

They Want To Help Us
Phenomenal True-Life Accounts Of The Unexplainable

50 SOURCES.
IN THEIR OWN WORDS.
REVEAL FOR THE FIRST TIME
100 TRUE-LIFE MIRACULOUS SPIRIT ACCOUNTS.

THOM BIERDZ

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DEDICATION

To the open hearts. To the open eyes. To the open souls.

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While I do share my own spirit contact stories in the beginning and end of this exciting book,
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Thank you all so very much for allowing me to share our spirit stories in one document.
May we inspire a thousand more.

CHAPTER 1 ON 9/10 I SAW SPIRIT RESCUES FOR 9/11

by Thom Bierdz

This Wisconsin native, half-Italian, half-Polish, raised Catholic, a former soap opera star, now a fine-artist, is a skeptic when it comes to psychics. I don't believe most of the psychics I have been to in Los Angeles and I don't believe most the TV psychics either. They seem to guess in a way that they can't be wrong. I didn't believe James Von Praagh, until he told me exactly what I had asked to be voiced by him the day before our scheduled séance 25 years ago, before he was famous. I said to my dead mother the day before, "Mom, if this guy's for real, tell him to mention the blue and green frosting you used to put on my birthday cakes." James kept missing as he read me, guessing wrong things, and I was embarrassed for him, and he was sweating as the seven other people were already read and delighted by him, but I was the hard nut to crack. Sitting in my chair, arms crossed, legs crossed, I tried to hide the disappointment in my eyes. Finally, he said the words I asked to hear and my body relaxed. A breath of relief escaped my tightened face. My eyes were misty. He breathed, knowing he had reached the spirit world for me. The people in the room leaned in to hear why my mood had changed. I could barely get out the words to explain. Those words from him erased all doubt of my mother being "dead." James proved she was alive - somewhere. I know James Von Praagh is legit and he became world-famous soon after this. Maybe other TV psychics are, too. But I'm the type to not believe it until I see it for myself, or trust my intuition.

Still, I have been fortunate enough, and open enough, to have experienced some unexplainable phenomenon.

This account that follows is one experience that people told me for eighteen years to hush. They thought it would damage my credibility as an author and artist. But I can't keep it secret any longer. It is bigger than me. It needs to be told.

On a late summer evening in 2001 I lay in my Hollywood townhouse bed, under the covers, on my back. Next to me was my boyfriend Doug, an easy-going square-jawed waiter, and also in bed were our

sleeping dogs, a Chihuahua and a Shepherd/Beagle. Even though I was allergic to dogs, I insisted we have them. They were like our kids and made Doug smile like never before. My hope was to get over my allergies, but, damn it, at that point I could not. My concerned Dad thought it was the craziest thing for me to challenge my nose and asthma by getting the dogs, but he was used to watching me go against the odds, challenge myself; challenge convention to be sure.

Dad was a patient man, a psychotherapist at one point, and didn't say too much. He listened more. He knew the diverse sides of me. He saw the rebel I was as a teenager, and also, ironically, the over-sensitive man I matured into, too. By that I don't mean I cried at movies, but at movies I would be aware of all those people around me in the theater seats, and their conversations. I paid more attention to their reaction to the movie than my reaction to the movie. That's just who I was; someone who seemed to be aware of everyone's conversations and body language, and someone trying to analyze people's small talk, even hours after they were gone. The puzzle of what they said and what they meant underneath it just stayed in my head, which probably has a correlation to why I paint in twenty different styles today; some very complicated disorientated pieces.

Anyway, back to lying in bed with Doug and the dogs. Over the years I had trained myself to "lucid-dream" at bedtime, meaning that when I closed my eyes I could see a myriad of disjointed symbols parading past my eyes - while I was fully awake.

Science says that the brain files the day away in symbols, not words; not pictures we'd recognize - so for years I trained myself to see these fascinating symbols form and dissolve into others. It was mind-boggling to be sure. For example, maybe a tomato would be a spinning top and inside a kite would appear and the kite would light up and dance and then an elephant's foot would be upside down and then striped in pinks and then a bicycle made of aluminum foil would be in the right corner of my still closed eyes view and then turn into a cane. I just use these examples of common symbols but in truth I only saw what had a personal meaning/subtext for me. These did not happen on a flat screen, per se, but were coming from all directions, at once sometimes. I don't remember the symbols I saw that particular night, or any other night, because they are so instantaneous and multifaceted. The books I read said this was "lucid-dreaming."

When these symbols first started - 10 years before - I tried to analyze what they meant but I couldn't keep up with their speed, and it was such an effort to watch/capture them and analyze each it exhausted me so eventually I stopped trying to figure out the meaning and just enjoy the show. A scientific book explained that these symbols were impossible to decipher with the conscious mind anyway, and not meant for the conscious mind - but meant for the subconscious mind.

How exciting for me that I had conscious access to my subconscious.

This was the most entertaining part of the day for me; like watching a bizarre, unpredictable movie while I was fully awake. After about ten minutes of this I would typically fall asleep and then I assume the symbols would continue as I entered the first stage of sleep.

But on this one unforgettable night, after only a minute into this fascinating parade of symbols did they come to an abrupt halt. This never happened before. Usually symbols layered on top of each other as the time progressed. Never had everything I was seeing just disappeared. I saw nothing - blackness - only blackness and stillness - which by its stagnancy meant that the lucid-dreaming was over. No question about

it.

Yet I was still totally awake with my eyes closed, stuck, startled...waiting for who knows what. Then I saw something so horrible flash in front of my face that I remember needing to forget what I saw immediately. I have no idea what I saw. I only remember having to forget it! And I did forget it! This too, was uncharted behavior for me, as I had never tried so hard to forget anything in my life. Forgetting wasn't in my nature. I was the type to hang on to things and dwell on them, trying to decipher and analyze them, not the type to "need to" forget them. I still have no idea what it was that I saw on that one definitive night but I was more awake than ever, because of course I was stunned and confused why the lucid-dreaming had stopped in the first place, and I was still jarred; frightened; horrified of something I had seen, with no recollection of what it was. My body tensed and I kept my eyes closed...waiting. For what - I don't know. But my mind was never blank before in my entire life. There were always busy thoughts in my head – and now I also had curiosity, but I saw absolutely nothing. I hoped for an explanation but gave up on that rather quickly. Then I hoped for more symbols - but none came. The lucid-dreaming was indeed over. Something strange had interrupted my access to the subconscious. Something dark. Something terrifying.

The only thing in front of me was darkness; emptiness; still and distant. Then slowly an image emerged and it was like I had an aerial view looking down a long curved tunnel, and I could "feel" that from the bottom of this long, long tunnel there was an intense "hurting." *What did that mean?* Nothing like this had ever happened before. But, curious, I lay motionless, waiting for an explanation. I ached along with the heavy hurt emanating out of the long, curved, seemingly endless tunnel.

Then suddenly, from the corner of my closed eyes, a couple smears of light flew into the tunnel! Then a few more light bodies dove in at top speed, projecting so much love and concern that it gave me goose bumps. My empathetic aching was overridden by a feeling of exhilaration. I have no idea where those lights came from - I just saw those little beings dash past my eyes from both sides of my face, and downward toward the hurt. But the hurt at the tunnel bottom suddenly increased, and as it did, more dizzying flying smears of light flew in, along with their "love."

In another minute there were dozens and then hundreds of these lighted entities blurring past my eyes! The love they carried was pure and intense and relaxed my whole body! But the guttural pain in the tunnel still existed which I felt in my stomach.

In a few more seconds, thousands of tiny light bodies dove into this mysterious tunnel of pain. The entire view was flocked with these beings and that shocked me so much I threw open my eyes and I blurted, frightened, "Armageddon!" I was not religious but that word shot out of me.

I looked over at Doug who was sound asleep. I lay awake for hours, petting our sleeping Chihuahua, perplexed. What had just happened to me?! It wasn't a dream! I was fully awake!

In the morning Doug woke me to tell me to come downstairs to the living room and see the TV. A plane had crashed into the World Trade Center. By the time I got downstairs another plane had crashed into the other tower and we all know that the twin towers eventually imploded to the ground, killing thousands of people.

Wow.

I was shown the night prior that these thousands of people who were dying right now in front of me on TV were going to be met immediately by thousands of individual caring light smears (spirit guides?!)

Was this proof of life after death?

Was this proof they did not suffer long?

The tall towers resembled the curved long tunnel I saw, because I was seeing it from above.

What was I supposed to do with this message?

I told my friends and family and the waitresses at Canters deli, where I was then waiting tables – this was between my soap opera fame and artist career. They knew I wasn't the type to make-up stories so I know they believed me but wondered what horrible image it was that I needed to forget seeing. I don't think I'll ever know. Maybe someday I'll go under hypnosis to try to see it again.

I felt compelled to put this 9/11 premonition into my 2009 memoirs *FORGIVING TROY* but my friends convinced me that strangers would not believe me. So I kept it out. But time and time again I felt it deserved to be put back in, and editors convinced me to remove it because it would pull the focus off the story of my family. So I left it out.

But it nags at me.

Why did this happen?

Wasn't I intended to share it?

Since I was a little boy I have believed in spirit guides, or felt watched by invisible entities, all the while feeling protected by them. As I grew up I never felt alone, because, well, I never believed I was actually alone. I always believed there was a world around me, but one which I could not see.

Every day I have asked spirit guides that I have never seen, to be of assistance to me and particular friends needing help. Perhaps the reason I had this vision is because I have always been open to the idea of spirits, and life-after-death. And the fact that I had this vision the night before 9/11 is proof that I had not created this in my imagination. I experienced a premonition of the loving smears of light helping the thousands of dying people the night before the planes hit the towers.

Why?

Is it true that everything happens at once and while it appears as if I was receiving information about the future, I was actually experiencing it in real time adjusted for our Earth-Time continuum?

Many other people have had unexplainable occurrences involving what appears to be spirit guides coming to the rescue so I have compiled this book, a collaboration of accounts from credible sources, to help readers be inspired - and lifted out of their everyday worries.

We can so easily be depressed by bills we owe or romances that aren't working, or demands of work, or family, or society. We carry around stress and get distracted; sucked into a negative state of mind.

This collection of true-life spiritual accounts was compiled to remind us of the bigger picture.

We are not alone.

We are never alone.

“They” are there to protect us.

“They” are there to guide us.

“They” are there to help us.

“They” want to help us.

CHAPTER 2 WHY I COULDN'T FIND MY SPIRIT GUIDES THE WEEK OF 9/11

by Craig D.

All my life I felt presences. Being an electrical engineer, I thought it made complete sense for another dimension of electricity, like spirits, to exist, and having endured a childhood of challenges, I felt guarded, protected, comforted by these spirits. I have to tell you my story about “after 9/11” and how the guides explained it for me. I half-jokingly asked them “Was anyone home?”, because I was feeling really alone for about a week and usually could feel a presence or two around my home. Basically, about 9/11, they told me, without the use of audible words, just words inside my head, that they knew something was coming, but that when it did it came was bigger and more devastating than they expected, so they (yes, they) were overwhelmed. Remember those stories that people working at ground-zero felt the presence of “invisible beings?” Well, my guide friends said there were many, many of those who died who did not know they were dead or what to do next, so the guides were having to try to help them cross over.

It sounds like a Bruce Willis movie, but I believe it was what happened: the walking dead. So many of those souls were taken so suddenly and with such brutal force that they were in limbo and needed help in completing their passage. Yes, the guides were somewhat busy and unavailable (or at least delayed in responding) to those of us here. They’ve told us that while they can see the future, their accuracy is NOT at 100% because every one of us here has free will and that makes everything somewhat “in-flux.”

Many, many people are very curious about the spirit world but most of us are raised to reject it and stick with the old-time religion. Still, they have a hunger for this information and I think really want to believe. All it takes is hearing the right story from the right person and suddenly the world opens up for them! If one or 10 or 1 million people connect with spirit because of these accounts, we will have helped and healed, so let’s do what the voices (the guides) tell us, and share this information. There is not right or wrong, just what IS.



Thom Bierdz: Between some chapters you'll see some of my spiritual paintings. This 9/11 piece is in my Tarot-like book, *THE BLUE X CARDS + 200 DIVINATION READINGS*. To see this in color, or get more info on my books, please go to www.ThomBierdz.com.

CHAPTER 3 SMELL OF DEATH FLOWERS: PLANE CRASH IN 1975

by Morris

Many individuals throughout their life have experienced unexplainable situations. Some that reoccur more than once in their life. They are realistic asking the question, "Why me?" Being reared in Virginia under the guidance of a Protestant father and mother, I was always told these types of situations happen for a reason, and that some individuals were gifted for having the foresight of an event about to happen and the event actually occurs. Today, I am still having the strange occurrence - the smell of DEATH - impending death of individuals. The smell of death that happens when particular flower odors occur. If you are familiar with the tiger lily plant family, you will have an idea of the odor that awakens me when this situation is present with me - generally always when I was asleep. Awakening to a strong odor in the middle of normal sleep. The odor that was affecting my breathing to the point that I must get out of the bed and stand up and try to take deep breaths. My bedroom was the general size room within most brick ranchers. Room for a single bed, dark brown desk and chair, and a brass desk lamp and a stereo phonograph. A wooden framed photograph of Jesus Christ was directly above my bed. My breathing was beyond my allergies-asthma problems. I noticed I was sweating somewhat. The odor I could not figure out was forcing me to feel the need for outside air. Moving through the house in total darkness to the back door seemed such a distance. Down into the laundry room where the backdoors were located and trying to find the electrical switch for the yard light. Before stepping out into the night air (28 degrees) I grabbed my corduroy coat and pushed my feet into my fur lined bedroom slippers. I realized something was really different as to what was happening to me. Cold like death in itself. Looking toward the deep night sky filled with stars, I began to take deep breaths again and then the feeling I was about to pass out. What was occurring was taking place for a reason - was it my time to die? For some reason, I could not move any further.

My mother must have awakened due to the cold air entering the house, as I forgot to close the door. She guided me back into the house, into the kitchen where my inhaler stayed, and forced me to taking

a few sprays. She then handed me a wash cloth that had been rinsed with cold water for the forehead. She was in hopes that the cold water would assist in bringing my breathing and mental senses around. I could still smell the odor - the odor I could not explain! I remained the rest of that night sitting in a blue recliner, fighting the thought of how close was I to actual death.

Was this the actual odor that individuals had before death? If so, did I actually pass my own death, or was this God's way relating death was about to occur - but to whom? After a couple of hours sleep, I awakened looking out our den's large window that overlooked our backyard. There was no sunshine, a very cloudy day with wind blowing the large oak trees. All the grass was covered with frost and had a glistening appearance. With no appetite, I moved from the recliner, but felt absolutely weak throughout my body. The carpet felt so good to my bare feet, until I walked into the kitchen's linoleum floor which was cold. Cold like death I thought. What happened, was something about to happen to someone in my family?

My parents came into the kitchen, and we discussed the issue of what occurred the previous night. I told my parents that it was totally different than anything I had experienced. I was still feeling like something horrible was about to happen, and I believed I experienced the sensation that people feel before physical death. They looked at me as though I just had a bad nightmare that created a breathing situation similar to asthma. But why was there an overpowering odor with this situation? What was this odor? I had to explain that the odor was still with me, but my breathing was better.

My parents were determined to change my thoughts for the day. They decided to take me with them to visit grandfather in the hospital, and go out to the shopping mall to look at some new trousers I was in need of. We never made it to the hospital. At 11:15AM my grandfather was dead. Although he was suffering from cancer, a cerebral hemorrhage struck and out of this world he passed. No more physical pain must my grandfather suffer. The odor that had started during the night with an unusual breathing problem was gone. THE ODOR was GONE! I cried most of the day. I was breathing normally now and the odor was gone.

Mom really worried about me, as it was every time I told her about the odor. I cannot stand the calla scent and as to this very day, I have a phobia with those flowers. This has been with me before I ever went to a funeral home for anyone. In fact, the first time I realized this unusual sensation, I was only 16 - and the first one that died was my Sunday school teacher I truly thought so much about. He was only 42. He died from a cerebral hemorrhage.

He was a funeral director working at J. T. Morris. He had just waited on a family, returned to his desk to finish paper work, and said "I have a terrible headache." That was it. That was on a Tuesday. He was at church Sunday, and his typical self.

He was an interesting teacher. My parents were friends as they got together often and played cards. I told mom to get rid of the flowers in the house as it was disturbing my breathing. I had hay fever bad then. Mom said there were no flowers in the house. I told her I smelled flowers, but it was disturbing my breathing. She asked me what I was upset about. Oh well- you and I know the big issue I was dealing with.

A terrible tragedy occurred back in 1975, and many people were killed in an air disaster. I was visiting a married couple out in Merced, California, the day before I was to return home, that dead smelling odor struck me at breakfast. It was so bad, Thom, that I could not get my breath, and I became light

headed. I could not get words out that made sense (Roy and Toni thought I was having a stroke).

They took me outside and sat me next to their pool - I do not remember leaving the kitchen and sitting next to the pool. One of their neighbors was a general practitioner, and he came over. I was very clammy and shaking. All I was saying - someone is going to die, someone is going to die and I do not know who. I made them all get away from me as I could not get my breath. It was like the flowers were all around me - from my feet - above my head. Every time I looked up towards the sky - the "LIGHT WAS SO BRIGHT" and this went on for over any hour... they all wanted me to go to the hospital. They said I was crying and all that was coming out of my mouth - "SOMEONE IS GOING TO DIE".

Those death flowers chase me - do you understand what I am telling you?! That doctor gave me something to relax me, but I was zonked out the rest of the afternoon. I awoke in the early part of the evening that day. The odor gone - but I had one extremely tired body.

Roy and Toni kept an eye on me the rest of the evening. The doctor left another pill to help me to sleep. Nevertheless, I was awakened during the night, and this time I had to throw up, sweating profusely - and again, the flowers were around me. The next morning, outside I went for air, then in an hour I flew out of SFO to JFK, and changed planes there to get back to Richmond.

Apparently, Roy and Toni had called my parents and told them what had happened and they were worried as they knew my death flowers incidents always resulted in fatalities. I was on a TWA 747 Jumbo from SFO to JFK. We left on time - had an hour and a half for my connection to Richmond. I was flying to Richmond on Eastern Air Lines. Half way through the TWA flight, this odor got a hold on me - I tried my air vent, and asked the lady sitting next to me if she could turn hers my way that I was having a breathing issue. I had to get up and move around.

The flight attendant saw I was having a breathing issue. I told her that I was smelling flowers so strong - was there any shipment of flowers aboard. She said no and took me to the upper deck lounge with some help. By then I was almost in tears and so embarrassed. I told her something bad very bad was going to happen.

The crew had no idea I was an experienced air traveler. They thought I was just overly concerned about the turbulence we had been encountering and expressed I was on one of the best aircraft built. I already knew that, but I could not get away from these flowers. She fixed me a Jack Daniels on the rocks.

In fact, the Captain, a tall slender gentleman, came out and spoke to me for a few minutes. He was full of compassion. I was honest with him, and told him what was happening. Of course, I told him "someone is going to die" and it would be soon. They had made plans to get me to the Eastern terminal as quickly as possible upon arrival at JFK. Well, the drink helped. I was just so worked up. The closer we got to New York, it seemed like that lounge was just full of death flowers. We encountered a severe electrical storm and circled for some time near New York.

We went into severe thunderstorm weather that soaked the entire North Eastern Atlantic Coast. The storm created a situation as where we were in a holding pattern between Ohio and Pennsylvania. Since the weight of the B747 is well over 400,000 lbs., she cannot just land at any airport. The flight I was on was to continue on to Milan, Italy after a 90 minute layover at JFK. Since the TWA and Eastern terminals were

practically side by side, I should have no problem with my connection. But I was really suffering with that odor, but thank God the flight crew was just great.

The remaining few passengers that were in the upper deck lounge with me left when the Captain came out. Just me, the two flight attendants and the Captain. I told him why I was saying what I was saying. He felt with the weather not being good, that had a lot to do with me being nervous, but didn't believe death was imminent.

The stewardess fixed me another drink. I drank it down. I was able to stand, and the two attendants followed me down to the main floor and saw that I was seated. The turbulence became more. The captain made an announcement that if he did not receive permission within 30 minutes to land at JFK, the only other airport we could land at would be Montreal. Boston had closed as the storm front was just beginning there.

The lightning between the clouds was something else. The odor was so strong that I thought I was going to blackout, and the tears were in my eyes - I just knew death was around the corner. With the odor being so intense, I only had to consider this is the day that I will die. I kept thinking about my parents, and those I had just left in Calif.

The aircraft made a steep left banking procedure, and leveled off extremely quick. The captain asked us to tighten our seat belts as the landing may be a bit rocky and rough. As we finally came out of the clouds, a large body of water was below us. Did not know - but we flew right by the Statue of Liberty (sitting on right side). The aircraft engines became very loud and we started descending rapidly. My heart was now in my throat - I looked out the window and a very bright flash of lightning went off. Too close for comfort.

We started down over Jones Beach (Long Island) and the Queens major highway into JFK. To our shock, on the right side were the remains of a crashed aircraft. I knew it had to be very bad as there was so many fire trucks, police cars, ambulances on a much backed up highway. We dropped down to a runway no distance from this horrible sight - landing on a runway not even reinforced for the weight of the 747. The brakes were put to their ultimate test and luckily passed, but screeched at a deafening noise level. My face almost went into the seat in front of me. We came to a complete halt on this runway. You could have heard a pin drop it was so quiet in the cabin for a couple of minutes. The flight attendant that was with me came to me and asked "are you alright?"

Amazingly, the Death Flower odor was GONE!!!

I knew that the Death Angel had been with me, and I was going to witness something that horrible. The death odor CEASED when we passed the crashed aircraft. The down aircraft was an Eastern Air Lines B727 Jet. I was to transfer to Eastern, and the flight crew knew I was. When all was said and done, TWA took me personally over to Eastern in a ground vehicle to the jet way that my aircraft was located. There was only one runway open for takeoffs.

Many of the airlines were cancelling flights. Eastern was one, but also had a few departures. The Richmond flight was full (the last flight to Richmond from JFK for that day). The aircraft that I returned home on was also a Boeing 727 Jet. Exactly like the crashed one. I was so numb, and sick to my stomach, I

was asked if I would like to go to medical department at JFK. I just sat- with nothing to say.

We boarded. The flight crew on the Eastern flight was told about me, and they looked after me. Once we arrived to the long line of planes waiting their turn to take off, we were facing a field of red and blue flashing lights. Morgue vehicles crossing taxiways.

The captain asked that everyone sitting on the right side, (which I was on), please pull down the window shades. We were informed that lightning had struck that aircraft. The internet has the details on crash of Eastern Flight 66.

That June 24th was a day I will never forget. The crash and the odor - those death flowers could have been meant for me as well. I felt I was about exhausted of any oxygen. Could there have been possibly - "a death ANGEL" sitting with me? I was supposed to be back in Richmond at 8:30 PM. I arrived back in Richmond at 12:55 AM.

My friends back in California were very stunned when they heard of the air crash. They called the house at 2:15 AM - 11:15 M PDT.

They just kept saying - my God, we could not believe it. I told them the flower odor was gone, but not until we passed the wreckage. That event of death flowers took the strength out of me for a couple of days. I saw my doctor who then decided I needed to see a specialist in this field. My parents thought a local "head doctor" could be just as valuable to explain these questionable odors.

Was a few years before I boarded a plane and returned to California for a visit.

I took care of my parents through their illnesses, and went to the retirement center to check on my father (dementia) practically every night. He would only allow me to help ready him for bed. To watch both of the ones I loved so much slowly die - there were no death flower odors. I was grateful for that. I have been keeping a close eye on my dad's twin sister. She lost her only child (33yrs old) on Christmas Eve of 1990. She was not married. She lost her husband in 1998 of Cancer - there was the odor of funeral callas (off and on) for ONE WEEK. Again, when it had moved into the strong mode, his death occurred within 24 hours.

Do not send me any callas, Thom.

THEY WANT TO HELP US

ENEMY?



10

OF ENIGMA

CHAPTER 4 CHEROKEE'S CHRISTMAS MESSAGE FROM SISTER

by Don (also known as) Spirit Walker

I am a 65 year-old male of Native American descent, I was gifted at a young age of being able to prophecy and see things others could not. My mother had the same gift. I sometimes talk to the animals for I can know what they are thinking even though they never speak.

I guess you would say I am a traditionalist, I believe in the Great Spirit, and the teachings of the ancestors, as to the stories of Creation, too many to mention here. I believe we are all brothers under the skin, as do a lot of the Native People.

I was born in the autumn of 1954, I had a twin brother who died at birth, (lived 3 days; had a heart deformity), if that was today he would have survived. I also have a sister that was still born 11 months before me and my brother were born. I have 2 older sisters and 6 younger than I, 4 male, 2 female siblings. Which made a total of 11 children, through our raising, I basically was the only one of all the siblings who would listen to my mother when she would speak, and would try to learn of the ways of the people. It was not until I started attending Native Gatherings that I was told I had the gift of walking between both worlds, the world of the living, and the world of the spirits, and thus was given the name Spirit Walker.

I knew at a young age that I was able to do certain things, as was my mother. I could talk to people who had passed and give messages to the ones that they were intended for. My mother knew this and even though she would encourage me to do it, she would also discourage me, for fear of peer pressure, and people's anger toward others who are unusual and special.

It was not until 1988 after mom passed away that I decided to start learning about my heritage, not just Cherokee, but, all the nations that I could. I had the indescribable urge to learn all I could from them. So I would pray I proceeded to take my children and try to bring them up with the values that my mother had instilled in me, (with a lot of objection from my first wife), but, right after my Mother passed in 1988, I

would pray as to why I was left and orphaned, (my dad had passed away when I was 3, and my stepfather had passed away when I was 28).

This went on for many years, I would read books of the Native Americans, watch any TV shows I could find - whatever it took to learn of them. Then I got wind of the Gatherings that they would have called powwows, so I started attending them, as often as I could, and I listened to the story tellers tell of the ancient ways of the people, and how they would worship, and how they loved mother earth, and all things.

One night in 1994 I was I guess in a dream state when in my bedroom appeared to me (now mind you I thought I was dreaming this, but, it was so real) 4 Native American Men, They called themselves the 4 Elders of the Sacred Fire. One of them stepped forward, he called himself Walking Stick, he was donned in all buffalo attire and carried a rattle, and had a buffalo headdress atop his head. He said to me "We come for you, you have a lot to learn my son."

Instantly I was taken to a place, not sure where, it looked like the old west with the bare ground, and Native Tepees in the background, I was placed in front of a raging fire, and I could see all the colors of the flames, the red, yellows and oranges.

But, I thought it was strange that I felt no heat from the fire. Walking Stick proceeded to speak, "You have been brought here, my son, to know of your journey, down the Red Path of life, (I call it the red road). We are the Spirit guides that have been chosen to assist you on your journey. I am Walking Stick, this is Walks A Lot (he looked extremely old and used a walking stick to get around). That is Black Elk, (well, we all know that Black Elk was a great Oglala Sioux holy man) and the last one is 3 Feathers On A Horse. This was a younger man (younger than the others), had a shaved head, what looked like war paint on half his face and he was on the largest horse I have ever seen. Walking Stick proceeded to say, "The Great Spirit has work for you to do, my friend. It will be his work. He will bring those in need to you, and you, with our teachings, will lead them to the Red Road, to follow the path of the ancestors."

The next thing I remember was waking up in the bed, drenched in sweat, and wondering if it was real. Well, I find out that it is real, and I realize that I am beginning to learn more and more and I am able to do things after this that I have not done before.

These 4 Elders have been a major part of my life whenever I have done any readings for anyone or they have brought anyone to me that is in need of guidance. I have been asked by many, "Why are you not charging money for this ability?" but, honestly, I cannot ask a price for something that was given to me as a gift. I just ask for friendship and kindness to be my payment as that is what the Great Spirits teaches us.

I would like to give you an experience I have had and it took place Christmas Day, 2007.

Pam, my eldest sister (eldest of 11 children) passed away on August 22, 2006, after finding out 11 days before that she had Leukemia.

My sister has just retired from being a Nursing Assistant for 37.5 years in June of 2006; she had 2 grown children and 4 grandchildren. She had turned 60, in June of 2006 and passed in August, she was only able to enjoy her retirement for about 8 weeks, and had only gotten her first Social Security check. Pam was the mediator for the rest, she kept the trouble at bay, when one of the siblings had a problem with the other one, and she made it a point to as she would say, "NIP IT IN THE BUD."

Pam took over the role as mother when mom passed in 1988, for some of the siblings depended on our mother it seemed like to breathe. But, Pam also did this for her children also, kept them close to her and Pam always did without so they could have.

But, she liked her beer, did not smoke, but, in her younger days she would be able to drink the best of them under the table. She was ornery and stubborn as a mule, but she was my sister and I loved her dearly.

I also have a sister Barb, who is also a Nursing Assistant, and Pam and her were like stuck at the hip, when she would come to visit.

I have a brother Dale, who is a wizard at fixing automobiles, this he does for a living. Brother Wayne drives a big rig for a local grain company. Brother Ike drives a front end loader for a trash company in Indiana.

Sister Virginia lives in Kentucky and over the years we have lost touch, but, Pam made it a point to keep in touch with all of us.

Baby brother Daniel lives in Cincinnati and works at a loan company as a loan officer.

This is a large group of siblings, but, over the years we have all went our own way, and usually only see each other at funerals when a family member passes. This is such a waste, but, sometimes people put material things before all that is important.

Me: I am a factory worker, have been most of my life, when to college when I was younger, wanted to make a difference, got an associate's degree in Mental Retardation, working with Downs Syndrome individuals, which I still do on occasion.

I have been married twice, the second wife is my soul mate, she now works at a Residence Home for the Disabled/Mentally Challenged, and loves it, and she has done this for many years. I myself was blessed with 2 beautiful children.

There were still 9 living when Pam, passed so now we are down to eight. It was devastation for all of us.

No one could figure out why this happened and I had ask the Great Spirit, and my own spirit guides (they call themselves the 4 Elders Of The Sacred fire) why I could not reach my sister, which I was able to do this for so many others. By that I mean I have been at a friend's house before when I mentioned that someone had passed in the house and that their spirit still remained there.

Many moons ago I walked into a house when my sister Pam and Ron were looking to rent, and I told them of the death in that house and how it took place and where it happened. They checked it out with the landlord and he had not told anyone for fear that it could not be rented. The spirit in that house was not into company or anyone else living there. I had a brother-in-law that passed in 1996, and I was told in the hospital to go and pray. When I did the 4 Elders Of The Sacred Fire appeared to me and in detail told me of the impending death of my brother-in-law and what steps had to be taken that night to make sure everyone could see him before he passes.

I also do have the gift of seeing the Death Angel before someone passes, not the one that is shown in the Dickens classic, or in cartoons or sci-fi. This is a beautiful golden stream of light with a halo at the top and what looks like soft white wings at the side, and I can see its hand outstretched, engulfing the person that is going to pass. I have seen this at least 8 times in the last 10 years.

The night Pam passed I walked into the room (she was in a hospital about 100 miles from where I live), and the doctor informed me that they were going to take the life support off her. I looked at him and casually said, "She is already gone, for I saw her leaving with the Death Angel, and this is her shell. Her spirit has returned home." He looked at me like I was 4 different colors, and sent the resident psychotherapist to talk to me. And again I told them what I saw, they shrugged it off like I was in shock, let them think what they want, I know what I saw.

These are the kinds of things that I experience each day. 3 weeks before Bob Hope died I saw his death, and the death of the Pope John Paul II, and I have seen the spirits of the ones from 9/11 and helped some cross over. If anyone ever watched the *Ghost Whisperer*, some of the things that were on that show can and do actually happen.

When I would team up with a Native American woman that I am great friends with, I would teach a class on the culture of the people and the ways of the ancestors.

But I could not contact Pam's spirit. To this I prayed and meditated, and I kept doing my readings for others and tried assisting them as I have done before. But that particular night - Christmas - I had been praying more.

I pray anywhere the notion strikes me but my sacred spot is in my bedroom by the side of my bed with my native beads. I pray to the Great Spirit the last thing at night, and pray the first thing when I awaken. I will pray at work, in my car, at my computer when I am reading an email, and am not sure what the spirits want me to say I pray for guidance and knowledge to be able to assist this person (whomever it may be) on their life's journey.

Granted I pray a lot and the answers do not come instantly as many people think they should, for the Great Spirit works in HIS time, and in his way. We may think this is the best for us, but, he will answer the prayer in another fashion, to show us, that another way was even better.

I am a firm believer that you can pray anywhere, but, when you want to get to the nitty-gritty, go to your sacred spot.

So – finally I got visited by my sister.

She said, "Hello Goob," and when she manifested to me it was not the Pam that had left a year ago - it was the sister from many years back that looked younger and more vibrant than she had in years.

Let's just say that Christmas is full of miracles. She said, "Thought I would drop in on you since you have been praying for me. Well, I am fine and I have lost so much weight, Donnie I am not sure how they do it here but I look 30 years younger."

Thom, or Little Hawk as I see you, I have explained to you I hope what you have asked for and it is from my heart, that I say WADO to you for letting me be a part of your book.

Pam, from the afterlife, said “Mighty fine, mighty fine, I see that Mary is still working as hard as ever, she is a good woman, and a hard worker - give her my love. Tell her I think it is honorable what you guys are doing for David, as he had no other place to go and the creeps that he was living with was using him.

“Sorry to hear about Deanna and Eddie, and Bill and Annie getting a divorce. The guy that Deanna is seeing now looks like a nice guy. He seems ok; I have popped in on her once and a while. Hell, she doesn't even know I am there.

“Mom is here and man, she looks good, as does Betty. We all look so young, and our dad is here and Donnie, guess what, he has hair! I had never seen him with hair.

“I have watched Tiffany work herself up into a tizzy, and for the life of me cannot believe why. She was always more like the Smith's than my side. David just rolls with the flow.

“I know you talked to Ronnie, tell him that I love him and there will be a place for him when it is his time. Max will be here with me before long, so tell him to be prepared for that. But, let him know that he will be well of any sickness that he has.

“Donnie, You and Barb keep in contact with him for he thought a lot of you guys.

“I see that Barbara and Kenny are back together, she needs to know that I am glad for her.

“She needs to know that the way she is feeling is dumb and I am a lot safer here then I was there. I am free of any illnesses or pain. I do not have to have a heart monitor, like I did, and there is no stress over here. Just sit around and gossip all day.

“Norma is here with me now and is telling me to tell Mary that she never meant for her to be taking care of David, at this point in her life. Norma thought he would have already been gone after Scott passed. She wants to say thank you for all you have done for David and she really loves you, she says you should have known that but, she will say it anyway.

“Tell Tonya and Dave I said howdy, and that I have talked to some of her kin over here also.

“I have been watching over Chris. You and Mary should be proud of him, for being able to do on his own, so far away.

“Well, little brother, I going to get going and wanted to say Merry Christmas to you and Barb and Tonya and Mary and Ronnie, and everybody else.

“Be good. Bicycle. Love you all! Pam.”

Now that was the message that I got! She always called me Goober, as it fascinated her on the gift that I had to communicate with people who passed. She always ended a conversation with Bicycle instead of Bye or Good-bye. She always thought that Good-bye would be forever and Bicycle meant you kept on rolling with it.

SEEER



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MESSAET

CHAPTER 5 A TENNIS PRO'S DEATH AND MIRACULOUS RETURN

by Jim K.

Working as a professional line official in professional tennis events is stressful enough.

On July 3, 2003 I started work at an event in Orange County, California. Since I live in the Los Angeles area, it's a big commute. Another umpire and I decided to carpool for the four days we would be at this event. He drove that first day, picked me up very early. We hit Starbucks and then drove down to the site of the event.

It was long and hot and as the day progressed, I became more and more nauseous, listless, and totally uninspired to do anything. This was not my usual style. I was quite a diligent tennis professional. Later in the day I could hardly function and it was all I could do to keep myself from sitting or lying down somewhere in the grass. As the organizers of this event knew me and my record, they had concerns and sent the event trainer to have a look at me. She took my blood pressure, temperature, things they could do at an event and she advised me that if I did not feel better the next day, I should schedule an appointment with my doctor.

The balance of the day continued the same for me and finally we were able to leave and go home. The drive home was extremely long and I was nauseous beyond belief. I finally arrived home and decided I did not want to eat but took a shower and decided to have a glass of wine to try to settle my stomach and watch some TiVo. It was already well into the evening and that is my last recollection of events until much later the following day.

The next day I was to be the driver and pick my umpire friend up on the way to the event in Orange County. True to form, I apparently got up, showered, dressed in the tournament clothing, and headed out to my sports car to pick up my friend. My route from my house includes many small side streets, hills, etc.. Having driven a few blocks and crossed the main street of San Vicente Boulevard, I proceeded through the intersection and started a downhill descent on a narrow street with many parked cars and apartment

buildings and homes along the way. Again, none of this is any memory to me.

At some point, I lost consciousness and somehow turned off the street directly into the side drive of the West Hollywood Fire Department and crashed into their building, as opposed to parked cars or some other structure - one of a string of many miracles to happen to me very early that July 4th morning. The crash apparently was noisy enough to awake some of the firemen who found me and my crashed car in their drive. I was clinically dead at the scene with no heartbeat. Because of where I was and the training for the firemen, they were able to restart my heart and transport me to nearby Cedars Sinai Medical Center within the few minutes they had to revive and stabilize me. More reasons to love firemen.

Not recalling any of this because, as I was later told by many doctors, my body was already going into shock the day before because my heart was shutting down. I was rushed to the emergency room amid a great deal of commotion for emergency surgery to clear a blockage and stabilize my condition. I was placed in a bed in ICU along with my officials bag I always carried which included the necessities, wallet, phone, sun block and eye cream. At some point while still unconscious, I apparently located my cell phone and with only one contact lens still intact, was able to phone the people most important in my life - some very close friends and special people.

I regained consciousness early evening to find myself somewhere I had no idea of and facing all of the special people in my life who were in the area. They had all received my message in which I told them I had a bad accident and was in Cedars ICU and could they come and help me. They all did. How I made those phone calls or even knew where I was is a mystery as I still have no recollection of those events although a subsequent visit to the operating room during my stay at Cedars brought flashbacks of commotion, fright, and faces who attempted to be kind to me in my out of control state.

I immediately told them the story of having had an accident and crashing my car, walking the few blocks back home, deciding I was injured and walking to Cedars emergency, deciding the emergency room was too hectic and I wanted nothing to do with it, walking back home and deciding I was indeed injured and returning to the emergency room where they admitted me to the hospital. They basically said, "What the heck?"

Support, love, priorities and miracles are what this story is about. When you are seriously down, there is nothing more important than a true friend, faith, and the ability to learn from situations and give that back to those you really connect with.

I was subsequently released from the hospital a week or so later and returned home for a recovery period. That first evening alone was scary. There was still a good amount of pain from surgeries and the realization that I had been given a special gift in my life had not fully settled in. My recollections are sketchy as to the many acquaintances and co-workers who stopped by the hospital to visit and for a long time I heard from people who had visited me or spoken to me on the phone that I had no recollection of. So at that point I was pretty unsettled.

My first morning back home began with coffee at a local spot and sitting outside and reading the newspaper. It was fantastic. Returning home, I was still unsettled about what happened to me and being as independent as I am, I decided to test myself and headed out on a long walk very uphill to Sunset Boulevard because I just needed to know I was not going to drop over somewhere. It was a silly idea but I made it up

those hills and even though I had to call a friend to pick me up and drive me home and endure a lecture about recovery from a medical person, I felt I had accomplished something for myself.

Call it denial but I was back on a professional tennis court three weeks later and worked events through major professional sports events the remainder of that summer. This was not well received when I reported back to my cardiologist. Looking back now I see a lot of silliness and unwillingness to accept my situation in all of that. A subsequent visit at the West Hollywood Fire Department, and time with the special people in my life, have given me the realization of what really matters in life and priorities of the special people in your life as opposed to self-satisfying adventures.

Remembering only flashes of that day and the contacting of my special group is a serious blessing. Their reaction to the situation speaks highly of them and the great fortune I have in finding these people over many years of experiences and staying with them. Now we are even more of a part of each other's lives.

My event was on the news. It had higher odds than of winning the lottery. Something outside my conscious self orchestrated events to get me help from firemen to a hospital which saved my life.

CHAPTER 6 HOW DO I TELL ACEY WHEN HE WILL DIE?

by Steve S.

I moved from AZ to LA to work as an actor. After some success on stage and a gig as a tour guide at Universal Studios, I found myself back in retail. In October of 1994, I was once again unemployed, taking screenwriting classes and working on a book in my spare time. Six months earlier had I quit my job as a retail clerk at Bullock's department store in The Beverly Center feeling lost and confused. My heart just wasn't in retail. I wanted something meaningful to do. Daniel, a friend from Bullock's, called and told me he'd left Bullock's not long after I did and was happily working now in an antique store in Beverly Hills. He invited me to dinner to catch up and meet his new boss Acey. I said Sure! Where? He told me: West Hollywood at a place called 'Figs' a popular hangout on Santa Monica Blvd. I thought great, it's not far from my apartment, I can actually walk.

Daniel was concerned that Acey liked him a bit too much and wanted me to act as a safe third wheel at dinner. When I asked him if he felt the same way about Acey, he said No, Acey has AIDS. I thought, *wow, Daniel's harsh. Acey's a human being, isn't he?* But then I thought, if this Acey liked me, I'd probably be afraid of getting intimate with him, too. It was 1994, men were dying right and left and the panic AIDS created was huge. A good friend of mine had died of AIDS six years earlier in AZ. He never told anyone he was sick. I called him before Christmas 1988 to see him and was told by an angry coworker of his that he'd died several months earlier. I was devastated. We were so close, I thought. *Couldn't he trust me?* I realized the shame he felt must have been unbearable to live with in addition to all of the physical symptoms he was dealing with.

I looked forward to meeting Acey. When I did, I thought what a cute spin on a Clark Kent type! Gold wireframe glasses, six feet tall, slightly muscular though slim, impish Irish grin, with brownish-blond hair and crystal blue eyes. His personality was sunny and wild yet calming and introspective. He could be the life of the party and still be the quiet poet in the corner. He was wonderful. His smile was so bright. Yet the

underlying fatigue seemed to wear on him. He wasn't eating much of his dinner at all. I could sense he was trying as hard as he could to be 'up' for this evening and yet his body seemed to be fighting him on it. He leaned heavily on the table for support and rose up slowly when he went to the restroom a couple times during our dinner. I appreciated his valiant effort and I felt so terribly bad that he was sick. It broke my heart. I wanted to take all his sickness away and give him his health back. I silently wished that I could take it on. Throughout the dinner I became slowly weaker and weaker, feeling as if I needed a major rest and a vacation. I lost my appetite completely. It's like we had exchanged bodies.

Not knowing why this was happening, I did manage to stay until dinner was over and at the end of the evening I went home and right to bed. I slept for hours. The next day I was still feeling beat. (I discovered years later that I have strong empathic abilities.)

Always knowing since I was young that I have incredible inner strength, I had asked God for Acey's pain and suffering that night out of my sorrow for him, not realizing it was actually possible to get it! (They say watch what you ask for. You may get it!) And with deep sorrow about his health and condition, and genuine interest in helping him, I actually took on his sickness and gave him my life force. (Not recommended for anyone to try this).

He ended up having a great dinner that night. Laughing loudly, getting stronger and stronger with every passing minute, he even commented he never felt this strong. It was as if he was 100% healed. Even with the discomfort and physical price I paid, I'm glad I was able to give him that evening of health.

I stayed in touch with Daniel and saw Acey several times after that at Daniel's house. They had become good friends. And I was happy to see Acey smile and laugh (quietly) on a regular basis. I never asked for his pain and suffering again and therefore was able to hold my own energy whenever I saw him.

Daniel asked if I'd go with him to Acey's home for Thanksgiving in 1994. I said sure! The night before, while in bed waiting to fall asleep, I had a vision. I was awake with my eyes closed and I saw Acey die. He was in bed and simply lifted up out of his body. I felt this euphoric joy that I can't even begin to describe. I felt LOVE so intense and so beautiful that my description of it doesn't even come close to the intensity and deepness of this Joy and Love. It was amazing! Like nothing I'd ever experienced on Earth. Acey was lifted out of his body racked with pain and agony and he was suddenly a new man. Happy, vital, and filled with this amazing LOVE and PEACE. When it was over, I opened my eyes and suddenly worried. *Oh NO! Does this mean he just died? He'll be dead tomorrow when we get there?* Luckily no. He was very much alive the next day.

His house was decorated in antique early American. His parents (two charming, easy-going people from the Midwest) had helped him with the floral centerpiece and both of them made me laugh with their jokes and folksy humor. Everything tasted incredible. His mom sure knew how to use spices.

Throughout the day I felt a deep nagging to tell him about my vision of him from the night before. But I ignored it. HOW could I tell him he was going to die? We were all hoping for a cure. This was two years before the cocktail of antivirals came out.

After enough of the persistent nagging, I gave in. I knew he needed this information, and I was supposed to give it to him. So, I had a moment in the kitchen alone with him and I told him I wasn't sure

how to tell him this but...and I told him everything. He stood enraptured listening to every word. He thanked me for telling him. He said it gave him incredible peace. He'd been worried about death and dying. It scared him immensely even the thought of it - since he'd never known anyone that had ever died. He was 35 years old and still had both sets of grandparents. He did say that recently a girl he knew only slightly from high school had visited him in a dream and told him she would be guiding him over. Though he really never knew her that well, she said she would help him transition. He woke up assuming she must be dead.

Acey died seven months later. It was sad to hear he was gone. Though I knew he was loved, happy, joyous, peaceful and healthy INSTANTLY! I was happy I trusted that instinct to tell him about my vision. It definitely made a difference in his last months here on planet Earth. And really set him at ease.

I would have never guessed that in meeting Acey and getting to know him, I'd finally find closure in the relationship with my friend from AZ that I never had the chance to complete.

A year later I became a volunteer with AIDS Project Los Angeles, through Project Night Lite and assisted and eased those in hospitals and hospice care (whose families and friends had turned their backs on them) in their final days and hours as they were dying. Singing, holding their hands, sometimes just listening and being there for them as they crossed over so that no one would have to die alone. I feel blessed to have been a part of this amazing organization.

*And to help those who really needed it. How amazing life, is when we serve others and inadvertently ourselves!

DEATH



MOTIV

CHAPTER 7 MY ONGOING RELATIONSHIP WITH THE DEAD

by Irene M. Galasso

My mother was of the first set of triplets ever born in the small Ukrainian village (Pykulovychi) in the year 1922. The excited priest named the three girls “Vera”, “Nadia” and “Luba”, in which, in the Old Ukrainian Language translated to Faith, Hope and Charity in English. When World War 2 Nazi bombs were hitting nearby, my mother, Vera (Faith) made her escape to Germany. There, she married a shoemaker and had children.



Baby Irene and mother Vera.

I, the eldest, was born in occupied West Germany (Bremerhaven) in the year 1946, with the priest given name *Helena*. I learned Ukrainian as my first and native language, although I attended a German school and spoke German as a child, while living in Germany. In the dawn of the American Industrial Age, when starving foreigners were being offered free transport on a ship to America, the American troops did everything they could to persuade my mother to leave Germany. She, dad, my two younger brothers and I, who was only five years old at the time, were documented immigrants traveling to Ellis Island.

Once in America, with only our clothes on our backs, we all crowded a cot above a saloon in Newark, New Jersey until we could afford to own a real home of our own. From there we eventually moved and purchased a rather spooky house on Montgomery Avenue in Newark, New Jersey from the previous residents who were a German family.

The basement of our new home scared the heck out of me, so I avoided it at all costs. Many were uncomfortable with that house's energy – I remember the plumber freaking out hearing footsteps above his head somewhere. There was one incident where suddenly my hands felt like they were on fire for a few minutes! Scorching heat!

When I was about ten years old, I was shocked to hear that my seven-year-old cousin, Sophia, had died at an emergency hospital due to a sudden illness, that I then could not even pronounce. Attending her wake and seeing her in the casket, she looked so very beautiful and alive. Many wonderful memories of her raced through my mind.



Sophia's grave.

Almost every night after her funeral I had nightmares - kept seeing her in her backyard in a white dress crying in the rain. Several sleepless nights later I finally told my mom about my dream, and then asked her - "Why is Sophia crying in the rain outside?" Mother assured me Sophia was certainly not in the rain outside, but about a week later after my persisting, she called Sophia's mother to tell her about my haunting nightmare... Her mother had then confided that elements of Sophia's death were hushed. Only a few adults had known the truth.

Sophia's mother had been entertaining a man, and locked Sophia outside. It was not raining at that point. Apparently, her mom was preoccupied and did not hear or bother to let Sophia in when it started to rain. When she did eventually answer the banging on the back door, she discovered her little daughter in dire pain, and rushed the shivering wet girl to the hospital, where they discovered her appendix had burst. It was too late. When my mother had finally told me the truth of what happened, the nightmares stopped. Perhaps Sophia wanted someone to know the truth of what really happened?

About that same time, in fourth grade, at recess I used to tell my friend Stephanie about my dreams and how I thought that something was wrong with my mind because I said, "I just don't believe Mom's husband is my real father." I would have dreams about a father figure, who looked, sounded and seemed different than the man I knew to be my father. Upon graduating high school, so many years later, I was working as a line lady at the phone company. A coworker next to me recognized my name and said, "My mom knows your mom. Did you know that the man your mom married is not your real father?" I said "okay," a bit confused, still I brushed it off. Later that day I decided to call my mom and ask her about my father, and she confirmed. I never knew my real father and somehow instinctively knew my step-father was not my biological father even though I had always been told otherwise.

My step-father was a great guy - usually - but when he got drunk, he sometimes lost his temper with Mom, sometimes he would even hit her. Rumor was he drank because of a tortured memory of his first wife, who he insisted they buried alive while pregnant (premature burials would sometimes happen back then). Apparently, one dark night as Dad maneuvered taverns, he felt compelled to approach a woman cloaked in black that he saw standing at the end of the road. He swears it was the spirit of his dead first wife, insisting he stop drinking and hurting Mom.

Another night, when I was 18, Dad was drunk. I came home and Mom seemed fearful of him. She asked me to lay with her on her bed. For no reason known to me, laying with Mom on the bed, I saw kaleidoscope-like images and became very over-protective of her. Almost as if I was possessed (by something, or even someone), I marched to the living room, throwing my step-father against the wall and saying he better never hurt mom again. Mind you, I was about 105lb. at the time, and yet, still, somehow threw a 6'1" 200lb. man against the wall. Never before this night and never again after did I act that way. It was like I was a different person for a few minutes.

Another time a dark shadow figure floated in my bedroom. It was a male. I was not threatened and actually could hear my little brother, John, and my father in the other room - so I could have screamed, and they would have come in if I was frightened. Even though this ghost-like entity would have scared others, it did not disturb me - and I just turned over and went to sleep. Occasionally throughout the years I did feel a presence next to me when I slept. In fact, I was so used to an entity in bed with me that when I felt my space was too invaded, I would try to push it back and off the bed. I did not share these strange experiences with anyone but many years later my younger brother, John's future wife, Eleanor, said that that house was haunted, and I would have to agree.



House on Montgomery.



When I was 19, I got engaged to my “first love” - Tony Mancuso. We had an epic year-long romance. It was very passionate, and he would always say to me, “He will never leave me.” We were very much in love. One night, I was dreaming and suddenly a vision of Tony woke me up and I heard him clearly calling my name. He pleaded, “Irene. Hold my hand. Don't let go. Irene!! Hold on! Don't let go of my hand!” As if he was there with me, I felt him clutching onto my fingers, but slowly slipping away.

The next day (this was around the year of 1965) I found out that he had been murdered behind the Royal Theatre, in Bloomfield, NJ - he was shot in the head. He used to hang with a very questionable crowd. After his death I used to smell his Canoe cologne around my staircase. One week I saw flashes of Tony's death in my dream and said to my friends, “I saw Tony being put in the black car - he was not killed in the car like the police report said.” I somehow knew that Tony knew the killers and they did not mean to kill him - they meant to kill someone else, but Tony got shot - “gangland style.” I think Tony was framed for something he didn't really do and was mistakenly killed for it. I will never forget the feeling of being in his head and seeing his murder or him holding my hand... and him slipping away. I was later told when they shot him in the head he did not die instantly - he was awake a while, so I assume it was during that minute of struggling that he was reaching to me for help, trying to stay on the Earth plane - but he could not.

When I was around the age of 20, I was driving with my friend in my prized, yellow, 1964 Pontiac Catalina convertible (I felt so cool in that car), and the cops ended up pulling me over for no reason – I think they were trying to hit on us - we were attractive, young girls. I argued with them, probably pent up emotion on my part as I was still grieving over Tony, and the cops ended up throwing me into jail. Hours later when I was being bailed out, a detective named Dennis said, “I can't figure it out. The two cops that brought you in here – one got into an accident and the other one got beat up. You sure you didn't have something to do with it?!” I said no, but always had a feeling I was being protected by a higher source, or force.

For instance, another time I was at an intersection waiting for the light to turn green and something says to me, “Don't go.” Totally weirded out, I just looked around – and seeing no one – stalled more, taking this in. A good thing, too, because in a second a car sped through the red light and would have killed me had I inched the car forward.

When I was 23, I met a man named Carman, we had a child, but I ended up leaving him when I found out he cheated on me with a woman named Mary. A few years later, my best friend Maryanne who I met at the line job decided to introduce me to her younger brother Robert – I knew he was the man I had visions of, as a child, when I lived in the house on Montgomery Avenue. I ended up running off and marrying this man in less than two weeks (his sister Maryanne dared us to get married and neither of us wanted to back out of the dare). I became the mother to his two children he had before me, and we ended up having two children of our own.

Other small psychic stuff happened in the next few years, like I knew what the sex of my babies were before I was told (I thought that was normal, and that I was supposed to know these things). Over the years I remembered that as a child the house on Montgomery Avenue had given me visions of birthing a daughter (I did not end up having her until the age of 38, which was 8 years after I had my first son with Robert). I named her Natalie – the Americanized version of my Moms triplet sisters name “Nadia”/ Hope.

Every time when I walked passed my co-worker named Andrea, I used to get this hot feeling - I got sweaty and my stomach was in knots - and I heard “ten million” in my head. This never happened elsewhere. I did not understand but assumed maybe I was going to win ten million dollars in the lotto. This seemed to be reassured every day and I started to spend the money in my mind, even promising the nuns at

the church that when I win, I'll give them a percentage. That feeling was very strong the day I drove to Andrea's cousin's house to pick up merchandise for the upcoming Chinese auction at the church.

Guess who won ten million dollars two weeks later? Andrea's cousin! It was in all the papers!

When my Mom got cancer, I often slept next to her trying to soothe her pain and keep her optimistic. One night I woke from my sleep and turned around and there was a lady with blond hair standing next to the bed. Half-awake, I say "Go back to bed," (I thought it was my Mom trying to get out of bed). She was coming towards me and trying to hug me – I think, but I pushed her away. Later I realized it was not a real human but a spirit. Maybe it was her mother (my grandmother)? Three days later my Mom passed away.

I worked at a construction company office on the second floor of a three-story building. Above us lived 80-year-old woman named "Flo," who, at her age was still smoking like a chimney. She was a dear old broad and I would hang out and smoke with her on my lunch breaks. One day, something told me to say, "Flo, you should leave your door open because if anything happens to you, no one can get in. Leave the door open."

Two weeks later, one Sunday evening, everything is bothering me - my head - my stomach – and I felt I needed to see Flo. I asked my husband and teenage daughter to go, but they had other priorities, suggesting I wait a day and see Flo when I go to the office on Monday. "No, I need to go now," I insisted, and got in my station wagon and drove to her. I ran up the stairs and heard the old woman whimpering in her hoarse smoker voice.

Flo had fallen in her kitchen and could not get up. Unfortunately, I was not muscular enough to lift her, but I managed to pull her to the bedroom, and somehow got her onto the bed. I gave her juice and cake and left after she assured me she'd be fine. The next day she was, but I told my co-worker Sandy to alert her family to watch over her closely. Her cousin helped and arranged to put her in a nursing home.

A few weeks go by and on a Thursday, I heard a low voice, that was very clear, wake me up, "Irene. Ireeeeene." I rolled over to my husband and asked him, "What?" But he was sleeping and later insisted he did not call me. It happened again. I asked him – but he denied it was him.

Who was it? Well, the next day at work I was informed Flo passed away at 4 AM – exactly the time the low voice called my name. Initially I assumed it was a male voice, because my husband was the only one in the house with me, but it was her real voice, before it was affected by smoking and became hoarse. Feeling such a bond, I made sure to give Flo's bedroom set to my daughter, as Flo had asked me to do long ago. To this day, Natalie still has the bedroom set, over two decades later.

This daughter, Natalie, seems charmed by spirits as well – protected – benefited. Her sensitive energy always senses random things in the dark so she sleeps with her lights on even as an adult. If and when she gets in fights with people, weird stuff happens to them – they may trip and fall - some have even gotten car-jacked, etc., as if she has spirit bodyguards. And she has the best luck! Every time she comes to my company party, she wins the big prize if she likes it – a TV – trip – you name it. My co-workers don't want her coming because she takes all the prizes. Or should I say spirits give her the prizes?

In later years, I had taken care of another sick woman, Mrs. Seizen – my boss's mother. I did this in my spare time to help since she lived right next door to my work building – this was not an official job - but she needed me, and I always made myself available. Every time I took her somewhere - the beauty parlor - or shopping - or did something for her, she'd insist on handing me \$10. I didn't feel it was necessary but

took it because she demanded I give it to my daughter – Natalie. Sadly, Mrs. Seizen eventually died which was no surprise as her health had been ailing so many months. At her funeral I asked her for a sign that she existed in the afterlife, and everything was okay with her, but none came that day. The next week her cleaning lady went to help her son Tommy go through her possessions. Mrs. Seizen's son - Tommy - came over to her and said, "I just found money in one of my mom's shirts and as I was putting it in my wallet, Mrs. Feingate stopped me and said no - no - you give that to Irene. She only put money in her pocket for Irene."

Tommy, my boss – came to work and said he had something for me. It was \$10 - as his mother had always gave me. I became emotional receiving yet another confirmation of life after death. "Tommy, your mom's okay," I smiled and hugged him.

I have had a great life. Occasionally I do float or fly in dreams – it's amazing! Is this astral travel? I think so. I have learned to maneuver flight by balancing my breathing and hand movements. Sometimes it's easier than others. One night I was having a hard time lifting off and asked, "Why can't I do it tonight?" and a clear voice stated, "You're too fat." I laughed myself awake at that point. Still laughing at that. Who the hell said that?

Another time, I was sleeping and dreaming and see a bunch of clouds from Heaven – like a huge storm was coming – *Wizard Of Oz* dramatic clouds - the clouds landed on the ground - all of a sudden the dark clouds started opening up – the clouds inside were very white – I look inside and in the distance – and I can see how far it goes and then all the way down I see men – in robes - like Moses - crowds of people all the way down – women too - feels and looks so beautiful – layered in goose bumps – I want to go in and be a part of that – and just as I am about to step into the clouds, a Cherubic little blond boy stops me and says, "Not yet, Irene – it's not your time."

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