

Hidden Grace

Finding Faith

Hope

Love

And Peace

In the midst of dying, death and grief

The following words are spoken by people who have crossed the mysterious threshold we call death and discovered there the fullness of life. They speak not as believers, but as those who know. I pray that as you read them, you will experience faith, hope, love, and peace.

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You
will grow
through this lifetime
and you will age
and you will die.
And I cannot imagine
saying a more pleasant
and encouraging
thing to you.

Death is like taking off a tight shoe.

*Even when you are dead,
you are still alive.*

You do not cease to exist at death.

That is only illusion.

You go through the doorway of death alive,
and there is no altering of the consciousness.

It is not a strange land you go to

but a land of living reality

where the growth process is a continuation.

Life and death

should not be considered as opposites.

It is closer to the truth

to speak of dying as an entrance

rather than an exit.

What the doorway of death offers

is a resurgence of tremendous vitality,

For you are entering from what could be
described as a watered down version of life
into the thing itself,
the vitality of the primary reality.

*If death could be seen
as a beautiful clear lake,
refreshing and buoyant,
then when a consciousness
moves towards its exit from a body, there would
be that delightful plunge
and it would simply swim away.*

*Dying is self-regulating.
It is of Divine origin.
It is absolutely safe.
The fear of death
is the fear of letting go.
As it is in life,*

so it is in death.

*The process of dying is always a joyous one
once the human fear has been overcome.*

When fear is laid aside,
death becomes a most exciting adventure.
There is nothing to fear in the universe.
Nothing.

When souls leave physical bodies,
as in a profound meditation,
there is a light, a sense of well-being,
of peace, and of knowing
that you are there in your entirety,
in your individuality.
You have not ceased to exist
but have gone into another level
of more intense existence.

*It is important to remain vitally alive
in the decision-making process
during the final act of completion
in physical life.*

It is an excitement
like packing the bags to go on a long-awaited
trip.

Why would anyone desire to remain
in physical reality
when their task is finished
and they are approaching Light?...
It is difficult to really comprehend
the tenacity with which someone will cling
to a decaying and useless form
when such joy and Light await
at the exit door.

Dying is akin to having been in a rather stuffy
room where too many people are talking and
smoking and suddenly you see a door that
allows you to exit
into fresh air and sunlight.
Truly it is much like that.

Matter becomes less dense.
Consciousness becomes less restricted.
Colors become more vibrant.
Sounds become more pleasant.
All the senses, finally released
from the heavy cloak of the physical body
take flight with song.

Why does someone die
when they're very young?

Because they have completed their task.
There is no other reason.

There is no such thing as an accident.
When your soul chooses to leave your physical
body it will leave.
Life is not an amateur circus tent
where those who enter
are individual, lonely performers
with no script and no director—
only a tumbling about,
a fling through the air,
and then a crash.
No. That is false.

As souls, you are self-determining.
... You create your life every minute of every
day by what you choose to believe.
You decide when to die.
All things evolve
around the total truth of love,
balance, order, cause and effect.
These are Divine laws.

How do we prepare
For the loss of loved ones,
Or can we?

There are two answers.
Loved ones are never lost, and you can't.
You must experience it in your own way.
Of course, you will miss the physical being,
but when you learn to go beyond that,
there will be no missing at all.
Even as you sit in your human form,
once you allow yourselves—
notice the word 'allow'—
to believe that you exist beyond the physical,
you will touch hands with those who have left.
And it will be real.

Do you have suggestions or instructions
for those left behind
as to what they should do
immediately following
the death of a loved one?

First, the willingness to let that person
go into the next step of their evolution
is extremely helpful,
not only to you but to them.
A “farewell,” a “bon voyage,” a “Godspeed.”
Then the rest of you look at each other
and give comfort and assurance, and the hugs
and the Kleenex that is necessary.
Next, take yourselves to a place of great luxury
and enjoy an incredible feast.
Salute the soul that has completed its task,
touch glasses to the time when you will meet
again, and go about the business of your own
lives.

Death is not only a time of mourning. It is a time of truth...by cleansing the relationship, you are helping both of you.

“Don’t speak ill of the dead.”
That’s nonsense.
There is no such thing as “the dead” in the first place, and the belief that the dead must be protected goes against reality.
In their lifted state of consciousness they are better able to hear the truth.

Communication does not stop at the doorway of death.
You, in your element,
and the person who has died,
in his or her element,
can work on the same issues
and come to a deeper understanding...

*There is something remarkably refreshing
and educating about dying.*

Someone who found it difficult to say,
“I love you. Thank you for sharing your life
with me,”
would be willing to acknowledge those feelings
once he or she has removed themselves
from the physical body.
I do not mean that instantly everyone is wise,
merely more aware.

What do I need to know about suicide?
*There is no punishment in God. There is only
eternal love and understanding....*
Those who commit suicide recognize
immediately the futility of what they believed
was the final act of self-destruction and escape.
It is still necessary to learn what could not be
learned at that time. Your prayers and blessings
will be much appreciated.

*You are safe. You are safe.
You are infinitely safe.*

*Oh, my dears,
if I could only make it possible
for you to experience the loving, gentle kindness
of the universe,
the balance, the fairness,
the sweetness and the joy,
there would never be another moment of fear
in your entire lives.
And this is true.*

*The Plan is perfect.
The design is exquisite.
And the nature of all reality
is love.*

I was in the universe and I was Light.

It takes all the fear of dying out of you. It was heavenly. I was in the presence of God.

I went directly into the Light, and my pain ceased. There was a feeling of extreme peace.

I came into the arc of pure golden love and light. This radiation of love entered me and instantly I was part of it and it was part of me.

And this enormously bright light seemed almost to cradle me. I just seemed to exist in it and be part of it and be nurtured by it and the feeling just became more and more ecstatic and glorious and perfect.

I was going toward the light, and told them to stop reviving me. I did not want to be revived.

As I reached the source of the light I could see in. I cannot begin to describe in human terms the feeling I had at what I saw. It was a giant infinite world of calm, and love, and energy and beauty.

There was a brilliant golden light, and I don't remember feeling frightened at all, just perfectly at peace and perfectly comfortable as if this is where I should be.

In the middle of one circle was a most beautiful being...An immense radiant love poured from it. An incredible light shone through every single pore of its face...I was filled with an

intense feeling of joy and awe. I was consumed with an absolutely inexpressible amount of love.

I felt this wonderful love enfolding me and understanding me. No matter what my faults, what I'd done or hadn't done, the light loved me unconditionally.

As I entered I felt the light glow. I was peaceful, totally content and I understood why I was born on earth and knew the answer to every mystery.

There was no separateness at all. The peace that I felt was indescribable, it was something I have never known before and I have never been able to reach again, even in moments of meditation or great beauty. I saw my parents approaching

me, they appeared as I always remembered them to be. They seemed not at all surprised to see me.... I felt tremendous peace and oneness, the unity was indescribable.

The warmth of love, feeling of joy and heightened consciousness was so different from anything I have ever known; I don't know how to describe it other than to compare life as I had known it to being asleep, while this was like being awake. It seemed to be what was truly real...

...there was a reason for everything that happened, no matter how awful it appeared in the physical realm. And within myself, as I was given the answer, my own awakening mind now responded in the same manner: "Of course," I would think, "I already know that. How could I

ever have forgotten!” Indeed it appears that all that happens is for a purpose, and that purpose is already known to our eternal self....

I was filled with God’s knowledge, and in that precious aspect of his Beingness, I was one with him. But my journey of discovery was just beginning....

We are aspects of one perfect whole, and as such are part of God, and of each other.

But what about hell; does it exist?

Hell is the state of the self-preoccupied who have shut out the Love of God and others. It is never too late to call out to God, even from hell. It is never too late to turn to the ones who love you and go toward The Light. *****

It is the language surrounding dying that makes the process difficult.

If you will stay in the moment, you will not even know you have died. You are eternal. You will move from this life to the next in a breath. You will probably have to be reminded by those who are there to greet you, that you have left your physical body. All the fear and all the pain does not exist beyond the doorway of death.

*What you find
is what you pray for
what you remember
and what you seek
your entire life.
Bliss.*

The process of dying is this: a soul's intent in a human lifetime has been fulfilled and the soul considers whether it wants to remain and begin something else or not. It does not matter how old or young a person is chronologically—this is the process.

The soul ultimately decides, "I've done all I can with this particular circumstance. From here on in it will be unfruitful in some manner and that will not serve Perfect Love. So I choose to come Home."

Well, the decision to come Home is the start of what has been termed "mysterious terminal illness," "accidental death," or whatever it may be. It can even be murder. But once the soul has made that choice, then the body and the life comply.

...There comes the time for each of you when even your human personality, in all its fear, concludes that it is just too much struggle to delay dying. You must surrender to it. Though the mind may find that a terrifying moment, the heart is overjoyed. At that moment, Grace enters. At that moment, Peace descends.

Violent death is violent only to those who remain behind to view it. To the one who dies, it is simply a wondrous flight Home.

The very act of dying does wonderful things for people. It releases them from illusion. You cannot imagine what a relief it is when you finally have accepted the fact that you are going to let go of the physical body. You say, "All right, I'm being squeezed out of this like toothpaste out of a tube, and I simply cannot go

back because the body doesn't function." The moment you surrender, it is joyous.

*Picture death as a stage.
The stage itself is Light.
Wonderful.
Beautiful.
Home.*

You, however, are in the wings. You are still human and you are moving about in that darkened area, stumbling over props, tripping over scenery, bumping into each other, and frightened that you have forgotten your lines. There is confusion and turmoil. But the moment that you step into the Light, it doesn't matter what the scuffling was before you got to stage center. It only matters that you are Home again. Death is like that

*Death
cannot kill You..*

*Pain
cannot hurt You.*

*Disease
cannot make You ill.*

*Years
cannot age You.*

*Fear
cannot touch You.*

Welcome Home.

We have studied twenty thousand cases of people all over the world who had been declared clinically dead and who later returned to life.

Some awoke quite naturally, others through reanimation. I want to sum up briefly what every human being is going to experience at the moment of death....

Dying is a human process in the same way that being born is a normal and all-human process. The dying experience is almost identical to the experience at birth. It is a birth into a different existence, which can be proven quite simply. For thousands of years you were made to “believe” in the things concerning the beyond. But for me, it is no longer a matter of belief, but rather a matter of knowing....If you are not interested in knowing about it, it doesn't make

any difference because once you have died you will know it anyway.

...the death of the human body is identical to what happens when the butterfly emerges from its cocoon. The cocoon can be compared to the human body, but is not identical with your real self for it is only a house to live in for a while. Dying is only moving from one house into a more beautiful one—if I may make a symbolic comparison. As soon as the cocoon is in an irreparable condition—be it from suicide, murder, heart attack or chronic disease, it doesn't matter how it happened—it will release the butterfly, your soul so to speak.

As soon as your soul leaves the body, you will immediately realize that you can perceive everything happening at the place of dying, be it

in a hospital room, at the site of an accident or wherever you left your body. You do not register these events with your earthly consciousness, but rather with a new awareness. You register everything with this new awareness, even during the time your body has no blood pressure, no pulse, no breathing, and in some cases even no measurable brain waves. You realize exactly what everyone says, what they think and how they act. It has even occurred that people could recall the exact license plate number of the car that ran into them, and the driver who decided to take off.

You, too, have to know when approaching the bed of your dying mother or father, who may be in a deep coma, that this woman or man can hear everything you say. At those moments it is not too late to say: "Sorry," or "I love you," or whatever else you want to say. For these words,

it is never too late to say them, even to the dead ones, because they can still hear you. Even then you can finish “unfinished business” which you might have carried with you for ten or twenty years. In this way you can unburden yourself of your guilt so that you yourself may live more fully....

...this out-of-body experience is an enjoyable and blessed happening....People who were blind can see again. People who couldn't hear or speak can hear and speak again. Those of my patients suffering from multiple sclerosis, being able to move only in a wheelchair and having trouble uttering a sentence, tell me full of joy after they return from a near-death experience: “Doctor Ross, I could dance again.”...The little girls who have lost their hair from cancer treatments tell me after such an event: “I had my nice curls again.” Women whose breasts were

removed have their breasts again. They are quite simply whole again, just perfect....

All of this is naturally no proof for a skeptic. And in order to calm down the skeptics, we did a scientific project with blind people. Our condition was that we would involve only blind people who had not had any light perception for at least the last ten years. Those who had an out-of-body experience and came back can tell you in detail what colors and jewelry you were wearing if you were present. Furthermore, they can tell you the color and pattern of your sweater, or of your tie, and so on. You understand that these statements refer to facts, which one cannot invent. You can recheck the facts providing you are not afraid of the answers. However, if you are afraid of them, then you may come to me like some of those skeptics and tell me that those out-of-body

experiences are the result of lack of oxygen. Of course, if it were only a matter of lack of oxygen, I would prescribe it for all of my blind patients.

In general, the people who are waiting for us on the other side are the ones who loved us the most. You always meet those people first. In cases of very small children—two- or three-year-olds for example—whose grandparents and parents as well as all the other known family are still on earth, it is mainly their personal guardian angel who receives them, or Jesus, or another religious figure. I never encountered a Protestant child who saw the Virgin Mary in his last minutes, yet she was perceived by many Catholic children. It is not a matter of discrimination; you are simply received by those who meant the most to you.

...after you have perceived that your body is whole again and you have encountered your loved ones, you will realize that dying is only a transition to a different form of life. The earthly physical forms you leave behind because you have no need for them anymore. But before you step out of your physical body...you pass through a phase which is totally imprinted with items of the physical world. It could be that you float through a tunnel, pass through a gate, or cross a bridge. Having been born in Switzerland, I was allowed to cross a pass in the Alps covered with wild flowers. Everyone is met by the Heaven he or she imagined.

After you have passed this tunnel, bridge or mountain pass, you are at its end embraced by light. This light is whiter than white. It is extremely bright, and the more you approach

this light the more you are embraced by the greatest, indescribable, unconditional love you could ever imagine. There are no words for it....after seeing the light nobody wants to go back....Here there is understanding without judging, and here you experience unconditional love. In this presence, which many people compare with Christ or God, with love or light, you will come to know that all your life on earth was nothing but a school that you had to go through in order to pass certain tests and learn special lessons. As soon as you have finished this school and mastered your lessons, you are allowed to go home, to graduate!

Some people may ask: “Why so such cute little children have to die?” The answer is quite simple. They have learned in a very short period what one has to learn, which could be different things for different people.

There is one thing everybody has to learn before he can return from where he came, and that is unconditional love. If you have learned and practiced this, you have mastered the greatest lesson of all.

This light is a source of pure spiritual energy and no longer physical or psychic energy. ...It is an energy in the realm of existence, where negativity is impossible. This means that no matter how bad we have been in our life, or how guilty we feel, we are unable to experience any negative emotions. It is also totally impossible to be condemned in the presence, which many people call Christ or God, since He is a being of total and absolute unconditional love. It is in this presence that we become aware of our potential, of what we could be like, of what we could have lived like. It is also in this presence, surrounded by compassion, love and

understanding, that we are asked to review and evaluate our total existence since we are no longer attached to our mind or physical brain and our limiting physical body. We have all-knowledge and all-understanding. It is in this existence that we have to review and evaluate every thought, every word and every deed of our existence. And we will be simultaneously aware of how we have affected others.

In the presence of spiritual energy we no longer have the need for a physical form. We leave this ethereal simulated body behind and resume again the form that we had before we were born, and the form we will have when we merge with the source, with God, when we have finished our destiny.

*Death is a release into the joy of
Homecoming.*

You are born into a world that insists upon death. From the human point of view, death is a defeat. Death is not your enemy. It is your ticket Home. Dying is not failure. It is the means by which you can rid yourself of the physical body. You die into no danger, no illness, no falsity, no betrayal, no guesswork. *You* remain.

What lives, then?
Your profound, illuminated, loving truth.

...death is a gentle leave-taking
and a joyous Homecoming.

Grieve for the loss of the physical embodiment
of a Love you have always known,
and mourn it to the depths of your human
despair, but do not believe it.
The loss is temporary.

When a physical body dies, as it must,
you find yourselves missing the human
presence. Of course.
The touch, the voice, the smell
of another human being with whom
you have walked in Love; these things are very
dear. Since the Love you feel is eternal,
in that sense there is no loss,
but you bear reverence to the packaging.
Love cannot remain with you in that form.
If you allow the essence of that Love,
you can touch it still, regardless of where
the physical body is.

It is the essence of Love
that calls forth the physical.
It is never the other way around.
That love is eternally with you,
whether it manifests in physical form or not.
Though your missing is real, the eternal promise
is more so, for once Love has joined together,
it remains always.

Will you see your beloved again?
Of course you will.

Be absolutely present in grief and sorrow will
turn to something else—
loving memory, a thank-you,
something healing and sweet.
Must you feel pain in loving?
When you are human, perhaps yes,
until you are willing to know Love
beyond the arena of physicality.

You never forget the beings you have
loved, and they never forget you.

Death is not traumatic to the dying.
One moment you are alive and then you are not,
and there is little difference except you are free.

Do not anguish over what seems to be
the circumstances of sudden and chaotic death.
In truth, there is no such thing as “chaotic”
anything,
and death itself is always most pleasant
to those who have died.

The image of a dead human being in a box
being lowered into the earth (that strikes terror
in everybody’s heart) exists only in the paper
world of human experience.
By the time the burial takes place,

The inhabitant of the box has long since departed—although he may briefly attend his own funeral.

Fear has told you that you will not have enough time to complete whatever you have come to do. Fear is wrong.

No physical body dies
one moment before the soul is ready,
nor one moment after.

Tell a dying loved one
that the celebration is already arranged.
All the beings ever loved will be there at the
greeting. That is not some simplistic
description, but a limited way of saying
“All is well.”

Fear is left at the deathbed.
If one is willing, it can be left now
by breathing a soft “yes”
into the fact of death itself.

How do they (those who have died) see you?
Why, they see you with the Love
that brought them to you to begin with.
They see your perfection. They see your
courage. They see your good intent and your
devotion. Even beneath the personality’s
disappointments and outrages and vendettas,
they know who you really are.

If you are concerned
that your unlovingness toward them
and perhaps theirs toward you leaves a scar,
it does not.

*No misunderstanding
Lives through the dying process.*

The death of a child, the departure of a Love...
When one moves into such loss, one touches
eternity.
To grief, eternity seems like every minute
since the child has been gone.
To Love, it seems but the briefest instant.
Not only will you see her again,
but you have never been without her.

When a child is born, the heavens open,
and life, truth, perfect Love flood in.
When a child dies,
it seems as though there has been a cruel hoax...

Was there a mistake? No there was not.
Were there gifts to bring?

You know there were.
Were there things to be experienced
by the soul itself?
Yes...

Where is she now? Is she available for your
contact? Yes, she is, but she will become much
more available if you release the image of a
small child and allow in its place the immensity,
the glory, and the brilliance of the Love
that came and took the form of a small child.

I promise, dear one, and so does she,
that at the moment of your departure
there will be a recognizable reunion.

One of the most compelling
and available packages of Love
is animals,
particularly those who adopt you as pets

and warm your heart.

What happens to animal spirits after death?
They purr, bark, or roar themselves
back into the Light.

What is the best way
to help the dying leave their bodies?

Those of you who are called to such tender
work must first walk your own death...
You need to explore your own fears
of what dying means to you.
Those who are getting ready to die
are moving back to the sensitivity of the small
child.

If you fear death,
do not go near someone who is dying

unless you can tell him, “I am here in fear.
Will you be my teacher
by sharing your experience of dying?”

To help someone die in peace, remind
yourself—
and him—that he is going Home...
You have all experienced dreams that you knew
were not the usual sleeping dreams.
You have gone somewhere wonderful,
soft, loving, joyful, and lighted.
Believe those dreams. Encourage your dying
friend to believe in his own dreams.
They are visits Home.

Dying
can be the
most exquisite experience
of a lifetime...

You are
moving to Oneness
and bringing with you
everything of value
that you have touched
and experienced and gathered.

All Love
returns with you.
All fear returns to dust.

God is,
Death isn't.

God is infinite Love,
laughter, energy, Light, and
infinite wisdom.

*May your life be filled with faith, hope, love and
peace, and always remember, no matter what
happens, you and your loved ones are always
safely enfolded in Eternal Love.*

Happy Homecoming,
John Day

Selections on pages 2-13 are from, Emmanuel's Book, compiled by Pat Rodegast and Judith Stanton. Bantam Books, 1985.

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