

A silhouette of a man wearing a suit and a hat, standing and looking towards the right. The background is a bright, cloudy sky with a lens flare effect. The text is overlaid on the sky.

From the Author of *Spiritual Psychology*

Pretending to be a Human

The Evolution
of a Snowflake

By Steve Rother

From the author of Spiritual Psychology

This book is a gift from all of us at Paths2Empowerment.com.

PRETENDING TO BE A HUMAN.

The Evolution of a Snowflake

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The Evolution of a Snowflake.

By Steve Rother
with information from the group.

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From the Author

Although this is a relatively small book it took several years to complete. This book was originally written as a fiction story that could illustrate many of the important truths that the group has shared with us over the years. It was not until completion that I was made aware that this was the story of my own previous lifetimes. The stories and characters are deeply ingrained in my own experience as a spirit pretending to be a human. I am proud to share them with you here.

This book would not have happened without the special guidance and help from the group but also from some very special spirits pretending to be a human.

Elke Valkenaers – Writing Assistant, Muse, Inspirationalist and Slave Driver.

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and
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The Evolution of a Snowflake

Transition

The tranquility of a new morning surrounded Seth as he awoke from a peaceful night's sleep. Knowing that once he opened his eyes the demands of the day would probably divert him from this joy, he kept them closed a little longer than usual. Then with a final push, he opened his eyes and prepared to jump into daily life one more time. As the sleep faded from his eyes, he became aware of his surroundings. To his surprise, he was not in his bedroom.

There was a great deal of commotion in the room as people were hastily attending to the person in the bed close to where Seth was now standing. The antiseptic white walls and chrome furnishings told him that this was a hospital. All attention in the room focused on the person that lay in the bed. Under normal circumstances, Seth would have been bothered: he never liked hospitals. Yet, even with all this commotion, he noticed how strangely calm he felt. Trying to stay out of the way, he moved to a corner of the room where he could observe. He began wondering who the person was in the bed, and why everyone seemed so concerned. From the look on everyone's face, he knew that this was a life-threatening situation and, as a matter of habit, sent off a brief prayer for the person in the bed. Then, at almost the same instant, he began to wonder why *he* was in *this* room in the first place.

At that very moment time seemed to stop, and like a series of short film clips many important events in Seth's life began to flash through his memory. Even the "really bad" experiences seemed to appear in a different light, as if he was seeing everything from the perspective of a neutral observer. Before he could even process what he had just seen, Seth found himself floating upward toward the ceiling. He didn't give it another thought and just assumed he was dreaming. He was more interested in seeing who was in the bed and from up here he could almost see the strangely familiar face. The man's face was partially obscured by an oxygen mask, tubes and tape, but looked familiar to him and he searched his memory but he couldn't place it. The staff was busy and seemed very worried attempting to revive the man, but he was not responding.

Looking around the room at the faces of all the people gathered around the bed, Seth remembered one of the nurses who was now attempting to hide her tears. Her name suddenly jumped into his mind, even though he could not see her nametag. At that very moment, she looked up at the ceiling as if she was looking directly at him. Seth felt her stare go straight to his heart and a second later she hurried out of the room. The person in charge looked at the clock in the room and said the time out loud while she pulled off her purple rubber gloves, throwing them on a stainless steel table in frustration as she walked out of the room. One of the remaining nurses then switched off the equipment and leaned over the bed to remove the oxygen mask from the now lifeless body. Seth didn't like this dream and he wanted it to end now. He remembered why he hated hospitals so much and was ready to wake up. However, before he did, he wanted to see who it was, so he hovered directly over the bed for a better look.

Seth had a strange detached and calm feeling as memories started flooding back into his mind. He suddenly remembered the heart disease he had been struggling with for the past two years, and all the people who had come into his life to help him heal. Now he knew why the nurse looked so familiar. Seth looked closer at the body lying in the bed below. As he moved in very close, a strange calm came over him as he now knew that he was staring at his own body. "So, I guess this is death," he said to himself aloud.

He stayed for a time and just watched the hospital staff remove the equipment, as one nurse filled out some paperwork on one of the stainless steel tables. Seth's lifeless body was still on the bed as they began detaching all the wires and tubes. He expected to be angry or upset that they gave up and let him die, but he wasn't. The body below on the bed was not the *real* him and he knew it somehow. He felt like he was still alive and still had his body. He looked down at his own legs and feet and everything looked normal to him. He noticed that he was even wearing his favorite shoes.

The Greeter

Just then, a young attendant in a white uniform entered the room. The nurse doing the paperwork said, "He's all yours," as the attendant attached something to the foot of the dead body and then left. One by one, all of the others finished their duties and left the room. A moment later, the room was empty. With the realization that this was *his* death Seth started to entertain other thoughts. Just as his mind began to grasp the implications of it all, he heard a voice that sounded just like his Uncle Bob who died more than 15 years prior. Uncle Bob was Seth's favorite uncle and he always loved his jolly, fun-loving attitude toward life.

Seth heard Uncle Bob's voice. "Not so fast, Seth. Take it all in and just be with it for a time. This is a big step, and believe me, there's no hurry."

Seth began searching the room for where Uncle Bob's voice was coming from, but it wasn't until he turned full circle that he was facing his uncle.

Uncle Bob started to explain, "Yes Seth, you are no longer carrying that body."

Seth quickly glanced down at his body and examined his hands. "Looks fine to me," he said.

Uncle Bob responded, "Yeah I know, but as soon as you begin to see yourself the way you really are, you will no longer need the illusion of the body. Not to worry, there is plenty of time to adjust." Uncle Bob began chuckling to himself and Seth didn't understand. "For now there are several events that will take place to help you make the transition back Home and I am here to help get you started. First of all, do you have any questions?"

Seth was afraid to ask the question foremost in his mind, but the moment he thought about it Uncle Bob answered him. "Yes, you are dead Seth. Actually, we don't really use that word. As you will soon discover, it is really more like what you call birth than what you call death. In any event, your time in the bubble of biology is over for now."

Seth responded with frustration. "How can you be so flippant and happy about it, Uncle Bob? This is a really big thing!"

Uncle Bob smiled and tried hard not to laugh. "Yes, you are absolutely right Seth. It is a really big thing, as you say. But the first point you must understand is that this is a celebration for us. Let me explain. When you are Home it is exactly the opposite of what you experience on Earth. Birth and death are the two major transitions in each human life. When a soul takes a body for one of these journeys, it must go through the most difficult transition of the soul. That transition is birth. It is not easy lowering your vibration and limiting your Light, then entering the illusion of the timeline in order to have a human experience. When a soul enters a body to have a human experience, the separation anxiety alone is enough to make one back out and stay Home. It is for that reason that the spirit enters the body slowly over 11 to 15 years of time. For the human, birth is the easiest transition and on Earth birth is celebrated as a new beginning. You will soon discover that on this side of the veil of forgetfulness we celebrate the same way when a human dies. In fact, we really know how to party as you will discover."

Uncle Bob then looked at Seth and realized that this was probably too much too fast and he added, "You will soon understand, there is no need to rush anything. I am here now to help you release the body and explain some of the basics."

"Thanks, Uncle Bob. I really appreciate you being here," Seth said, not sure what to think of all this.

Uncle Bob replied, "Actually you asked me to meet you here when you were finished. You asked me to do this long before you were born and I am honored to be of service. Besides, I could not let such an important event go unassisted especially for my favorite nephew. It's really good to see you Seth, we have missed you." Uncle Bob placed his hand on Seth's back and the two started to walk together.

"Now, let me answer some of your questions and fill you in on some of the basics." Seth began to walk but strangely could not feel the hand of his beloved uncle on his back.

"So, does this mean that I am in Heaven?" Seth blurted out.

Uncle Bob laughed and said, “Not exactly, in fact you may find that some of your ideas about what you call Heaven may not fit the way they did when you were in the bubble of biology. I will tell you the most important points that you need to know for now. Your full re-remembering will begin soon enough, not to worry. For now, know that your spirit entered the game of free choice in a human body. The game of free choice only exists because of the illusion of what you know to be time. Your game has now ended and you have released your body; however you have not yet left the game board. In fact, you still have total free choice in all matters. For instance, if you decided that this conversation was not real, I would disappear in an instant.”

“Please stay, Uncle Bob.”

“Not to worry, Seth. I am here for you as we agreed and you have only to think of me for me to reappear. Thanks for allowing me to help you, Seth. You see, many who transition are so attached to a human emotion that they often miss these contracts all together. In fact, if they stay attached to human emotions they stay on the game board without their bodies. You often call these ghosts.”

Seth looked at his uncle and asked, “Does that mean that they are stuck, Uncle Bob?”

“Not really,” Uncle Bob responded, “as they still have free choice. Their state comes from their attachment to any human emotion, as these emotions only exist on the game board of planet Earth. The moment they choose to release their attachment to the emotion they return Home again. Let me give you an example. Let’s say that everything is really going well in your game and for no apparent reason suddenly someone takes your life. If you get angry about it and cannot release that anger, you will stay on Earth.”

“How long can that last?” Seth asked.

“No, you still don’t get it, Seth,” Uncle Bob responded. “There are souls currently on Earth who died in the American Civil War of the 1800s, but to them they died only an hour ago. In fact, many of them replay their own deaths over and over again in a seemingly endless loop. This explanation should be enough for now. We’ll get back to it later.”

“So what is next for me, Uncle Bob?”

“Dear Seth, that is up to you. You may stay or return Home and there is no right or wrong about it, it is simply another choice and all choices are honored. When you are ready to return Home, just hold that thought and an opening will appear before you. Enter that opening without attachment to any human emotion and you will be Home.”

“What about the emotion of love, Uncle Bob?”

“Love is much more than an emotion, Seth, as you will find out, but I said *human* emotion. It is not possible to be attached to true love, as it is unconditional. It is only the human interpretation of love as conditional love, which can anchor a spirit to the Earth realm. And Seth, please know that even the fear of not being able to return Home is a human emotion that can block your path. Fear in all of its forms is only the absence of love and unique to the human experience. All of what you call negative emotions is fear-based. Fear does not exist at Home. It is interesting that every single human will die at some point, yet rarely do you discuss the subject. Humans ignore it all their lives until it is upon them and then they fear it. These transitions are very important to the collective human experience, and if only you addressed it beforehand the fear would be removed. Imagine how different our conversation would be right now if this subject was taught to you in school alongside of math and language.”

“So, what happens if I do get stuck on Earth?”

“It’s important to understand that no one ever gets stuck. If you do not go through the gate, it is by your own choice. If you decide that you are unhappy with your reality you can always choose again. It may be that this point is easier to understand than what I will share with you next. Since all choice is honored, it is not *wrong* to be in fear or to remain on Earth without the body. The concepts of right and wrong are only illusions of polarity on the game board of Earth and they keep your spirit anchored to the Earth realm. It is also not necessary to clear all of your negative emotions to enter the gate. What will keep you from entering the gate is attachment to those emotions.”

“OK Uncle Bob, now I have some specific questions. You keep talking about humans as if you are not one. You were my uncle and very human, so why do you talk about us as if we are separate?”

“Great question Seth, no one is really a human. You are a spirit pretending to play a game within a bubble of biology that you call the human race. You have been playing this game within a magnetic field that you call duality. Within a field of duality you see everything in contrast, such as up and down, black or white, right or wrong, good or bad, love or fear. You are a spirit pretending to be human. Since I returned Home and re-membered, I know who and what *I am* and although my core personality is that of the man you knew to be your Uncle Bob, I have reunited with all the aspects of my true nature as will you.”

“You talk of this place Home. Is this Heaven you are talking about and what about Hell?”

“Again, your vision is tainted with the polarity that exists within the field of duality. Humans devised the concept of Heaven because most humans intuitively know they are not from Earth, and shortly after invented the contrast known as Hell. It was used widely as a means of control. There was a lot of laughter at Home about that one! But then again it is free choice, isn't it? Home is where our spirit resides. You can call it Heaven if you like, but there is no opposite. Even when we are on Earth playing the game some of our spirit remains at Home. That part of our spirit that remains at Home is often called the higher self and keeps you in constant connection to Home. This will be much clearer soon so be patient, dear boy.”

“Seth, you now have all that I can give you at this meeting. Think of me and I will appear before you at any time to help guide the way. For now, there are other things that need your attention. Know that as you have stepped out of the body you are in a state of enhanced creation, yet, interacting with humans the way you did before may be difficult. The best advice I can give you is the same advice I gave you when I was your uncle. Follow your heart, Seth, it knows the way Home.”

With that, Uncle Bob was gone.

Soul Grounding

Seth had been so engaged in his conversation with his uncle that he had not given thought to his own death. Now he began to think about the larger implications of his death and his thoughts immediately went toward his youngest daughter, Jennifer. Seth had been working on their relationship lately and thought they had really made some progress in the last few years. He had been worried about some of the choices Jennifer was making. The strain of Seth's illness had affected her more than anyone else in the family. She told him one time that she felt responsible for him. And even though Seth did not want her to be obligated, he loved the new relationship they were creating and she really enjoyed it as well. He wondered what his passing would mean to her and what she was experiencing right now. In that very instant, Seth found himself in Jennifer's bedroom. It was late at night and the entire house was dark and quiet. She lay in bed next to her husband, both of them in a deep sleep.

Without knowing why or how, Seth began to talk to Jennifer as she slept. Jennifer's husband, lying next to her, rolled over just then, as if to give them space to talk alone. Jennifer, half asleep, mumbled back to her father. Even though she didn't use complete words he understood his daughter perfectly.

"Are you all right, Daddy?" she asked.

Seth was flooded with all that he wanted to share with her. He wanted to tell her all the things he failed to say during their time together. He wanted to tell her all the things he had just learned from his encounter with Uncle Bob. He wanted to show her all of his heart, and let her know how very important she was in his life. Instead, he answered her directly with the most important message he could give her, "Yes, honey, I am better than I've ever been. I am perfectly wonderful and you are going to be perfectly wonderful as well. Don't worry about me, honey, I am free. Tell your brother and sister that I will always be right here, that I love you all and that we are still a family."

A quizzical look crossed Jennifer's face as she tried to take it all in, still half asleep with her eyes closed. She didn't fully understand what her father was telling her, but she was somehow relieved and started to fall back to sleep again. "Well, if you say so. I'm glad you're doing better. I love you, Daddy," Jennifer said as she pulled the covers up around her neck and took a deep breath.

Growing up, Jennifer needed more attention and more approval from her father than the other children. Yet, try as he might Seth found it very difficult to be that vulnerable after his daughter Alison's death. It was only in the last three years that Seth began making a conscious effort to strengthen an estranged relationship with his daughter. Even so, he never really told her how proud he was of her. Now sitting there watching her sleep he saw how special his daughter really was.

Realizing he had only a few brief moments left, Seth drew closer and whispered, "I love you kids and your mom more than you will ever know, and Jennifer, I am especially proud of you. I have not told you very often, but I always believed in you. Jennifer, you can do anything, sweetheart."

Jennifer did not respond but her forehead wrinkled in confusion as if she was feeling more than she could absorb. Even with her eyes firmly closed, she smiled and a single tear rolled down her cheek. Then, overwhelmed by sleep, she turned over and returned to her dreams.

Seth felt so good, he was amazed and couldn't help but wonder why he never said that to her before. He just hoped she heard it. He stayed in her room and just watched her sleep. He just sat at the foot of her bed, feeling the deepest love for her. Somehow, he knew that being here with her and loving her like that was filling her up with some of the love he failed to show her while he was alive. He wanted to make sure she got all that she could.

As Seth sat watching his daughter sleep, he could not help but feel a little sad. If only he'd had this perspective when he was alive, he thought. He could have charged her up with so much love and confidence that she would never feel alone again. His thoughts drifted to his other two children and wondered how it could have been different with them. It was interesting to Seth that although he cared deeply for all of his children Jennifer was closer to him somehow. As the family was growing up

Seth's wife would always try to share attention equally between all of their children, even making sure the Christmas presents were all equal. The feelings he now had were not that he loved one more than the other, but somehow he felt more responsible for Jennifer.

Feeling very strong and confident, Seth decided to do something he'd never done before. He reached over to touch Jennifer's forehead and stroke her hair. He was taken aback when his hand moved right through her without feeling anything. He used to be more intimate with the kids when they were young, but since the death of his youngest daughter Alison he had shut down and pulled away. He showed them love by working hard and providing them with a good life, but he had died a little inside and never got over it. Now it was no longer possible for him to touch them in that way.

Just then, the beautiful silence was shattered by the harshness and urgency of the telephone ringing. Jennifer bolted out of bed as if she had been lying there waiting for it to ring. Even though there was a phone next to her bed, she was out of bed and flew into the kitchen to answer the phone before it could ring a second time. Seth followed her. Jennifer picked up the phone, managed a groggy hello and then silence as she listened. . . . "Yes, I know. I knew it the moment the phone rang." After a long silence, she repeated herself. "Yes, I know, I know. Thank you, Jane, for taking care of that. I will, hang on a minute."

With that the tears began streaming down her face, she held the phone away and looked to her husband who was now standing beside her in the kitchen. Very slowly she said, "It's Jane. The hospital called, Daddy's gone. He died about an hour ago in his sleep." Jennifer's husband put his arms around her and they cried together. She put the phone back up to her ear and continued her conversation with her sister. "When I talked to the doctor yesterday, he said that Daddy might even come home for a while. I never imagined that he would die. I don't know what to think or feel. I'm numb. I guess I'm happy that he is out of pain and at last, he'll be with Alison now."

Jennifer wiped her tears as the phone conversation continued. "Jane, I need to tell you something strange. I had a vivid dream that Daddy was here last night and he told me that he was all right and that he loves all of us kids. Then he just sat on my bed and watched me sleep. Jane, it was

the most beautiful experience I've ever had. He told me that we were still a family."

Entering the Gate

After a while, Jennifer hung up the phone and hugged her husband. She started to call her brother when Uncle Bob's voice broke Seth's attention. "You about ready, chief?"

"Yes, I'm ready," Seth responded. "I'm not sure where we're going, but after this I can honestly say I'm ready. I feel very complete. But can I come back here again?"

"Oh, yeah, my guess is that you'll be here a lot."

For the first time Seth saw Uncle Bob standing before him with his hand extended for him to take, but before taking it Seth thought back to being in his daughter's room when he tried to touch her and couldn't. However, to Seth's surprise he felt Uncle Bob's firm grip. The love Seth felt from his uncle in that touch was almost overwhelming. Suddenly a series of questions flooded Seth's mind as he heard himself blurting them out without pausing for answers. "What happens when we die? What's next? Does this happen to everyone? Do we always visit someone like that? How come—"

Uncle Bob stopped Seth mid-sentence. "Slow down. It will all become clear in a very short time. You have some excellent tutors waiting for you and they'll help you remember everything."

"But what about you, Uncle Bob, aren't you going to be with me?"

"No, my job is almost done. We can see each other any time you like, but my contract is almost complete. A long time ago I agreed to play a very important part in your life. I agreed to meet you here at the end of your life when you crossed over. Right now, it's best to keep moving so you don't get attached here. So, when you're ready take three steps in this direction."

Feeling a little reluctant, Seth took a step forward. On the third step, he found himself moving effortlessly through a long tunnel that seemed to go on forever. The music that filled his brain was something that he had

never heard before. It was so clear and so perfect. He became aware that he was moving at an incredible speed, yet he wasn't scared at all. Just then, he saw a pinpoint of light way off in the distance and decided to focus on it. The light began growing rapidly in size and took on a brilliance he couldn't remember ever seeing before. An instant later the warm, loving light filled every part of his being, and then everything went silent for the first time. He opened his eyes to see long blades of green grass blowing in the wind, giving off the most vibrant colors Seth had ever seen.

Welcome Home

Seth sat peacefully, watching the grass blowing in the wind, and jumped up when he heard a voice just behind him.

“Well, what the hell you sittin’ around for? Come on now, we got things to do.”

It was a familiar voice and it got Seth’s attention the moment he heard it. Seth thought for a moment, but he couldn’t place it. Turning around to look behind him he saw no one. Facing forward again he was startled to see a vaguely familiar woman standing directly in front of him, as if she had just appeared out of nowhere. Then it came to him.

“Aunt Ruth?”

“Yep, it’s me all right. Who were you expecting? Elvis?”

Memories flooded Seth, as he recalled Aunt Ruth from his childhood. She was his mother’s best friend and a very special character. She was around a lot when Seth was growing up and she taught him a lot. She was so close to the family that Seth always knew her as ‘Aunt’ even though they weren’t actually related. She could make everyone smile the moment she walked into the room. She was one of his favorite people growing up, as she always had a direct connection with Seth and knew how to make him feel special. He remembered how, as a youngster, he couldn’t pronounce her name. “Aunt Boof” was the best he could do. The first time he said it, everyone laughed so hard that from that point forward Ruth was lovingly known to all as ‘Aunt Boof.’

A rebel of sorts, Aunt Ruth loved to tell stories and jokingly took credit for things as if she invented them just to see if you were paying attention. She never took herself or anyone else too seriously. Aunt Ruth even lived with Seth’s family for a while after her husband died. That was fine with him, although it threatened his mother a little as Seth often went to Ruth instead of her for advice. She was also concerned that Ruth showed Seth more attention than she did the others, even her own two children. Still, those few months gave Aunt Ruth and Seth time to make a bond that went very deep. Ruth cherished the name Aunt Boof, because it was

Seth who gave it to her. She was always a part of his life even after she died. Seth enjoyed seeing her again. His memories of her had faded after she died of cancer when he was twelve, but all those memories now flooded back as she stood before him, smiling as only Aunt Boof could.

“Come on now. Get off your ass. We gotta get going. Don’t want to be late for your own funeral, do you?” As she began walking into the mist with Seth in tow, she muttered under her breath, “Ya know, your dad always said you’d be late for your own funeral.”

Moments later, they were in a very cozy house with rugs on the walls, tapestries hanging from the ceiling and three big bean bag chairs on a warm wooden floor.

“Have a seat and we’ll get started,” Aunt Ruth said as she pushed Seth into one of the bean bags. “Did I tell you that I invented the bean bag chair?” she asked, half smiling. Seth did not take the bait as he knew it was useless to argue with her, so he just smiled.

Ruth continued, “You got questions and I got answers. That’s why we’re here, so fire when ready.”

“Well, for starters where are we exactly?”

“We’re Home. Well, my Home to be exact.”

“Am I dead? Is this Heaven?”

“That’s two questions. You know better than that,” Ruth chided gently, shaking her finger.

“Okay, am I dead?”

“Yep. Ain’t it grand?”

“Is this Heaven?”

“Well, sort of. I call it Home with a capital H. You see, the word ‘Heaven’ has lost its meaning over the years, but the short answer to your question is yes. You have returned to the place where you began and

that is always called Home. The place you are in at this moment is my Home and my most supportive surrounding, customized just for me.”

“Why are we here?”

“Good question. I’m what we call your ‘tutor.’ It’s my job to help you remember Home when you return here. It’s a contract that we made a long time before you were born. You could say that I’m here to teach you to stretch out and get comfortable at Home.”

“Is that your only purpose?”

“Heavens, no! Each one of us is on our own evolutionary path as a soul. You could say that we are the actualization of God. I am just shifting my energy for a time to fulfill an agreement I made with you a long time ago. You see, we all have important things to do, even here at Home. You didn’t think we just sat around on clouds all day, did you? The most important task for me to do right now is to tutor you.”

“Okay, so that means that I can ask any questions I like, right?”

“‘Tis what I live for,” Aunt Ruth said with a smile as she dramatically bowed toward Seth.

“If this is your Home, how did you get it and what or who determines where you live?”

“I do. Actually, I determine everything in my reality. All anyone does is hold a thought and it manifests. The same is true even when you’re on the game board of Earth. But on Earth you have to deal with the veil of forgetfulness and the time lag, and that messes up most creations. . . which is often a blessing considering the chaotic thoughts many people have. Right now, you are in my reality because we have work to do and you’re not yet re-remembering how things work. That’s why I created the reality we share at this moment. Little by little, you’ll re-remember the creation process and create your own reality. Then, we’ll meet at your house.”

With that answer, Seth closed his eyes as his imagination began to drift to the endless possibilities of Aunt Ruth’s statement. Upon opening his

eyes, he found himself floating among the stars, staring out at the most beautiful star clusters. The startling beauty before him took his breath away. He thought, "*You really can have anything that you want by just thinking about it.*"

Just then, Seth was yanked unceremoniously back into the room where he found himself looking into the stern face of Aunt Ruth. He felt like a guilty child. The silence was deafening as they both stared at each other, waiting for the other to flinch. They had played this game many times before when Seth was a child, and both of them were really good at it. Aunt Ruth quietly whispered, "You know, I invented the stare down, don't ya?"

Inside, Seth giggled as he remembered the times she used to give him that look as a child. It was a well-practiced look of intimidation, with her head to one side and one eye half closed. He just couldn't hide from Aunt Ruth. She was the one person who could see right through him. She used to tell him that she knew him better than he knew himself. Anytime she thought Seth was trying to get away with something, she would look at him with one eye half closed and Seth knew it was all over. "No hiding from Aunt Boof," she would say. She was intimidating, but in a very loving way and she always followed it with a laugh. Seth's mother tried to imitate that look many times, but it never really worked for her. Staring into Aunt Ruth's gaze again now reminded Seth that he used to call it 'Aunt Boof's evil eye'.

Suddenly, Aunt Ruth did something very unusual. She lost the staring contest and broke the silence as she started laughing hysterically. "I haven't heard those wonderful words 'Aunt Boof' since I was on Earth. What a joy you were to me in that lifetime, Seth. Aunt Boof's evil eye, huh? What a kick! I should have invented that myself!"

"So I guess that leaves no doubt that you can read my mind?" Seth asked with a smile.

"Honey, I could always read your mind. Actually, anyone can read anyone's mind 'cause the truth is that we all share the same mind. Every thought that ever is works its way around to every mind sooner or later. Even on Earth, thought-reading is done all the time. Funny thing is that most of the thoughts people have running through their heads are not

really worth reading. As most people grow up on Earth, it's not long before they get so bored that they forget they can even do it. Yes is the short answer. We communicate with our thoughts first, then our mouths." Seth suddenly realized that she had just communicated that last part without moving her mouth, yet he heard every word perfectly. "Point taken. Okay, let's get back to this creation idea. Do you mean that I can create any reality I want, any time?"

"Yep, sure do. Anything you want."

"Does that mean I can create a palace like the Taj Mahal for my personal residence?"

"That's *exactly* what I mean. Create away. Actually many newly returned souls – we call them 'newbies' – first create great palaces to live, only to find out later that they are more comfortable in other surroundings."

Just then, the memories came back and more important questions came to Seth's mind. "Where's Uncle Bob? I thought he was right behind me."

"Oh, he's here, but his contract with you is finished. You can see him after a while but now we need to get your thinkin' straightened out. No stinkin' thinkin' at Home, ya know."

"What do you mean when you say 'contract'?"

"Well, ya see, it's like this. Before you entered this life you made a gazillion contracts. Contracts are simple agreements to do things. You made a contract with your mother – my best friend – and your father, who was your primary parental contract. You made and completed thousands of these contracts during your time on Earth. One of the last ones you completed was with the night nurse who was with you in the hospital just before you died. You'll see her at your funeral. You may not know it, but you changed her life forever. These contracts are all potentials for your soul to move in a direction guided by your higher self. They are much more elaborate than you could ever know. Once you feel you have enough guidance in place with these contracts, you enter the physical world through the first transition of birth. That's when everything gets all messed up. Ya see, there is only one rule on the game board of life: Free Choice. Yep, you even have free choice about the contracts you

made, and *that* is what's so confusing! You don't even have to complete the contracts. They are just there as potentials to help you find your way. But the fact remains that we all have potential contracts in place that help our higher self guide the direction of our experiences on Earth. Since we have free choice all parties to each contract must consciously choose to enact that contract."

After giving Seth time to assimilate that information Aunt Ruth continued, "Your contract with Uncle Bob was one example. Ya see, your Uncle Bob had the contract to be what we call your 'greeter.' He made an agreement with you at the first stage of your life for him to be there for you when you decided to return Home. Ya see, when we're human, we get wrapped up in survival and often get very confused when it's time to leave. Many times in a traumatic or sudden death, the soul steps out of the body and wanders around like it's still playing the game as a human. Still in free choice, ya see. When you step out of your body a lot of the veil falls away. Then you're in a heightened state of creation and you can even create the illusion of a reality that makes you think that you're still alive. It's because of this that we make contracts with people we know, who will go before us to greet us when we step out of the body. It's actually one of the favorite contracts to have with someone, because it includes getting close to them during their life and building a level of trust and love that can attract you when the time is right."

"How come Uncle Bob didn't follow me through the tube?"

"Ahh yeah, that tube is a dilly, aint it? My invention, ya know. Going through the tube is a very personal experience and a soul can only accomplish the second transition alone. Re-bonding to the Light is a very personal experience. No one can go with you and you must step into the tube of your own free will."

"That I did."

"Yeah, Bob's pretty good. Did he use his three-step trick on you?" Ruth didn't wait for an answer. "Did you wonder why you weren't scared in there? It's known as the Gate. Ya see, it's not always seen as a tube. Everyone's transition experience can be a little different due to their individual beliefs and expectations. Not everyone gets a special tutor like their crazy Aunt Boof, ya know. This one's especially for you. Some

experience God. Others experience a darkness, and then there are people who experience angels flying around with wings. St. Peter is a favorite, even though there is no real consensus about what he looks like. The experience of the Gate always relates to a guided pathway, like a tube or a river or a valley of sorts, always ending with a reunion with the Light. In fact, some of the later writings called it the 'Valley of the Shadow of Death.' Pretty grim, huh? The greeter's job is to let you know that you will be okay and to coax you into stepping into the Gate of your own free will.

Wanna hear a good one? The whole 'Grim Reaper' thing was started by a person who had a near death experience, saw his greeter, got scared and went back to tell everyone how spooky it was. Humans love to scare themselves. You'll see, it's really interesting to watch."

"Does that mean there are still souls stuck on Earth who are dead but haven't entered the Gate? Uncle Bob and I were talking about this earlier and I'm still a bit confused."

"Yep, tons of 'em. Actually we don't use the word 'stuck,' as they're really there of their own free will. Ever heard of a ghost or a poltergeist? The joke is on us. We're all the same, no matter which side of the veil we are on at any given moment. We're all the actualization of God. In fact, if you think about it, you and I are perfect examples of discarnate spirits. Going through the Gate requires letting go of human attachments and some souls refuse to do that right away. They hang on to beliefs, anger, resentment, a sense of entitlement, frustration and the darkest of 'em all – fear. Any of these can keep a soul from crossing the Gate, because those things don't exist here at Home."

"Yes, Uncle Bob has already explained that to me and talked about the attachment to human emotions that can restrict a soul from going Home."

Seth listened intently as Aunt Ruth continued, "The biggest challenge is that souls no longer in the body have switched from linear time to circular time, although very few of them have awareness of that. Because they have stepped out of linear time they have no more experiences that can add to their core personality when they get Home. It's very hard to accomplish anything in that state and most souls exist to fulfill some sort of expectation that never gets fulfilled."

“Is there a way to help these souls?”

“There is, but only from the human side. They are still on the game board of free choice and, for the same reason Uncle Bob couldn’t follow you through the tube, we can’t interfere with their experience. It’s kind of like the *Star Trek* prime directive. Did you know I was the spirit who gave Gene Roddenberry the whole *Star Trek* idea?”

Seth said nothing but just shook his head.

Ruth continued, “Since souls in the body are on the same game board as those who have stepped out of their bodies, they can contact and educate the spirits who haven’t gone through the Gate. Have you ever heard the phrase ‘Go to the Light’? Well, that was mine,” Ruth boasted, proudly polishing her nails on her blouse. “In fact, there have been many opportunities on Earth that have opened the door for millions of these souls to transition into the Gate. All major tragedies help open the doors for souls to return Home again. It’s the gift of tragedy.”

“How do you mean?” a puzzled Seth asked.

“Well, ya see, humans live under the illusion of polarity. When we are human we only see things as up and down, right or wrong, good or bad, black or white. Tragedy is defined as ‘something bad on a grand scale.’ The thing is that once a person finds a gift in a tragedy, no matter how small, it’s no longer a ‘bad’ event. There are many times when a soul’s final contract on Earth is to leave early so that they can awaken other hearts with the tragedy. Children do not die by accident. They are very brave souls who take on special contracts to touch hearts in a way no one else can.. No matter the circumstances of their death, they selflessly give the gift of true life and true love. Look at any funeral for example. When someone dies everyone gets spiritual ... at least for a short time.”

“Wow, I never thought about it like that.”

“Take the Twin Towers tragedy on September 11th, for instance. One of the many benefits and gifts of the souls who left, is that they brought awareness to those still playing the game. So many people felt so bad

that they all prayed and sent their energy, gifts and well wishes to the people who died in the tragedy and their families. When humans focus their thoughts outside of themselves like that, they literally open a door that shows the way for all. Imagine a long line of souls waiting to go through the Gate. It attracts a lot of attention. During the 9-11 event in America, for instance, souls returned Home from as long ago as the Civil War.”

Seth confessed, “I’m confused about the whole time thing.”

“Well, what time do you think it is right now?”

Seth thought for a moment and realized he had no concept of time since his transition. Not wanting to let Aunt Ruth have the upper hand, he pretended to know exactly what time it was. “Ten-thirty in the morning,” he responded instantly.

“What day?”

“Thursday.”

“What year?”

“2014, of course.”

Suddenly Seth found himself sitting in a room with a blazing fire and an old woman reading a book. He cleared his throat to get the woman’s attention, but she didn’t hear him.

“Why have you brought me here?” Seth asked Aunt Ruth, using his newly found telepathic powers.

“Take a look at the woman,” Seth heard from Aunt Ruth’s voice inside of his head. “Who is she?”

Looking over the book Seth saw a strangely familiar face but could not figure out who she was, other than an 80ish year-old woman.

“What’s the matter? Don’t recognize your own kin? It’s Jennifer, the daughter you were watching sleep, silly.”

Suddenly, Seth found himself back in the bean bag chair, face down this time, desperately trying to right himself. “That was Jennifer?” he sputtered. “That would mean it’s about fifty years past my death. But I thought I died about four hours ago. How can that be?”

“There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.’ I wrote that, by the way. Okay, here’s the deal. Your whole concept of time is an illusion. For you to stretch out here at Home we gotta set some things straight. Let’s start from the beginning. Do you know what infinity is?”

“Yes, it means there’s no beginning and no end ... I think.”

“Well, that will do for now. Let’s start by saying that everything at Home is infinite and most things on the game board you call Earth have the illusion of being finite. Even your bodies have the illusion of being finite as they have a beginning and an end. It’s the whole dust to dust and ashes to ashes bit.”

“You wrote that, right?”

“Are you making fun of me, young Seth?” Ruth said, giving him the evil eye. “At Home, you can be anywhere in time you wish because you’re actually an infinite being. Let’s make this simple, okay? When you’re finite you experience time as linear, with past, present and future. When you’re infinite – which is your normal state – you experience time as *now*, or circular time, where past, present and future are all happening together at once.”

Ruth let that sink in and continued, “Now that you have this concept, I will say that a true understanding of infinity is not even possible while you’re on the finite side of the veil. Even so, there are some items that exist on both sides of the veil that are infinite and connect the two sides.”

“What are those?”

“The higher self is the part of your spirit that remains infinite and bridges the gap to keep you connected to your true infinite self while you play the game on Earth. All forms of energy are actually infinite. Also, the physical

part of your body known as the pineal gland is part infinite, constantly bridging the gap between both worlds. Emotions are also infinite, love being the strongest on the Home side of the veil, and fear being the strongest on the Earth side.”

“Wait a minute, are you saying that fear is stronger than love?”

“No. What I’m saying is that at the time you left the game on planet Earth, fear controlled many more lives than love. At Home there is no illusion of polarity, so only love exists. The reality is that fear is an illusion created by the field of polarity in which we play the game on Earth. On Earth fear is still stronger, but one day that will change. Mark my words, Seth, there will come a day on Earth when love will speak louder than fear.”

Just then, a huge Grey Persian cat entered the room and jumped up onto Seth’s lap. “Wow, this looks just like Mer—”

“It *is* Merlin, silly. Home wouldn’t be Home without our beloved animals. He’s living with me, but once you’re settled, he can go live with you if you like.”

“But he died years ago”

Aunt Boof gave him another evil eye, and Seth caught on quickly. “Okay, the time thing again. Sorry. You keep mentioning the game. Tell me about the game, Aunt Ruth. What is it and how is it played?”

Ruth smiled at the eagerness shown by her protégé, and explained, “Imagine God as an infinite being, having no beginning and no end, like a huge circle. Infinite beings in a circle can do a lot. They can roll and twirl and skid like car tires. They can bump into things and twist into all sorts of shapes. But try as they might, they can’t see or study themselves. With no beginning and no end, there is no definition, no contrast with which to see themselves. So in order to study God, a part of God must pretend to become finite and believe itself separated from the whole in order to look back and discover what God really is. In that sense, God is actualizing himself-herself. We call it a game because the whole thing is an illusion of smoke and mirrors. Of course, you can’t actually separate from the whole of God, but you can put on a veil of forgetfulness that

makes you *think* you're separate from each other and from God. So, like little children playing a game, the whole game of being finite is the grand game of hide-and-seek."

"So, is God real? Is there really an omnipresent being who is all-knowing and all-seeing, who created Heaven and Earth?"

"God is real all right, just as real as you and me. In fact, you could even say that it *is* you and me. We are the parts that have pretended to be separate so we can objectively study and define the whole. You asked if God created Heaven and Earth. Yes, but that's only a very small part of the creation for there are many games taking place on many realities. All of them are intended to define and actualize the consciousness that you call god. Now if you're asking, is there a man with a white beard and robe who looks like Charlton Heston, and who sits in judgment making the wind blow and has fire coming out of his nostrils when he's angry, then you'd better get comfortable, 'cause we have a lot more work to do than I thought."

"So what's the secret, Aunt Ruth? What *is* the meaning of life?"

"Boy, you go right for it, huh? Let's put it this way, for we're almost finished with this session. Imagine that each soul has a core personality. It is the basis of who they really are; each one is as beautiful and unique as a snowflake. The combined beauty of all the snowflakes that have ever fallen, are falling now, or will ever fall, make up the original beauty, or that which you know as God. In this case, the original beauty is the beauty of the water in the lake where the snowflake first began its journey. Each one of the snowflakes falls in an effort to emulate the true beauty of the lake from which it came. After a relatively short time in existence or actualization, the snowflakes melt and find their way back to the lake at the foot of the mountain, only to fall again and try once more to be the most beautiful snowflake ever. With me so far?" Seth nodded his head.

"Okay. Now imagine that each time the snowflake falls it gains knowledge of what its original beauty is. As it falls from the sky it can see the lake from a higher perspective and can study it all the way down. Each time it falls, it gains a new perspective of the beauty of the lake that it brings back with it after it melts. That vision is then carried into and

blended with the water of the lake, changing it forever each time it snows. With that new vision, every time the snowflake falls it evolves into a more beautiful and perfect snowflake. But it's also important to remember that the snowflake is actually a drop of water that is part of the lake to which it will eventually return. Each time it falls from the sky, it is only *pretending* to be a snowflake and pretending to be separate from the lake. Since the lake blends the knowledge of all snowflakes, each time any snowflake falls and gains more beauty, *all* snowflakes everywhere become more beautiful. Thus, all snowflakes get a little closer to expressing the true beauty of the water in the lake from which they originally came."

"Wow, I think I've got it. So that's evolution. I can't say I fully understand everything that you're explaining, but you're helping me a lot. How come I didn't understand this while I was alive?"

"It's hard to understand that you're part of a lake when you're pretending to be a snowflake," Aunt Ruth laughed.

Seth looked over at his aunt as she laughed. He saw her spirit clearly and loved the way she made him feel. He always knew his favorite aunt, but due to their age difference they were separated by her passing when he was young. Now, Seth was seeing his aunt Ruth as not only a fellow traveler, but as an aspect of himself on a different path. Seth broke the silence. "Aunt Ruth, I know this is a contract that you and I have, but as all contracts are based on free choice, I want to thank you for being my tutor and accepting this role. You've always been very special to me."

"Thank you for that, Seth. I'm only giving back a small portion of what you gave me when we were alive. Even as a child you touched me and inspired me more than you'll ever know. I can't wait to take you to the next level, but for now we are to part. It's time for you to experience and assimilate what I've been telling you. Go play, create and have a wonderful time. There are also two events that will need your attention. But first, let me tell you why our connection was always so strong and why you're so special to me. Do you remember when we were talking about contracts?"

"Yes."

“Since we play the game with total free choice, there are many contracts that are never chosen ... most, in fact. That isn’t right or wrong, it just is because we make many back-up or contingency contracts just in case we choose something else. You and I had such a contract. In fact, we have known each other in countless lifetimes, and in this lifetime we had a contract for you to be my child. When it came time to enact that contract, I chose not to complete it. My husband was ill and I chose not to have any more children. I always felt a yearning after that. Even though I had two perfectly wonderful boys, I always felt there was a third who was missing. Imagine my surprise when my best friend, your mother, had a child whose eyes met mine at birth and stirred my soul. I knew it was you even then. It was then that we both decided that I would take the role of tutor rather than a mother to you.”

Tears filled Seth eyes as he tried to respond. “Aunt Ruth, what you say stirs deep within me and I know what you say is true. I love you with all that I am and I look forward to our time together. We will have more sessions like this, right?”

“Oh yes, plenty. Since there’s no real time here, we can do it anytime. Just think of me and you will find yourself face-down in one of my famous bean bag chairs.”

“Thanks. Oh by the way, what are the two events that are just ahead of me?”

“One is that you will attend your own funeral. It’s a grand time for most, but it depends on how much grief is carried by those still on Earth. It’s a time to help those left behind to grieve and release their attachment to your soul, so that they may integrate and you can move forward. The other event is your seventh stage of life and the act of assimilation. Remember the snowflake? It’s a time to decide what you will incorporate into your core personality and what you will release from your last experience on Earth. In other words, it’s a time to decide what beauty you gained as a snowflake that you will bring back to the lake. You’ll enjoy every minute of it, I promise. It’s the highlight of every life. In fact, some say it’s the real purpose behind why we even incarnate in the first place.”

As their two souls embraced, Seth pulled away long enough to attempt his own version of the 'evil eye', but quickly melted into a heartfelt smile and whispered, "Thanks, Aunt Boof."
"Welcome Home, son."

The Funeral

The smell of flowers filled Seth's senses. Of course, he had attended funerals many times but they always reminded him of sadness or loss. This funeral was going to be quite different.

Seth stood at the pulpit and looked down on the congregation. In the front row he saw his two daughters with their husbands and children, and his son, David, with his wife. Seated next to them were his best friend and his wife. Seth was not really expecting to see his son, as the two hadn't had any real contact since Seth's divorce several years ago because David was angry. Yet, here he sat.

Everyone was dressed in black. The pastor was about to begin the service, so Seth moved to the altar steps and studied those present as they listened. He found this far more interesting than what the pastor was saying about him. In fact, Seth was not even sure who that person was anymore.

Looking behind his children, Seth saw his ex-wife, Helen, seated in the second row with her new husband. She was wiping tears from her eyes. Even with all that had happened between them, there was a love that ran very deep. The loss of their first daughter, Alison, had altered their lives forever. They both loved her so much and to lose her at the tender age of twelve was too much to take. Every time they looked at each other they would both see Alison. The pain was more than either of them could bear, so after a while Seth moved out of the house in desperation. Now, Seth saw only his ex-wife and remembered the love they once shared. He found himself smiling at her as if she could see him. For a moment, she looked in Seth's direction, as if making eye contact with him. She stared so intently that Seth was taken aback and wondered if she really *could* see him. But then the moment was gone and she looked away.

Then Seth spotted a familiar face seated all by herself. He sensed that she was feeling awkward, not quite a part of the proceedings, but nonetheless wanted to be there. Then it came to him – the nurse who had helped him cross over. The two of them talked quite a lot during the last few months of his hospital stay. She brought a ray of sunshine into

his world during his final weeks. He also remembered what Aunt Ruth had said about her being a final contract he had completed. What Seth did not know until now was just how much of a difference *he* had made in *her* life. Suddenly Seth remembered Aunt Ruth's comment: "Your dad always said you'd be late for your own funeral," and he smiled because the service was already in progress and he had missed the beginning.

"I sure had that one right, didn't I, son?" a voice interjected into his consciousness.

"Dad, is that you?" Seth asked, not quite believing what he was hearing.

"Sure is, son. Good to see you."

Seth's entire relationship with his father flashed through his mind. He and his father had always been close. In fact, he always seemed to understand Seth better than anyone else did. Seth was close to his mom, too. But the connection with his father had always been very deep, right from the very beginning, whereas Seth and his mom had had to work on it. Dad was always Seth's hero, not just when he was a child but also as an adult.

Seth looked to his right and was startled to see his father beside him, sitting on the altar steps. His dad looked like a young man again, fit and tan. Questions bubbled up in Seth's mind. "So tell me, Dad, am I supposed to do something here, or am I just here to see everyone?"

"Well, here's the deal, son. This gathering is not really for you. It's for them. But any time people in the game are thinking about you, your spirit is called in. Sometimes you just get to watch; other times you're there to help them with something they're working on. If you are there to help them with a problem, it will usually be a situation you helped them create in the first place. The end-of-life gathering is a bit different, though. Not only are many people thinking of you at this very moment, but this is also a time to help people receive the gift of your transition."

"Yeah, Aunt Ruth was talking about the gift. Does that mean that the sadness these people are experiencing is somehow a gift? Do they know that?"

“It’s hard to understand while you’re living in a field of polarity because you see everything as good or bad. Positive energy is not good, nor is negative energy bad. Anyone who deals with energy can tell you that. Just ask anyone who works with electricity. Let’s just say that in every negative action there is a positive reaction, and vice versa. While you’re human, you’re wearing the veil of forgetfulness and everything you perceive is tainted by the illusion of polarity. Playing the game in the field of polarity, you see everything in that context. Thus, while you are playing the game you never see the whole truth, but only one small angle of it.”

“Wait a minute, Dad. Does that also mean that in every positive event there is also a negative? Where is the gift in that?”

“Sure it does. The only problem you get into with that is calling one good and one bad. Part of what you forget when wearing that veil of illusion is that you are the creator of your own reality. You choose which way you will perceive each event, no matter what form it takes when it originally comes to you. When you know that in all things there is a gift, then life becomes the search for that gift in everything.”

“So does that mean that people can choose only positive events in their lives?”

“Yes, it does. You may not understand this fully right now, but it would be very boring if you chose only positive events in your life. Let’s try another approach. Remember the times your mother and I went to Las Vegas with you and Helen? One of our favorite things to do was trying all the different buffets at the many hotels. Now, imagine your life as a wonderful buffet. You hold an empty plate as you approach the buffet and at that very moment, everything is possible. The angels smile upon you, and as you go through the line you take a little of this and a little of that. You are actually expressing yourself with the choices you make. That is what life is all about. Now, if you decided that your buffet would only include items in the dessert line, you would not have a balanced meal. As a result, you probably would not enjoy the meal as much as you thought you would. So, as you go through the line, you balance your plate, sampling many different items.

You take a little helping of joy because you love it so much, then a healthy serving of love for it is a staple of any diet. The entrée is the

center of the meal and your primary focus. This would be your primary life lesson. Everything else on your plate will complement this selection in some way. Then you add a little drama for flavor. By all means, add the drama, but take care, for adding too much drama to your plate can taint all the other flavors. Then, when your plate is full you experience the meal. Now, let us say that you put something on your plate that looked interesting but tasted bad. You push it to one side so it doesn't touch the rest of your food. What I'm telling you is that when you're playing the game as a human, you would see that as a 'bad' food or a 'bad' experience. Once you remove the field of polarity from your vision, however, you will see that even that one thing you didn't like made the entire meal more enjoyable. It gave you contrast and helped you to determine what you liked and what you did not. Who you are and who you are not."

Seth's father paused to let that sink in, then continued, "And what is happening here at your funeral is that each of these people is choosing which memories he or she will carry on their plate as a result of their connection with you. Right now, many of them are discovering the positive reaction to the negative events of your death."

"I'm not sure I understand that last statement."

"Well, for example, take a look at Helen, your first partner, and the mother of your children. She's sitting there crying. Do you know why?"

"She's sad because I died, I guess."

"Oh, it's much, much more than that, son. She's releasing a part of herself, and that part is where the pain is. She is releasing that part of herself that had so many wonderful experiences with you and grieving the loss of it, which is where the tears come from. Right now, she is remembering all the little details that remained unresolved in her relationship with you. Each one that pops up, needs to be reconciled for her in some way. Otherwise, she cannot move on. At this moment she's remembering one of the big arguments the two of you had that led to the breakup of your marriage. Her first reaction is sadness and a feeling of failure, for she believes that it was her fault in many ways. Then, as she works through this experience, she starts viewing it as the only thing that *could* have happened. Next, she will put it all in a package and say,

'Even with all that, we did have a wonderful time together.' What she's doing, is understanding that the events that took place were not right or wrong. They simply were. Each one of those events, even the unresolved ones, added to the overall experience and made it special. So she is finding the gift in all of her interactions with you. When that happens, both she and you can move on.

You could say that you are here now to help all these people turn the negative action of your death into a positive reaction. The people who loved you are going through a process of bereavement or grief. Grief happens in a field of polarity, because the veil of forgetfulness makes you think you are separate from one another. Thus, at times such as this your reaction is to feel like you have lost something or someone. The grieving process is an important part of the human experience, for it is a reconciliation of all the unresolved energy in your relationship with the person who died. Grieving is not healing a wound, for those wounds never heal. Grieving is not learning to forget someone. Rather, it is making space to carry the love that the person who died brought out in you. If you allow that person and the love to be a part of you always, there is no loss and no grief."

"So, how can I help them to grieve?"

"Well, son, there are a few things you need to know about grieving. First, if a person is still grieving on Earth, you generally will not contact them because it makes the grieving process more difficult. However, you have a unique opportunity right now to reach through the veil to help them to receive the gift of your transition. When humans come together to grieve, it is easier to make this happen.

Also, when they incorporate the gift and carry that part of you in themselves, then there is no more separation anxiety and they feel whole, even though you are no longer with them in the physical. It's not about forgetting you, but rather, it's about incorporating a part of *you* inside *them*."

"So what can I do right now, Dad?"

"Actually, the people in *your* life have a head start. When you first discovered your illness, people around you began the process of grieving then. Had you decided to stay even longer in your illness, there would

have come a time when they had completed their grieving even before you died.”

“Next, as for what you can do right now, I would suggest you try to get through to your son and Helen, your ex-wife. Your son is in denial about even having any feelings for you, and Helen is carrying a great deal of guilt for which she has no outlet. You already grounded with your youngest daughter, Jennifer, the night you died. The grounding process is a special gift that a soul can give as it leaves. It was good for both of you, and knowing that you’re okay helped her to complete most of her grieving. Since the girls are so close, it worked for both of them, even though you only grounded with one. Both of your daughters have a special gift that they received as a result of that experience. They actually have a gleam of excitement in their eyes even today, which was a direct result of that experience. We call it soul grounding, and you have another opportunity to do that right now. Due to everyone coming together to grieve, you can actually touch them with your joy. It is possible right now to reach across the veil and touch their hearts. It will help you in completion and it will help them to grieve.”

Suddenly, Seth felt a pull and his attention was directed elsewhere. The service was just ending and his two daughters, Jennifer and Jane, his son David, and his ex-wife were by the door, hugging everyone before leaving for the wake. After the last mourner left, the four of them were alone.

“Well, how are you holding up, Sis?” David asked his younger sister, Jennifer.

“I’m doing fine, David, but I need to tell you something.”

Just then, their older sister, Jane, drew closer. “I know it sounds weird,” Jennifer continued, “but Daddy came to me the night he died. He was in my room and he talked to me. He told me that he was better than he had ever been. He said that he was perfectly wonderful and that we would be as well. He said to tell both of you that he is right there and that we’re still a family.”

Tears began to flow as they all felt the love. The girls hugged their brother as Helen joined their embrace.

"I was so angry at him over the divorce that I let my anger keep us from seeing each other all this time. I'm so sorry, guys," David said with tears in his eyes.

Helen then started to cry as well, saying, "I always wondered if there was something more I could have done to make things work between us. After losing Alison, I was just dead inside. I just wanted to give you kids a good family life."

"You did, Mom," David added.

"You both did," responded the girls in unison. As they all hugged, Seth moved in to blend his energy with theirs, and flooded them with the joy he felt. They all smiled at one another, and then Helen left to join her waiting husband.

The three siblings hugged again for another moment as Seth continued to pour his love into the circle. "We're still a family, all right," David repeated. Then, just like the little kids Seth remembered so well, one of the sisters giggled and the other two joined in.

"Guess we look kind of silly, huh?" Jane said, and they all started laughing.

As they walked outside to the waiting car, David said, "It's kind of strange, but I've been thinking about Grandpa all day. Do you guys remember how Grandpa always used to say that Dad would be late for his own funeral? I wonder"

A huge smile spread across Seth's father's face as he placed his arm around his son and, together, they watched the siblings leave with their arms wrapped around one another, as a family.

"It looks like they are getting the gift. Nice work, son. Now on to the next event."

The Final Stage of Life: Assimilating Life Experiences

Walking down the street with his father at his side, Seth felt great peace in his heart. He was still not quite sure how everything worked at Home, but he was starting to settle in to his new surroundings. He asked his father, “So how long will it take me to adjust to things here at Home as Aunt Ruth calls it?”

“Oh, it varies, son. There will be times when you find yourself reverting to your old human concepts and thinking. It’s funny how even when we are Home, we still tend to hang on to the old ways for a while. Probably the most difficult part is changing your idea of linear time. Your whole world as a human was organized into the past, present and future. Even in casual conversations, you find that old concept is still a part of you. You start a sentence with: ‘Back when I was a human ...’ or, ‘A long time ago ...’ You asked me how long this adjustment was going to take.”

“Everyone laughs when you slip and use those strictly human ideas in conversation. They laugh because they, too, had a hard time releasing these concepts when they returned Home. It’s humorous to everyone here that the veil works so well. When you’re Home and fully acclimated, it’s very difficult to imagine what it would be like to wear a veil and not remember your core personality or your true powers. It’s similar to when a stage hypnotist makes a member of the audience forget his or her own name. It’s really quite hilarious when you think about it.”

“That leads me to the other thing about Home – the laughter is so bright. You’ll find that the only word to describe it really is ‘bright.’ Laughter at Home has a different quality. It’s actually a way of sharing love, rather like giving someone a hug on Earth. When someone laughs on Earth it triggers your defenses at first until you find out who or what is being laughed at. In some ways, that taints the experience of humor on Earth. At Home, we are all a part of each other and thus all humor is shared. When someone or something is funny at Home, it’s like laughing at yourself. That’s why one of the most empowering things we can do on Earth is to laugh at ourselves. Humor has an invigorating quality that sets

everything right, and laughter is the language of angels. For this reason there is a *lot* of humor at Home. In fact, I can hear the laughter now, calling me back. I will leave you for now, Seth. Just remember to laugh.”

Suddenly, Seth heard the most beautiful rich laugh, and found himself drawn by the purity of the sound. Looking around he couldn't see any signs of its source. Then he heard it again, a laughter that filled his senses and the brightness of it lifted up his soul. Then he felt a hand gently touching his shoulder. He turned around and looked up at a tall man whose eyes were gazing lovingly into his own. He could feel excitement building but did not know why exactly. The man's face was lined with the wisdom of ages. Instinctively, Seth felt that he knew him very well even though he couldn't quite place him. Then, the man's mouth turned up at the corners, and suddenly it hit Seth.

“Elrah!” he shouted, as the two of them embraced.

Elrah was as close to Seth as a soul can be. Many lifetimes Elrah had been Seth's teacher, and one lifetime Seth had been his. They had a deep understanding, a mutual trust, and a way of reading each other's thoughts that was quite unique even at Home. The two had not seen each other since Elrah stopped incarnating, after developing his unusual rhythmic and magnetic gifts.

Elrah held a role of great importance at Home and was thought of as an honored and respected public servant. He had a unique ability to create a space for events to take place on Earth. It wasn't so much that he influenced events, but rather created the space for the highest potential to be realized. Recently he had been interacting mostly from Home, which is why he stopped incarnating. Humans thought of him as an angel with divine intervention.

“It's been a long time, my friend,” Elrah smiled.

Seth took a breath and felt a deep sense of calm as unexpected tears flooded from his eyes. For the first time since coming Home Seth felt a sense of total ease. Suddenly, he got the joke; Elrah's reference to linear time was to make him feel better.

“Yes, it has, dear friend,” Seth beamed. “I didn't know how much I'd missed you until this very moment.”

The two held each other. Then, Elrah murmured words that went straight to Seth's heart: "You can relax now, Seraha. You made it Home."

Hearing the name 'Seraha' pierced Seth to the very core of his being, but he had no idea why. "Who, or what, is a Seraha?" he asked.

"It is your soul name," Elrah said laughing. "It is the vibration by which your soul is known to all the other parts of God. A soul name is a very personal vibration, much like the soul's signature. It is the name you whisper into the ear of your parents-to-be when they're picking out names for their baby. Usually, if your parents' beliefs do not get in the way, the name you carry through life is similar to your soul name. In your mother's case she was not a real good listener since you ended up with 'Seth' instead of 'Seraha.'" They both laughed.

Arms linked together the two began to walk. "This street seems vaguely familiar," Seth said.

"Yes, you and I have walked this street together many times before. It will all come back to you once you have started adjusting. Stepping out of the illusion of separation is not an easy transition to make. Once you start to adjust the final stage of your life, it can begin." Instead: Once you start to adjust, the final stage of your life can begin.

They turned a corner and Elrah stopped, then with a small bow he extended his arm like a maître d' of a fine restaurant showing someone to a table. Seth felt a tingle of excitement tinged with a touch of anxiety. The scene before him was hauntingly familiar. Elrah pointed toward a huge, old building with three steps leading up to the entrance, over which a sign displayed the words: HALL OF RECORDS OF LIGHT.

At Elrah's urging, Seth climbed the massive stone steps and slowly pushed open the giant wooden door. He stepped inside and was greeted by a crowd of people, waiting expectantly, whose faces erupted in smiles of pure delight. Seth's entire family from his most recent incarnation was here to greet him, including many who were still very much alive on Earth. Their higher selves had joined Seth for this very special occasion. Seth saw his father, mother, brother, Aunt Ruth and Uncle Bob. Also in

the gathering were the higher selves of his daughters, his son and ex-wife, along with many more people who had played important roles in Seth's most recent lifetime. It was a grand gathering of souls coming together to celebrate his arrival Home.

Seth spent many wonderful moments re-connecting with all of his loved ones, even those with whom his plans never quite panned out. He had no regrets, no recriminations, for any hurts caused or wrongs that he thought he may have done. For at Home, there is nothing to forgive and all love is unconditional.

During this wonderful party with all of his best friends, Seth mixed with and connected with everyone present. One by one, he said hello and reminisced about the human experiences they had just shared and everything was examined from a totally different perspective.

Soon he found himself talking with his brother, Joseph. The conversation turned to the time his brother started dating Anna, the girl Seth was in love with. Seth was sure that she was the love of his life and he was even going to ask her to marry him. He always knew that the two of them would have spent the rest of their lives together. However, even though they dated for a year, what Seth didn't know was that she had a secret love affair with his brother. Seth never imagined that Anna and Joseph would break his heart in that way. Seth didn't talk to him for four years after that. Anna and Joseph had a very intense but short-lived relationship. After their breakup, she tried to reconnect with Seth but he always felt second best.

Now, as Seth and his brother recounted the details of this event, they were both smiling widely. Seth looked in his brother's eyes, who said, "Wasn't that a wonderful experience? First, you felt the pain and then I felt the pain at having hurt you so deeply. Anna and I were madly in love. We never planned to fall in love like that and really didn't know what to do with it when it happened. Can you remember that feeling? What a wonderful human experience that gave us. That was such a sweet experience, even the pain. Thanks for letting me be a part of it."

As if on queue Anna walked up to the brothers. She was the same beautiful girl of 22 that she was when it all happened. When you're Home, you can choose to present your energy in any form you like. Still a

striking beauty, she smiled and wrapped her arms around both of them. All three felt intense love from the union, described in human terms as strong sexual energy or kundalini, but at Home it is really just the flow of intense love.

Seth was intrigued that when you're Home, expressing love for one person does not reduce the love you feel for others. The flow of love in *any* form makes *all* expressions of love more intense. The three of them shared a hug and the intensity of the love flowing between them let them all know that somehow this tale was not over. They intuitively knew that the three of them would play out this love triangle again in future lifetimes. But for now, just standing there together was enough to fill Seth's heart with love. Without a word of explanation, he said simply, "And I can hardly wait." In that moment, it was complete.

As Seth regained his composure, the familiar, irreverent voice he knew so well disturbed his serenity. “Now yer getting the hang of it.”

“Aunt Ruth?”

“You were expecting Elvis?”

“Getting the hang of what?”

“Assimilation, of course. It’s the last stage of your life I told you about. Here each major event in your life is examined and relived, just as you did with Anna and Joseph.”

“Do you do this with all experiences in your life?”

“No, there’s no need to rehash everything, just the important parts. Here you revisit just the most influential experiences in your life, the ones that made you who you are today. You will examine each event and then decide which ones are complete and can be closed, and which ones need more attention the next time you incarnate. Then you incorporate the essence of those experiences into your core personality. You could say that who you really are is simply a collection of all the experiences your soul has ever assimilated.”

“Is that why some people spend their whole life reacting to an event that happened to them?”

“Yep, they get caught up in the drama and never find the gift. The stamp, which is created by that experience, is the way we carry the energy in our being. Find the gift of that experience and you no longer need to carry the stamp. When you incorporate an experience, it means that you received the gift and it becomes a part of you forever more. Each experience has a gift. Find the gift while you’re still human, and you’ll grasp it early. If not, then you get the chance to find it when you return Home.”

“Okay, so what happens if you still can’t find the gift even when you’re Home?”

“Simple. You hold the energy stamp in your being and it becomes part of your cellular memories the next time you go into the game. Like the drama that has played out three times thus far with Anna, your brother and you.”

“It was amazing to me that such a negative experience in my life has such wonderful deep meaning now.”

“Ha! Ya think *that* was negative! The first time you played out your little love triangle, it resulted in a war that lasted five years. Thousands of lives were lost as two *countries* got wrapped up in your *personal* drama. So I guess you could say you guys are making progress, huh? At least no one died this time.”

“That’s horrible to think I had a part in starting a war over jealousy.”

“Not ‘had a part’; you actually started it! Happens all the time. History is filled with small dramas blown out of proportion on a big stage.”

“Is that the basis of Karma?”

“Karma can play a part here, but Karma is also way over-rated; many times it’s used as an excuse to avoid taking responsibility for one’s own actions – or inactions. We really have much more of a hand in deciding who we are than we realize. Karma is just a balancing tool that we take into consideration when we’re planning a new life. You see, when we’re human, it’s hard to see that we’re creating everything that happens to us. It’s much easier to adopt a belief system that gives us a set of rules to follow, like: “This is good and that is bad.”

“So, I guess it would be helpful to remember our past lives when we’re human. Right?”

“Oh, not always. The veil is so complete that very few people can grasp their past lives while they are on the game board. Even if they do have memories of their past lives, they are not the same people, so they can’t just pick up where they left off. The way it works is simple -- if you’re going to carry an energy stamp forward, you will always set up a new experience in each lifetime to activate that stamp. Even though past life

stuff can be helpful, you always have everything you need within the framework of each individual lifetime.

Anyway, now that you're more comfortable with things here, it's time to begin the assimilation stage of your life. This means that we'll revisit all the energy stamps you have received and decide what you will do with each one of them. One by one, you'll examine them and decide if it's complete or if it may still have a use in a future lifetime. During your assimilation process, you'll call in and meet with all the souls who played roles in your dramas just like you did with Anna and Joseph. If they're still on Earth, you'll be meeting with their higher selves, but you won't really know the difference. It may surprise you to see who everyone really is now that the veil has been removed."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, you'll most likely find that the souls who played the most difficult roles in your life on Earth are actually your most dearly loved ones here at Home. You see, who but someone who loves you so very much would love you enough to play the villain in your drama?"

"Somehow I always knew that, Aunt Boof. By the way, you don't mind me calling you Aunt Boof, do you?"

"Funny you should say that. Aunt Boof is actually closer to my spirit name than the biblical name my mother gave me on Earth. When you started calling me that as a child, I instantly loved it. It wasn't until I returned home that I knew why. It's actually very special to me. Okay, now it's up to you, kiddo. It's time to get down to some serious fun work. It's a combination of play and work. I call it Plurk! Enjoy what awaits you." Then, with a wink and a warm smile, she turned and walked away.

As if on queue, everyone in the Hall of Records of Light drew around Seth. Jane stepped forward and took one of his hands while Jennifer grabbed the other. David hugged him from behind, and for a moment, he wondered if they too had died, but then he remembered what Aunt Boof had told him about meeting with the higher selves of those who are still on Earth. As his children led him through a set of golden doors into a place of total darkness, he heard David say, "Dad, we *are* a family, and we always will be. We have you to thank for that."

Celebrating Home

Standing still for a moment in the darkness, Seth felt the love that emanated from his three children. It was so much more intense than he remembered. He wanted to say everything, but first, he just wanted to tell them how sorry he was. As he started to speak, a small hand covered his mouth from behind. A familiar fragrance stirred a painful memory. Then he sensed, rather than saw, a small figure moving in front of him. His heart leapt as he mustered the courage to ask a question. "Alison? Is that you?"

"Hi Daddy, I've been waiting for you."

"Oh, Alison! Sweetheart, I have missed you so much." Seth's voice faltered as he swept the little girl he hadn't seen in so long up into his arms and held her to his chest.

"I'm here, Daddy," she said. As she spoke her voice magically brought light into the midst of the darkness. "I'm here," she repeated softly. "And I'm so very proud of you. I love you more than you will ever know."

"Are you all right, precious?" Seth asked as he choked back the tears of joy.

"I'm better than I have ever been, Daddy. In fact, I am perfectly wonderful and you are going to be perfectly wonderful too. I used to whisper those words into your ear every night as you lay crying yourself to sleep. Did you ever hear me, Daddy?"

Seth tried to speak but the words got stuck in his throat.

Jennifer spoke through her tears, "Daddy, those were the same words you said when you came to my room the night you died."

Suddenly, it all made more sense to Seth as little Alison continued, "Daddy, you did so well. You let me do what I came to do, and I know that was so hard for you. I know how much guilt you felt when I left, and how it turned you and Mommy against each other. Nevertheless, the thing I

am most proud of is how you loved me enough to let me go. Once you let me go, I was free to be around you again and it was so wonderful. So many people hold on so tightly to their loved ones. If only they knew, Daddy.”

With tears of joy now flowing freely, Seth hugged all four of his beloved children in turn. As he did, he felt the loving warmth of Helen’s arms around him. Now he knew that the family reunion was complete. He turned to meet Helen’s eyes, searching for the words to tell her how sorry he was. With a finger to his lips, she let him know that he was thinking like a human and that apologies were an earthly concept that did not exist at Home.

In that moment, he realized that he had assimilated the biggest lesson of the life just ended. Alison’s contract with him and Helen was a huge part of his journey, and now finally he was free to release all the hurt and anger he’d been quietly carrying since Alison went Home. He could almost hear Aunt Boof cheering him on as he released the biggest energy stamps of the last lifetime.

Seth had been thinking he’d made such a mess of things, that he had been such a terrible father. But now, with them all together again, the love was almost overwhelming. Instinctively, he knew that he would once again play the game with these souls at some point in the future, and because of what he’d just learned, the roles they’ll play for each other will be different.

As Seth stood there, basking in the love of his family, Jane suddenly started to giggle, and the others then joined in. Suddenly, Seth heard a burst of joyous laughter coming from the other side of a huge curtain. They all took a step forward, and as the curtain rose they were temporarily blinded by an intensely bright white light.

As Seth’s vision began to clear, he saw an enormous hall filled with thousands of people rising to their feet in a silent standing ovation. They had all been waiting here for him. As he looked around at the sea of faces, he recognized many of them ... some from other lifetimes, some were close friends from Home who had never incarnated with him. But the knowledge that they were all here for *him* was overwhelming.

As Seth entered the great hall, flanked by his children and Helen, he was aware of Elrah following closely behind him, who began to clap his hands in a steady rhythm. Soon thousands of pairs of hands joined as the pace rapidly quickened towards a crescendo. At its peak, Seth heard hooting, and whistling and cheering. As he took his seat at the round table before him, the applause grew even more thunderous. Everyone was cheering as if he were some kind of a hero. After what seemed like hours, the applause finally began to fade.

A man with a long, gray beard wearing a robe stepped to the forefront. Seth remembered him well – the Keeper of Time. As he passed in front of Seth to address the crowd, he gave Seth a sly wink and whispered, “Well done, lad... and perfect timing, too.” The revered elder lifted one hand in the air, and with a grin, Seth noted the familiar upward-pointing finger. Instantly an expectant hush filled the hall. Slowly, steadily, the Keeper of Time lowered his hand, and as he did, everyone turned their attention towards the entrance of the Great Hall. There stood Elrah, surrounded by all of the staff at the Hall of Records. One by one, he and the staff took their seats at the table: Merlia, the Keeper of Records, the Litigator of Light, the Keeper of Time, and a special place for Elrah.

One by one, each took the stage and spoke of the life Seth had just completed. Each had their own area of expertise, and thus each showed different scenes from his life on a giant three-dimensional screen that could be clearly seen by everyone present. Seth noted with great interest that instead of showing scenes of those moments that *he* thought would have been the most important, they were showing the ones that he regarded as being the most difficult. . . in other words, his moments of greatest failure. He thought it rather odd that some of the greatest cheers were called forth by some of his darkest hours on Earth. The Keeper of Records¹ explained to Seth that it was actually during those darkest moments that the collective of All That Is learned the most important things about itself.

When everyone had had their turn the Keeper of Records asked Seth to stand. Once again, thunderous applause broke out as the entire audience rose to its feet as one being. Elrah’s voice was heard above all

when he stepped forward directly in front of Seth. The crowd fell into silence as Elrah addressed Seth, "You have done well my dear friend. Your journey to the game board has brought joy to Home. It is my pleasure to restore your true vibrational soul name to you. You will be known once again as the soul Seraha. We all say to you: welcome Home, Seraha." The crowd stood in a silent honoring, each sending love and gratitude to Seraha.

Seraha thought, "If I were still on Earth, this would have been more than I could take."

Then it was as if he could hear Aunt Boof add, "Here, this is not about ego, but rather, about the connection that each one of us has to the other. Quite simply, everyone is applauding that part of themselves that is represented in you."

With that understanding, Seraha stood and allowed the applause to flow through him with gratitude and humility. When he took a final gracious bow, the crowd erupted into thunderous applause.

After the noise died down and calm set in, a small gathering retreated to the Hall of Records to talk about what had just happened. The Hall of Records was a favorite Home gathering place, as it contained all the records of every event that had ever happened. It was also where everyone gathered for the planning stage of a new life. You can always strike up a conversation in the Hall of Records. As Seraha opened the large wooden door, he saw that his favorite table near the fireplace was magically empty, as if it were waiting just for him and his friends.

With a smile of beaming joy Elrah looked across the table and said, "You did well, Seraha. Thank you. We know how hard it is for you to accept. Once again, you played your role well, and we all have benefited much from your experience. What you may not understand, however, is how much of a hero you are to all of us. Earth is a harsh and difficult schoolhouse. By going there and pretending to be separate, you can accomplish so much more. Therefore, only the highest vibrations can be sent to Earth to experience the illusion of separation. That is what we are celebrating, which was not possible until you acclimated back to the energy of Home. We call it stretching out at Home. Now that this is complete, you will continue the seventh and final stage of your life and

assimilate all the experiences you had. In fact, you are doing quite well already. You will enjoy this experience more than you could ever know. If those on Earth could only know about this event while they are still human, they would dance in their passion and play in their joy every day.”

Elrah stood, pushed his chair back under the table and patted Seraha gently on the shoulder. “Then again, if it were easy, everyone would want to be human, wouldn’t they?”

He smiled as he walked from the Hall of Records. Sitting alone now at his favorite table Seraha saw that everyone was leaving, with the exception of the Keeper of the Records who stood behind his large counter poised, ready to help anyone find information. A quick glance in his direction was returned with a slight giggle.

“Things must be winding down,” Seraha assumed. Then he heard the scrape of two chairs. . . and a voice. “Thought you’d lost me, huh?” said Uncle Bob as he and Aunt Ruth pulled up chairs and sat at Seraha’s table.

“It’s good to see you two. Sit down, please. Glad you made it, Uncle Bob. You don’t know how helpful it was to see a familiar face when I crossed over. I was really confused.”

“You’d be surprised at how many people don’t see us greeters at all, they’re so busy looking for the Grim Reaper dressed in a black cape,” Uncle Bob laughed. “Anyway,” he continued more seriously, “it really was my pleasure to be the one to greet you. You’re quite a hero to us, in case you didn’t understand that in the Great Hall earlier.”

“Yes, I certainly got that. However, I can’t say that I quite understand it yet. After all, my life was not exactly special. I didn’t accomplish any more than the next guy, really.”

Uncle Bob snorted in response as Aunt Boof leaned way over the table and cocked her head to one side, giving Seraha the perfect ‘Aunt Boof’s evil eye.’ “Don’t tell me you never heard-tell the story of the great line?”

“No, Aunt Boof, I can’t say that I’ve heard that one. Did you make it up?”

“No, I can’t say that I did. It really happened all on its own. Ya see, here at Home we watch what is happening on Earth every second and things have gotten very exciting in the last fifty years or so. Seems about sixty to seventy years ago, humanity began to evolve at an astounding rate never before seen throughout the cosmos. At that time, all the souls everywhere wanted to rush back in to be there at the magical time when humanity could actually awaken from the dream. Therefore, a great line formed for souls to go back in, so that they could help. That’s when it happened. The person at the front of the line turned around and saw that the person behind them would be able to do a better job of advancing humanity than they could. Ya see, son, here at Home we’re all connected and there’s no ego, so you could say that we all work together. Anyway, that same thing happened all the way down the line with souls moving around somethin’ awful, so that those most able to make a difference would be in the right place. They went in, but they wore the veils of forgetfulness and had no idea that they were even the highest potential. Just the same, it worked.”

“How can you tell it worked, Aunt Boof?”

“Just who do you think those people are who cheered you on in the Great Hall? They’re the ones who stepped aside so that you could go in. They watched every move you made while you were human, because they felt you were doing it for them. Even those who die young are heroes beyond what most humans understand. They are real proud of you, son, and rightfully so. You see, it’s all just a big circle. What goes around comes around. Did you know that I made that saying up?”
Seraha shrugged.

Segregation, Integration

Seraha really enjoyed his experiences at Home. It was exhilarating to hold so much light and to do so much. He found that the illusion of time had greatly restricted him while on Earth. Without it, he just continued to grow and expand.

Seraha began assimilating a new routine. With no need to sleep or rest he decided to try everything. This is actually normal for a newbie and is considered to be a natural part of the integration process. In this stage the returning soul attempts to create all of their earthly desires.

Seraha began creating everything he had ever wanted. He sampled every flavor of ice cream ever made. He went to the top of Mount Everest in the morning and was back for lunch. He found a new affection for flying and flew everywhere. He was able to explore more than he had ever imagined and gained knowledge about secrets of the universe, only available to a few conscious beings on Earth.

He focused within, which is normal for a newbie, but soon the typical problems became evident. Something was missing. Seraha was beginning to wonder if he was getting bored, or if it was even possible to get bored at Home. With that thought, he heard Elrah's voice in his head.

"Glad to see you surface, my dear friend. You were getting to be a hermit."

Seraha looked at his surroundings. He and Elrah had suddenly appeared on a park bench that Seraha remembered as one of Elrah's favorite places. Elrah began to speak, anticipating Seraha's question. "It happens to everyone. The first desire upon returning Home is to uncover the secrets that eluded you on Earth. The next is to experience your Earth dreams. However, in doing so you must go within forgetting about everyone else around you, alienating yourself, which is the result of trying to use Earth-thinking at Home. Because it is such a personal experience, making your Earth-dreams come true, there is nobody else at Home involved. That alienation causes a distorted vision as no one

reflects you back. Without that grounding, the flow of energy is not a full circle and therefore empty.

In order to truly experience Home, you need people to share your journey with who can reflect your energy. In other words, here at Home it is essential to be social. On Earth you must constantly breathe to survive, here you must constantly connect.”

With that, the two men rose from the park bench and started walking. Seraha was feeling so much better and more balanced. It was not long before he saw a man coming toward them. He looked familiar and with every step he came closer, Seraha got more of an image of who he was. He could swear that that was Jamie. Jamie had been Seraha’s auto mechanic and friend in the lifetime he had just ended. They had gotten to know each other over several years until Jamie’s business closed suddenly and he lost track of him.

Jamie’s voice pierced the silence, “Seraha, is that you? It’s really good to see you. How did you die?”

“How did *you* die?” Seraha retorted. The two men laughed as the technique of answering a question with a question was something Jamie always did to Seraha.

While on Earth Seraha and Jamie were always making plans for a road trip to the Grand Canyon in the red Mustang convertible that Jamie had been restoring for years. They never seemed to get there. Jamie always said his wife wouldn’t go for it, but Seraha knew it was just a fun dream the two men shared and it had become the base of their relationship.

Suddenly Seraha felt himself bouncing down the highway, the wind in his hair, and he glanced over to see Jamie behind the wheel of the most beautiful red Mustang. “So, how *did* you die?” Seraha asked.

“Oh, it was the strangest thing. No one could ever figure out what it was, but one moment I was healthy and the next moment I was dying. In fact, it only took me three days to die, which was good because I really didn’t want a long death. How about you, Seraha?”

"It was a case of typical hereditary heart disease. It progressed fairly rapidly, but it took about two years. That actually gave me time to get closer to Jennifer and to wrap up a few things that were incomplete."

"Were you successful?"

"Yeah, I think I did pretty good. I wish I would have had more time, but I was able to complete a lot before I left. I wish I would have known that was happening."

The drive was getting very spectacular as the deep red mountains came up around them, turning more beautiful as they cruised down the road. Seraha knew the beauty he saw in front of him was his creation and for the first time he noticed how, not only was he not bored at this creation, but also it seemed to be more real and vivid. Having Jamie with him gave the fun, the joy, and the passion true meaning. Through Jamie's eyes he saw his experience reflected back at him.

Elrah, who had an annoying habit of popping into Seraha's head at any time he wanted, made no exception this time and said to him, "Now you see what I mean. It's so much more beautiful to share and connect than to create alone."

Seraha spoke, "You know, Jamie, no one ever made a car quite as exciting as this 1968 Mustang."

Just then, Jamie began to slow the car and eased around the curve where they saw a huge parking lot filled with 1968 red Mustangs.

Both men looked at each other and knew what they were going to be doing next. Like two boys running free in a Mustang heaven, they shared stories together of their time on Earth and their relationships with their cars. After they had their fill of talking cars the two men continued on their journey. It wasn't long before they found themselves on a very long and straight highway. It seemed to never end.

Jamie got very serious and looked at Seraha for a long time. Finally he spoke, "Coming back Home is a tough transition, don't you think so? How are you adjusting to being Home again?"

“What’s not to like? You can have anything you like at any moment you want it.”

Jamie went right to it, “So, did you get bored yet?”

Seraha thought for a moment. “Yeah, I guess I did. I didn’t think it was possible to get bored at Home.”

Jamie responded, “It’s only possible to get bored if you are by yourself. You see, Seraha, here at Home we are a part of each other and that connection needs to be nurtured all the time. On Earth, there are times when you need to be by yourself, find your center and re-balance. Here we do the same but we do it in unison rather than pretending to be separate. You were trying to do it separately at Home. That’s why you experienced emptiness and boredom. Additionally, what you were creating came from your human desires. As you continue to acclimate to Home those desires will fade away and you will learn to harmonize your creations with others at Home on a much deeper level.”

Just then, in the distance they saw buildings and parked cars. They knew they had reached their destination of one of the seven natural wonders of the world. They left their red Mustang and walked toward the visitor center. Suddenly both men caught sight of the Grand Canyon at the same time. They stood for what seemed to be hours in total silence, just staring, taking in the beauty before them.

Seraha was the first to break the silence, “Jamie, what was the most important thing that happened to you on Earth?”

“Well Seraha, how much time do you have?” As a knee jerk reaction, Seraha raised his arm to look at his watch. The two men howled laughing, as Seraha responded with, “Looks like two freckles past a hair.”

“Now you’ve got the hang of this time joke. To answer your question: it’s very difficult to pick just one. However, meeting Jean when we were 26 years old was very special.” Seraha was confused because Jean was not the name of Jamie’s wife.

“It was a short relationship of only three years with wide swings of emotion, but I truly learned about myself and about love. We parted

because I couldn't keep up with her. Her spirit was too free and I had to let her go. Isn't it funny that on Earth we often remember relationships only by the way they ended?"

As the two men talked, they continued and walked right to the edge of the Grand Canyon without fear. However, they felt the familiar butterflies in their stomach as they looked down at the sight before them. Suddenly, Seraha wondered what it would be like to be looking up instead.

As with all things at Home, conception and perception are the same. Seraha and Jamie suddenly found themselves at the bottom of the Grand Canyon with the Colorado River thundering behind them.

Jamie shouted over the river, "Seraha, you are going to have to watch those thoughts. You are not on Earth anymore – where it takes time for a creation to ground – and I am with you. What you experience, I experience. This is what I mean by harmonizing your creations."

Sex and Passion

Seraha's thoughts drifted for a moment and suddenly he had a memory of Aunt Boof talking about having a picnic at the bottom of the Grand Canyon.

"So you finally hear me, huh? It's about time. I've been calling and there has been no answer."

Jamie said, "Hi hun, good to see you. How's tricks?"

"Hi sweetheart, tricks are better than ever. Glad you caught him when you did," Aunt Boof said pointing to Seraha. "He was getting away from us. I've been doing everything I could to connect with him, but he's been off the grid. That's kinda what happens when you go off creating on your own," Aunt Boof added leaning forward giving Seraha the 'evil eye'.

Jamie smiled back and said, "It's my absolute pleasure."

Confused at what he was hearing, Seraha asked, "What's this about? I didn't know you two even knew each other."

"Didn't know him at all on Earth, but he has a really special place in my heart and he knows it." Boof looked over at Jamie and winked. Seraha didn't remember seeing Jamie blush before, but he certainly was right now. Seraha could not imagine anything sexual between Jamie and Aunt Boof, but stranger things have happened. Both of them began laughing in response to what Seraha thought to be his private thoughts.

"Let us explain, Seraha," Jamie said as the sound of the river quieted as if he had a remote control. "Boof and I have quite a history together. We are very much a part of each other even though we have never incarnated together on Earth."

Seraha interrupted, "Does that mean you two have a sexual relationship?"

"Yes, you could say that. However, to call it a sexual relationship as perceived on Earth would not be technically correct. Yet, we have

blended so well that actually having a physical sexual relationship would be a step backwards. That is simply to say, Seraha, that I know and therefore I love this woman. All the rest is illusion.”

Seraha had a hard time picturing these two together, because he only knew them the way they were on Earth.

Jamie said, “I know it’s confusing, but when I look in her eyes I love the reflection I see of myself. When you look in someone else’s eyes and you love the person you see reflected, you call it a love relationship. In fact, it’s your reflection that you fall in love with. On Earth, you didn’t have to deal with this as much due to the veil. When the veil is removed, you see who the person truly is. You can see their soul, and you can’t do anything but fall in love. You don’t even have a choice. It’s even this way on Earth but you don’t realize it and the veil partially blocks your vision. The way it works is simple: See a soul -- fall in love.”

Aunt Boof joined the conversation. “Let me tell you about the birds and the bees and about how it really works here at Home. I’m an expert at this because I invented the system.” Seraha gave his version of the evil eye.

“Sex confuses so many on Earth because they believe it to be from their animalistic side and not from their spirit. So, it is looked down upon. Nothing could be further from the truth. In fact, sexual energy began as a simple way for humans to retain an energetic connection to Home. Early humans were carrying a smaller portion of their spirit and therefore needed regular infusions of energy from Home. This was felt in the physical body as sexual energy and it also insured the survival of the species in the early days.”

Jamie put his hand on Aunt Boof’s shoulder and stepped forward to speak. As he did, Aunt Boof magically transformed to a strikingly beautiful 20-year-old beaming with sexual energy. Seraha never thought of his Aunt Boof as a Marilyn Monroe type, but there she was standing before him.

Jamie continued, “Think of it this way, Seraha. On Earth, the energy that you experience during moments of sexual pleasure is the same energy that we live in all the time here at Home.” Seraha was stunned and suddenly he understood why on Earth much of his energy was spent

around sexuality and at Home he did not feel that need. It was not as though he couldn't experience sex, because he did when he was creating his worldly desires. Here at Home it was an important inner connection but not overwhelming demand on his attention.

The roar of the river returned to full blast. As it died down the three of them found themselves sitting at Seraha's favorite table at the Hall of Records. Jamie motioned to the Keeper of Records behind the bar who then let out a heart-warming laugh. "Had a good trip? Felt you were in the Canyon today. How was the weather?"

Aunt Boof, back to her old self, retorted, "Exactly the way we created it, goofus."

"Good to see you again Ruth. . . or is that Boof?"

Not waiting for an answer and having done his job of setting the energy, the Keeper of Records turned and retreated to stand behind the bar overlooking the energy of the room.

Jamie leaned over the table, looked Seraha square in the eye and said, "Now that you know about my experience with Jean, I would like to know what your greatest event on Earth was?"

Without a moment's hesitation Seraha said, "It was building my family. I thought I really knew what I wanted and I went about building it. Things were going pretty well. At least I thought so, until the death of my youngest girl. That turned my world upside down and I ended up taking out my anger on those closest to me. But still, even with all the difficulties, growing that family was the greatest experience of my life."

Jamie nodded without saying a word. "And what about passion? What did you love to do?"

"What do you mean, Jamie?"

"It's simple. You went on a journey to Earth to collect experiences. What made your heart sing?"

Seraha leaned back in his chair and all of his thoughts stopped for that moment. Could it be that simple that all the struggles of life are just to make your heart sing? He let it soak in for a moment and then he found himself staring at Jamie who was trying to hold back a laugh. Seraha was confused and said, "What's up? I don't get it."

With that, Aunt Boof and Jamie exploded into such laughter that even the Keeper of Records behind the bar gave a nod of approval. When the laughter died down Jamie explained, "We all do it. There is nothing to be ashamed of. We all think that life is about something else until we come Home. The game is all about having a human experience. You collect experiences and bring them Home to share with us all. The greatest ones that you can bring us are the ones of joy and passion. So tell me, dear friend, where was your passion? What did you do for fun?"

Seraha could see Jamie and Aunt Boof now leaning forward in his direction anticipating the answer. He took a breath and thought back over his life. The strangest thing came to mind that he wasn't anticipating at all. He thought of his collection. For many years, it brought Seraha great joy to collect music boxes. Every time he travelled to a new place, he would go on the search of a music box that would hold the memory of that trip. He had collected all kinds, large and small, extending from classical music to rock.

Jamie and Aunt Boof saw Seraha change before their own eyes. While he was talking about his collection of music boxes, his eyes were ablaze. The more he talked about it the more he got excited.

"Now you're lightenin' up, honey. This is exactly what we were aiming for with that question about passion. You see, when a soul experiences joy and passion, everybody benefits. Your light and joy rubs off on us and everybody else at Home." Seraha began to notice that both Jamie and Boof were getting lighter, brighter and more vivid sitting across from him.

Aunt Boof said, "Now you are gettin' it. We are absorbing energy from you right now. It's incredibly delicious by the way! You see, there is a difference between the way things work on Earth and at Home. Here passion multiplies when you share it."

Seraha was still confused when Jamie began, “Let me take over this conversation. Seraha, imagine this. Imagine that there are all these souls, all connected but still having separate expressions. When one of them leaves Home to collect experiences, they return with passion, uniquely theirs, which is actually a condensed form of all your life experiences. After a returning soul acclimates and grounds here at Home, they release that passion which spreads out and feeds every soul here.”

Aunt Boof retorted, “To put it in a Boofism: it’s very much like dropping an atomic bomb of passion and it charges all of us. Thank you, my dear Seraha.”

Turn Right

Jamie, Aunt Boof and Seraha shared life that day. Jamie was in mild conversation with Seraha, when Elrah suddenly distracted his attention. Elrah had a direct line to Seraha. He was speaking to him remotely. "Of course," Seraha remembered, "anything is possible at Home." It was a strange sensation and it took a moment for Seraha to adjust as he was actually hearing both Elrah and Jamie perfectly clear and understanding them. However, still not entirely accustomed to the ways of Home, he was not sure who to address first. What Seraha forgot was that everyone was already connected at Home. Jamie, knowing what was taking place, reached over and touched Seraha's hand to let him know that it was perfectly okay to leave their conversation and go with Elrah. His smiling face quickly faded from view.

Suddenly, Seraha was in the presence of the radiant smile of Elrah. Seraha basked in the pure love that was now before him. Elrah had somewhat of a formal presence but his quick wit would get you laughing when he would slip in a deep truth. Even so he was so full of grace that Seraha could just stand there and be happy.

Elrah always had a special place in Seraha's heart. In fact, it could be said that Elrah was the closest to Seraha yet Seraha still could not explain why.

Hearing that thought Elrah jumped in, "I am more a part of you than anyone here. I know you feel it and I would like to help you re-member why. We've played the game so many times now that we've seen almost every part of each other. We've been husband and wife, father and son, father and daughter, grandfather and grandson, best friends, business partners, next door neighbors The truth is that we have found a way to be a part of each other's experience for many life times.

Seraha spoke up. I don't remember you in the last lifetime. Were you there Elrah?

No, in fact I have never incarnated on Earth. The journeys I spoke of that we took together were on several other game boards but you are not

ready to remember that yet. Just know that our spirits have crossed paths many times and we have seen one another's soul.

As you will see, when you remove the veil you truly see the other person. Remember, see a soul – fall in love. In any event, Seraha, we are an integral part of each other and just know that I will always be there for you no matter where or when.”

Seraha cracked a smile, getting the time joke. “And I will always be there for you.”

“Wanna come and play?” As Elrah spoke the words light filled the room. Seraha almost blurted out, “Of course!” He suddenly felt his entire heart light up as if it was exploding.

“Feel that?” Elrah asked.

“Yes, I do. What is it?”

“It is the passion that I work with all the time, the same passion you were just sharing with Jamie and Aunt Boof. Go ahead and soak up all you like. In time I'll show you the secrets of passion.”

Seraha smiled and responded, “So, what did you mean by play?”

“Ahh, that's my boy,” Elrah said as he slapped him on the back. “Come with me, Seraha.”

With that, both men found themselves looking out at a valley. The people, the trees, houses, cars . . . everything looked just as you would expect daily life to appear. Only everything was miniaturized, except for the sound. They could perfectly hear what two people below were saying to each other. In fact, Seraha found that he could hear all the conversations at the same time and could understand them all. He looked puzzled at his friend and asked, “What is this?”

“Earth! You just came from there. Don't you recognize it?”

“I don't get it. Where are we and what are we doing here?”

“Actually, Seraha, I’m at work. You see, we have many extensions of ourselves. One of them is the game that we have been calling planet Earth, which is the only game of total free choice. This is the part that I am responsible for.”

“You mean that you are responsible for all of planet Earth?”

“Of course not. There are many of us who do this work, but I seem to have a very special gift with it. Let me show you.”

Without a moment’s notice, they zoomed in on a single reality where a man was driving a car. Elrah said, “Watch this. John here is going to work and he needs to turn left at the next light.”

With that, Seraha saw John pull from the left lane across three lanes of traffic to turn right.

“How did you do that?”

“More importantly, why did I do it? The answer to the first question is that it is my gift. I am able to effect change in people who are open for it.”

“So, does that mean that you are a guide or an angel?”

Elrah laughed. “No, that’s not my job title. What it means is that I have a gift to be able to send love magnetically to people on Earth. Let’s just call it a magnetic gift. It is based in magnetism and delivered within rhythm.”

“That confuses me, because isn’t this a free choice planet and don’t those actions oppose that?”

“Great question. I haven’t been asked that in two millennia.” Both men smiled at the time joke.

“Let me explain. A free choice planet means that there is no predetermination on the planet. Yet, that does not mean that one on the game board cannot awaken from the dream and communicate with us or ask for help. In which case I am first on the scene,” Elrah said proudly brushing his fingernails against his chest. “I did not send that man over to the right lane as a joke or as a point to make to you. I have been working with him because he has been asking for help and guidance. I assisted

him in meeting a soul who will play a very important part in his life. He is still wondering what made him turn right but he is very happy that he did.

“So, do you answer prayers?”

“You could say that in some ways I hear prayers. No one needs to answer a prayer as the asking holds the answer within and the asking itself creates the perfect vacuum to pull in the answer. What I do is to facilitate and witness the process. Here, let me show you more.”

With that, Elrah led Seraha over to a new vantage point. Here Elrah zoomed in on a woman. She was very worried and destitute, and about to make a very poor decision out of desperation. Seraha watched as Elrah extended his hand as if to touch her hair. She immediately felt him and for a moment, she filled with hope. “That is the gift, Seraha, and I love what I get to do. Sometimes they just need to feel that they are not alone. It’s not that I try to touch everyone . . . only those who ask. I’ll tell you, Seraha, you would never imagine the things that people pray for. It’s unbelievable.”

“Don’t leave me hanging. Tell me more.”

“I’ll tell you later. Why don’t you give it a try?”

“Really? Can I do that?”

“I didn’t know I had the gift until somebody got me to try it. Come on over and let’s see what you can do.” With that, Seraha straightened up as if to take the controls.

“Let me introduce you to Jeannie. I’ve been working with her because she has been asking for guidance to help her daughter. She has been supporting her with money, and is at the end of her rope as it is not working.”

“How can I help her?”

“Well, try this. Get her to turn right.”

“How do I do that? Do I just think of it?”

“Exactly. Send her your thoughts from your heart. Send out a wave of love from your heart to hers. You will see that wave becoming a rhythmic pattern that carries your intent to help her find what she’s been looking for.”

She is tuned in to you because her channel is already open since I’ve been working with her. Just create a space to her right and see if she’ll move into it.”

Elrah explained “Everything in life is rhythm from the smallest subatomic particles flying around a nucleus to the heart beat of the Universe. Everything is made up of a rhythm and everything in existence has its own signature rhythm. Humans have always used rhythm to communicate, usually unconsciously although now with your recent events you can become consciously aware of how to use this even on Earth.

This is my gift. I am able to consciously communicate through rhythm and I do so all the time to communicate to humans on Earth. I don’t need words. Much of your energies on Earth are spent harmonizing your words and thoughts with other people. Because you have to harmonize your rhythm with others all the time you think your rhythm is wrong and you lose confidence in it because you have to change it all the time. This takes so much of your energy that you lose confidence.

I bypass all of that with my rhythmic communication. I can help you get comfortable with your own rhythm and regain that confidence. And that’s what I do all the time from here. Soon humans will learn to communicate this way consciously. Eventually, you will learn to do this for each other. We call that deep contact.”

As if looking through a camera, Seraha and Elrah zoomed in on the scene where Jeannie was. They found her at a grocery store, lost in thoughts about how she could help her daughter break with some of her friends who she believed were a bad influence.

“If you get through to her and she turns right, she will meet one of her daughter’s friends who will casually let it slip that her daughter currently has a drug problem and is in fact the source of the drugs for her friends.

If that happens, she will understand that she has actually been part of the problem with her financial support instead of being part of the solution. With that insight she will change.”

Seraha rubbed his hands together in preparation, opened his heart and sent a rhythmic wave of love to Jeannie whispering under his breath, “Turn right, turn right . . .” She stopped in her tracks for a moment and then proceeded to turn left . . . instead of right as Seraha intended.

“What the heck? I guess that didn’t work, did it?” Seraha said slapping Elrah on the back. The boys had a good laugh over Seraha’s failed attempt. He tried several more times to get Jeannie to meet her daughter’s friend in the grocery store, all without success. He gave up as he watched the daughter’s friend leave the store.

“Now what?”

Elrah imitated the gesture that Seraha did of rubbing his hands together and then sent a beam of love. It was pulsing in a repeating rhythm that was enchanting to watch as it began creating the space for Jeannie to receive the guidance she had been praying for. She was walking to her car in the parking lot when she felt the rhythm of love engulf her, and suddenly stopped. Jeannie looked up at the sky and breathed in the warmth of the sunshine looking directly at Elrah as if she could see him. She was yanked out of the serene moment when she felt a shopping cart bump into her. When she turned around, she was looking at her daughter’s friend and the conversation began.

“There,” Elrah said, and rubbed his fingernails against his chest. Seraha was amazed, “Bravo, my friend. You can clearly see that you have a special gift. It’s good to know that you are on my team. By the way, you never told me about the odd things people pray for.”

Elrah smiled as he searched his memory banks for the best stories when it hit him. “Let me tell you of the classroom full of students who were all praying for the heating to break down in the middle of winter so they could all go home. Not just one, but every single one in the classroom. We also hear many times from people at poker tables or other ‘lucky’ places, not to mention the deals that they offer when they want something. You’ll hear, ‘If you give me this I’ll give you that.’ It’s

absolutely hilarious at times. We hear from girls who wonder if they are pregnant and boys who give anything just to win their basketball game.”

Seraha thought to himself that when he was that age he was praying to get the girls. Elrah began laughing out loud when he heard Seraha’s thought.

“It’s a veritable hot line at times, but I have to tell you that there are some really wonderful prayers that also come this way. It’s amazing to see how fast one can grow. And then, there are the times when out of nowhere a human can see you. It’s really strange as they cannot see us here at Home, yet every once in a while, a human tunes in and starts talking directly to us. That is amazing and a lot of fun.”

The two men smiled.

Music

Seraha was enjoying his collection of music boxes. They were so full of memories and the music that they produced here at Home was quite different from when he owned them on Earth. Since he had been Home, he still had not gotten used to the hauntingly beautiful music that was a part of his life. It was almost as if his life at Home was narrated by the most incredible music. So Seraha re-created his collection, as it was the only connection to music he had had in this past lifetime.

As he was sitting in the rocking chair in his music room, his focus was interrupted by a flash of light moving past him so quickly that he couldn't figure out what it was. And there it was again. Seraha had learned not to get excited at the strange things that happened here at Home, and prepared himself in anticipation of his next experience.

A knock on the door followed. Before Seraha could move, the door flung open and in rushed a young, small white boy with big blond, curly hair. He was moving faster than Seraha could see and it appeared to be his normal rhythm. Talking very fast he said, "Dude, I heard the music coming from your music boxes and I just had to stop by and take a closer look at them. Awesome! Can I listen with you?"

"And who are you?"

"Oh, I forgot to introduce myself, I guess. Tommy Two-Tone. Cool name, don't you think? Got it from Atlanta, Georgia, when I recorded my first record. I was the only person that could harmonize with himself singing. Hence, Tommy Two-Tone."

Seraha didn't know what to think and found himself sitting forward in his chair trying to keep up with Tommy's pace. Suddenly, he realized that he was the perfect person to ask about music.

"Hang on a minute. Take a breath, boy. You might be the person I'm looking for. I've been listening to music here at Home, finding it more vibrant and alive than on Earth. Maybe you could tell me why?"

“Isn’t it awesome, man? The music is so much thicker, it’s like you breathe it. This is real music and all music originates from Home. Still with me? When you jump in the game, you carry your music collection with you.” Seraha interrupted, “But I wasn’t musical at all. I did nothing with music in my past life time.”

Tommy stood back and bowed toward the music boxes. “What do you think these are, dude? This is actually why you’ve recreated them here. Every one carries the music from Home every moment of every day. You know what I mean? No? Some choose to express it as musicians, some as dancers, composers, singers or DJs. Those who don’t carry it in one of these formal ways carry it in other ways. For instance, even an avid radio listener can anchor their music on Earth. You carried it with these really cool music boxes. Listen to these. . . . Man, you must be quite the master. Wanna jam?”

Seraha tried to take it all in as Tommy Two-Tone rambled on, “When you are on Earth, you just can’t shut off the Home radio. You all carry imaginary ear plugs through which you can always remember the music from Home, if you don’t forget to listen of course. That crazy veil again. You just can’t get it out of your head. So, after a while you have to express it. Just gotta come out, you know? And since everything on Earth has to be imperfect, the music is as well. That’s why you are captivated when you first hear music upon returning Home. But that’s not the coolest yet, ‘cause it gets even better. When you master any level of music you carry it forward into future lifetimes without having to start over.”

Seraha thought for a moment and said, “Is that why Beethoven played a keyboard at age three?”

“Yeah, exactly. He had mastered the scales of that instrument in previous life times and simply picked up where he left off. How cool is that? Hey man, never answered me. Wanna jam?”

With that, a piano appeared along with several variations of electric guitars, two of which had Tommy Two-Tones’ name on them. Seraha knew that anything was possible at Home, but this he never expected. As his fingers comfortably danced across the keyboard, he created the most harmonious music. It was not what he had expected it to be as it was fun, expressive and effortless. It was as if Seraha’s hands were remembering and it felt wonderful to have that beauty flow through him. It was good to be Home.

Completing the Circle

After what humans would consider to be countless years and adventures in the many realms of Home, Seraha felt it was time he would benefit from another Earth experience. It was almost as if he felt like he had been charging up and now he had to find a way to express and ground the energy. The favorite way to do that at Home is through an incarnation, and Seraha found himself thinking of going back to Earth. Many conversations with Elrah and others close to him put him under a constant pressure to express the beauty he had been experiencing. It was almost as if he had been charging his batteries with the beauty from Home, now he was full and had to release.

There was excitement in the air.

A ripple of energy went out with the news, and it was felt by everyone. Seraha's closest friends were starting to gather. Eyes wide with anticipation, they were coming together to celebrate the exciting news: Seraha was going back into the game.

Everyone moved out into the street, because this was Seraha's day and his planning session. *His* thoughts were creating the reality that unfolded before everyone. An unpaved road appeared. Seraha recognized it immediately as the road leading to one of his favorite meeting places. As he approached the Hall of Records, he paused at the foot of the three steps that led up to the huge oak door. Everyone behind him stopped, waiting for his next move. Seraha glanced over and met the gaze of Angela. She was one of the first people Seraha wanted to find a place for in his new life. As their eyes met, she raised her brows quizzically. Without uttering a word, she was letting him know that she really hoped that his game would be different than the last. Last time around, Angela played the role of a 'problem' employee who single-handedly sabotaged his business, causing him a great deal of trouble.

Now, however, Angela wanted to play a different role in his life. She loved Seraha enough to have played the 'bad guy' in his previous life, which was not an easy thing to do. Nonetheless, she agreed to it because she

loved him so much, and because it dovetailed perfectly with her own life lesson. Seraha made a mental note and it was done.

As he placed his feet on the step, each breath grew longer and deeper. As he grasped the latch, the large, carved wooden door swung open effortlessly. A rush of memories assaulted his senses and a smile eased over his face as he remembered the many wonderful times he had spent in this magical meeting place. Just then, a large, burly man with long, dark curly hair entered the room. He was the Keeper of Records and was in charge of the Hall of Records. His eyes sparkled merrily. Seraha smiled, knowing that this was a safe place. Soon the Keeper's smile widened into a broad grin, followed by laughter that filled the entire Hall of Records. Besides helping people find the records, part of his job was to use his gift of infectious laughter to change the energy if he found anyone taking 'life' too seriously. He smiled as his eyes met Seraha's and he motioned him towards his favorite table near the fireplace.

As Seraha settled in, he noticed that a bright light that appeared to be emanating from every corner of the room. All of the people who had followed him in from the street were now taking their places for the proceedings. He was here for the planning stage of his next incarnation.

Whenever someone prepared to re-enter the game, everyone involved was notified and they all magically knew which seat at the table to take. Those who had contracted to assist Seraha in learning the most important life lessons were assembled closest to him. Now, all eyes were on Seraha and he felt the anticipation rising.

Seraha glanced quickly at the Record Keeper, and received a big smile that told him it was time. Seraha now noticed another tall, stately gentleman standing directly in front of him. It was Elrah and standing behind him like this Seraha could see for the first time the effect he had on everyone around him. When Elrah spoke, others listened and he generally spoke for the collective. Due to his stature he represented the entire staff of the Hall of Records. With a smooth hand gesture, Elrah now signaled that everything was ready.

Turning, Seraha saw that there were many people gathered around a large round wooden table near the fireplace. Throughout all the lifetimes Seraha could recall, he had always had a great fondness for round,

wooden tables. Another member of the staff pulled out one of the chairs beside Merlia, one of Seraha's counselors. Merlia represented the feminine energy of magic. Her job was to make sure Seraha's work here today included plans that would allow him to see a fair amount of his own magic while playing the game. She smiled at Seraha and he felt Merlia's incredible love. The entire staff of the Hall of Records was like a special family within a family. They were a part of the big family that played a special role in everyone's lives. They were members of Seraha's transition team. They were here to help prepare him for his entry, and they would be there when he exited to help him assimilate all the experiences of his life.

There are two transition teams for each life. One is the team on Earth and the other is the team at Home. They both have similar jobs but are the mirror of each other. The people gathered at Seraha's round table were all members of his Home team.

Interestingly, they had never played the game themselves, yet they were experts on the entire process. Seraha saw them as the staff of this Hall of Records, yet they could appear in any form needed. This Hall of Records was Seraha's creation; each person experiences the Hall of Records differently depending on their own thought process. Some will experience it as a meeting place, some as a picnic table by a lake, others on an island or a mountain top, and yet others standing at the gates to Heaven, or even as a neighborhood tavern.

Seraha took the seat beside Merlia, and applause erupted. It seemed that one of the most difficult aspects of the game was simply getting this far. Any soul who was willing to leave Home and forget their own magnificence long enough to play the game of pretending to be separate, was highly honored at Home.

Seraha saw several people he knew very well. Many were those with whom he completed his most recent life experience. Some Seraha had not seen recently, and as the vague memories slowly returned, he was reminded of how close he felt to them. The ceremonies began. The excitement in the air was exploding. This truly was a family re-union on many levels.

In the center of the table, a very lifelike three-dimensional image suddenly appeared. A reverent hush settled over the room. Much like a hologram in perfect details, floating effortlessly just above the center of the table, it also encased all the senses of a physical experience, including all the emotions. As Seraha stretched to examine its other side, it magically moved to accommodate him. The projection was going to be used to visualize many of the contracts in Seraha's new life. Since it was in three dimensions simultaneously, the point from which he viewed it determined what he saw. Thus, he had to use the other people around the table to truly view the projections he was about to watch. He soon became aware that it was his thoughts that controlled the images. He soon remembered how it worked, and began intentionally directing the scene. Here everyone broke into applause; the first stage of his next Earth life – the planning session – had begun.

The first choice Seraha had to make was that of his primary life lesson, which is simply the main focus of the soul's path. The majority of the time, a soul works on the same life lesson as in its previous incarnation, to reach a level of mastery. The primary life lesson he chose was trust.

Next, as with any game, Seraha had to choose his biological home, the bubble of biology in which his next incarnation would play out. Here, he had to choose his gender and body type, paying special attention to how each played into his primary life lesson. Even as souls, we are creatures of habit, hence we tend to choose the same gender and even the same body type, over and over again. If a life lesson is better served in one gender than another, then we will choose accordingly. It is here also that we choose personality types, preferred time of birth and birth order within the family, as each has a profound effect on one's experience as a human.

The first scene that played out in the hologram was from Seraha's most recent incarnation. It was important to see what progress he had made and what he might have missed. As scenes from his life were portrayed in rapid succession, he began to see the patterns and remembered what was most important to him in his last incarnation.

Seraha's soul trajectory was determined by the circumstances, events and emotional state surrounding his last death transition. On Earth, if we go to sleep at night troubled, or with a problem on our mind, it is a law of

energy that we must revisit that same state or problem when we awake. Similarly, if we should die in fear, or in a depressed or troubled state of mind, it is a law of energy that we must revisit that same energy when we re-enter the game in a new body. This is called our 'soul trajectory,' and many souls get so stuck in a trajectory that they never recover from it until they return Home.

A perfect example of this is a child who is born to two very gentle souls, but he displays an anger problem. All you have to do is look at the parents and realize that he did not get that from them. Therefore, the question comes, "Where did he get it?" The answer is, "From how he died in his last incarnation." This is a common occurrence on Earth and is at the base of many important decisions.

While Seraha was watching the scenes of his last life unfold, he became aware of the life lessons that he was attempting to master. Just then, the Keeper of Time stepped to the forefront of the group near the floating image. His job was to advise Seraha of the best timeframe for important events in his life to take place.

Linear time, with past, present and future, is an illusion that is only present in a field of polarity, such as the one on planet Earth. The Keeper of Time ensured that the events Seraha was planning would fit into the linear timeframe, and that they were released at exactly the right moment so that the pieces would all work together.

As Seraha continued to watch the projection, his eyes met the gaze of a woman sitting directly across from him. She smiled at him knowingly. The woman's eyes told him there was something there to complete. Seraha knew her, and he smiled as they made a deep soul contact. Elrah explained that soul contact is like eye contact only much deeper, as it allows us to see a person's soul and their true essence. She smiled back and in that instant, an important contract was scripted; she was going to be Seraha's mother. The woman had played the role of his mother once before but she had left early in that lifetime. Looking deeply into her eyes, Seraha asked the one to play his mother to form a special contract – that of a primary parental contract in this upcoming lifetime.

Elrah reminded him that we always make a primary parental contract to guide us in the beginning. Most often it is with one of our birth parents,

but it can be facilitated by anyone who will be around us frequently as we grow up. It is this contract that draws us into the game. Since all parties will be playing on the game board of free choice, they are always aware that not all of the contracts that are so carefully scripted are actually chosen. Therefore, one primary parental contract becomes our foundation from the beginning.

The last time around, Seraha's father was his primary parental contract. Seraha's parents divorced when he was nine. Though he did not get to see his father for most of his formative years, his energy and smile were always a part of Seraha's life. At times when Mom got angry with Seraha, she would let slip, "You're just like your father!" Even though it was intended to make Seraha feel guilty, he always smiled inside when she said that. Later in life Seraha was re-united with his dad, but the important contract was already complete because his dad had been there for him when he came in. Now Seraha sat across from the woman who would play this important role, and it was a very special time for them.

Then another staff member sat down across from Seraha. She was known simply as the Litigator of Light. Her job was similar to an attorney, in that she reviewed all contracts to make sure they would work and to point out any potential problems. She looked over the contract that Seraha and his mother-to-be had just made. She pointed out the potential challenges that could come. After discussing the possibilities, they all agreed that this still held the best potential. So, with everyone in full agreement, the contract was set into motion.

As a result, the three-dimensional projection resumed, and the scene shifted to include Seraha's new mom. There, playing out in front of him was the day he was to be born into this new life. Seraha was watching his birth. As he was born, the nurse whispered, "Welcome to Earth" to the newborn child and handed him to his mother. As he saw himself in his mother's arms with his dad standing by her side, Seraha understood that at this moment everything was still only potential.

Next, Seraha made contact with a very dear soul sitting across from him. She smiled back and touched his heart in a way that stirred up a welter of emotions within the hologram floating before him. Excitement stirred around the table as Seraha asked this special soul to play the part of his

lover. As she smiled back in acceptance, they were both aware that they had attempted to play this role before, but always without success. Last time, Seraha ran away rather than face the lessons he had scripted for himself. She loved him very deeply but could no longer live with him. This time, they set up a chain of circumstances that would bring them both face-to-face with this lesson, and, hopefully, to receiving the gift.

Seraha understood that he was making a very important contract with the person who was to be his partner in this lifetime. He took a good long look and saw himself being magically drawn to her. Even so, because they were both aware that they might not remember the connection, they scripted several back-up plans, just in case. It is actually quite common to use the vibrational law of attraction to set up such circumstances for ourselves. This enables an exact vibrational match to occur at the specific time we are ready.

The three-dimensional projection showed them the potential circumstances under which they might find each other. From the back of the room, the voice of Elrah explained, "Keep in mind that these are only the first set of circumstances under which the two of you may find each other. Learn them well and carry this vision with you into this next lifetime. Now, move the timeline forward and create several other opportunities in the event that you miss the first. If you do not connect with each other by your thirty-second year, it will be necessary for you to move on to facilitate the other contracts you have in place."

Seraha looked into the eyes of his future mate and knew that even if they missed each other, both of them would send the other unconditional love and support. Such is the nature of love at Home.

Knowing that there was always the possibility of his not awakening from the illusion of duality, Seraha asked a dear friend, Ann, "Do you love me enough to play the difficult part of the villain?" In his most recent lifetime, this role was played by Angela. This time Ann would be on a path very similar to his. This might make a perfect opportunity for the two of them to have a relationship as business partners. In his last lifetime, they developed a deep love and respect for each other. In the life lesson Seraha had chosen, if the positive experiences he had set up did not help him receive the gift, he would need a negative experience large enough to change his course.

Seraha asked, "Will you play the negative role in my life to help push me in the right direction if it is needed? Will you be my business partner and embezzle all the money so that I can have the chance to learn and master Trust?"

Ann looked at Seraha with love in her eyes and answered, "Yes, I'll do it. Even though I'd rather play your friend, I'll gladly do this for you, as it will also work into my lesson."

Seraha now saw a small girl sitting next to him. He knew her well and had a deep love for her. She looked up at him and smiled. Her smile instantly melted his heart. The scene on the table now showed her sitting on his lap. She was to be his granddaughter in this lifetime and had a special contract to fulfill. In the last lifetime, she was Seraha's daughter Alison, and she helped to change the lives of everyone around her by participating in a fatal car accident at the young age of twelve. Seraha was the one who named her and she wanted to carry the name of Alison again in this life. She was such a brave soul and now she was asking him to play a special role in her life. As a young girl of eight, she would find herself in a divorce struggle between her parents and she would lose sight of her true power. She was asking Seraha to be her champion grandfather who would have the ability to look into her eyes and help her remember who she really was.

Once again, the Litigator of Light pointed out the potentials of such a contract, but as Seraha looked deeply into Alison's eyes, he knew this would be a very special love. He would finally get the chance to watch her grow up and step into womanhood.

Then, Elrah's voice resonated, "Remember the back-up plans."

"Ah, yes", Seraha said. "I almost forgot about free choice and the need for back-up plans."

Elrah spoke, "Back-up plans are necessary, because the fact that we play this game of life on a game board of free choice means that all contracts exist only as potentials until all parties involved activate them. Currently on Earth, about twenty percent of people are not with their original choice of parents, but are working with back-up plans."

Seraha looked at the young Alison sitting next to him and then down at the image hovering over the table. He then saw that there was a real possibility that she would leave both of her parents to live with him. Both of them got very excited at the possibilities, and with a flicker of a glance between them the contract was scripted.

After a time, the souls in all dimensions of the Hall of Records got their chance to step forward to play roles in Seraha's life. Many contracts were scripted; some intertwined with other potential contracts. There was no time in the Hall of Records, nor even at Home. However, if the Earth concepts of time were converted into energy, the planning stage was about twelve times more energy spent than any of the other stages of life. After all the possibilities were explored and thousands of potential contracts were scripted Seraha took a deep breath, knowing that the planning stage for this lifetime was complete. Many other contracts could be made once the game was in motion, but for now, he had put into place a good framework.

Seraha looked over at Aunt Boof, “‘bout time,” she sputtered. “What we gonna do this time out?” But Seraha knew she was joking, for she had already agreed to take the most difficult position any spirit can. She would be his spirit guide for this lifetime. Riding on his shoulders, watching every move that he would make, attempting to interact and help. Aunt Boof gave him the evil eye and said, “You’re never gonna get my voice out of your head, buddy.”

Since he has been Home every time he needed an answer she would pop up with encouragement or the exact information that he needed. By having her as his guide he could keep that connection in his new life. He had been back to her house many times for her ‘truth’ sessions. She really loved to help with clearing the veil, and they just had a harmony together that was incredible. Seraha couldn’t help but wonder what it would have been like being born as her son as his original life plan called for.

All humans carry the same powers of creation with them on the game board of Earth that they do at Home, but they just don’t remember it. Much of the laughter that is heard from the other side of the veil is

because humans are asking questions to which they already have the answers.

Seraha made other contracts with souls he would not meet in physical form. Two of the most important contracts he scripted were with two beings who knew him the best, yet he would rarely remember their names. These two had agreed to be his guides also. They were part of his original family of Light and understood him completely. These guides would always be there to remind Seraha of Home and connect him to his own higher self for guidance and divine inspiration. This is a most frustrating job. The truth is they must love you tremendously to watch you fumble your way through the darkness of being human. Most of your time on the game board you will not even remember that they are a part of your game.

Before leaving the Hall of Records, Seraha took one last moment to get a view of the overall direction of his life lessons, including his soul trajectory and influences from his last incarnation. One of everyone's concerns during the planning stage was to avoid getting stuck in the initial direction caused by your soul trajectory. Seraha took a snap shot of his energy the moment he died in his previous lifetime, in order to step back into that same energy upon birth. Seraha decided that the energy he was in at his death was quite good. In fact, he had been cleaning up his entire life well before his death. Therefore, he decided that his soul trajectory required no adjustment to compensate.

With this chosen, he commenced his life preview. Now, instead of watching the life he had just completed flash before his eyes, he would watch a preview of what could be ahead for him if he chose the contracts he had set out for himself. This time, he was inside the three-dimensional projection, planning out at fast speed all the highlights of the script he had just written for this next phase of the game. Every so often, he paused the action in order to create more back-up plans that might prove necessary if certain events should take another turn. During the life preview each time you enact a contract with another soul, that soul will make deep eye contact with you in an effort to imprint their energy upon you so that you will recognize them when the time comes for you to meet.

Elrah stepped up to the table to address the gathering one final time. "You are about to enter the game and put on the veil of forgetfulness," he counseled.

"You are honored more than you will ever know for having the courage to play the game one more time.

We may cross your path but you will not generally recognize us. Even so, we will be with you always."

With every breath Seraha began to feel dense and heavy. . .

Beginning the 27 Months and the Search for Spiritual Family

Seraha felt strange but could clearly hear Elrah as he continued his parting speech. "We will now share with you some simple guidelines to help in your journey. These simple points will be the first things you will forget as you re-enter the game. However, your guides will always be there to whisper in your ear when you re-member to listen."

"Most importantly, all relationships must be built so fear them not, and dare to love often and with all your heart. Love will always bring you Home again."

"Your next step is the education of a soul, for you must re-learn some things you will have forgotten. First, you must re-member how to pretend that you are separate, when in reality you are an integral part of everything. Also, you will have to re-member how to rely on only eight of your senses to interact with the physical world. Five are physical and three are energetic."

"Although you will create every aspect of your reality with your thoughts, you will not remember that you are the creator of that reality. The time lag that exists in the third dimension will keep you from seeing that these are your own creations, and it also will protect you from your own thoughts. Likewise, remember that your reality is determined by the point of view from which you perceive it. If you have trouble understanding what you are seeing, change the point of perception from which you view it."

Elrah continued, "Remember that in the times of your greatest desperation, your life plan may actually be working at its best. So receive the gift in all situations and then move on. Know that when you get scared, or lose your footing in life, you will have a tendency to judge others."

"You will certainly experience pain as you grow. But an entire life of pain or an entire life based on the avoidance of it, is an unnecessary and completely optional experience."

“Also, know that choice is the base of your power. It is helpful to know that all choice is honored.”

“Above all, please remember that if at any time you are not happy with your reality, have the courage to choose again.”

“You will now begin to experience the illusion of time. Since it is such a difficult adjustment you will begin a 27-month acclimation process to Earth. Here you will experience the world as a spirit looking over your primary parental contract’s shoulder. This will allow you to see how your contracts will come together as well as to acclimate to the illusion of linear time. You will still be infinite but pretending to exist in a finite world. You will feel everything and it will be a good exercise to prepare you for life in a physical bubble of biology.”

“And now for the most difficult subject for us to speak of: Since it is a necessary part of the game to believe in the illusion of separation, you will assuredly forget that we are even here. You will ask us for signs and for irrefutable proof, to which you may only hear our loving laughter in response. Know that we are with you every step of the way, and that even though your senses will tell you otherwise, you are never alone. Our greatest joy is to be there quietly watching as you open your eyes and awaken from the dream. Then we will all celebrate you Home once again as another cycle of the soul is completed.”

A smile lit up Elrah’s face. The love emanating from those sitting around the table was almost overwhelming. Speaking for the collective, Elrah then asked, “Are you ready?” The Keeper of Time stepped forward, one finger pointing in the air. With a wide smile on his face, his hand fell pointing to the floor, signaling that it was now time.

Tears filled Seraha’s eyes and those gathered around him, as they told him how much they loved him for playing the part that now lay before him.

“In this lifetime, you have an opportunity to make more advancement for all of us than ever before,” Elrah said.

“From this moment forward, you will carry a knowing in your heart that you have a special purpose ahead of you. Trust that feeling always, for it

will be us talking to you through your heart. Do not attempt to listen too hard for guidance. The words we will speak to you will be heard with your heart more than with your ears.

The feeling that you carry deep inside you of having something special to give is truer than you will ever know. We are planting seeds of Light within you for your journey. The way to activate those seeds is by finding that same Light in others. You are part of the Family of Light; you will connect with and activate many original family members during your journey on Earth. We will always be hovering over your shoulder, just out of sight, helping you to find the path that you have set for yourself.

Travel well, dear one.”

On Mom's Shoulder

Taking a deep breath, Seraha stepped forward. Intense colors and sparks of light suddenly flew around him. He experienced sounds that he had never heard before. Then everything went quiet. Not just quiet, but really quiet. Then he heard children off in the distance, laughing and playing. He tried to see but everything was blurry. His vision began to clear and he realized he was watching over his mother's shoulder that very moment.

She was at the schoolyard calling to a group of six-year-olds. One of the boys turned around and said, "Hi Mom." Seraha could feel his mother's heart light up in response. He thought it was so strange, because it was almost as if he was there. He could feel everything, smell everything, hear and actually taste everything. He was surprised by this unexpected sensation. It was as if he could almost taste his mother's love.

The boy came over to the fence and held his hand up for a high-five and said, "Hiya Mom."

"Hi Jacob. I just thought I'd stop by and let you know that your dad will pick you up from school." During this conversation Seraha observed the boy and remembered him as a very good friend from Home. He realized that he was going to be his older brother. Seraha thought that was great; he would be a great brother especially since he would be seven years older, and Seraha remembered him as a wonderful, empowering leader. He would be perfect as the oldest child in the family.

With that thought still in his head, the scene changed. He found himself looking over his mother's shoulder while the family was having dinner. She was sitting directly across from Jacob who had a guilty look on his face, as if he was hiding something. Seraha could easily see that he enjoyed teasing his sister who was two years younger. In fact, he just licked his finger and had every intention of putting it in his sister Kahlan's ear when his mother gave him the evil eye. Kahlan and Jacob had a loving but competitive relationship. Part of the reason for the competition was that she had a very masculine side. She loved playing with his toys, which drove Jacob crazy.

Katie, the younger of the two girls, was close with both siblings and was the apple of her father's eye. She was the creative one in the family with tendencies toward art and music, even at her early age. Dad and Katie had a very special loving relationship that actually spanned more than fifteen lifetimes. The contract they had made for this lifetime was for him to be her protector and champion, and he loved playing that role.

One-by-one Seraha was introduced to the many players who were about to be a part of his game. He was able to watch and pretend that he was actually a part of life on Earth. There was one exception and that was his grandmother on his mother's side. She was dying and chances were very good that Seraha would never see her alive in this lifetime. Nevertheless, there was a strong connection between the two of them that needed to be acknowledged.

The biggest connection came one day when his grandma was talking to his mother. In midsentence, his grandmother stopped and stared right into Seraha's eyes. He moved just to check if she was really seeing him and to his surprise her eyes followed his every move. At that moment she reached out and took her daughter's hands and a tear came to her eye. "I know he's coming. I don't know if I'll be here when he gets here, but I can feel him getting close." Seraha's mother was totally confused at what she had just heard, and for the first time wondered if her mother was losing it a little.

"I know that you don't understand, but I just want you to listen. There is a boy coming and I have something very important for him."

"Mom, what are you talking about? I'm not pregnant and we are not planning to have more children. Is that what you mean?"

"No, I don't know the details but I can tell you he's coming. Will you give him something for me?"

Seraha's mother didn't know what to do, and because her mother was so sick she just said, "Of course." With that she went to her closet and after digging around inside of boxes for a few minutes, she rushed back and handed her daughter the wedding band, which she stopped wearing

many years before. "I want you to just promise me that when he is the right age you'll give it to him."

"Of course, Mom."

Birth

As the 27-month period wore on, Seraha was able to get the hang of pretending to be a human and this crazy thing they call time. After 18 months he had decided that everything was a “go” and he would take the next step to be born. At this point he had to spring into action, whereas before he had only been an observer. For this life adventure Seraha had done his homework. He had found the best available set of characteristics that he wished to carry. In order to get his wish, mom and dad would have to get together at exactly the right time for him to be born at the day and time he had chosen. This is one of the more challenging tasks that an entering spirit has to accomplish.

Seraha was now ready for the final step nine months prior to birth. He hovered just over his parents’ shoulders, frantically encouraging them to make love so that his energetic and physical body-to-be could be conceived with the features that he wanted. This was not an easy task by any means, traumatic at best, it was the first energy stamp Seraha would receive in this lifetime. As a result, from this day forward he would be repulsed by the thought of his parents making love. Even so, Seraha had been successful and found himself witnessing his own conception.

Now pleased with his ability to interact with his parents, he started to focus on his mother, his primary parental contract. Just then, Aunt Boof’s voice pierced his concentration.

“Hang on there, buddy. You’re moving way too fast.” When he turned around not only did he find himself staring into Aunt Boof’s loving eyes, but he also felt himself sitting in the radiance of Elrah. Elrah spoke, “Just before you go in, we want to take this last moment to spend some time together before you put on the veil of forgetfulness.”

“You’ve just spent 18 months in the time line getting to know your new family. So, what do you think?”

“I’m really happy. I think this is going to work out well.”

“Well, there is one contract that we need to tell you about that will not be there for you if you stay with this family. You made a contract with Angela

who used to work for you. In fact, she betrayed you and almost cost you your entire business. You two had contracted something special for this coming life but now she has taken a turn and will not be able to make that connection.”

Seraha let it sink in and asked, “How does that happen? What should I do? And what are my options?”

“How it happens is simple: all choice is honored on a free choice planet. As for your options: on the one hand, you can simply let this pass, stick to your plan and rescript a new contract with her the next time out. On the other hand, you can do everything to complete the contract that you made with her. However, that means that you will need to go into a back-up plan and rescript your other contracts, especially the primary parental contract. Between those extremes, you have even further options. For, once you take this next step into biology, changing your path becomes much more difficult. For instance, changing your path now would mean that your mother would have a miscarriage. What we need to know from you at this point is: Where is your choice?”

Seraha thought for a moment and readily agreed to stay on the path. He and Angela would miss each other this lifetime, but would make up for it the next time out.

“Let me explain,” Seraha began. “This family is going to work out amazingly well. It will be the perfect environment for me to grow up as the youngest of four children. This family carries so much love and is really good at communicating. They will really help me re-member and bring out that special piece from Home that I’m carrying. For that reason I want to stay in this family.”

Elrah interjected, “Funny thing about family. In the beginning, no one imagined how much influence, or lack of it, they could have on an entering soul. The way to think of it is that this is a group of loving people who have agreed to lock themselves in a room with you until you reach a certain age. It will take you approximately 14 years to infuse your body with your spirit. In Earth terms, at puberty your body is completely infused with all of your spirit that it can carry. It’s around this time that you start to define your first ego identity and fully own it, including the responsibilities associated with it. You could say that this is the time

when you actually become you. On Earth, there are even many customs to celebrate this transition.”

“While your bubble of biology is being customized over the next nine months, it’s helpful to keep four important points in mind. Three you have already addressed. The first is your time and date of your birth, which you have already successfully researched and set into motion.”

Aunt Boof’s voice came from directly over his shoulder, “Yeah, that’s an image that will be burnt into his brain forever,” referring to Seraha having to watch his parents make love.

“The second is your birth order, which you have also negotiated to your satisfaction. You will be born as the youngest of four: a magical space full of potential.

The third point is your time and date of departure from the game board. You can think of this as a death or a magnetic doorway through which you can find your way Home easily, simply because it matches your magnetics at birth. You have already scripted several doors through which you can leave the game. Now that the time clock is ticking, so to speak, these doors may need slight adjustment. This will magnetically take place during the next nine months and you can help direct that process.”

“This leaves only number four, which is the vibration under which you will be known in this lifetime. I’m talking about your name.”

With that, Seraha pulled back his energy a bit. This was a very sore spot for his soul. It seemed that he had spent quite a lot of effort to find the perfect Earth name, and had tried to use it for the last five lifetimes without success. Each time he tried to translate the magical tone of his soul name into his mother’s native language. However, when he whispered it into her ear, she heard something else and he ended up with something other than his first choice. The name Seth was his last disappointment. He looked at Elrah who was almost laughing at his thoughts.

“Come on, buddy. I can help you with this one. Remember my gifts?”

The Evolution of a Snowflake

Ra looked out the window at the snow falling in his driveway. He knew that tomorrow he would have to clear all that snow, but today was his day off and he was just enjoying watching it fall. His thoughts drifted to what he had learned in school about each flake being unique and he thought about how it was similar to each human being different. He laughed at the thought when he heard Lisa's voice calling from the kitchen, "You hungry, Ra?"

For the first time that day, he thought about his stomach and said, "Yeah, I could eat." Ra enjoyed his day off from work. He loved his work but he had also learned to balance. Especially since the kids had all moved out of the house he was spending more time with his wife, Lisa. He had learned to really enjoy these rare days of leisure. Today was one of those special days where nothing was demanding his time. Anticipation was in the air but everything was perfectly in place.

As he stared into the fire, Ra thought about his marriage with Lisa. He was so grateful that he had finally found her. Before he met Lisa, he had not been very lucky in relationships. There was the terrible blowout with his brother Jacob for example. Ra was in his early twenties, when his brother Jacob brought home his girlfriend, Anna. It wasn't long before she and Ra fell in love, starting a love affair behind his brother's back. The resulting eruption kept Jacob from talking to his brother for many years. He couldn't help but wonder what his life would have been like if he had married Anna. Instead, their relationship ended abruptly when she moved.

He met Lisa shortly afterward and fell in love with her because of the way she said his name. She was the first person to call him Ra.

His mother was responsible for naming him and had insisted on that strange name, although everybody in the family gave her a hard time for it. Nobody was able to change her mind and she named her son Seraha, which he loved because somehow he had always thought it fit him. She originally found the word SER-AhHa inscribed on a ring that her mother had given her before she became pregnant with him.

When Ra and Lisa got married, he slid that same ring around her finger with her name added to it.

“Here you go, Ra,” Lisa interrupted his thoughts when she placed his lunch in his lap.

“The snow is really coming down. Isn’t it beautiful? You know, I heard somewhere that no two snowflakes are alike. Do you think that is real?” Seraha smiled very big and did not need to answer.

“I’ve never seen it come down this beautiful before,” Lisa continued. “It’s almost as if every snowflake has its own personality. Ra, do you remember that one day in April when you got snowed in?”

Seraha’s thoughts drifted back to that horrible day three years ago. He and his friend, James, had planned a road trip. They were going to drive to the Grand Canyon in James’ red Mustang convertible. They had planned every detail. Little did they expect one of the biggest snowstorms ever to hit in April, and all their plans cancelled. They still had a great weekend at Ra and Lisa’s just talking and playing music.

“You two goofballs were going to drive all the way to the Grand Canyon and back in that convertible. I would like to have seen that.” Both Ra and Lisa rolled their eyes and looked out the window again at the falling snow.

“Are you ready for this Ra?” Without missing a beat Ra looked at her and smiled. The snow began to fall faster.

Just then, a beautiful tune came on the radio. Lisa sat up and said, “Ra, do you recognize this song? It’s the song that Tommy played for us the last time we saw him.”

Tommy was one of Ra’s old friends from high school; an old hippy type with scraggly hair and John Lennon-spectacles hanging loosely over his nose. He owned and ran the only record store left in town. You could compare it to an antique shop. Most of the records he sold or traded were his own personal collection. He once told Seraha that he considered it his personal challenge to spread the best music he could to

anyone who would listen. Seraha understood that this store could never be a business in the traditional sense, because sometimes Tommy rubbed people the wrong way with his eccentric personality. Nevertheless, the two of them were good friends, because Seraha really knew who he was. Ra considered him to be a music angel touching people with his music as he danced through life.

“Last time we saw Tommy he was wearing an outfit that would scare a gorilla,” Lisa joked, “but I have to say I have never heard a person that could actually hit two notes at once with their voice like Tommy can. It’s too bad he only recorded one album.”

Tommy had one big hit that went platinum and funded all of his eccentricities. However, he would have had to change too much of his unique personality to live the rock star life. He liked it much better the way things were today. Two-Tone Tommy was certainly one of a kind, and Ra and Lisa were glad to call him their friend. Strange as he was, he thought of Tommy as part of his soul family.

They both remembered the time when Tommy went in the back room of his record store and emerged with a black LP-disc. They were all in amazement that these actually still existed. When he turned on the old record player that was the heart of his store’s sound system, the whole room lit up with the most beautiful music Seraha and Lisa had ever heard. They looked over at Tommy who had tears in his eyes and all he said was, “It’s music straight from Home.”

For that same reason, Ra insisted that this song be played at the funeral of his favorite uncle who had passed away six months earlier. He and Uncle Rob had a special connection that nobody else in the family really understood. They both had kept that boyish sense of adventure alive and were often found in the attic of Seraha’s grandparents’ house during big family gatherings, talking about the most ingenious inventions. Uncle Rob’s passing was the first time that Seraha had to deal with letting go of somebody he deeply loved. Somehow, his uncle made it easier for him by showing up in his bedroom not long after he passed. He smiled the biggest smile that his nephew could remember and said, “You know, it’s really no big deal crossing that line.”

The telephone rang interrupting his thought. "Honey, it's Dan. Do you want to talk to him?"

Dan was Seraha's business partner of many years. Although both men had very different personalities they enjoyed their connection and had achieved many goals together. Today, however, Dan seemed to be in a different world and Ra wasn't sure if he could or wanted to make the jump into business mode. Sensing that, Lisa said to Dan, "Ra will have to call you back later. He is in the middle of Sacred Sunday." With that Lisa hung up the phone. They both stared out at the snowflakes still falling.

Both Lisa and Seraha sat up straight when they saw a car cutting through the white carpet of snow.

"They're here, Ra." Lisa said very quietly.

His son, Cedric, and his wife had gone through a terrible divorce. She ran off with a wealthy man who she hardly knew, but who would probably be able to give her luxury Cedric never could. She left him responsible for taking care of their daughter Alison, a little girl of eight with a very special connection to her grandpa Ra.

She was the apple of her grandfather's eye. Ra was there when she was born. He was the first one to hold her and welcome her into this world. When she heard his voice saying her name, she stopped crying and opened her big dark eyes looking up to his face. Ra remembered being overwhelmed when her eyes locked on to his. From that moment forward the two of them knew and understood each other completely.

And now, through an odd series of circumstances Alison was coming to live with him and Lisa. Cedric had been transferred to an out-of-state office. With no family or friends there to help him, he would not be able to take care of Alison and keep his job. She had been devastated by the idea of having to leave behind her school, friends, and especially Grandpa Ra and Grandma Lisa. To everybody's surprise it was Alison who suddenly put down her ice cream, looked her grandparents directly in the eye and asked whether she could come and live with them.

"That way, Daddy, you can go to work and I can help Grandpa Ra with his record collection," she said with a sparkle in her eyes. One of her

favorite things to do growing up was to help Grandpa Ra rearrange his record collections that took over the wall of one room. It wasn't the music that attracted her, it was the stories that her grandpa told about every single album he owned that she loved. That same afternoon they set the date for her to move in.

Usually Lisa answered the door, but when the bell rang that snowy afternoon it was Ra who got up. Before he could get the door, he heard Alison shout,

“Grandpa Ra, hurry up. It's me.”

She fell into his arms when he opened the door. Then she stood back and she said – imitating him, “Are you ready to have some fun?” In that moment, Ra felt that all the pieces of a very large puzzle had just fallen into place.

He looked over at his son, Cedric, who was standing in the doorway beaming with happiness. Alison said, “It will be okay, Daddy. I'm here now.” She looked up at Grandpa Ra just as a snowflake landed on her cheek. Ra reached over and wiped it off the young girls face. Neither one could stop giggling. Alison looked straight into his soul and smiled. Ra melted and in that moment he knew he was complete. Lisa motioned them all into the house and out of the falling snow. As they walked through the door Alison looked up at her Grandpa Ra and said,

“Did you know Grandpa, that no two snowflakes are alike?”

Other books by Steve Rother (Seraha) and the group:

Re-member ~ a Handbook for Human Evolution

Spiritual Psychology ~ The Twelve Primary Life Lessons

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Greetings from Home

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