

Life Is No Coincidence - The Life and Afterlife Connection

Parents hand down their beliefs to their children. In the name of love, my parents portrayed images of what could happen if I explored this dangerous world without sufficient self-control and boundaries. Thus, my childhood was constrained by fears, some real, others imaginary. Thinking about it as an adult, I believe that in actuality, they hoped to preserve themselves, as well as me, from their deepest dreaded fear, the ultimate catastrophe-death. Fear of mortality imposed a limited life.

Apparently, I did not totally assimilate all their teaching for I was still experiencing happiness. Being young, I certainly never thought that the grim reaper was lurking anywhere near me. I felt sorry for others dealing with sickness, injury or death, but I felt insulated from those concerns.

Then, one night in 1993, I had a dream. Or, was it an apparition? I did not understand it, but I knew it was real. My grandfather had been dead for thirty years, yet he was there in my bedroom. I felt him standing at my side. I knew he was telling me, "You have to write something for your father." The day after this happened, my father passed away. No childhood fantasy, this life changing experience happened when I was an adult. Since I had been taught there was no afterlife, nothing in my background offered any help in comprehending how it was possible. But it haunted me.

I never fully understood how I felt about the visit from my grandfather, but years later I was led to a book, *One Last Time*, written by John Edward. I learned there is no death, only a transition to another dimension of reality. Physical death does not destroy the essence of who we are: the soul and spirit, the memories and connections to those on the earth-plane. I was relieved, but felt sadness for my parents who had endured an enormous fear of death.

John Edward was a medium. He helped people who suffered the loss of a loved one by offering them information he garnered from the energy that surrounds us. He was sensitive to the messages from that invisible world, that spiritual part of our existence. I still questioned where was that place where spirit resided: was that where my grandfather, "Papa," came from? How was a medium like John Edward able to receive accurate information? I knew I needed to meet John Edward.

I never had a psychic reading. I didn't know the difference between a psychic, a medium, a tarot card reader, or a fortune teller. My skeptical parents, my husband, even my entire family would never had entertained the idea that anyone could get a message from the dead. In fact, before Papa's visit, I would not have believed.

My entire life and education had prepared me to have proof for any statement of decisive thought that I shared with another. What if these mediums were charlatans or scam artists?

I knew my grandfather, William, had spoken to me. He gently had tried to soften the pain I would experience upon hearing of my father's passing. He knew me as the sensitive, loving grandchild he had held high in the air and spun around with complete abandon. I always loved seeing him, listening to his husky Russian accent; I was one of his favorite little grandchildren.

"Papa," was there in the still darkness of that night to reassure me, with love, that he was all right and that my Dad would be all right also.

If he had survived death and could bring me knowledge of an event that would happen in the future, the death of my father, then where was Papa and how could I communicate with him again? That small moment in time, that dream or visit from my Grandpa was enough to set me off on a quest, a journey to discover who could help me find answers to newfound questions. I wanted to believe. Even though I was not always fully aware of what was happening along the way, synchronicities and coincidences, on a daily basis, guided me one step at a time. I accidentally met people, by chance I learned of things I needed to do, unexpectedly "signposts" were there.

This search to comprehend spiritual communication was also a search for selfawareness, life purpose, and understanding of love and personal interrelations in a more emotionally mature context.

I sent a letter to John Edward. Months passed. There was no response. I postponed my search when I began to sense my mother's time to pass was rapidly advancing. Soon she was physically more fragile; nevertheless, I wanted to share with her my Grandfather's spiritual visit. I needed her to know that the big fear that our family had regarding death was false. Death was not an ending...just a new beginning.

She listened intently as I spoke. She was not as resistant as I had anticipated. Now past the first barrier, I also told her John Edward had received a message from his mother who was already on the other side. Therefore, she and I needed to make a pact; whoever died first must get a message to the other left behind. Days later, she told me she would send three doves.

Through her final illness, and over the course of the next three months, one coincidence after another supported my newfound belief that guides, teachers and loved ones interacted with us from that other dimension.

A nurse's aide, Timothy, appeared on numerous occasions during my mother's hospital stay and offered spiritual support and physical comfort. After my mother's passing, there were many Timothy's continuing to bring me messages, guidance and help to learn the truth about communication with spiritual realms.

Weeks after my mother passed, a dental hygienist whom I had known for years felt saddened by her loss and mine. She had been very young when her mom had passed years earlier. Thinking it might help her, I told her about John Edward's book. With a quick reversal, she was helping me. She had known John for years, had grown up with him in Glen Cove and had had many readings with him. Without another word, she wrote a phone number and told me how I could reach him. Divine intervention or coincidence?

Two weeks later, at a spa in Glen Cove, I received my first reading by a psychic, a gift from the owner of the spa. I was on guard, but Sonia seemed rather "normal." She told me I would utilize holistic healing, spiritualism and yoga. Also, I would take a trip in May, with another woman. I didn't think a trip was in the immediate future.

Several weeks later, John Edward's newsletter arrived. He was having his first Psychic Spiritual Development Week in Barbados, May 1st-May 7th. I had no hint of hesitation. I had to make this trip.

At the Barbados retreat I was unable to get a personal reading with John Edward; he was completely booked. However, I did have a reading with Rev. Robert Brown, from England. A most incredible session, with messages from my parents and other relatives, he offered information, which could only be known, to people who knew me intimately. I already understood that the essence of a human being survived physical death, but this substantial proof from Robert Brown, and the three other mediums who gave me information, was indisputable fact.

I asked Robert Brown what I was supposed to do with the knowledge that there is no death—to me the greatest piece of knowledge that anyone could have. I felt I had to share it with everyone.

Knowing there is a spiritual afterlife could make physical life more joyful and exciting. Difficult times could be endured with courage, fortitude and love. God, his helpers and our loved ones would help us as much as they could but they could not alter the course of our destiny or the necessary experiences programmed into each individual life.

I discovered we are energy and love; we are interconnected to all who participate in our lives. In my opinion, no interaction is random. There is a grand plan, a blueprint to each person's life.

In response to my question, "What should I do?" Robert Brown had said, "Follow me to events." I attended his lectures, seminars and workshops in Canada, Greece, Croatia, Italy, as well as California.

Everywhere I went I found another coincidence connecting each experience to the last, another person with a similar name, significant date, or a story similar to my own. They were new friends of all nationalities, races, and religions, but we had a bond of knowing that there was something more than just this life, and needed to share that story.

These experiences assured me that we are not alone on this journey of life. We are connected to loved ones, here as well as from that other dimension. We all are psychic, and can harness this sixth sense to give us more joy in this physical life. We can learn the meaning of true love and the connection to all the soul mates and soul connections in our circle of family, friends, and business associates.

When we truly understand our spiritual connection to the other dimension, we can become who we were meant to be.

My story is the road I followed—from knowing, as a child, that there was no afterlife, to my adulthood where I learned to "hear" those living in the afterlife. My path was strewn with clues to bring me to the people and places where the puzzle pieces could be connected and pave a well-trodden path to lead me to eternal truths about psychic ability and spiritual communication.

You can rid your life of fear, distrust, and skepticism and manifest a better world for yourself and others. You may find love and greater peace in this modern world that, at this time, is sadly laden with unfathomable chaos and calamity.

When you read my stories of coincidence and synchronicity I hope you will become aware of the similarities in your own life and you will answer age-old questions for yourself.

Who am I? Where do I come from? What do I need to fulfill my life purpose? How can I make life better and find love within myself, so I can honor myself—and then truly honor others? Where can I make this world better? When will I start?

Share this journey with me; meet my wonderful friends, my companions in this life and on the other side.

Learn for yourself the greatest truth since the beginning of time. We each have a soul. We each have a part of God within us. Just listen to it. We need to believe that Spirits can communicate with us. Yes, we are that important!