

Suicide

You're back on earth before you know it



Tidings from the afterlife

If you think you can't go on:

Talk with someone!

You are important! I mean it

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Introduction

At the age of forty-six, I discovered that I had had an Near Death Experience when I was eighteen months old. The idea confused me. Because on the one hand, I couldn't imagine remembering anything of that event. I was so young. At the same time there were feelings, thoughts in me.

Eventually I sat down at the computer to express the unrest and feelings of panic that lived within me. I typed the first sentence: "It was terrible!" Because I can blind type something very miraculous happened. While my fingers shot back and forth over the keyboard, characters appeared on the computer screen. Only after the letters appeared did I read the words that were formed. The sentences filled me with amazement and disbelief. After a few pages I didn't want to be lectured by my own fingers anymore and saved the document and started doing something else.

After a few days, however, the unrest returned. How would the story continue? Will the person who appeared in the book ever come out of his plight? So, I sat back at the computer and the dancing of my fingers started again. After going through this process several times, this text was transmitted, I can't find any other name for it.

The story continues where a suicide stops for us: in the afterlife.

After my suicide

It was awful! Truly unbearable!

Nobody knew what the next hour, the next minute would bring. Even my superiors did not know, but they had sent us off on the most senseless and hopeless missions. On these, almost everyone I could relate to was killed. Those who survived were just as lost as I was. This uncertainty cut through my soul. If hell existed, this was it.

That night I lay in my tent, as always half awake, because I never knew for sure whether I was safe in my sleep. Then in a flash of lightning it hit me. The solution was simple. I am going to end my life.

The plan was quickly put together. The next mission they would send us on, I will offer to be the vanguard. This means that there will be backing fire. A curtain of bullets will be flying through the air, so I can crawl under it, thus approaching enemy lines. After having crawled for a few hundred yards, I will get up, be pierced by the flying bullets, thus creating a way out of this hell.

My last minutes on earth were a real ordeal. While crawling, I felt torn between hope and doubt. Should I or should I not? What would the home front think? What would they be told? How would my mates take this? I have hopes that at last it would be over, this hell. And so, I took a deep breath and got up.

The cries of astonishment and disbelief from my mates, died away as I felt the life slipping out of my body and I hovered over the scene below me. There was panic. At breakneck pace, another soldier was appointed as the vanguard. "Go get him, even though he did it himself, his family deserves to be able to bury him!"

It seemed no longer important, my body, my life. I let it all go and was enfolded by a bright light that extends, becoming whiter and whiter. I feel it's all right. I am enfolded in a warm, loving light. As in a slide show, I see my life. My birth, my childhood, all the schools I attended, the continuing departure from one job to another, how I eventually chose the army, the posting abroad, the missions where my pals and me were involved in and my decision to step out of life.

Again, I see how difficult it was for me to lose my buddies, how helpless I had felt. The anger I felt when our superior came up with something, everyone knew would never work anyway. And I see how this is a theme throughout my life. How I always have felt powerless and angry. How I have really stepped out of every situation, because I couldn't handle it

Suddenly he is there. Behind him are all my fallen buddies, looking back at me with a look on their faces that leaves no room for questions: "Why didn't you save us?"

"I couldn't help it," I cry out. "He was the one who had devised the plan," I tell them, as I point to my superior.

While I am getting increasingly caught up in the conversation with my mates and my superior, it dawns on me that I have had this maelstrom of thoughts, arguments and objections before. This is exactly how I heard them in my head when I lived in a body Nothing has changed!

Bewildered, I try to make sense of the feelings that are taking hold of me. Disbelief, incomprehension. Why isn't death just the end of life? Then I would have been freed from this misery. And if this is not the solution, then there is none! Who came up with this idea? Panic gets a firm hold on me. I will never get out from this! I end up in a vortex, where the anger that it didn't stop, mingles with despair that I will never get out.

Every thought I have immediately becomes my reality. Every memory unfolds before my eyes into people who speak to me. Everything they say to me is negative. “Why so? Why that way? Why not better? Or at least different?”

Whatever I come up with to refute their statements, is never right. The people and events, in which I am involved, change with the thoughts I think. No matter what I focus on, the message always is: “You, you, you, wrong, wrong, wrong!” Fear, disgust, anger, sorrow, ignorance, incompetence, defenses are knit together into a horrible feeling. It's so atrocious to be here. Every thought *is* reality instantaneously. Nothing on earth can compare to this.

Every so often everything around me turns black. I then get so frightened, I start to fantasize in order to see anything, hoping I can drive out the black. The images that arise from these thoughts are worse, more negative than my own thoughts.

Eventually I cry out in despair: “I want nothing! I want this to stop!”

A white, white cloud

A large white cloud surrounds me. All thoughts stop. There is nothing left. Only the white of the cloud, a cold moist sensation, nothing else.

The moment I start to think that this isn't what I want either, thoughts, images and emotions flood over me and I return back into the vortex. The only thing that works is to say “I want nothing anymore,” which brings me back in my wet, cold white cloud.

Thus I shoot back and forth: from cloud to swirl and back. The sensation is hysterical. Hell on earth as I experienced it, is nothing compared to how I am imprisoned now. There is no time when there is nothing. I can't go to sleep, I can't find a distraction where I don't have to experience fear, anger or despair.

White, white cloud, even when I'm here, I feel this is not what I want. Where has the light gone? That white, warm, enveloping light that I experienced when I first came here? Was it an illusion? Was it make-believe?"

For a moment, I think I hear something, something like a "no", is being spoken softly. The soft 'no' changes instantaneously into the sharp hard cleaving NO! of my superior. And the rotary vortex again swallows me up.

White, white cloud, I really believe that you are my salvation. That this is what the ultimate destination is after death."

And again, there's that tiny little 'no' that turns into NO! and drags me into the vortex.

The worst part of the state I am in is that every solution I come up with to get out of the spiral of despair and anger enters into my white cloud of forgetfulness. Slowly but surely, the white cloud begins to fill with thoughts of fear.

I try to get my mind to stop. Not to think. Of course, I can't. Indeed, the thoughts come alive faster and with more conviction than ever before. And yet, somewhere in the moment I am trying to stop thinking, I am aware of something. Only, I can't grasp it. As if it doesn't fit into my being.

It becomes an exercise. Just for a moment, in my white cloud, I try to not engage in fear or anger. For one moment, I make contact with what it is there. But it always seems too small, always incomprehensible to grab.

"White, white cloud, is there something, when I am not thinking?" Again, there is this sensation. Then it suddenly strikes me. If I concentrate on 'what is there when I don't think', I experience less coldness, less anxiety in my white cloud. It becomes a kind of anchor. A point to where I can go.

At the same time, it's frustrating. For it may be a point where peace prevails, the road to it is not easy. Trying very hard not to think and then also carefully considering what kind of sensation evolves from this. Then trying to amplify that feeling. The moment I experience it, destiny strikes mercilessly. Just one thought, "Am I fooling myself?" Or "How long can this last?" and the vortex is already there.

"White, white cloud, there should be an easier way to get there," is a thought that surfaces in me. And again, there is that sensation. What just happened, hits me like a lightning flash. It seems I can evoke the sensation by a question. At the same time I know that if I ask a question that is answered with "no!"..... the vortex swallows me again in all its destructive madness.

When I returned from this last fall into the vortex, something has changed. Something in me has awakened. The word that belongs to the sensation is in the front of my consciousness, as it were.

Then I hear it, really, really far away. I concentrate to hear it.

"Yes."

"YES?"

It can't be that simple. Just Yes? That is too simple. As this thought arises, my white cloud starts to move again. It seems like I am being swallowed again. Can it be this word?

"Yes", I sense inside myself. Just like before, it gets just a little less cold and chilly in my white cloud. The "yes" now sounds stronger in me. And I am becoming aware of something? Just outside of my white cloud?

Reluctantly, I ask: "Is there anything with me?"

The answer sounds like a babbling brook, delighted and relieved: "Yes, sure, I'm with you."

Freed

Questions roll through my head. I can't make heads nor tails out of this. When I was going back and forth from white cloud to vortex, I hadn't had time to think about where I was or what had happened to me after I got up and had been penetrated by bullets.

"Shall I tell you?" I hear beside me.

I am wondering how it is possible I am being spoken to? How, whatever it is, is able to read my thoughts?

The silence is broken by the babbling voice that starts talking.

"You're on the other side. The side that people called death.

Whatever name people give it, the idea that life stops there, is incorrect.

Everything created, is eternal, without end."

"What about the mammoth? They have all become extinct?" I rebuke.

"The mammoth has passed over to another dimension, because he was hindering the progress of the evolution of the earth. The earth where you came from.

I know it sounds unbelievable, but there is an infinite number of dimensions, many of which I have no knowledge. They can only be reached when you have attained a certain level of development.

But before I proceed, I would appreciate if you came out of your white cloud, so we can see each other."

"I would like that too, but I don't know how."

"Listen to what I going to tell you. Make sure you don't doubt!"

"Everything in the universe is consciousness. You, me, everything you experience, everything you know on earth, is consciousness. Consciousness creates thoughts, thoughts create energies that are visible or perceivable. On earth that's also true, only on earth there is also matter, which seems solid, but is not. Matter is slow. This creates time. It takes time for material to be moved from one place to another.

Here things are different. If you think about something, it is immediately here. You've experienced this yourself. You came up with your white cloud, created it, I should say, to serve as a haven. And with the same power of thinking, you free yourself from the constant going back and forth between the cloud and the vortex of thoughts.

Only, you are still caught in your own thoughts.

The next step is to get out of them. That's what the bright white light is for. To bring you out of the dimension of thought and creation to one of evaluation to progression.

Try to remember the bright light, just after you passed over. Do you remember?"

I try my best. To get from my white cloud to the enfolding white light, isn't easy. Yet, there are points for me to focus on. It was pleasant, warm is the wrong word. I also remember the all-encompassing love and supporting power. I feel the thought arising in my mind, that I don't deserve this, that everything is entirely my fault. I hear the babbling voice in my head, "don't doubt".

I bring my thoughts back again to the recollection of my arrival. Then the white light washes over me. I arrive in a tunnel, where bright colors swirl around me. All the colors of the rainbow, but with a brilliant clarity that I've never experienced before. The feeling of being supported, of being seen for who I really am, of forgiveness, of joy is indescribable. I am immensely loved!

The light slowly diminishes, and I become aware of a beautiful green sloping landscape that stretches out in all directions. Next to me is a person who looks exactly like his voice. Or is it her voice. I have no idea.

"Hello," I say, so as to break the silence and to try to get my helper to speak.

"Hello," it babbles. "How are you?"

“I have no idea. I just tried to step out of life, but it turns out my life just goes on. I 've just come from a damp white cloud, by thinking about something else. The experience I have just had is incomparable with anything I know. And now I'm sitting here in an environment that I have never seen before. And you ask me how I feel? How about confused?”

“I know, there are so many things that should be explained. Start with the questioning. I'll answer.”

“Well, where to start. OK. First question: If this is not the end, then where does life end?”

“There is no end. Life is a continuous line through which you repeatedly experience, learn, grow and thereby attract new experiences and learn and grow from these again.”

“Wait. You say, attract experiences. That makes no sense.”

“Let me see where I can best begin. The entire universe is mind power. Loving thoughts, possessing the power of creation in them. These thoughts turn into matter and events in an infinite number of different facets. One of those thoughts is the world you come from. People there have also arisen from such a thought.

Every thought carries the same creative force in itself. There's no other way, otherwise they wouldn't be able to grow. Humans have evolved to the point where they are becoming aware of their thoughts and have begun to actively work with them. These ideas also bear the power of creation in themselves. Your thoughts thus create an event. That's why I said that you attract experiences.”

“It all sounds really unbelievable to me.”

“You know, you have experienced this yourself. Maybe you don't perceive it as attracting. The vortex where you constantly ended up in, also worked according to that principle.

There is much more to tell. The whole process of creation is not easy to grasp for the mind. It requires study and much meditation. From what I have understood, magnetism plays an important role in it. By binding and rejection creation is accomplished.”

Guilt

“What you are saying is that I am to blame for the vortex.”

“It was not me who used the word blame. Everything that takes place in your life happens **with your permission**. There is nothing you experience, that's there without your permission. This also applies to the life you have lived on earth. You have given permission for everything.”

I feel my energy starting to swirl and flow. I have no body, yet I feel that this has touched me.

“So you are saying, that all misery, all worries, all the hopelessness has taken place with my consent? What nonsense! If I could choose, I really would have done it differently.”

“Let us take this as an assumption. That you didn't want this. How then, is it that your life was the way it was?”

“You know, coincidence. I just had a stroke of bad luck on earth. The wind was just blowing the wrong way. That's why I tried to end my life. But that too seems to be hopeless.”

Slowly, I feel how the environment is beginning to change. The beautiful green begins to lose its color. It seems to become whiter and a damp, wet sensation begins to flow through my being.

“Watch out! Don't give in to despair! Don't let it catch you again.” It sounds intrusively beside me.

While I remember again where I was just now, in the green, talking with my helper, the dampness disappears and I am back where I was.

“Boy, this is spookier than I could imagine. How did you do that?”

“I haven't done anything. You, yourself, did it. By giving in to despair and then by focusing your energy on something different, being here with me.

Listen, you may not realize this, but life is very different than you think. Every thought has an effect on you. Not only that, you affect the environment where you are in. Be aware of your thinking. Be cautious how you use your thoughts.

Back to the question. You say you didn't wish for everything you are experiencing and have experienced. How then does it work?”

"I don't know. You say there's no coincidence. But then it is my fault."

Again, it is getting whiter and clammy around me.

"Guilt is a loaded word."It's your fault" is a kind of axe used to floor someone. Oneself or someone else. No defense is possible. Because if it's your fault, that's the end of it.

But that's not the point. The point is that by thinking thoughts, you have attracted certain situations and experiences. Whether you have done this consciously or unconsciously, it brings you experiences you can learn from.

Through those experiences, you grow. In consciousness. By becoming more aware of this mechanism, you can also become aware of the creative force that lies behind it. The basis of this creative force is love.

If you contemplate the world where you come from, you can see that everything that lives is provided for in a loving way. Each plant has the right animals around them to fertilize them. All animals find the right plants to eat. Even predators are provided for. They take the weak animals and are fed by them."

"Yes, just like the bastards in the world. Sorry for using this word, but they bully everybody. Taking what they want and having no consideration for anybody. What a wonderful story. So that's the intention, to grab and 'be the first to arrive'. Survival of the fittest. I like that."

"You're making this into your own story. Look, animals don't take from others at random. They follow their instincts. Predators take the weak game, so the herd stays in shape. People in general have little or no connection with their instinct.

We all play along in the game of give and take, as it is active in the entire universe. Only people affect that game because they use their self-will.

The law of give and take, you can also call the law of sowing and reaping. What you initiate in the world comes back to you at a given moment. That applies to good things, as well as bad things."

“That sounds so wonderful, but foremost theoretical. If I look at some people in my former life, I see that they only take, take, take and get, get, get and have to do absolutely nothing in return. And others are bound to give.”

“That’s the difficult part. But at the same time, it is necessary.

Some receive what they have sown in their present lives. Scams are discovered, or people climb from a pitiful situation to success and prosperity. Others seem to get it all for free or they seem to be unable to create any good in their lives. But everyone comes to earth several times and receives the harvest of its behavior in other lives. Note again that this applies to good behavior as well as to negative behavior.

Sometimes it is necessary for someone to receive his ‘rewards’ in his next life because the circumstances are right only then.

This is why the law of sowing and reaping is not easy to ‘see’. In addition, most people are so connected to the idea of guilt that they can only see it as a punishment. Look how you yourself reacted.”

“So, everybody gets what he asks. Why then do we not only ask for happiness and prosperity?”

“Only happiness and prosperity would not make you grow. The point is that you are to get stronger. By changing circumstances and experiences, you become more aware of what makes you happy and what brings you down. More importantly, you learn how you can go on when it seems that life has let you down. Look how you've just reacted, when you began to despair.

First you dropped away, but then you remembered how, as you connect with the good, you could come back. By repeating this again and again, you will grow stronger. Eventually you will learn how the process of attracting and learning works, and you will have grown so much that you no longer need to go back to earth. But not before you have really felt what you have done unto others and have offered helpful and appropriate compensation. That may sound very hard, but gradually you'll begin to see what you can do to compensate for your actions.”

“I’ll just have to trust your on your words. It seems to me that I still can learn much more. What is the next thing I can do?”

A name

“I must warn you not to panic at what I am about to say. You’re still close to the edge of despair. Before I continue you must first choose a name. A name of someone you hold good memories of.”

“What good will that do me? A name is no more than a sticker to be able to identify someone.”

“There you are mistaken. Remember the saying ‘tell me your name and I’ll tell you who you are’? A name says a lot more about someone than many think?”

“Well, then. Let’s see, Jeremy, that sounds like a good name. I know someone of whom I have good memories.”

“OK. Repeat that name, within yourself, Jeremy.”

I repeat the name, over and over. It feels uncomfortable, like trying to put on another coat, which fits, but without the intimate feeling the old coat used to give. That familiar touch. But I am starting to get used to it. And, I start to experience something of what that name Jeremy implies.”

“Listen, Jeremy. It will take some time getting used to the name you have chosen for yourself.

Are you ready to go on?”

“Yes.”

“Then let’s continue. Please note. It is important to simply embrace what I am going to say. Don’t oppose it immediately.

The only way to grow is to be reborn. Return to earth.”

“Return? You’re kidding! What nonsense! I’m not going back!”

At once I am back in the vortex. Thoughts roll over me, feelings pierce me. I just escaped the madness! Who made up that babbling nonsense? Me, of course. If every thought comes from me, and forms itself into something I can experience, this is no more than a thought of mine.

I feel how I get angry. Evil is a better word. What an jerk I am. How can I have fooled myself this way? And with the anger all of my old life washes over me.

“Jeremy?” Somewhere within my vortex, the babbling enters. Everything stops for a moment. A complete nothing, no thinking, no feeling, not knowledge.

“Jeremy?”

The sound blazes through my silence. It awakens something within me. A question. 'Where did I get the notion that my thoughts constitute experience? I didn't know this before. Not until I had spoken with the babbling voice. If so, then I have been talking to something. Something that is now calling my name. Something that knew this would happen!’

“Jeremy?”

“Yes,” I answer feeling uncertain.

“Can you come back through the tunnel of white light?”

“I'm coming.”

Once again. I bring myself back through thinking to the green rolling countryside.

“Listen, you may know what you are doing. But why do you say that being born again, is the only way to grow? I can just as well stay here and learn more and more from you.”

“Have you realized how quickly you have fallen back into your own maelstrom of thoughts? Just now, when I told you that you must be born again?”

“Yes, but I can learn to get better at this. You can bring me back every time?”

“That would not work. There are several reasons for this. First of all this would mean that every soul that comes here by suicide would have to have a personal coach. There are not simply not enough counselors. Everybody who helps here, has been through this experience himself and has healed it. Beside this work, they also have a personal trip they have to accomplish.

There is, however, a more fundamental reason. Everyone is subject to changes in the supporting cosmic energies. They rise and fall, much like the sun on the earth shines much stronger in summer than in winter. At the present moment the cosmic sun shines bright on you. This makes it possible for you to get in touch with me and to hear what I am telling you.

But soon there will come a time when winter arrives for you again. Then it will be much harder to get out of your vortex.

On earth, it is easier to cope with the varying energies. If the energies are low there, you may feel blue, even depressed, yet there will be many events that can distract you. You can also step out of your own circle of consciousness.”

“The latter I don’t understand.”

“That makes sense. As I said before, everything in the universe is consciousness. Consciousness can be low in vibration, or high. The higher the consciousness, the more beautiful the thoughts and experiences are. The lower, the sadder and more disappointing are the experiences.

Consciousness attracts the same consciousness. That’s the reason why people on earth form groups. These groups all share a common part of their consciousness. That’s what I meant by ‘consciousness circle’. Here it is almost impossible to step out of it, because here there is no matter.

On earth, though, you can, because of this matter, get to other levels of consciousness. You may go to a royal ball, for instance as a waiter, and sense the atmosphere. With that you can experience a little of the consciousness that is there. At the same time, you will probably not feel at ease. You will feel you are not at home here. That is because of the difference in frequencies.”

“I understand it, but why can’t I just say goodbye to everything that happened to me so far and start a new life.”

“This is exactly what you need to learn to deal with. In your consciousness there is the thought, the belief, that things happen to you. It also holds the idea that if you’ve had enough, you can walk away and start something new.

Sowing and reaping

The universe does not work that way. It creates something and works on the design, through experiences and learning from that experience, until it is perfect. You also are created for this reason.

Remember the law of sowing and reaping. Everything you do, think or say comes back to you. In equal terms or more. You cannot just 'step out' and start over. You will first have to receive or reap your sowing for the past. This applies to everything, yet again, including the positive!

Remember that nothing happens to you. You choose the experience you want. You choose the thoughts you want to think. Nobody forces you.

By stepping out of your life, you have made a hole in your consciousness. Now don't immediately start thinking you are stupid, or deserve punishment, or should have done differently. That's not the point. Your path has developed to this point. Just the way it has unfolded. What matters now, is that you accept that you're here. At this point. Not to remain there, but to be able to grow, without dropping your head. Do you understand?"

"I don't find this easy to hear. I feel like I've done everything wrong what could possibly be done wrong."

"Of course. That's your consciousness. I know how that is. My consciousness was just like that."

"What do you mean 'I know how that is'?"

"I said already, I've made the same journey as you. I too ended my life."

"Did you do that?"

"Yes, I too have committed suicide. But do note, Jeremy, how you are dodging the topic?

It is important to say what you mean. Do suicide, end your life, step out of life. It doesn't matter how you call it. It matters if you give it a name. To return to your question. Yes, many lives before this I also ended my life.

I have already gone through the pathway that you will go through now. And you'll come out stronger, eventually."

"I don't believe you. You are so strong, so confident. And know so much about how the universe works."

"How do you think I gained all this knowledge and steadfastness?

It didn't come naturally. It grew in my consciousness through hard work and lots of contact with Divine support. Because without this contact any change that remains in your consciousness is only temporary. I know you cannot grasp that idea at the moment. That time will come naturally. You can sense a little of it, when you remembered the tunnel of light. That feeling of being supported, do you remember that?"

"Yeah, sure." Again, that loving presence, the knowledge that I am loved and supported, shines within me.

"That power, that presence, you can always call upon THAT to help you.

You will not always feel IT clearly. Certainly, on earth the connection is obscured by all material things there. You will also constantly be distracted there by everything that is happening around you. You will also have to deal with times of highs and lows."

"But I don't understand. You say that you, uh, yourself, uh, have committed suicide?"

"Why are you able to stay here? And what are you doing here?"

"You have asked two questions simultaneously. I'll start with the first. You ask why I can stay here. I assume you mean the other side of life. That question has two facets. There are souls who have evolved far enough that they don't need to return to earth. They have learned the lessons of the earth and move on to other dimensions. The universe has a vast number of dimensions, where new things can be learned. For me that is still not possible. I too will go back to earth. I'm just not returning immediately. My thoughts are purified to the extent that I can stay here for a while.

Furthermore, I can do and learn more on earth if I wait for certain developments to take place. I await the emergence of a new medical science. That will not work with drugs but will be based on

energies. For this a breakthrough in science is necessary. It is still so firmly rooted in materialism. Therefore, I am waiting here.

This brings me to your second question, 'What am I doing here? Don't you know?'

"Quite so, sure I know you are helping me. What I meant to ask is: why do you help me? Why did I deserve that?"

"You did not deserve it. It is just your right. Everyone gets help in his path to being perfect. You too.

Furthermore, this is part of my path. I have harmed people by ending my life. Not intentionally, but I did. I have regrets. Not that I am putting myself down, or see myself as bad, not that.

By being here and helping people who come here after they have committed suicide, I can repay a little. I can't reverse my action, but in this way, I can help souls to continue on their path more easily."

"Continue? You mean go back to earth?"

"Yes, that's what I mean. I can show you a little of the work we do together because I am not alone. For this it is necessary for you to accept a new idea."

"What?" I feel the world around me starts to fade again.

"Jeremy, stop!

Not every idea that I address is a trap. Or a threat.

Can you listen, without being afraid?"

"Yes, I will try."

"Trying is not good enough. It's about doing. Find the fortitude in yourself to listen, knowing I'm going to tell you something beautiful."

"OK, I will do that."

"The environment that you are experiencing around you, the green landscapes, is a creation of mine.

I have made it so you could be here and feel safe. Can you understand that?"

"Yes, I think so."

"I can change the color or the landscape. For example, I can add more yellow. See?

To see how we work, I need to remove most of the landscape now. Can you handle that?"

"Wait. You're going very fast. So, you are in my mind, so I can experience a landscape? Which means that there is no landscape?"

"No, that's not quite it. This landscape comes from your memory. I have only strengthened and expanded it so that it would fill your whole perception. Telepathy is not weird or spooky. It is a fact. I did change the color in order to show you that I could have an impact on it.

The landscape plays a very important role at this stage in your development. Without an environment, you would feel that you were lost, and you'd end up back in fear. On the other hand, this landscape hides away what more there is to see."

"OK. Do take away a little piece."

Spectacle

Slowly, the landscape that had become so familiar to me, starts to fade. In the black that emerges, scattered orbs can be seen. Some of them are almost indistinguishable from the black, as a weak lightning in the clouds. Others seem clear. Different colors radiate in random directions. Blue, purple, yellow, red, green. The more I concentrate on a certain sphere of color, the more frightened I become.

"Jeremy. Don't make that connect!"

"But it's so frightening."

"That's a superficial observation. What you see are souls who, like you, are trapped in their thoughts. If you connect to the energy of a soul, you are, as it were, taking on the vibrations of the soul. You are approaching their experiences. And once again, you end up in your own fear. Remember when I said that the universe worked with magnetism? Here you experience how it works.

Therefore, it is important to have compassion, not pity. Pity is sympathizing with the other soul, which will pull you downwards. And you are then unable to do anything, because you are feeling the same. Compassion is knowing that another soul is having a hard time, that it is caught in its thoughts. And at the same time know that there is a way out. That there is help available.

What we are doing is watching a spectacle. If you step back a little, you can see how beautiful it is. Actually, it's better than the northern lights. Don't you think?"

"I've never seen the northern lights for real, only on television, but this is indeed very beautiful. Can you call this beautiful? All the misery in which these souls are imprisoned in. You're not allowed to call this beauty."

"I know that's not easy to grasp. I've learned that it doesn't work to walk the path you are constantly taking. For it is not misery, it's only their thoughts in which they are entangled.

I know you don't like to hear this. Because when you are in the vortex, it all seems very real to you. At the same time, you're here now and can look at this spectacle, without getting tangled up in thoughts. Where then is the problem?"

"But you've helped me too. Didn't you find me pathetic?"

"What I'm trying to explain is that there is a difference between finding someone pathetic, which will make you end up in his world, and compassion. Compassion is a warm, supportive feeling that you feel for someone. Because you want that person also to grow, to find support and start to believe in the good for themselves. That may seem hard and cold on the outside, because someone is not immediately jumping in and starting to solve problems."

"Look at that ball there, the one that seems to explode. What's happening there?"

"There's a soul that's completely entangled in thoughts. But if you look closely, you'll soon see him starting to diminish again. The movement is always outward, followed by an inward movement. Look, there on the left. There the light is disappearing almost completely."

It is indeed beautiful what I see before me. Orbs are in the air everywhere. The colors are so stunning, so bright. I feel my heart filling with love for this wonderful spectacle.

Then again, I realize what I am looking at. I am looking at souls, trapped in their own thoughts, tormented by their emotions. How I wish that they could get out. If they only knew what I know now.

“That, my Jeremy, is compassion. This energy supports a soul, because it awakens the power that lies hidden within themselves to get out of their predicaments.

Do you see that ball right in front of us?

Can you see that the colors are very smooth, very soft? They don’t dim, don’t shoot in all directions. This is a soul who is quieted down by the cosmic energy. That soul is now better able to open itself up to transformation. At such a point you came out of your vortex.”

“It sounds as if the path is the same for everyone concerned.”

“No, that’s not true. Some souls are convinced that they can only be helped by others. They believe everything that they are told but are unable to internalize anything. They just go back without taking any knowledge back to earth. Others are so afraid that they think that we are part of their thoughts. They are shocked when they arrive here and can only be born using a detour.”

“Using a detour? How so?”

“I am not the one to explain this. It will become clear later.”

“I would also like to do what you do.”

“I can imagine that. That’s the way I started. To be able to do this work, it is necessary though, that you come to terms with your suicide. Only then you will be able to really be helpful.

It is a good intention to hold on to.”

“Then I’d better start to return to earth. Only I have no idea how to approach this. You said that a soul may take knowledge with them to earth. How does that work?”

“There is someone who can explain it all much better than me. You will meet shortly.

Before this, there is still something I want to pass on to you. It's about the hole you have in your consciousness. The hole created by your suicide.

I am just saying it once more, it's not wrong. You don't need to be ashamed. However, it is good to know what kind of experiences this hole will bring you.

It is a blueprint of giving in. It means that every time life sets you back, you will feel like you are being sucked inside. That you want to give in. You may probably have suicidal thoughts as well.

When you have grown, this giving in will express itself as not finishing things or making lots of plans but never starting them because of all kinds of excuses in your head.

I tell you this so that, when you are back on earth, you can go at it differently. By not giving in, but to find the power within yourself to reach out to the Divine power to help you. Know: **suicide solves nothing. Live on and live through your problems!** Now it's time to start preparing for your return.”

Prepare

“Wow, that was sudden. I would love to know so much more. Say so much more. Can't I stay? Will I never see you again?”

“It is better to go as long as you are still supported by the cosmic energy. That makes preparation so much easier. To answer your last question: of course, we will meet again. You and I share a collective part in consciousness.

When I come back to earth, we will meet again. I will be a lot younger than you, but that will not matter when we are both adults. And you will know it's me. Just go now.”

“But how?”

The question has just occurred to me, when the landscape begins to change. The landscape becomes greener again. The orbs disappear.

“Are you still there?” I ask feeling uncertain.

“Hello, Jeremy. I'm here to help you with your preparation.”

A feeling of sadness fills my being. What a pity I had to say good-bye to my helper. How stupid of me, I didn't even ask his name.

“Who are you?”

“I will help you prepare your next trip to earth.”

“I know, but don't you have a name?”

“No, I don't. Once you choose a name, you're connected to the earth. Here you don't need a name. If you want to attract someone's attention, you just have to think about its energy.”

“Well, so be it. What are we to do?”

“First you decide what you want to do on your next trip.”

“What, can I choose? Is there not something mandatory I have to work on?”

“No, nothing has been fixed. You can look back on the path that you have gone so far. Through the overview you get out of this, you will start to feel what the intentions are you want to work on in your next live.”

“How will I do that, look back?”

“Simply by asking. The universe always answers if you ask a question.”

“Huh, what do you mean?”

“Simple. Say ‘Can I see my past?’ Or, ‘I would like to see my past.’ Then wait for the answer to come.”

“I don't believe a word you are saying.”

“Then you will see nothing.”

“Yes, sure, that's easy enough. Tell me I will always get an answer, but if I don't believe it, I won't get it. So you don't always get an answer.”

“The answer will be there, but you will not allow it to come to you. You are to really want it. That way you attract the answer to you.”

“Well, alright. I want to see my past.”

Nothing happens. Absolutely nothing!

“I don't notice anything. I don't believe anything is there.”

“You know for sure you have had a past. You must be able to remember the last piece of it. Behind that it is a lot more. Try it once more.”

“I want to see my past.”

Before me, something is starting to show. I see fuzzy images, but I can't see what is happening, like I need glasses. I stress myself to be able to differentiate. *‘I want to see my past’* I repeat in my mind. The images are getting sharper. As they get sharper, I sense fear. *‘What is it I will see? Which mistakes have I made?’* It is getting chilly around me.

“JEREMY!”

A shock hit me, and I am back again.

“You are unable to look back on your past lives. There is too much fear and disbelief in you. We will have to work with the knowledge you have at the moment.”

“But I have to look back. Otherwise it will never be right.”

“It will always be right. By working with what is, you will move forward. If you keep dreaming about how it would be if you had this, that or the other, you are blocking yourself. Simply because you don't possess it, yet! In this point in your development, you are unable to look back and connect dots. You have made some important discoveries about yourself. These you can use.

So, once again. decide what you want to do. Take your pick. Do you want to work on the hole in your consciousness? Is there something else you can think of, or do you want to have a quiet life?”

“Is that an option? Well then I'll take the latter.”

“I knew you were going to say that. However, you should remember that your consciousness remains active all of your life. So even if you opt for a quiet life, you will experience the hole and the pain that goes with it. What will be quiet, are the events in your life.

At some point you'll have to look at your problems and do something about it.”

“You are right about that. Then I'd better start working on the hole in my consciousness. I don't know other things I could work on.”

“If you want, you can ask for help.”

“No that’s not necessary. Just let me address this.”

“Good. Is there anything else you want to bring to earth?”

“When I talked with that person I find it so inconvenient to have no name.”

“Do you? It depends on how you look at it. The way you speak, you always need someone else to tell your story. You could also say: I’ve discovered that I.... ’

“I never looked at it that way. We do adopt so much as being the only possibility.”

“Gradually you will learn that there are no restrictions. That everything that is, can also be created in a different way. And that all ways are equally right.

At this point, you need a set of rules to handle your world. Otherwise you would feel adrift. Your rules thus serve a purpose, until you can release them.

Back to the question: ‘what do you want to take with you?’”

“I found the intention I like to help people.”

“Fine then, we can start off to plan your journey.”

“There’s something I want to ask. It was said that people who are very anxious, can only return to earth using a detour. Can you tell me something about that?”

“People who are very anxious, can hardly connect with someone else. They are confronted with their fears almost immediately. To accompany such a soul to rebirth we are constantly changing appearances. With every change we ask a question. It’s a bit like croquet. Do you know what that is?”

“No, never heard of.”

“It is a game where there are a lot of round hoops where you guide a ball through, using with a hammer, hitting it softly. Thus, we support the soul from one stage to the next, until it can be born.

Choose

But let us move on. You've already chosen a name, right Jeremy."

"Yes, but I didn't 'think the name was meant for my new life."

"Your name served two purposes. First, it was used to get you back when you landed in your vortex. Now you may use it as a name for your new life. Again: you can choose to keep the name, or to choose a different one."

"It is really freedom and joy here. So, I can really decide everything?"

"Yes, that the way the universe works. You can decide everything yourself. This is because everything you do comes back to you: to no one else."

"Yes, the law of sowing and reaping."

"Exactly. So, if you choose a life where you get rich at the expense of others, you will encounter this at a different time. A life where you are taken from. The beauty is that the soul will eventually choose this itself."

"Once more, I don't understand. Why would one choose its own misery?"

"Look, Jeremy, because you ask this question, you show you haven't yet arrived at the point where you will want to make that choice. Thus, it will also be difficult to understand the answer.

Here is the point. You will start to perceive that all you have sown, returns to you at a given moment. And the harder you push something away, the harder it will want to surface. Just like a ball you push further and further under the water, will only want to surface with more force. The ball surfacing is inescapable. You will see that it is fair to receive, because you can experience yourself what the other has gone through. When you have understood that, you choose your own misery."

"But then the misery will be perpetuated? Because if I then experience that misery, I will still have to defend me. By this I will of course harm people again."

“It need not be that way. Do you know that Jesus said: “turn the other cheek?”

He meant that if you come across something you don’t like you can realize that it originated from your own acting or thinking. That you don’t need to push the other away, or to accuse. But that you can also relax and let it happen.”

“Even if someone kills a loved one?”

“That will require a lot of meditation and prayer. Thus you connect with the universal love. Thus, you will know that there is a reason for this event. That you had previously been involved in a similar experience, but then, in the other position.”

“It all sounds so woolly, so holy. What happens to defending yourself?”

“You are trying to understand the universe in a few minutes. That won’t work. If you want, you can set the intention to delve into spirituality on the earth. There will be lots of information available at the time that you are alive.”

“That seems a good idea to me. I’m full of questions and would like them to be answered.”

“Fine, then you already have two intentions: to help others and develop yourself spiritually.”

“Yes, and I also want to do something with the fact that I have committed suicide.”

“In what way would you like to do that?”

“I want to take some of this knowledge to the earth and tell people about it. Then maybe I can prevent people from committing suicide.”

“Carrying knowledge to earth is not easy.

When you are born, the aim is that you forget all intentions you have.”

“You’re right: almost nobody knows anything about life after death. There are two reasons for this.

First, it is important to forget most of what you've thought up, because this knowledge would hinder the unfolding of your story. If you knew what would happen to you in one or two years to come, you'd probably be terrified. Because you would have not gone through the necessary growth. Because you are thus lacking in knowledge, you'd feel that you can't handle it.

Consider a child of 11, who imagines what it would be like to do a high school exam. If he sees the mathematics exercises, he would think it's an impossible task to do. However, this same person, when he is 17 or 18, will be able to complete the assignments.

In addition to this, the mindset on earth has increasingly fallen into thinking in terms of 'I' and coincidences. Therefore, considering how things come about and what is the personal contribution has strongly diminished.”

“So, I can forget my last wish.”

“No, that's not true.

There is a way. It is possible to, temporarily, come back here, from the life on earth. People call it a near death experience.”

“That sounds really weird to me. Are we really contriving everything before we are born?”

“Yes, and at the same time you have the freedom to choose another path at any time. That's what you have done by putting an end to your life.”

“I couldn't help it. I saw no other way out.”

“It was there. You had planned a way that went beyond the time when you got up and were pierced. By standing up you had disrupted the fabric of the garment of events. You'll soon be able to see what I mean.”

“Now I feel bad again.”

“It's not about good or bad. It is about events and their consequences. If in the universe two meteorites collide, they will both come out different. Their appearance will have changed. Also, the speed and track in which they proceed, will be different than before the collision occurred. Yet none of the meteorites will feel guilty or angry about the collision. In a lifetime it seems different. People cherish expectations. They think they definitely need certain things, or not at all. Therefore, they feel left-out or attacked.

But after your action of suicide new events have taken place. By this the fabric has been restored again. For some people, this may mean that they have had to wait for a longer or shorter time. So they can feel that they are forgotten. That applies actually for everything. Everyone is depending on others to go through their experiences on earth. When someone decides not to take a certain step, this may mean that many others will have to wait. This decision may come from fear, or from the idea that a hunch is nonsense. Only when the step is taken, will others be able to continue. It works much like a traffic light that should turn green.

But enough talk. It's time to start preparing for your trip. Are you ready?”

“I think so. I have no idea what to expect.”

“You'll get an idea of what I just called the fabric of life. In it you can insert your intentions. From these choices you will be attracted to a particular parent or parents. These will be the parents who will be best able to awaken your intentions in you. Usually this means that there will be a part of their consciousness that you experience as unpleasant. That part will help you to get going.

Shall I show it then?”

“I think you didn't finish the story about near death.”

“You are right. With a near death experience, you are enabled to take knowledge from this side. Know though, that it is not an easy road. Because you will come back to the place where love and unity of the universe are quite tangible. It is therefore not easy for the soul to go back to earth. The desire to stay can be quite strong.

Once returned to earth a great longing to return to the love will be felt. This can really paralyze a person, preventing him to live his life as was intended.

So, you have to be sure that you want to choose this path. It also carries an aim in itself, namely, to carry out the knowledge you get out of the near-death experience into the world."

"But I'd like to help. So, I want to choose it."

"Good. Then let us start."

Fabric of consciousness

Slowly most of the landscape that surrounds me fades. Again, I see black depths. I feel like I will fall into it. Then I feel peace entering me. I can handle this.

Now I am calmer, I see a wonderful picture down below. It's hard to put into words. It is most similar to a spider web. But it lacks regularity. In addition, all threads have different colors. It is indescribable how many different colors there are. At the same time all colors fit together and are incredibly beautiful flowing into each other. At any point where two or more wires intersect a glow can be seen, which is the combination of the colors of the threads. When I look at this image longer, I can see that the wires are not fixed, but they are also making slow movements. It completely fills me with a sense of awe and love.

"Nice, eh, Jeremy?"

"Yes, beautiful. But what do I see?"

"What you see is the consciousness as it is formed on earth by all the souls who now reside there. You also can see the future unfold. These are the deeper layers you see."

It's funny. I didn't notice the deeper layers. I was so taken by the play of colors that I had only noticed the surface.

"What you can do, Jeremy, is focus your attention on a particular area. You will see that it will become sharper, clearer to perceive. It will seem as if you are looking with a magnifying glass.

Every thread you see, is the consciousness of a person on earth. The color of the wire is determined by the attitude of that consciousness. You probably already noticed that there is a glow whenever two or more wires intersect. This is the energy released by the encounter. It is created by contact between consciousness that is different. This creates an experience, which carries the possibility of growth in itself.”

“What happens if someone commits suicide?”

“The wire, the consciousness, is ripped out of the whole. This creates a hole in the tapestry.

You will then see that other wires move towards each other. It seems as if the gap disappears, but actually it only shifts. Only after a long time, you see that the hole is filled.

If you wait, you'll see it happen somewhere. Because about every 30 seconds, a suicide is committed. So about one million per year.”

I'm speechless. What an immense amount of people that is. I look down at the tapestry. The colors flow into one another. Because I'm paying more attention to the deeper layers, everything seems to fall down to me. I also notice that I am beginning to become fearful. It's the idea that there will be a hole in this beautiful tapestry.

“Look, right there.”

I see it happen. A beautiful red yellow wire suddenly disappears from the tapestry. A hole appears. The wires that were located in close proximity of the other wire, start to move. They seem to stick to each other, pulling along other wires. With this happening a hole is created somewhere.

“Jeremy, it's time to move on. You don't have much time.”

“Why not?”

“The cosmic energies are starting to change. It is now time to start planning your return.

Intentions

First of all, it is good to feel your intentions in yourself. As you do that, you can sense if the name you've chosen is right. So, start with that."

I let my intentions pass by me once again. While I'm doing that and also remember my name, Jeremy, other intentions surface. I'm beginning to understand that I'm working on a journey. A journey in which I have solve things and have desisted from things. I also feel that the name I chose fits well with my intentions.

"When you speak your intentions out loud, you will see that a wire will arise that will link with others."

Suddenly I feel all the strength draining out of me. I'm about to plan my next life. But I have no idea what my intentions will bring me as experiences. How do I know I can handle it? Will I not again commit suicide? Take on even more misery?

"Easy, Jeremy. Get yourself together."

It takes a lot of energy to focus my attention on the image below and to not give in to the fear, which seems just around the corner. It feels like it can strike at any moment.

"Go on, Jeremy, first say your name, and after that your first intention"

"Jeremy. Heal the hole in my consciousness."

It sounds strange to say it into the nothingness.

As from nowhere, a blue colored thread descends into the garment of life. The wire joins in with all the other wires.

"Go on. Jeremy, helping people."

I see how the wire slides, changes color and lands somewhere else.

Whenever I speak a next intention, the wire moves and changes color. However, the changes are gradually getting smaller.

"Are you done?" I hear beside me.

"I believe so."

"I have not heard your intention to bring knowledge to the earth"

“You are right. But it seems so scary. I don’t know if I can handle it. Almost dying, come back here and then return to earth again.”

“I can imagine that. You need not do this. Because you have thought this intention, it can grow. Someone else can pick it up. If it makes you anxious, you shouldn’t do it.”

In me a conflict ignites. I so want to do something. Contribute something. At the same time the idea of almost dying on earth instills fear in me. Slowly the environment starts to change. The familiar clammy feeling returns.

“Jeremy, bring knowledge about suicide to earth.”

Fear surrounds me. I seem to become one with it. “No,” I call. “*Not this.*”

I am returning to the vortex. Yet it is different than it had been before. Twirling and twirling, I seem to get closer and closer to the garment.

“What is happening?”

“Jeremy, you began your next life on earth.”

“Why so?”

“I don’t know. Normally you take your time to go. You must somehow have desired to be born now. There is no other possibility.”

Deep inside me I know this is the truth. Yet it doesn’t feel fair. With a large long 'nooooooooooooooooo', I descend down to earth.

After my birth

My mother told me that for the first three days on earth I did nothing but cry. I was inconsolable.

Despite this, I carry on. I learn how to crawl, stand up and put my first steps. After eighteen months the plan unfolds, which will enable me to go back to the other side.

In the flat we live in, there is a side room. This room is used for many different things. It is, amongst things, a bedroom. For that reason, there is a folding bed available. The folding bed has a bar on the top which, if you push it upwards, makes the bed tip sideways.

And even though I'm only 18 months old, I am able to get the bed to unlock. And slowly the bed descends and the bar lands exactly on my throat.

I can't breathe anymore. I find myself slowly slipping out of my body and am overlooking the room. Moments later, my mother enters the room. She lifts the bed and immediately starts giving me mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. She knows exactly what to do. She had seen it on television yesterday. A miracle in that time! It's 1964 and a television is something very special in that time.

Upon arrival at the hospital, a tube is inserted into my throat there. I am put on a respirator. I have fallen into a coma.

I have long left. From an all-encompassing fear, I ended up in the tunnel of light. It is a wonderful experience! The colors and being enveloped in love. As the light fades, I hear the babbling voice again: "Hey, Jeremy, there you are again."

Joy fills my heart. I'm back.

It is different, though. There is no scenery. Only a large presence of Love. It looks like the tunnel and I have become one. It flows through me. Actually, it's indescribable. Being seen, appreciated, loved, supported, cared for, all words lack the grandeur of the feeling. Even all together these words don't even touch the outer edge. It is so wonderful to be here. Here I always want to be.

Slowly I become aware of a greater power. It is as if the sun is rising.

Somewhere in a far distance I hear the sound of my name: “Jeremy?”.

“Jeremy? Jeeerrreeemmy?”

It is as if I have to awaken from a very deep sleep. I reach out to the voice calling my name.

“Jeremy.”

‘I’m coming,’ I think.

“Alright.” Light patches of fog, images slide through me. Being born on earth, my fall in the fabric of events, my encounter in the green countryside If I want to get to the voice, I need to return to that landscape. The mist is lifting, and the green landscape unfolds before me.

“Good to have you here.”

Questions are spinning through my head. *‘Why am I here? Where do I know that voice from? How is it that I have thought of a landscape?’* With every question I ask myself, two others are formed. I feel I am in a much too small room with far too many people. And everyone’s talking together.

“Are you alright?” it babbles beside me.

‘I have no idea. There are all these questions in my head. At the same time I am somewhere very familiar.’

“Can you tell me how this is?”

“Yes, I can. Before you were born, you’ve decided to come back temporarily. To die almost, so you could bring knowledge from this side of life back to earth. Do you remember that?”

I reply “no”, and the babbling voice tells me how I got here. About my suicide, about my intention to bring knowledge back to earth. Now I remember.

“So how do we continue?”

“Simple. You now return to the earth. The knowledge you need is awakened in you one more time, so you'll have easy access to it.”

“But I don't want to go back yet. It's so nice here. So quiet.”

I feel the love in myself, and it is getting more intense. Why can't I stay here?”

“Then you'd be stepping into the same pattern where you are trying to get out. Stepping out of the story you started.”

There is uneasiness in me. It feels like I am divided into two parts. One part knows it's good to go back to earth. This is my choice. That by going back I can continue to grow. The other part wants only one thing and that is to stay here. In this serene environment. In this love. The feeling of love rolls over me like a soft, warm blanket. Here is where I want to be.

“Jeremy!

You can try to flee, but that will not work. Your work currently is on the earth.”

“But it is so nice here.”

“You know it's nice here, but you know it's going to change.

This is why you came back at this time. Because the cosmic energy can be perceived very strong by you at this moment. That is the sun you feel rising.

This feeling, this knowledge, you can bring back to earth.”

“It seems so unfair. It's so hard. Why can't it be different.”

“It can always be different. You have chosen to plan this path. A nice path, but also one in which you will have to overcome yourself. You are, in earthly terms, very young. This has an advantage. You can bring back a lot to the earth. That's because you'll experience little resistance when you will return to the earthly mind. If you had had a near death experience as an adult, you would more probably reject the knowledge you carry. You would consider it nonsense. There is, however, also a 'danger' involved. You can also choose to forget everything and do nothing with it. That choice is yours.”

“How can I make that choice?”

“Simply by expressing the intention. It always works this way. Even on the earth. Your intention is the origin of everything that happens to you. Whether you want to drink something, or want to go somewhere, everything begins with an intention.”

“I understand that. So, I put down the intention to really do something with the knowledge that I bring to earth.

You know what I would like to do? Look back on my path. When I was here before, it did not work. I was afraid of it. Could I try it again?”

“You have a free will to do whatever you want.”

“Even stay here?”

“Yes, even that. But is that what you want?”

“No, not really. But I also don’t know how I can overcome the resistance in myself.”

“We’ll see to that later. First you would like to look back on your path, right? Simply ask whether you want to be shown.”

“I want to see my past.”

As in a slide show, I see a whole series of events. In every picture I appear in another capacity: master, servant, slave, woman, man. The characteristics are also always different: invincible, anxious, tough, strong, arrogant, cocky, appropriate, submissive, cunning.

I have trouble watching how I torment and hurt others. But it’s also not easy to watch how I am tormented and hurt by others. Egypt, the coming of Christ, the Normans, the Inquisition, wars, plundering, poverty in India, the war in Vietnam. It seems an endless game of bouncing and being bounced. A sense of despair seizes me.

“It’s not about the game, it comes to growth,” it sounds to me.

Again, I see the pictures. Now I notice that there is a development in the images. Sometimes I, sometimes somebody else, do not respond from ‘an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth’ but gives an unexpected, loving response. It’s good to see.

I see that there are also beautiful events. I see how I, as a woman, lived happy with my family in a quiet village. How I am a successful businessman, who shares his wealth with others.

My heart fills with gratitude. I feel the balance in everything that is shown to me, in all that I have experienced.

"It was good to see that."

"Then it's time to go back to earth."

Resisting

"I am not going back!"

I feel a strong decision unfolds in me.

If I may choose all, I simply choose to stay here.

"You will have to return. There's no other way."

"Oh, no. We'll see about that!"

I feel myself become more confident about my decision. I'm staying here. I don't want to go back, so I don't have to go back.

The more I focused my thoughts on being powerful, the more intense I'm starting to feel. I seem to expand, become bigger and bigger. It feels fantastic. I have overcome! I'm bigger than everything. I managed to go against every law of the universe.

I feel like I am a gigantic ball. I can put this ball into motion. I roll to one side, then to the other. The ball can also go up and down. And it can be enlarged.

Bigger, bigger, bigger. I'll soak up the whole universe. I will stay here forever and then

Within me a question unfolds. A question I don't want to look at. So, I turn my attention back to being powerful, to my victory. I try again to feel like the huge ball of energy. But the question has been asked. The more I try not to think about the question, the more that presents itself to me. So. I can do nothing else but be silent.

The silence in my being is overwhelming. Then I grant permission to the question, 'What is the meaning of this?' This one question gives rise to the following: 'Is there anything meaningful that I can do here?', 'Is there anyone I can ask' 'and if so, where? haven't I turned him against me with my idiotic action,' 'am I now doomed for eternity? "All the strength I pressed outward just a moment ago, now comes back to me, like a boomerang. Like a balloon where the air escapes, when the opening is released, I feel how all energy slipping away from me. I feel how I, as it were, am sucked in and disappear into an infinitesimal speck of nothingness.

"Jeremy?"

Far, far away I hear my name.

"Are you ready to go back?"

"Can it?"

"What do you think?"

"What do you mean, what do I think?"

There's no answer. It remains silent. "What do I think?" It's actually a very good question. I was expecting a clue, a direction. Now I need to decide for myself. "Do I want to go back?" I know very well that I can't stay here. I realize that the radiant glow that I experienced when I first came here, has started to decrease. It is chillier and clammier within me.

Then my wish to bring knowledge to the earth comes up again. That's why I had chosen to go this path.

'OK, I'm going back,' I am thinking to myself.

The sun goes down. The light fades. I become aware again of a heavy shell around me. I feel pain. I hear sound.

"I don't want be here. I want to go back. It's alright. I can handle it"

It's like I'm in a tumble dryer. One moment I am at the bottom. Then I am picked up by a paddle and am lifted up. Just when I think I have reached the top, I am falling down again. At the top I am just not able to reach 'I can handle this'. At the bottom the resistance to decide to live on, seems to big.

Up and down. Up and down. Up and down. The monotone rhythm and recognizability make it into a hypnotizing whole. Here again I need do nothing. Simply going up and down.

Sometimes I hear sounds, as if I hear my name. But it is all too far away. The tumble dryer seems so much more real and important than all the sounds that try to reach me.

Through my sedated self blazes a sound. Somewhere, very close by, a child cries, very loud. It awakens something in me. Helping. That's what I want. To help.

The next time the tumble dryer reaches the top, I decide: *"It's alright. I can handle it. I am going to do it."* After two weeks of coma I awaken.

After my coma

Actually, it was my intention to fill the rest of this book with the big events in my life. Still, I don't do that. Not because I haven't experienced many wonderful things in which I've certainly seen the hand of the Divine.

I think the message I've described is too important to hold it back any longer. In my life I have also clearly seen the hole in my consciousness. I have also experienced, how I keep on holding myself back, making up doubts or excuses.

That's why you can read this book now, because I have decided to send it into the world now.

It is my intention to give lectures, to have conversations with people walking around with thoughts about suicide, to build a network of people who guide others out of love.

Feel free to forward this booklet. It is meant for that purpose.

Saturday 27 December 2014

Four years later the book containing my life story appeared and is titled 'Emperor in the Kingdom'.

If you want to know more about this subject, here are books I read and that give more insights into the subject:

Recorder(2006), *Christ Returns – Speaks Startling Truth*, A new Epoch

reaves, H (Banks, F) (1969), *Testimony of Life*, Pinguin, London

Did this booklet gave you something, give something in return, so I can continue my work. Sent a donation to pp@jvanb.nl using PayPal. Or in Europe you can send money to NL20INGB0002672980, BIC/SWIFT INGBNL2A, to J.A. van Buuren, Renkum, the Netherlands