

# 3 Grains of Sugar



*" This is my story, both humble and true,  
take it to pieces, and mend it with glue . . "*

by

David J Parsons

## Meeting the Light

I watched, passively, as a concerned and curious crowd gathered, peering at the body on the cold, damp pavement. In the midst of their deliberations as to the possible cause of this young man's demise, came a strong uniformed voice. It pierced the crowd, bringing with it a sense of order and authority. I suddenly felt the lights around me change from dark damp greys to purple through every shade of pink, as the voices and scene faded.

I briefly became aware of a young man being pushed along on a hospital trolley towards a room on the other side of the swing doors, but once again the scene and voices faded as I tried to clutch at my reality. Later, I found myself looking down at a body as it lay motionless on the padded hospital floor. There was something strangely familiar about that body. I cannot say how long I stared at it – time seemed immaterial – as the sensation of weightlessness and emotional detachment became, for the first time, my personal reality, and my connection with the shell on the floor realised. I saw, in a flash, the incident that had brought me to this point and recognised what a bloody fool I'd been – that lifeless body was mine and I would have to accept the consequences of the situation because it could not be reversed.

I became more comfortable with this knowledge and the actual sensation of being out of my body. I began to feel myself being sucked into a space higher than the ceiling of the room. Yet not leaving the building. The space was simply 'there'. The sensation that came with this action was one of being pulled into a vortex of energy. It was like watching the water in the bath as it was drawn down the plug hole when the plug had been taken out. The only difference was that I was travelling up rather than down. I was not spinning or twisting or struggling with this experience, simply going along with it and the feelings now washing over me.

They were feelings of overwhelming love, deep love, unconditional love – for what I did not know – such an all inspiring and enveloping love.

I did not worry about such earthly things as where I was going, or what would become of my empty shell back there on the hospital floor. There was no fear. I just absorbed the peaceful, calming, soothing love.

I had the sensation of being drawn upward into a tunnel. It reminded me of a deep sea diver surfacing from the depths of the ocean, upward towards the light above. As I neared the top of this tunnel, this upside down cone, I saw the light above grow stronger. It was drawing me nearer and it felt like a living, loving light. I could sense the vibrations around me changing, welcoming me, inviting me to join the light, to be at peace and at one with it.

I felt there were many people within this light and decided they must be the Angels who loved there.

As I stood in the brilliance of the light I saw the shape of two loved ones coming towards me. One was my long departed grandmother, the other an old school friend. Both had died some time ago, so it was good to see them there. They looked so healthy and upright, not in the pain they had suffered on Earth. They were pleased to see me, but showed some concern that I should be there at this time. I felt their unconditional love sweep over me, like a shower of summer rain, and, at the same time, I had an overwhelming awareness of being a part of this all powerful love, and felt sure this must be heaven.

We sat and talked for a while, not so much about old memories as might be expected of old friends, but more about the changes that would happen to me, to others back on Earth and to the earth itself. As they finished speaking I became aware of a powerful loving energy moving towards me with outstretched hands – its purity and divine presence enveloped me. I could feel the hands reaching out to me, to heal the pains that were buried deep within my soul, pains from childhood, from situations not of my making, and some that were.

As I became more aware of the love from this light I could sense that it was talking to me. Talking inside of me, deep in my heart. Without a doubt I could trust and believe in the words that the light was speaking to me. I could sense the vibrations coming out from the light and into me. Gently I was led towards a room, much like a cinema. Unsure what I was to do I was ushered towards a seat. I looked around me, feeling a little nervous and some what apprehensive of what was going to happen to me. I wondered if this was where dead people came to meet their maker?

As I moved to look behind me I could see that there was a light behind me. Standing directly behind me, tall, like a protector. Gradually others began to enter this cinema and take their seats. I eased my body down into the comfort of the seat, which seemed to cradle me, to envelope me in a warmth and love like the light had before. Oh well, I thought, the show's about to begin, here goes nothing. I took one last look over my shoulder, the light was still there behind me, and I noticed that each person in this place also had a protector of light with them too. The scenes that started to roll out in front of me made me feel disgusted. Disgusted with myself for being such a terrible person. I was shown events from my life that I really was not proud of at all. The way that I had not shown any compassion, had displayed only a hard hearted attitude towards so many other people that had come into my daily life. I watched as scenes from my childhood unfolded before my eyes.

Why had I always felt alone? Why had I decided to not mix with others? As I watched intently at the 'film' in front of me I started to see deeper into the various events. I could make out that there was a light behind me, like a shadow, in each of the scenes. It was just like the light behind me now, it had been with me throughout all of these events from my past. I wondered why it was that if I had now died and gone to heaven, and if the light behind me was an Angel, and if this Angel had been with me all the time on Earth, then why had it

allowed me to behave in the way that I had? Almost in an instant the voice inside me spoke. It told me that the light was a part of me, and I was a part of the light, but that by being on earth we have the right of free-will. We can choose to carry out this or that action. We can also choose to receive a particular experience as well.

I continued to watch the screen in front of me. I was watching myself during my teens. A smile swept across my face as I recalled those wonderful years. The horrible events had started to change. I could see that I had changed as well. The way that I dealt with situations had changed from a not caring to a “well tell me and I’ll listen” attitude.

I can not recall how long I watched for, it was as if my whole short life had been filmed and was being played back for me to review – like a life review. I could not see any of the events being shown to those around me in this ‘cinema’ but felt that I was being looked into, inside, and that I was not being judged, but that I was being cleansed, perhaps ‘down-loaded’ from the excess emotional baggage I had brought with me. The word Karma came to mind. I felt at peace within this place.

As I continued to watch I felt a great wave of unconditional love from the divine presence pour into my being. Its great warmth and light healing the pains that were buried deep in my soul – pains from childhood, from situations not always of my making, and some that were. Again I was reminded by the inner voice that “we choose to carry out this or that action. We can also choose to receive a particular experience as well”. It made sense. The colours in the film and those surrounding me in the cinema were so vivid, I could see them so intensely, they were so beautiful.

The colours were vibrating with a sound, colours that made a sound, vibrations that resonated with a powerful healing quality. I began to feel better about myself, almost cleansed and healed from within by this wonderful swirling colourful mass that vibrated and shone all around and within me. Once again I sensed the inner voice of my light protector. It telling me that if we really wanted to, we could heal the sick and dying on the Earth, as well as the Earth herself, simply by using the vibrations of colours. It all seemed so natural.

Looking back at the screen I was shown myself, but I was different, a lot older.

The light around me was still there, a little brighter, but still with me. I was shown that we could connect and communicate with the trees and plants if we would only raise our own personal vibrations. So, we too vibrated and gave off a sound, just like the trees and other living things, just like the colours. It occurred to me that the idea of talking to the trees was not so crazy after all!

Gradually the scenes in front of me faded away. I looked around and could see more people arriving, and with them more light protectors. It was time for them to have their own life-reviews I guessed, and time for me to go.

I felt relaxed in the light and found myself back with my friends. I wanted to stay in this heavenly place with my angels of light, but a great sadness came upon them. My grandmother explained that now was not my time to stay here. I had to return to my earth body. My school friend felt sad, but also happy that there was a specific task for me to do back on Earth. I asked what the that task was, but was simply told that there was a job, for me to do, a task to accomplish, a destiny to fulfil.

As I looked at my friends, at the angels of light all of the events that I had seen, the experiences given to me, the countless memories of that time, and the information was being poured into my mind, my body, my soul.

“Go and do your job” repeated my grandmother, “Know that you are not alone, you are never alone, we shall watch and guide you, go and fulfil your destiny, go with the light.”

How I got back to the hospital room, I do not know. There was no sensation of floating or falling back through a hole, or vortex. Nor do I recall gliding. I just became aware of myself back in the room still, still looking down at my body. I noticed that others were in the room, I recall saying to myself “What have you done, What have you done?”

The sensation of being drawn back into my body came as a shock. It was like being put into a heavy diver’s suit.

I had experienced the wonderful joy of floating like an angel with unrestricted movement and suddenly the density and physical limitations of the human existence on the earth plane were made apparent to me. I longed for the freedom, love and warmth I had experienced but this great weight made me feel tired. I wanted to sleep a sleep that would last a thousand years. My body felt so heavy and weary. I fell into a deep sleep.

It was the next day, sometime in the afternoon, that I was rudely awakened from my dreams by a large male nurse. He told me it was time for me to be discharged from the hospital. I wandered out through the doors, out into the cold late afternoon air, full of pollution from the increasing traffic from a busy city street. Pollution. Why was I suddenly so sensitive and concerned about pollution? I don’t remember being concerned with it before.

Cold. I felt the icy cold fingers of the wind as it cut through the flimsy clothing I wore. I realised I felt hungry, but it was not just hunger. There was an emptiness which pervaded my entire body. My very soul was crying out for love and understanding. I missed the comfort and unconditional love that only a few hours before had swept into my life, showing me a way forward. Giving me choices, providing me with the knowledge to make changes to myself and my life. Something had happened to me, something had changed. I felt different. I was a new person with a new destiny to fulfil. Despite the hundreds of people surging towards me, jostling me in their haste to complete their personal tasks I felt totally alone, wrapped in a strange bubble, feeling unreal, detached from the world. Yes, certainly something had changed.

## MANY ROOMS

I wandered through the busy streets, looking for a place to eat. The need to touch something 'real', something that I could know for certain existed. Something that was not from my imagination, that I might have dreamt up. My head was spinning as I made my way to the counter at the coffee bar and ordered a hot drink and a sandwich. The other people in the coffee bar were deep in conversation. I watched their mouths move, their body language change from interest into disinterest. They continued their pretence as they played the game of socialising, nodding and giving out sounds such as

"Oh, well.. yes" And "Of course..."

As if they really gave a damn about what the other person was saying. I took the cup being offered to me and felt relieved, relaxed in the knowledge that the cup was hot, it was there, it was real.

I took a chair near the window. I needed to feel secure. The sensation of someone, or something watching over me, invading my very private space, began to increase. I was feeling anxious. Perhaps this feeling of being watched over was for my own good. Maybe it was some kind of after-care, some form of guidance coming from the other realm or dimension that I had just visited? I sipped the hot liquid, and took a bite from the food that had been placed on the table in front of me, I didn't even notice the waitress. I must have appeared rude not to have said thank you or even to have acknowledged her.

Thoughts started to enter my head, what had happened to me? Where had I been, what had happened, why had it happened to me? And what on earth was the job that I had to do?

As I drank my coffee I became aware of someone looking over my shoulder, and then a cold draught swept past my face sending a shiver down my spine, as if a window had been opened and the fresh air was blowing through it, yet it was not quite like that.

I was reminded of an old saying often used in our family, "Someone just walked over my grave" My head was spinning, thoughts and questions were entering and bouncing around inside it like a pinball. I took a couple of deep breaths, slowly releasing the air from deep within my lungs. This calmed me down and decided to take a walk to clear my head. I needed to get my thoughts together.

The fresh cold air hit me like a block of ice, taking the breath out of me, and causing me to pull my jacket collar high around my neck, like a cloak, like a protective blanket. I dug my hands deeper into the pockets and felt warmer as I struggled along the busy street. Once

again I felt the presence of someone or something watching over me. It felt very strange. Was I being followed? Expecting to come face to face with someone I swung around and although I was alone I could vaguely make out the slight shimmering of energy, like a mirage. I decided to head back home. I needed a shower and change of clothes. Planning to see my friends and let them know what had happened to me. What would I say, and how was I going to explain to them my experience of floating up on the ceiling? They were surely going to think I was going mad! Well perhaps I was?

The station platform was virtually empty, which was good, I could not face being squashed and hustled into a crowded carriage at this time, I needed space to be alone, no, I just wanted to be alone. This was another uncharacteristic thought and feeling for me. I always had friends around, I was hardly ever alone, so why should I feel this way now? The train arrived and quickly I entered the carriage. Once again the overwhelming sensation of being followed was back. I took a quick glance over my shoulder before the doors slammed closed. There was no one there, apart from the shimmering. As I sat, huddled against the window I started to feel weary. My body ached, my head spun and my eyes felt so heavy. I drifted off into a half-dream, aware that I had to get off the train at some time. The vision of peace fell into my thoughts, like a curtain on a stage as it is raised and lowered between scenes of a play. As the curtains raised I 'saw' in my vision a wonderful hall, full of different glass tanks, like fish tanks but much larger, like a zoo exhibition. All manner of different forms of life were within this great hall. I started to walk through the hall.

Opening with ease two huge doors that seemed to stretch up into the stars. Other people were also walking along, they had back-packs on as if going hiking. As I moved along, looking at each exhibit I became aware that information, knowledge was being given to me, knowledge of the future, and of the past the very distant ancient past. The hall was welcoming, warm and so very peaceful, it reminded me of a large gymnasium, polished wooden floors. I recalled the words spoken to me when I was younger, when I attended the obligatory Sunday school sessions at our local church every Sunday morning whilst the adults went into the main service, the words went along the lines of .. " Many rooms has my father's house... " something like that from the Bible.

Was I in one of these halls, looking through the countless aspects of life, past present and future? A sensation of being at one with this wonderful love energy swept over me, calming my troubled mind, allowing me to accept the visions and information that was being 'programmed' into my mind. I felt that at some time at any time I would be welcomed back to this hall, maybe to visit other rooms in this place at the right time. As I looked around I watched other people entering another room, through another great doorway. I tried to see into the other room but was unable. I became aware of familiar musical notes. Each note, each harmonic sound portrayed a colour. I was being called like these others into that room,

like the pied piper . And like the story – I followed into the room. My eyes were met by the most beautiful and vibrant colours that I could never have imagined. The colours swirled around, moving and vibrating to the musical sounds that came from the centre of the room. As I tried to see exactly where the music was coming from, it changed direction, it was coming from within each of the other people in the room. Each individual was giving off a sound, and with that sound came a colour as the colours and the sounds met they blended into an emotion. A powerful emotion so uplifting and overwhelming that I could sense an increasing feeling to cry, to say sorry, to embrace the people sitting around, we were all sharing each others experience. I became aware of people looking over at me. I felt confused, only briefly. The feelings of love , pure and without conditions swept through the room, through the people in the room, including me. It was simply a love that I could take with me.

A door opened towards the left of this room. My eyes followed a small group of people as they moved out of this and into the other room. I felt guided to follow them. As I entered the room I half expected to still hear the music from the previous room, but it stopped the instant that I entered into the new room, the new dimension. I could see animals, but was unable to focus fully. My eyes and head felt heavy. It was difficult to concentrate.

I knew that what was in this room was important to me, and important to the people on Earth. Although I was unable to see I was certain that I would be shown what was in this room and the importance at another time.

The train snapped to a halt and I was abruptly awoken, brought back to the reality of the tube train, and that I was nearing my stop, as if an in built alarm clock was set to awaken me at the precise time. I felt refreshed, renewed, and sad at leaving this other place, I recall having the same sensation of love and peace that I had when in the tunnel earlier. Another two stations and then my stop. I rubbed the sleep from my face, stretched and lifted my arms upwards, accidentally bumping them into the person sitting behind me, I turned to apologise but when I turned around there was no one there, was I imagining things again? The train slowed down as it pulled into the station platform, the doors slid open and I quickly got off the train, not wanting to stay on and feeling a bit wary of the sensation of touching someone, something, really touching them, and finding out that they were not there, not physically there.

I walked down the stairs, cold concrete, against the metal handrails, the breeze blowing up from the street below, the smell of pollution, of diesel fumes from the nearby bus depot stung my face, invaded my nostrils, attacked my senses. “Here we go again,” I thought.

## SAYING GOODBYE

I stepped up to the front door of the house, and felt the comfort of familiar surroundings as I shut the door behind me and walked into the kitchen. I called out that I was home, and no one replied, must be out I figured, good this would give me time to clean up and change before being asked the questions that I felt sure would be asked of me, where had I been all night, - if only I knew myself I laughed inside.

The warm water cascaded over my shoulders and down my back, I felt the security of familiar sensations, the water felt good and that made me feel better. As I stepped out of the bath the ring of the telephone echoed through my feelings of security, I rushed over to the table on the hall and picked up the receiver.

"Hello, " I called, I was met with the cheerful tone of Steve's voice. "Hi mate, where did you get to last night, we were worried about you, you left earlier than the rest of us, we looked around but ..... " I asked him to slow down, to take it carefully, and to sit down as I had something to explain to him.

I started to recount the feeling of floating above my body, but could not find the correct words to explain to him what I had felt, had experienced. He was quiet, and I suggested that we met up later to talk this through, not on the phone.

A couple of hours had passed since I had hung up the receiver and I felt rested, refreshed, ready to unload these strange events to a dear and trusted friend.

As I began the journey that I had made so many times to my friend's house many thoughts entered my mind, how well did I really know him, and how well did he know me? The bus pulled slowly away from the traffic lights and started to climb the tall hill that would lead to within 2 miles from my friend's house.

A flash back to another time. To a hot and dusty place. Many people rushing to and fro, noises, strange noises, like a bazaar, a market place where people came to trade their wares, to barter and to drink strong dark sweet coffee. I became aware of the music the humming and wailing of the many ancient instruments that were being played, the musical notes began to entice me to move me to the rhythm to make my mind swirl along with the hustle and bustle of the day. As I looked around I could see tall towers, a wall, this must be some kind of a city, or a very large town. Along the walls were draped colourful swathes of

materials, and hanging down from the tall walls, the dry and dusty walls. My mouth was dry, my hands damp with the anticipation of this vision, this familiar yet hostile to the senses land. I was aware of being touched, someone was talking to me, loudly, bringing me back to my journey, it was the ticket collector asking if I was going to pay my fare. I gazed up and could make out his features, not unlike the faces of the people I had seen in my dream. I reached into my pockets and offered him the coins in exchange for the space on the bus, he readily accepted and exchanged the coins for a rights of passage, my authority to travel onwards. No I was only paying for a bus ride! The bus lurched to a halt, the traffic in front moving slowly and at a snail's pace. I decided to make a break for freedom and waited until it was safe, and then I jumped off. The walk was not too far from here and I could probably make it the next half-mile faster than the bus. As I walked along the pavement, avoiding the cracks and not wishing to step on the joins, in case some horrible event befall me, the first droplets of the evening rain fell onto my cheeks, gently and serenely they fell. Brushing away the cobwebs of sand of dust of the memories of the strange lands I had just 'visited'. I heard a sound, a small whispering voice very close to my ear. "Listen to your dreams, listen to them, and believe in your dreams". I spun around half expecting to see someone next to me but I was alone.

Again the voice spoke, softly and gently.

"Through the door way of love, into the paradise of the new, we will guide you, will help you but the doorway must be opened by you".

The words kept humming around in my head, and I wondered what they meant, what was this doorway and where was the paradise?

As I made my way to the front door of my friend's house I drew in a deep breath and collected my thoughts - of which there were many. Pressing the doorbell I waited to see the cheerful face of a trusted friend.

A warm and understanding smile greeted me. As we sat by the fire I could sense the anticipation and perhaps concern radiating from Steve. I recounted my story, my inner fears and the strange way that I was seeing the world around me from the point of coming back onwards to now. He listened and allowed me the time to explain everything, if only I could be like him and take the time to actually listen to what people were saying to me instead of hearing what I wanted to hear or continually interrupting them, yes if only.

After a couple of hours had passed I could tell that it was time for me to leave. I had changed, my outlook had changed and Steve knew this. Looking back over so many years I know that he knew. I recall walking away from him and walking away from a dear and trusted

friend, a like minded soul, and yet I also sensed that one day we would be back, perhaps in another time in another dimension.

### **Three Grains of Sugar**

The water fell upon my shoulders and I sighed as I felt the tension begin to melt away, like on a late summer morning as the mist is burnt away by the rising Sun, hiding away from the eyes of those creatures, animals and humans who have decided to share the serenity of the peacefulness that only that time of the day can provide. The warmth of the water eased away the tightness in my neck, as it ran across my shoulders and down my spine, cascading like a waterfall at the soles of my feet, yes, it felt good but this nagging sensation remained to keep gnawing away somewhere deep inside my head like a tune from some old worn out record that is played over again by some distant radio station that you listen to as you drive alone in the dead of night, returning from some lonely town heading home, wherever home may be.

Over the past few weeks I had been coming to terms with changes, forced changes in my life. Many of the ordinary things that I had come to take for granted were being stripped from away. Leaving me feeling as naked as I was right there, standing in the shower in a house that was feeling less like the sanctuary that I had come to know it as and more like a prison cell in an ancient castle, built high upon a hill fortified to deprive those marauding hordes of attacking frenzied armies wishing to kill anyone and anything that did not stand or fit in with their agenda. Suddenly the temperature of the water dropped which snapped me out from this dream. How long had I been here? Shaking the droplets from my hair I stepped onto the carpet leaving traces, footsteps behind as I walked over and picked the towel up from the floor. Wrapping the towel around my waist I walked towards the bedroom but just as I was about to open the door something caught my eye. Something had moved just outside my normal field of vision off to the left. A small black shape had appeared and as I moved to confront the shape I began to sweat. In a split second I had turned, my hand raised up to defend the expected attack. Suddenly I felt a moist patch run across my leg. To my relief Toby, a trusted friend and family pet moved closer and pushed me sideways in his normal gesture of welcoming me home. Why was I feeling so tense? Surely what had happened

only a few days ago could not have remained so deeply within? To make me afraid of the slightest thing? Reaching down I rested my hand upon the old dog's head, making Toby push closer as if to comfort and to reassure me that no matter what had happened and no matter what may happen Toby was always going to give his love, unconditionally and without any need for reward, apart from the occasional bone of course.

This unspoken respect had always been there between us. For as long as I could remember Toby had been around. My thoughts wandered back to the time when Toby was a puppy. Barely eight weeks old, how he had looked up at me with those over-sized melt-a-volcano eyes. When I leaned over to pick him up, cradling him in my arms how warm and new and how smelly he was. The type of milky and doggy type smell that new puppies tend to have. So many years had passed and Toby was now over 10 human years old. How old was that in dog years I wondered? Must be a lot of them I said to myself, was this the first signs of madness? Talking to myself? Are you going mad? I smiled, so what if I was, who was to know?

Opening the door to my bedroom I walked in, threw the damp towel onto the unmade bed and slumped, half awake, onto the mattress. The thoughts of a hundred years crowding once again into my head. Each one of them jostling for prime position.

Each one fighting to take control of the rest. Each one demanding that they should be the thought, be the one to command control of my mind.

As I lay back against the crumpled sheets my head was filled with the scent of the previous night. Nestling closer to the pillows, I recalled the soft tones of my lover as we shared our time together only hours before. It seemed like days ago. I could still sense the passion that had willingly joined the two of us together, merging and blending our bodies and, almost, our souls into one happy being. Content in the knowledge that our love would last forever. That nothing of this world would ever come between us. A weariness seeped through my body right into my very core. The softness of the pillows beckoned me to close my eyes. Only for a few minutes I thought I needed to get ready to go out, but my need to sleep was greater. As the fuzziness of half-sleep invaded my thoughts I could sense that the backdrop to a scene was about to unfold. Almost as soon as my eyes were fully closed a curtain dropped onto a stage, like the closing scenes of a stage production as I sensed that I was once again in a large theatre sitting amongst others waiting to see a show. As the curtains opened I realised that I was not in a theatre as such, but in a cinema. The screen was opaque, almost ivory in colour.

I had been here before, many years ago. Then I had watched a film, a life review, of actions and their causes and how they had impacted upon a group of youths who were also sitting in the cinema.

Looking around me I could again see small groups of people. Each one waiting to see or review their own life story. Waiting for their 'film' to begin. From where I was sitting the floor sloped downwards towards the bottom of the screen which was angled upwards so that everyone could easily view what was about to be shown. A noise made me turn around and as I struggled to focus my eyes. I could just make out the shape of a person as he made his way towards the seats, ushered by a glowing light-being. As I looked closer the person seemed very familiar. Trying to focus on both the person and the light-being that was next to him I was shocked to see that the person was me. This 'other' me looked different.

Somehow the aches and pains that had plagued me for years had disappeared. My body was lighter. The light-being was made up of a variety of colours. Each was a shade lighter or brighter than the colour next to it which give the effect of blending together, forming a translucent body of colour. The colours vibrated and swayed in the same time as my own thoughts. As I continued to watch I could see that the other me had started to blend and merge with the light-being that was with it. I watched in amazement as the light-being moved , like an angel.

The light-being moved around the cinema. Taking time to stop at each individual and spend a short moment hovering close to them before moving on to the next person. As this was happening I noticed that the light was radiating from the light-being around and into each person there. The light was increasing with intensity as it finally moved upwards and away. I relaxed and watched the various life reviews being shown on the screen. After a short time I started to view a story which was so familiar. It was my own story. My own life-review. I watched as scene after scene unfolded in front of me. A sadness engulfed me, right into my soul, as I watched again the many bad things that I had done over the past. How could I make amends for all these terrible things? What was the importance of putting the balance back? What could I learn from my past mistakes? Why had I been so uncaring, so cold hearted? Gradually the bad times moved along and I was relieved to be shown the better things that I had done over the same period of time. Passing flowers out to strangers in a busy street. I must have looked like a fool to some but the smile upon the many faces made it worthwhile. I was shown the events leading up to my own death experience. Bright lights, noise, and music. Loud music. I was in a club. Hundreds of people dancing and moving in time to the heavy beat that was being played by some rock musicians. The scene changed and I was outside. Walking in the cold night air. My head was feeling strange, I was becoming dizzy and disorientated with the people and places around me. As I fell to the hard concrete street I noticed that a light was moving closer to me. It was the same light-being that I had seen in this cinema with my 'other' body. How could there be two of me?

How was it possible that I was both on the floor and standing at the same time? As I continued to watch I became aware that the light-being in the cinema had drawn closer to me. A voice spoke inside of me. Reminding me that we have choices, free-will.

The voice continued, bathing me in peacefulness and light. I watched some more. A crowd had gathered around my body on the ground. I was looking up and at them. With each person in the crowd there was another light-being standing next to each of them. My light-being explained to me that everyone has more than one body. I was confused with this thought. Where did the other body live? Where did it come from? So many questions that needed answers. "Be still and patient" spoke the light-being next to me. A feeling of happiness washed over. I watched the meeting with loved ones in the place of love and light that I had travelled to during my death experience was shown on the screen. Around them was a bright light. Inside this light was love. Pure and simple love. Inside the love were many souls. Each soul was connected to the others. Although each soul was connected to the others they could move independently. The connection was made via thought.

Trying to find the reason to this scene was becoming hard.

Again the light-being spoke to me. "Watch, my friend. Do not try to impress your human thought into what is being shown to you. Look deeper and absorb the love and the light, for they shall guide you through your tasks on Earth."

I recalled those words that my friends in the light had spoken, "...There's a job for you to complete back on earth..." Almost immediately I could see the words being spoken to me from the screen. A group of souls had drawn closer to me on the screen. Each soul had a familiarity about it. Each soul I recognised intuitively.

"This is your soul family, your soul group". The light-being smiled as he explained to me about soul groups. He explained that we are each made up of energy, pure energy. The energy moves, it vibrates, at a particular speed. As we vibrate we give off a sound, a harmonic tune or pitch. Every thing has a vibration. Every flower, plant, animal and animate or inanimate object vibrates at a higher or lower pitch or harmonic. When we are still within we can perceive the various vibrational tune that each object emits. The light-being continued by telling me that each member of my soul family, my soul group, vibrated at a speed that was in harmony with my own vibration. Each vibration took on a colour. And each colour had a special value, a unique property. He asked if I had begun to understand what the job was that I needed to complete back on Earth? Although I could not actually find the words to tell him I guess that I really 'knew' inside what the job was.

I was not meant to feel guilt or sadness at having the death experience. It was meant for me to have it. Up to that point in my life I had wandered from relationship to relationship.

Searching for something that I did not know. Something that was to have a meaning, a purpose for me. Whatever this purpose was I had no idea.

The light-being explained that whilst I had incarnated on Earth many of my soul group had remained in the dimensional place where we had returned to at the end of our previous incarnation. Those that remained, which included the other me, watched how the others in the souls group went about their tasks, their experiences and jobs, on earth. From time to time members of the soul group experienced difficulties. This was indeed part of their own expansion. They needed to experience many things in order that they may grow and develop. As each soul developed and grew, so too, would the entire soul group. The soul group shared experiences, tasks on earth. If the incarnated soul group member was unable to fulfil a particular part or stage of an agreed job it was allowed that another from the soul group would take over and let the other soul return back to the group. During my earth life I had arrived at point whereby I felt unable, or unwilling, to continue with the particular task. It was unlikely in my earth body that I was fully aware of this. However, the rest of my soul group would have been aware and would have arranged for the task to be completed by another soul member. This made a lot of sense to me. As I listened closely the light-being expanded upon what he was telling me. An agreement would be made between my deeper soul, my subconscious mind or my higher other soul and the soul incarnated on earth that it would depart and my higher soul would take up the task from where I had reached.

This is why I had the death experience. This is the reason that I had not fully died, but had gone back to the dimensional resting place in order that I could arrange to hand over to my other soul the task to complete in such a way that would be agreeable to the rest of the soul group.

What the light-being was telling me started to become clearer. I had incarnated on earth from another dimension in order to experience a collection of experiences so that I could develop and in so doing would contribute to the development of my soul group. Prior to my incarnation I had agreed or arranged that I would have complete a task or a job that would eventually assist the earth and human kind in someway. If I became unable to complete the particular task or job for any reason then I would be contacted by other members in my soul group who would then agree for the job to be completed by another member of that group. Somehow during my incarnation on earth I had realised that I had agreed to complete a task that at that time I felt unable to see through. My soul group were aware of this. They were also aware of the importance of the task being completed and arranged for me to have my death experience so that another member of my soul group could incarnate and complete the task.

It all seemed so straightforward and simple, during this dream. I wondered how it might be once I was awake. The light-being drew even closer and started to tell me about how when I awoke I might not be able to recall totally our conversation, but, I would have the information in my soul. If I needed to remember his information all I needed to do was to go into the

silence of my own soul and ask for guidance from my soul group and my higher self. He explained that the ability to find this inner self, this quiet within, was something that every human being was capable of doing. "Just ask yourself and you shall receive your answers". In saying that I noticed the light begin to fade and move away.

Looking again at the screen I saw another scene. The top screen, was showing a panoramic view of the planet Earth, seen from high above the clouds but not as high as from a space craft. The clouds were swirling around over a large mass of land, gradually the view began to zoom in to the land and I could distinguish that it was showing a place in Africa.

There was a lot of emotional turmoil, fighting and killing. The people in this 'film' were proud and noble but they were being oppressed by the governments that had been elected to serve them. There was a great deal of corruption and this had led to fighting between the tribes and villages, which in turn had made food and water a scare commodity. One scene depicted a young mother trying to forage for food, seeds on the ground, another showed a high ranking official sitting before a huge banquet of food laid before him and others a large table. Ornate furnishings adorned the walls and servants waited at the sides of the room, ready to wait on these officials. As I continued to watch I became aware of the immorality of what was being shown. How could the people in authority allow this greed to continue? Why were they living off the fat of the land whilst so many people starved and were being mutilated by crazed gunmen, disguised as soldiers? It became increasingly difficult to contain my frustration and anger at what I was watching. If only I could make people aware of this, I felt that the scenes being shown could never happen on this planet, it must be another place, and another time, somewhere way off in the future?

Gentle shakes. Gentle words calling me. Pushing me insisting that I pay attention. I was being woken up. Gradually opening my eyes I could make out the blurred shape of my partner. Standing above me, smiling and handing me a hot drink, steam rising from the rim. "Welcome back sleepy" She said, musing with me and gently stroking the hair from my forehead. "You could have at least got dressed before you nodded off" she joked pulling the sheet over my nakedness, carefully putting the cup onto the bedside table before leaving me to come to terms with this dream.

'Oh my God' I thought, how long have I been asleep, I should have left ages ago. Quickly getting off the bed I took a sip of the hot liquid, slightly burning my lips, bringing me back to the fact that I was awake and living now, and yes, I was going to be late for my meeting. The short journey from home passed uneventfully. As I walked along I could not resist looking up at the sky. It was such a dark evening for the time of the year. Almost as if a dark cloud was hovering just below the normal clouds, like a spacecraft invisible to human eyes that just floated there. Waiting to land and allow the little green men inside to mingle and blend with the inhabitants of this planet.

The dark sky was broken by specks of light, stars, exploding planets being born into this universe or into another one. Millions of years and miles away. They seemed to be very close. The wind had picked up a bit, so had the chill that came with it and I pulled the collar of the old overcoat higher around my neck trying to keep the warmth that had remained deep inside since the dream.

Quickening my pace I soon arrived at the bar. Pushing the door open I walked inside. The acrid smell of stale tobacco burnt my nostrils and I reluctantly breathed in the fumes. Hanging my coat on the nearest coat peg I walked slowly to the bar and took a place at the end of the polished counter. The barmaid asked what I would like to drink and having surveyed the wide range of beers available I decided upon a glass of traditional English beer. The bar woman was pleasant enough. She had a smile that was both welcoming and perhaps a little flirtatious with eyes that engaged mine as she handed over my change. Leaving the coins on the counter I took a sip of the warm beer and took a look around again. The message had been quite clear. I was to be at this bar at 9pm that evening. I looked at my watch, 9.15pm. Well okay, I was a little late, but only by a few minutes. Surely the person I was to meet would have waited? It was hard for me to know if the person would have waited and then decided to leave. I really didn't know who I was to meet that evening. The message that I had heard inside my head had simply said "Be at the bar at 9pm. You are to make contact with a very important person who has information that you have to hear, and you in turn will give out information." It was not the first message that I had received. Since my death experience many years ago I had become accustomed to hearing the voice which had guided me safely along. At first I was not sure if the voice was someone playing games with me. Whispering in my ear. Speaking to me when I sleep. Or perhaps it was my imagination playing games. Over the years the voices continued. The harder that I tried to ignore them, willing them to go away, the more insistent they became. Finally I decided that I would listen to the voice. Almost in an instant that I agreed to listen the voices urged me to write down what they had to say. Who knows I thought, it might be important? Little was I to know just how important this link would turn out to be.

It was the same voice that had urged I to stay in the left-hand lane of the highway that dark night so long ago, instead of overtaking the car in front, I had listened and slowed down. Had I overtaken at that very moment a fast moving truck sped past him. I would have been killed or injured for sure. Fatigue had made me slightly unfocused and the voice had given me a kind of warning. It was the same voice that had guided me over and over again. When I was feeling particularly low it was the voice that encouraged me to look for the little things in life. The birds singing on a branch. The small puppies running around with boundless energy in the park. I had come to trust the voice, my 'inner-voice' as I had come to know it. Over the

years a mutual trust and understanding had developed. After all, if the voice had wanted to harm me or in some way cause pain I would not have received the warning on the highway? The noise level in the bar increased as a group of youths entered bringing me back from my half-sleep. They were happy, telling each other jokes and recounting some funny story. I felt that they were sharing their happiness. Although I had no idea who they were, their happiness was pleasantly infectious. Taking another sip of the warm beer I decided to move to a table that had become vacant and it was then that I noticed a familiar glow coming from the other end of the bar. It appeared like a beam from a torch shining through the haze of cigarette smoke making the beam swirl and rise like the smoke from a wood fire, deep within a forest, but the sensation of seeing the light had a much deeper meaning to me. Many years ago when I was at one with the light, during my death experience, a similar light comforted me. Glowing like the combined love and energies from hundreds of light beings, souls who were now at one with their light. Taking a glance across the bar I almost fell off the chair as my eyes focused through the haze. Standing before me was an ancient being. Not dressed in the normal clothes worn at this time, but dressed in the cloth of a Holy man. A Monk from the distant past. Standing across the room, drinking a glass of beer. Rubbing my eyes I looked again.

The Monk had disappeared and standing in his place was a neatly dressed man. Aged around fifty years or so, looking around the bar as if he too was waiting to meet someone. I wondered if this was the person I was there to meet. Quickly connecting with my inner voice I asked for guidance, telepathically asking if the Monk had been the man now standing at the bar, and if this was the person he was there to meet?

Instantly the answer came through.

“ Yes, this is the energy that you are here to meet, again”.

Meet again? When had we met before? The noise in the bar started to move to background noise, almost silent as I focused once again on the man at the bar. Taking in his appearance but also taking in his aura. The colours that swirled and moved around the outside of the man's body. The colours were changing from red to blue to green and then back again. I thought to myself that this person had a great deal of worry in his life at that time, but I also perceived that the person was making real efforts to overcome them, to come to terms with enforced changes. Well it was meant that I was to meet this person, or someone, at this bar. Plucking up my courage I moved from the table and walked towards the man. As I did this the colours around the man changed. They were now a silver colour almost like a shield of armour, of protection. There was no way that I meant to harm or inflict any kind of pain or suffering towards another person so I was curious that the aura colours had changed in this way. Did the man understand the art of psychic protection?

The means of wrapping oneself in particular colours in order that unwanted energies would be prevented from imposing themselves upon another's inner peace. Protection against unwanted energies messing around with inner thoughts. I thought it best to assume that the man did indeed have an understanding for why would the colours change so dramatically? The bar was fairly small and in another two steps I was at the counter. Thinking it better to appear indifferent I ordered another beer from the same barmaid. Taking the glass of beer and pocketing the change I noticed that the previous glow and appearance of the barmaid had changed. She looked stressed, almost drained. The colour in her face had changed. Perhaps it was the effect of the cigarette smoke? Maybe she needed to have some fresh air in her? I put out a gentle thought towards her. Willing her to ask for a break, to get out of this polluted room if only for a few minutes. A smile came across my face as in an instant the barmaid turned towards the manager and ask him if she could take her break now. The voice came back into my consciousness – "See it does work when you try"

Taking a swig from my glass I grimaced as the bitter taste went down my throat and moved closer to the man. The man at the bar nodded towards me. Looking behind I checked to see if the man was nodding to someone else, but no, it was me that the man wished to speak with. Moving closer I held out a hand as a gesture of friendship.

"Hello, I'm Joshua and I believe we have something to talk about?" I said, thinking that the man would probably get up and walk away.

Again the inner voice came back to me. "Have faith. Believe in yourself. Believe in the light and maintain your presence". The man replied with his eyes. They shone as he smiled back in acknowledgement, taking my hand in a welcoming shake. The energy that flowed through the hands as they met warmed my soul. This was a good energy. An old energy. It was part of an energy that felt so familiar. So much like a long lost family member I thought to myself. The man at the bar began to talk. " Yes, we do have things to discuss, I'm Joseph, but please, call me Joe ". A spark of recognition ignited between the two of us. A kind of mutual understanding. It was as if the two of us were long lost friends. No it was more than that. I instinctively knew Joe. Taking another sip from his glass and noticing that Joe's was empty I offered Joe a drink.

"Sounds good to me. feel like I've just walked through the hottest desert in the world my throat is so dry". With that Joe smiled in a way that acknowledged the unspoken bond between him and I. Returning the smile I ordered the drinks and noticed how refreshed the barmaid looked after her break.

I began to wonder just what to say. How would I start a conversation or rather, how could I begin to explain to Joe about why I was there? Just as I was about to begin Joe spoke up.

“ I noticed that you were looking over, and also that you were giving off a very bright energy colour when you walked over”. I began to feel a little more relaxed. “ Tell me, what did you see when you first looked at me? “

I wondered if I should tell Joe exactly what I saw ?

“ I saw a Monk, a holy man”. I Replied.

“ That makes sense, said Joe, “ Only the other night I was at a local Spiritualist church when I received a message from the clairvoyant telling me that she, too, saw me as a Monk. She went on to tell me that I would be meeting another like-minded soul who would see me as she had”.

I asked him what she meant about like-minded soul? And how did she know he was a Monk? I had so many questions to ask him, it would take all night to even know where to start!

Joe looked at me apprehensively, I could tell that he did not trust me – well not 100 percent. The look in his eyes, the wry grin on his face. After all why should he believe or trust me, a perfect stranger.

As if he was reading my mind Joe looked up and into my eyes.

“Okay, I sense that we are all part of the same family.....” he began to say then something caught his eye. I glanced over my shoulder to see what Joe was looking at but did not see anything although I did sense a faint light. The sensation of familiarity was overwhelming. I looked up at Joe, inviting him to expand upon what he had seen, or had sensed. Joe returned my glance, silently acknowledging that he too had seen the same faint light that I had.

“How often do you see the light?” Joe asked. I asked if he had known about the light, and was pleased to hear that he had also become aware of a light, guiding and ‘protecting’ him since he was a small child. Joe started to explain how when he was a small child the other children and adults thought that he was different from the other children. I sensed that he was not totally comfortable in telling me the details, and I respected that. Although I was intrigued to learn more I could understand that he had only just met me and that it would take some time to open up.

Seeing that his glass was almost empty I suggested another round of drinks, and walked up to the bar. I needed the short break to gather my thoughts. As I glanced over my shoulder I noticed a faint light hovering over Joe. I smiled to myself and knew instinctively that we were going to be meeting up again regularly.

Putting Joe’s drink on the table in front of him he nodded and took the glass. Emptying half of the pint glass he looked up and said that he felt that perhaps we should arrange to meet up again. It was not the ideal place to discuss things, too many distractions and noise.

I agreed and took a sip of my beer. Looking around the bar I noticed that it had got quieter, and many of the party-goers had already left. The bar was almost empty.

There was a short silence between Joe And I. It was only for a few seconds, neither wishing to say the first word to break the silence we each drank from our glasses.

It was funny that I felt uncomfortable with the silence. Joe finished his beer and put the empty glass onto the table. I did the same. The smoke drifting across the bar was getting really uncomfortable and I said to Joe that I was going to leave and head home. Okay, I'll come along with you.

Putting on my coat I made my way to the door. The cool fresh air was so good. I took in a deep breath and breathed out the contaminated fumes from deep inside my lungs. Joe was close behind and I asked which way he was going, where did he live?

" I live down the hill, about 1 mile away, "But I'll walk back with you, we can talk along the way."

At that we started to head back to my house. After a while we stopped. I pointed out to Joe that I was only a short distance from my place and we stopped to let a group of youths pass by. As the group got closer I felt a slight sensation of panic, as if we were going to be attacked or hassled by this group of drunken, noisy youths.

I needn't have felt that way as they walked by, harmlessly staggering on their merry way. Joe asked if I had felt threatened and I replied honestly. He explained that a long time ago, in a previous life-time he had been in a similar situation. Hang on, in a previous life-time! I asked Joe what meant, he told me to close my eyes and remember. Remember WHAT? Okay, what the heck, it had been a strange day all round, and here I was with a stranger, but not a stranger, it was almost 20 after midnight, okay, I'll go with this.

As I closed my eyes a familiar scene filled my vision. I was walking down some old well-worn stone steps, into a dust filled forum. The stench of blood, rotting corpses and sweat filled my nostrils. My goodness! I was back in ancient Roman times. I 'looked' around me and could see the wealthy Roman citizens, dressed in togas shouting, cheering. Below was the remains of some unfortunate person. A slave like me. I looked at my feet, bare except from the scraps of cloth that bound my cut and lacerated feet. I started to take in my surroundings fully. As I glanced to my right I almost fainted as there, beside me was Joe! He also wore the same type of clothing, rags. He looked at me, but I sensed that he was not actually 'seeing' me, as if I was not actually there. The noise from the crowd increased and I became frightened. I felt like I was going to be attacked, set upon, brutally and without thought. The sounds, colours, noise, so noisy, head spinning, heart racing fast, faster. I opened my eyes, half expecting to find that Joe had disappeared but he was right where I'd left him. A slight grin on his face. He smiled and told me that he knew what I had just seen, what I had just experienced, again. It was getting late, we had had a few drinks and we both agreed to meet

up later that week, in a couple of days. I could hardly wait that long. I wanted answers, and I wanted them NOW. Walking across the road I looked back to wave to Joe. He was standing almost like a sentry, he waved. I took one more quick glance and noticed the warm glow of a familiar light, of a well known love that circled him as he started to walk away. Okay, I muttered into my mind, my friend, my brother, a couple of days was fine by me.

I headed home and felt awakened as I turned the key in the latch and opened the door. Like some classic film I uttered those immortal words “Honey, I’m home”.

The warmth of the hallway was comforting – I had forgotten just how cold the night had become. Sitting against the stairs I pulled off my boots and sighed. There was just so much going on in my head – that and the few beers I’d had made me tired. I ached, my bones ached. I decided to climb the stairs, and as I looked up at them, so high, so many. I briefly perceived the usual glow of a friendly energy.

“Okay” I muttered to myself – “ I’ll stay here a little while longer”.

I must have drifted off for in my mind I was back in time. Another ‘dream’ another ‘journey’. I was back in the same coffee bar that I’d visited just after my experience, so many years ago. Only this time it was about two months later.

Why had I needed to return to this place. Was there a message that I needed to re-live? After my experience, of meeting the light beings, I had changed.

Here I was back in a familiar place, and the sensations, the emotions were again of that time.

I recalled that most of my relationships no longer held the same value, the same meaning that they had done before.

After my head had cleared a little I had started to ask questions. I needed answers.

I had begun to visit different places than I used to go to before in my search for answers to what had happened to me, but most importantly why? And what was ‘the job’ to be done?

I had started to go to museums, wine bars, libraries in fact anywhere that I thought may bring me into contact with others who might give me some answers or at least point me into the right direction – Ha! As if there was one? In my search I had come across those that laughed. They laughed at what I had to tell them. But most hurtful of all was that they laughed at me.

They ridiculed what I was trying to tell them. Yet my experience was real, very real to me, but many didn’t see it that way. The laughter and ridicule hurt. I needed to be a little more discerning with who I spoke to. I was not going to give up searching. Surely someone must be able to explain what had happened?

The coffee bar had become a refuge of mine. Only a short journey from the centre of this city and busy enough to allow me the luxury of people watching. I could sip my coffee, eat my sandwich and soak up the various energy exchanges that went on almost invisibly to most of

the others in the bar. As I shifted my vision to that of a half glance I could just see – or sense – the energy move from person to person as their conversations evolved. The colours that swirled around the heads kept changing. One second it would be a bright and happy colour, vibrant and fresh. The next it had changed to a subdued tone of the same colour. Perhaps this was because the tone of voice used during the conversation had changed from a happy or light one to a more forceful or demanding one? I decided to listen a little. One couple sitting across from my table had been talking about the purchase of a new house. What was the problem, why couldn't they move in right away? The woman was concerned that someone else would buy the property ahead of them, her partner was trying to calm her down by saying that no one would do that, after all the real estate agent had given them his word – hadn't he? I continued to watch, trying not to stare or be too obvious. The body language matched that of the couple. She had shifted back into her seat, he had also done the same. Neither of them wanted to give in to their fear of believing that the 'nice-guy' from the estate agents could have lied to them. This in itself had sown seeds of doubts in their minds which had in turn changed the original colours surrounding them both from light and bright swirls of fun to dull and subdued hues of sadness.

As I continued to people-watch I was aware of someone talking to me. I could hear a distant voice. Looking up I could see a young woman standing in front of me. She looked familiar somehow I sensed that I knew her, but could not quite remember from where or when, I was surprised. Trying to quickly focus back to 'normal' vision I rubbed my eyes and cleared my throat.

'Can I sit here?' she said with a softness that started to melt into my soul.

'Be my guest' and, pulling out the chair I beckoned her to join me.

I noticed that she had the most wonderful smile as she placed her coffee cup onto the table. Our eyes drew level as she sat. I was lost in the beauty of her eyes. Deep brown, seductive and welcoming, her eyes were talking to me, beckoning me to join her to merge and comfort the sadness that they hid from within her heart. I felt slightly awkward. Where did I know her from, and was it remotely possible that she might know me? Getting back to my coffee I took a sip of the bitter sweet drink and leaned back into my chair. I could not help myself and I again looked at her. She started to smile, and then her smile turned into a warm and friendly grin. Leaning forward towards me she put her hand to my face. Holding a napkin in her hand she asked if I minded, and gently wiped the particle of cream that had remained on my lips as I had put the coffee back onto the table. We smiled at each other, and in a warm and loving way the connection was made.

I introduced myself. She told me her name. As we chatted to each other – the noises and activities of the coffee bar disappeared into the background and then faded away.

My new friend explained that she was here on vacation following a particularly upsetting experience. It was her first visit to this city and she was very excited about being here. I was fascinated by her voice. It resonated and touched a part of me that had never been touched quite in that way before. I ached to hear what she had to say, to immerse myself in the beauty of her voice. It danced and sang to me. I was falling in love.

As she spoke I could see pictures, images above her head. Dancing Angels, Light-Beings. Who was she – really? Had I found a long-lost friend? Was she more than a stranger in this coffee bar? I started to feel at ease, totally, with her and thought that maybe, just maybe, she would understand about my ‘death’ experience.

Plucking up the courage to tell her I was just about to begin when she put her finger to my lips.

“There’s no need to explain”, she said. “I’ve seen you before, in the place of Light”.

And then it all made sense. She was my soul-mate, my twin-flame. My heart sang. At last, someone who was not going to laugh at me. But I also realised that she and I were meant to be meeting up now. It would have been no real use meeting before I had my experience because the ‘key’ had not been turned, the doorway of memories had not been opened.

Time seemed to no longer exist as we sat and talked and listened to each other. Where had she been all of my life ? She asked me the same question and I sensed that we both felt the same towards one another. Deciding to leave we got up from the table and instinctively reached out to hold hands. A spark of light flowed through the two of us and we merged into one being. One soul, one ray of light, united for eternity. I wanted that moment to continue forever, but I started to awaken from my dream.

Beginning to come round, I found myself back in my bed. Not really bothered as to how I’d got there I sank into the softness of the mattress and cuddled up to my lover.

## **COMMUNICATING WITH THE LIGHT**

The next few months were particularly busy. Mostly taken up with regular meetings between myself and Joseph. Our friendship had intensified as we met and discussed our concept on what had happened to me so many years ago, the way I had ‘seen’ him as a holy person. I was surprised to learn he also had many experiences of a spiritual nature. I was equally interested in his experiences with UFO energies when he was younger.

We agreed to meet at regular times on the same day each week with the ‘objective’ of developing our spiritual experiences, and to hopefully gain guidance from my LIGHT friends.

We were not sure what form these messages of guidance may take but our faith in the Light which was strong grew stronger with each weekly meeting.

As we sat in meditation I became aware of the presence of a LIGHT being near to me. Feeling a little uneasy with the sensation I found myself talking to the energy. To my surprise the energy began to speak 'through' me, right into the very heart of my soul. The way it communicated was not by actual speech, but more of an intuitive method. I sensed that I had been made aware of a very special friend and that a unique relationship was being forged, bonded and set for the future.

The sensation of speaking with another energy, with something that I could not actually see was a little unnerving yet was so real. I asked the energy if 'it' or 'he' had a name. Yes, I am known as Rabbi Rabanovich. I was amazed that as I asked the question or rather as I thought the question inside my head, the energy understood and answered directly to me. I felt a little strange with this as it was all new to me. Rabanovich had a manner about him, within and around him that commanded my respect. He had so much love to give to me and so many lessons. He explained that when I had met the light after dying that I'd been given a message – I recalled those very words, "You have job to do" I began to realise that the 'job' had been taking place for years, and was about to become so important. With Joseph and Rabanovich's help and guidance the job would be easier. I asked each of them if they would be prepared to help. Yes, and others would come and help too. Still I wondered to myself how would I be able to complete the job, the task, fulfil my destiny? I need not have been concerned for as the communication between myself and Rabanovich increased and as I became more at one with him he explained that I had agreed to do this work. I felt uplifted.

Rabanovich asked that I accompany him on a journey. A mind journey, back to a time when his religious beliefs were scorned, when his fellow Jews were almost wiped out. Back to the terrible times of World War II. I was unsure. A little apprehensive. Rabanovich assured me that I need not be. His manner was urgent. Looking over at Joseph I knew that it would be okay. Before I agreed I asked Rabanovich if he was a spiritual guide to me. Yes, and that he had agreed to work with me to. A protector and teacher. Okay I said, lets go.

As I closed my eyes I felt my breath getting deeper and slower. I became really relaxed. The journey had begun. Like 'Peter Pan' I started to drift upwards, almost like I had when I had died so long ago. In my mind and looking around me I could see the tops of houses, buildings, trees. We soared higher and higher. Upwards towards a shining beam of brilliant light that shone directly to my inner being. Breathing harder. My heart felt like it was going to

stop. Glancing over to where I thought Rabanovich was I realised that I could not see him. Panic set in.

I quickly opened my eyes a little, like a child cheating when playing hide and seek. I could vaguely see the outline of Joseph sitting in his arm chair, although it was very hard to focus on him. I closed my eyes again and felt relieved to be back with Rabanovich. Concentrate. I needed to still my body. My mind was racing ahead of me. My body needed to slow right down. This started to feel so natural and I became comfortable with the sensation of being out of my body, flying around in and out of dimensions. Could I do this again? Would I be able to fly at will? Of course. Rabanovich had sensed or heard my thoughts and answered them for me. But, he warned, be careful when and how you do this. It must not be a party-trick. He explained that what I was doing was known as astral projection – releasing my inner body to expand and travel to other places whilst my physical earth-body remained anchored on the earth dimension. Wow, now this was getting a little weird, even for me! It is all part of your job he continued. I understood and with that understanding came peace.

We were close to the time or place in time that Rabanovich needed to show me. I suddenly knew where he was taking me. Back in time to a Nazi concentration camp. Horror and fear set in. Why was I here? I asked him if others could see us. Yes and No. Yes in so far as some individual beings may see us as angels or little specks of Light, and No in as much that those people not yet aware of their own spirituality or purpose or those not wishing to acknowledge the Light energies may not be able to see us – but everyone may be able to sense us. He went on to explain that everyone could sense us like a cobweb brushing past or close to them, perhaps like a shiver touching them. So when I had experienced these sensations myself, I asked him, did that mean that another Light-Soul had been travelling close to me? Yes. Were these other travelling souls doing their own jobs. Yes. They had drawn close to gain insights from my experiences at those times and were there to assist in bringing me other opportunities to experience and grow. And here was I simply thinking that I had been touched by a spider's web !

We started to arrive. To 'land'. But we were still not in a physical body. I sensed that we were inside a damp and small wooden hut. I looked about me and saw that the hut was very sparsely furnished. Lots of bunk beds. Thin mattresses and coarse blankets provided little comfort.

We were high above the floor, near to the ceiling. At one end of the hut there was a stove, warm but not enough to take the chill or dry the dampness from this oppressive place. The hut was starting to fill up. I watched and felt a great sadness sweep over me. I can recall now as I write these words the tremendous sadness and fear that came over me, tears

are swelling up even now. Were these actually human beings? So undernourished and thin. Bones showing through their skin. I, like many others had seen films and old newsreel footage of the camps from the War times but I had never in my darkest nightmares imagined that I would one day actually be there.

I sensed the sadness felt by every person inside that hut. There must have been over 50 people cramped into this small space. Most of them were climbing wearily into their beds. Simply too tired and ill to expend any more precious energy by standing around. Trying to gain some warmth and some dignity. Privacy. I realised that it would be almost impossible to have any privacy here. Again their sadness and despair washed over my soul. Deeply into my own heart, which was aching. Their pain was my pain. Their grief became my grief. I began to cry. My heart wanted to scream out. My hands wanted to embrace each and every person there. Looking over at Rabanovich I simply asked him with my mind –why? Be still he said, look, and learn. As I watched I noticed one person walk towards the stove. As he stood there it became apparent that he held some higher position than the rest. Others looked at him with respect. One by one those that were strong enough to climb down began to walk up to him. Each handed him some of their food. Food? It was little more than scraps of hard dried up bread. Tearing pieces off they offered them to him. I could not believe my own eyes when he accepted each piece however small from each person. Looking over once more at Rabanovich I noticed that his face bore their pain. His eyes carried their sorrow. His hands embraced each soul. I asked him why they were giving this person their food? He explained that before the nazis rounded them up this person was the local leader. The one person that they all looked up to, his word was like a law. During the times of plenty he would receive contributions from everyone. And then he would distribute these offering to those that had nothing, or very little, within their community. Now that they had even less, Rabanovich explained, it was vital to maintain their values, their beliefs and respect. The nazis could never take that away from them. By handing over small bits of food, the most precious belongings they had left, each one was acknowledging and holding firm to the basic truth. Despite their hunger and fear they still continued to carry on. I understood. What, I asked Rabanovich was my purpose being there? He looked over and smiled and then I knew. For so many years I had taken for granted the materialistic things that made up my day to day existence. Here watching the poverty and abject suffering before my very eyes I instantly was being made aware of the appreciation and value of these things. Rabanovich looked at me and he looked *into* me in a way which indicated that there was more than simply appreciation for what I had. A lesson had been offered and I was keen to accept. A question came into my consciousness – how was I going to get back – into my normal earth time. Here I was, floating in a past time, yet my family and friends were back where I had left them. Rabanovich looked over and sensed my thoughts. I was able to travel ‘back’

although I had never actually left. He explained that there is only one time, one space within all of the universe. It continues to evolve and grow as we move onwards, parts of this time circle starts to shrink it moves much like a bubble blown into the air. As one part expands the other parts reduce and then elongate to catch it up again. I asked if it was possible to be in more than one place at a time? Yes he replied. So whilst a part of me, an 'aspect' of myself, my very soul was here in this time with Rabanovich, experiencing these emotions another part of me was back with Joseph, sitting in his chair in his apartment. I asked if I could also communicate with Joseph whilst being here – could Joseph ask me questions like in conservation. Yes, so it would be possible to travel to another time, and then to relay information back to others sitting with my physical body. I could pass back information and guidance to those that required to know? Yes. This sounded fantastic.

He explained to me about the laws that such action worked within. Laws? Universal Laws. I wanted to learn more and he promised me that before I travelled back to my awakening state that he and I would meet up again, very soon.