deep amethyst, almost purple eyes – Daniel was a friend of one of the painters upstairs. We spoke occasionally, but had no true conversation until the night before he died. And that was only because I generally stayed up late, sometimes until dawn, reading or practicing or meditating, long after everyone else in the house was asleep.

Daniel came into my small downstairs room well after midnight that night. I looked up from whatever I was doing to see him in the doorway, half in and half out of the room, leaning on the doorframe. He wore a haunted look that pierced my very being. He smiled sadly and quietly asked if he could come in, if we could talk. Then he began to speak, first in sentences, later in fragments. At one point he began to cry. Later he both cried and raved, and paced my room, and paced the room again, walking a few steps in one direction and then abruptly turning back – as though physical movement would somehow allow him to escape the torment of his thoughts. This went on for hours. He talked about his life in broken sentences – his disappointments, his fears, his anguish – occasionally he would wait for me to speak, or would ask me poignant questions. But as the night wore on I existed less and less in his troubled world, as though I slowly faded as he became more and more trapped in his own thoughts. At one point he took the blanket off my bed and wrapped himself in it – and then he continued pacing the room, wrapped in the blanket, draped in it like an old wandering mendicant or monk unsuccessfully warding off the cold. He was mostly incoherent now – although fragments of rational thought still remained here and there – and finally he became angry, and easily put his fist through the plaster wall. That slash was there until I left the State Street house, a constant and painful reminder of that night. Near dawn, he began to repeat that he wanted to start life over again, he wanted a new body and he wanted to start over. At this point – it was now five in the morning – I woke the whole house, going from room to room, telling everyone to wake up and meet me in the kitchen because Daniel was going mad.

He was taken upstairs and put in someone's bed while the rest of us sat or stood around the kitchen table, half asleep and half dressed, and discussed what course of action we should take. No one around that table knew exactly what to do. We struggled to find answers to a problem we barely understood, as we weighed the various solutions that were presented and voiced around that old wooden table – like counterpoint in

a Bach fugue – each voice listened to and compared with other tired and sad voices already spoken. The theme "what should we do" inwardly repeated in all minds, minds barely awake, and our sad and tired individual minds wondered if all our minds could magically join, unite into one large mind, perhaps then the answer would emerge. We thought and spoke together until past daybreak, and it was finally decided that we would take Daniel to the hospital the following day in spite of any objections he might have, so that he could have the care he needed.

Then everyone went back to bed.

The next morning Daniel was gone. We hastily formed small search parties and began looking for him, setting off in different directions. Towards mid-afternoon we all converged at the house and in desperation set a specific hour to call the police if we could not find him. After this short house meeting, I suddenly became so tired that I decided to lie down and take a nap. Later I learned that everyone in the house had gone to their rooms, and had also fallen asleep.

As soon as I closed my eyes, a sort of "movie" made of richly coloured and changing images began to play in my forehead. I was not asleep, I was awake – and I knew that I was still on my bed in my small room at the State Street House. As the movie began, I stepped into it, until it became my entire world. I was now standing on Quarry Bridge, which was several blocks south of the State Street house. I was facing west overlooking the gorge, and Daniel was standing to my right. He was also facing west and he was looking over the railing, into the forest below. Christ was standing to my left.

Daniel was not aware of my presence on the bridge, but I tried to speak with him anyway; I told him that we were going to get him the help he needed – that all would be fine again one day if only he would be patient and give life a chance. I begged him to return to the State Street house, and even tried to take his arm and pull him back from the railing.

Christ then came over to me. He began to speak and as He spoke I saw Daniel's entire life, and the Plan God had had for him – and what Daniel had done with that plan.

We were looking out over the gorge now, into the sky – and visions kept unfolding there, my life and the Earth's life and destiny, the destiny of all creatures of Earth and perhaps even of other realms – they all seemed to unfold with great precision and clarity in that sky over the gorge, and Our Lord waved His Hand across that patch of sky to change the visions there. And in those visions were condensed an

untold number of words and images that encompassed the Truth and Wisdom of all lives and perhaps all worlds. This part of the vision I cannot clearly remember – as though Christ had put me in a higher consciousness to explain these things to me, a consciousness that I can no longer access.

Before I knew it, I was traveling very quickly through a dark tunnel. At the end of the tunnel was brilliant white Light, and I jumped, threw myself into the Light. This was long before I read accounts by people who had known near death experiences – I had never heard of this tunnel which leads to white Light when people "die."

I remained there, in the Light, for some time before the scene again changed. Now I was in a blue world; everything in that world was a beautiful blue I cannot describe, we do not have words to describe that blue. I was beneath Quarry Bridge, in the gorge, but I did not yet know where I was. I only knew that I was in a forest made of beautiful blue Light. And Daniel was there. He was laughing and running towards me; he was as joyful and exuberant now as he had been agitated and tortured the night before. We hugged each other with relief and love and then began playing a children's sort of game, like tag, chasing each other and laughing in the forest, hiding behind trees and playing with childlike joy amongst the beautiful blue trees and ferns and wildflowers under the bridge.

And then the scene changed. The world was no longer blue. Now I was sad and alone in the gorge under the bridge – and I knew where I was. I now saw Daniel's body lying on the ground, where it had fallen from the bridge. And the sudden realization came that Daniel had jumped from Quarry Bridge. And that I – in some mysterious way – had jumped with him.

As I tried to understand all this, something again abruptly changed. The world was still its normal colour, except that now it seemed again to be made entirely of Light, this time white Light instead of blue – clear, radiant Light, Light of a crystalline clarity and intensity. I looked around me, filled with wonder and awe. Daniel's body was now a bit further in the distance, still face down on the ground. And as I gazed at the body lying so still and inert on the bed of the gorge, another, more transparent Daniel arose from the body lying on the ground and began walking away from me into the distance. Where he was walking was in a different realm, for he was walking towards a different horizon. This new horizon had no spatial relation to my world of Light in the forest at the foot of the gorge. And as he walked away from me into the distance, I was filled with an indescribable Love for him, greater than any love I had ever felt for any other human being or creature on Earth. An inexpressible Love for a young man named Daniel, whom I

barely knew, and would never see again on Earth – a man walking into the distance without even looking back, for he was already in another realm and no longer aware of my presence. None of this mattered. I loved him in a way I had never before known, or even envisioned.

And as I stood there filled with this new indescribable and powerful Love – I wondered if I was in Heaven, where all beings love each other always, for the Love seemed to be everywhere. The trees were made of this Love, the stones of the gorge were this Love, the air itself was this Love. The Love was so strong, so powerful and all-pervasive, no negative emotion could exist, could even surface, in this place where I was now ... and then I lost consciousness entirely, I must have fallen into a deep sleep.

When I awoke I was back on my bed. I went into the hallway and called out to the rest of the house. They came slowly and half asleep, singly and together, from their different rooms of the house into the downstairs hallway. I told them simply that our friend Daniel had done what we had most feared – he had jumped off Quarry Bridge.

One of the musicians called the police, to tell them that they should look for him in the gorge under the bridge. We were already crying when the police came to tell us that they had found him there. While the police were questioning us in the kitchen, someone took me aside and whispered that Daniel's fiancé planned to throw herself off Quarry Bridge, and that the painters and the poet had gone to bring her back.

I hardly knew this young woman. She did not live at the State Street House with us. Someone from the house had telephoned her, and she had joined the search parties and waited with us in the kitchen for news of him. She was a bit younger than Daniel, perhaps nineteen years old. The painters and the poet brought her back to the house and put her in my little front room with the Zen koans penciled on the cream-coloured walls and the gash left by Daniel's fist. She had fainted, and they so very gently and tenderly draped her onto my bed. I can still see this, as though I am still standing in that room. The poet leaned over, and gazed at her with indescribable Love. The rest of us stood in the doorway or in the hall or in the room itself, each in our own thoughts and feelings; I inwardly knelt before the scene – because it was a continuation of the tragedy and yet it was life here on Earth, life under our earthly sun and not in the shadows and gap left in our minds by Daniel.

We left the painters with the young girl, and went into the kitchen to outline our future plans. We quickly decided that the young girl was never to be left alone, and that we would take turns being with her – every hour of the day and night. We drew up almost equal shifts around the clock, and divided them up amongst us. I believe I chose two a.m.

to five a.m.. At five a.m. I woke another person in the house and at 7:30 a.m. she woke still another. We did this every day for at least a month, perhaps longer.

Looking back now, I see that this plan was partly a way of showing our love for Daniel and atoning for our mistakes with him. At the time, I don't think any of us consciously saw this – I certainly did not. We only saw the young girl who now wanted to end her own life, and we wished to prevent it. Most likely in today's world, we would have gotten the sweet young girl therapy. But that was not the first solution in those days; it was still a fairly untried avenue. We were ten or so artists, struggling with our art and trying to make a living from it, young and inexperienced in life – thrown together for the sake of security and companionship, now facing the aftermath of one tragedy and another potential tragedy, all in the same day. The day before, my most pressing worry and gravest responsibility was to not play the Liszt Hungarian Rhapsody I was working on too fast for my fingers to articulate clearly – and suddenly I had lost one human life in my temporary care and might now lose another. And this was true for every person in that room. The painters, the poet, the calligrapher, the photographer, the other musicians, the writers – we had all lived until this day, in a world under our control, in our art forms. The painters' world was in their canvases, the writers' in their notebooks and typewriters, the musicians' in their scores – we had all walked through a new door together, and were already on the other side of that door, trying to accustom our eyes to the new light and our feet to the new floor and our surroundings – which were vast and dimensional compared to the world we had now left behind. Yes, the decisions came easily now – the young girl would stay with us and be watched day and night for however long was needed. But beyond that easy decision were landscapes and paths and cities, inwardly and outwardly, that we had never seen, never been to. There was no conscious map we had followed to get there, we had fallen in and over the doorstep, each in our own way, with only our good intentions and our hearts both open and torn asunder by the day's unfolding occurrences.

I began to write songs for Daniel, a song cycle. The calligrapher looked up the symbol to summon the angel who prevents suicide in an old book he had, and drew the symbol on the door to my room. The painters in the attic painted new pictures of angels, this time on the walls of the kitchen, where the young girl spent many hours of each day.

I began a new Chopin Etude, his last etude, which was published posthumously. And still when I perform or play that piece, I am torn between realms with Daniel. Parts of it I still play almost like a lullaby – a lullaby between worlds, as though rocking all realms to sleep, into

Peace. This poignant sadness builds incredibly in intensity and volume in one section, but the triplet motive remains, and I stretch it in this section to bring the intensity of grief to its utmost, before it again drifts back to its beginning motives and melodies and quiet sadness.

Our worlds would never be the same. Perhaps we had left our youth behind. Perhaps we intersected briefly for this one unstated purpose and no more, as a path we traveled together for however many paces and miles before parting. For myself now, it feels more like a past life than a portion of this present lifetime, or events in another realm more than a portal within this life.

I cannot speak for the young girl or for the others that lived in the State Street house during those months. I had never doubted that we existed, in some form, as pure spirit, before we came to Earth. Nor had I ever doubted that we would travel to other realms after our lives here were finished. But if I did have any fear or doubts about the eternality of the soul on some deep, half-conscious level – they were forever quelled, extinguished, in this experience with Daniel.

My own transformation took many years to understand, if I even understand it now. I had been clairvoyant even as a child – but now the emotions and thoughts of others became a physical presence, a physical experience for me. I began to feel the energy currents in a person's body more clearly than I felt their physical frame. If I put my hand on someone's arm – I will feel their inner energy more strongly than I feel their arm. The term for this I discovered some twenty five years later. It is called clairsentience.

*We think that our thoughts and unexpressed
emotions are private, and that they therefore
have no effect on the world around us,
but this is not so. They might be unspoken,
but they radiate out into the universe.
We are setting an energy force in motion with
our thoughts and the emotions that arise
from those thoughts. That force must
then obey certain natural laws of action
and reaction. The world, in this sense,
is what we humans make it.*

At its highest, clairsentience helps me to distinguish between the thoughts and emotions a person carries and the life and communications of the soul. I might say that this clairsentience, combined with my clairvoyance, often allows me to consciously communicate soul to soul rather than through words or by the usual avenues of the personality – i.e. through speech, emotions, thoughts, behavior. We all communicate soul to soul; we are all deeply connected on the soul level. But in most people this connection and interaction is not conscious.

My clairvoyance eventually helped me to see through this material reality to the substratum of Divine Light behind it, the Divine essence of this universe.

How this quality of clairsentience arose from my experience with Daniel I do not know. I only know that it is connected in some way to the place I entered in the spiritual Heart, after I jumped into the radiant Light at the end of the tunnel, and after experiencing the blue and clear realms of Love and Light.

*With this understanding of Divine Healing,
I was now able to send Healing to the
darkness and pain I saw in many
of my fellow humans, rather than recoil
from it, or take it into my own being.*