

PRAISE FOR
MY LIFE AFTER LIFE

“This first book in Galen and K Paul Stoller’s Death Walker series is the daring collaboration of a father and son, written across the abyss of life and death. The son, a teenager who died suddenly, offers a compelling and comforting account of life after life. The father escapes from the hell of his grief to reconnect with his son and record his words. *My Life after Life* is an extraordinary path into the mysteries of mind and spirit.”

—**Paul Trachtman**

Editor-at-Large
Smithsonian Magazine

“To anyone who has ever feared death as the annihilation and destruction of all we hold dear, *My Life after Life* will bring comfort. This book is a bold, courageous exploration of the infinite reaches of consciousness and the eternal, enduring power of love.”

—**Larry Dossey, MD**

Author of *Healing Words* and *The Power of Premonitions*

“*My Life after Life* has the ring of truth beyond rational understanding. This story will provide much-needed solace for those facing profound loss.”

—**Christiane Northrup, MD**

Author of the *New York Times* bestsellers
Women’s Bodies, *Women’s Wisdom* and *The Wisdom of Menopause*

“The courageous testimony of people like K Paul Stoller, MD, and Galen will ease the suffering of many.”

—**Victor Zammit**

Author of *A Lawyer Presents the Case for the Afterlife*

“The wisdom in this book is more than the story of Galen’s continuation. It shines with truths that can help we, the living, find ourselves. From the other side come truths about the nature and purpose of being human and ultimately about the spirit of love. I believe completely in this book, as well as in the vital message that we on earth are so believed in.”

—**Cyndi Dale**

The Subtle Body and The Complete Book of Chakra Healing

“The prose—at the sentence level, where readers really live—feels like a sturdy and beautiful bridge from mind to mind. Fine work. Thank you for your part in helping our evolving consciousness return to wholeness.”

—**Chris Kelly**

Artist

“Dr. Raymond Moody talks about the afterlife. Dr. Melvin Morse was enlightened by children’s miraculous experiences. Betty Eadie and many others experienced their own miracles. Now we have Galen’s miraculous journey, with its own depth and insight. Galen will confirm and give much hope to those who need to hear his messages and experiences.”

—**L. S. Sanchez**

Educator and child advocate

“In his life on this planet, Galen intuitively communicated with dogs in rare and joyful ‘cross species’ dialogue. It makes perfect sense that he would continue to communicate across other borders with spirits that he loves. *My Life after Life* confirms access to the gift some people realize they have been given.”

—**Carolyn Clark Beedle**

Executive Director

Assistance Dogs of the West

“When I read this book I felt like I was meeting Galen. His observations and use of language are engaging and delightful. (What a great kid!) There are gems of wisdom in *My Life after Life*. The more the reader knows, the more he or she will see in this book. It should be kept and reread from time to time.”

—**Gretchen Vogel**

Author of Choices in the Afterlife

“I am deeply touched and mystified by the story. Such tragedy eventually offering comfort indicates that we are truly spiritual beings having a terrestrial existence. This supernatural and visionary book proves that genuine relationships never end.”

—**Akiane Kramarik**

Artist and poet

my life after life

a posthumous memoir

GALEN STOLLER
(1991–2007)

Edited by K Paul Stoller, MD
Foreword by Bernie Siegel, MD



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To my grandmother~
the last person on earth to give me a word of wisdom

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Foreword

I wanted to write a foreword to this book so that my words, combined with its content, might help open the reader's mind to the nature of life and death and the potential spectrum of experiences available to us all. After becoming a physician, I found I had received a great deal of medical information during my training but no real education about life and people. Therefore, when a patient asked for help in learning how to live between office visits and when I started counseling patients with life-threatening illnesses I could not deny my own experiences. Rather than close my eyes and reply, "I cannot accept what you are saying," I began to live my personal experiences and let them create my beliefs. I also did not worry about what other people thought of me, which freed me up to explore the nature of life and still be accepted among those important to me.

Perhaps I have never been normal. My open-minded disposition first became apparent when I was four years old. I had taken a toy apart and put all the small pieces in my mouth, imitating workmen I'd seen who placed nails in their mouths before hammering them into wood. Suddenly I aspirated the pieces and began choking—a painful and unpleasant way to die. Then the struggle stopped, and I realized I was no longer in my body but looking down at a dying child with whom I no longer identified and wondering, much as a blind person can wonder how they see while having a near-death experience. I remember choosing death over life and, while being sucked back into the boy's body as his terminal vomiting dislodged the pieces, like a Heimlich maneuver

allowing him to breathe, calling out, “Who did that?” I was quite angry about my choice not being respected. It gave me a sense that I wasn’t in charge of the schedule.

Years later, as a busy doctor, I was involved in many people’s lives and teaching around the world. When a friend phoned me and asked, “Why are you living this life?” I went into a trance and had a past-life experience in which I saw myself with a sword in hand killing living beings of every species. I killed out of fear of what my Lord would do to me if I questioned his judgment or ignored his requests. This emotional experience taught me about the importance of choosing the right Lord to follow. I now believe we are all impregnated with and affected by the consciousness that preceded us, like my becoming a surgeon so I could use a knife to cure instead of kill.

Additional events occurred while I was counseling people with life-threatening illnesses. One of my patients revealed to me that she was a mystic who communicated with the dead and had messages for me. Her messages, relating to people’s names and manner of speech, were undeniably true. Since then, the dead have spoken to me and I have heard voices from the collective consciousness leading me to do meaningful things.

For example, while out walking on the morning of the day my father was going to die I heard a voice ask me how my parents met. I said I didn’t know, and the voice replied, “Then ask your mother when you get to the hospital.” I did, whereupon she started telling stories. Apparently my dad lost a coin toss and had to take my mother out on their first date. That and other disastrous stories created an environment in which my dad could die laughing.

On another occasion, when I had just finished writing a book entitled *Buddy’s Candle*, about a dog and a child with cancer, I heard a voice tell me to go to the local animal shelter. When I entered the shelter and spotted a dog sitting beside the door, I asked, “What’s his name?” “Buddy,” I was told. “He’s been here less

than fifteen minutes.” I explained I was there to take him home, which I promptly did. Our property was a rescue site for animals of many species, and our five children helped me care for them. I continue to rescue creatures, probably to make up for the killing I am aware of from my past life.

A further example of receiving good advice from voices emerging out of the collective consciousness occurred in an operating room, when my patient’s heart stopped beating and he could not be resuscitated. Figuring I had nothing to lose, I did as instructed and said his name out loud, followed by, “It’s not your time yet. Come on back.” Immediately his heart started beating again, and he recovered.

Comedian Lily Tomlin says, “If you speak to God, it is called prayer. When God speaks to you, it is called schizophrenia.” Knowing some people can’t accept the healthy existence of voices, you may want to be careful who you share your voice’s messages with, a precaution not taken in *My Life after Life*, in which a father records the words of his deceased son for whomever his readers may be. It takes courage to share the experiences that led to the writing of this book—and its foreword. Yet that is just what is needed for us all to benefit from the information.

Reports of continuing contact with deceased children is nothing new. When in safe surroundings, parents whose children have died will share mystical experiences indicating ongoing communication with them. Birds have flown in the window of our meeting room when a mother talked about her murdered daughter’s love of birds; an exotic butterfly from South America appeared in the backyard of a family from Connecticut whose deceased son collected butterflies; a mother driving through a blizzard heard her child’s voice tell her to slow down as she rounded a curve in the road, which saved her from crashing into a pileup of cars. I used to wonder why these children were still communicating years after they had died. Why weren’t they back in another body and not

wasting time? I remained puzzled until I saw the show *Carousel*, in which a man dies while his daughter is an infant, so when an angel asks him if he wants to see her graduate from school he says she is an infant, and the angel responds, “There’s no time up here.”

Playwrights, poets, and creative authors are messengers aware of life’s subtle truths. So when they speak from their experience, we can accept and believe. From the pages of this book, for instance, you will learn that consciousness is nonlocal and its existence does not require a physical body; nor is there separation involved in consciousness. I know from my work with dreams, drawings, and communicating with people and animals that consciousness is not limited and can be used for relaying information. If we are distraught about our loss, locked in grief and fear, or preoccupied with other thoughts, the mind will be too agitated to receive messages. The quiet mind, however, often symbolized in myths and religions by a still pond, allows us to see our true selves in its reflection. With a quiet mind we become open to perceiving the truth and experiencing life as it actually is—at which point, theory and reality can exist together.

Here a father listens intently to the words of his deceased son. As Swiss psychiatrist Carl Jung says in *Jung on Death and Immortality*: “You need not be insane to hear [such a] voice. On the contrary, it is the simplest and most natural thing imaginable. For instance, you can ask yourself a question to which ‘he’ gives answer.” I have found you can converse with a friend of your soul, or your inner guide, by asking questions of him.

I can remember trying to share my experience through articles to medical journals, and they were returned with a note saying, “Interesting but inappropriate.” When I sent them to psychology journals, they were returned with a note stating, “Appropriate but not interesting.” That is when my anger at the lack of a true medical education began to surface. Our literature limits us to the technology involved in our particular specialty. We diagnose and prescribe,

but do not listen and learn about the patient's experience. We have to stop focusing on theories and look at the true reality of life and death. It is all about beginnings, just as a graduation is called a commencement and the Bible ends in a revelation and not a conclusion.

In fact, according to Jung, "the future is unconsciously prepared long in advance and, therefore, can be guessed by clairvoyants." And when you leave your body, as author William Saroyan writes, you become "dreamless, unalive, perfect." Each life is like a candle the length of which has nothing to do with one's age but with how much time one has left to live until their candle burns out.

Too many people burn out ahead of time because they lose themselves attempting to become what others want them to be. Others fail to eliminate what is killing them and hence kill themselves and others out of revenge for prior rejection or abuse. We all need to listen to our hearts and not our heads. Even so, we do not have a perfect world because perfection is not creation; it is a magic trick. We are here to learn from the wisdom of those who have preceded us. And the wisdom of the dead, like the survival themes of religions and the works of great philosophers, urges us to pay attention and live the longest, healthiest lives we are capable of living. In raising our level of consciousness, we can then provide wisdom to future generations. In other words, when we learn how to heal our lives the world itself will be healed through our consciousness.

Even so, death is not the worst outcome. Henry Thomas, in his book *Understanding the Great Philosophers*, writes: "All civilization is nothing but an evolutionary process which enables man to adapt himself to an inhospitable world and to survive for a brief space in the eternal struggle for existence. For all life is a continual warfare, and there is no truce for any of us except in death." In using the pains of our struggle as labor pains, we have a chance to give birth to a new self with a higher level of consciousness. And with death comes the knowledge of how to make our future life complete.

Spiritual teacher Eknath Easwaren says, “No matter how hard we may try, in the long run none of us can escape the devastating fact of death. Yet an encounter with death can leave us changed decidedly for the better. It can prompt us forward on the long search for something secure in life, something death cannot reach.” What is secure, permanent, and immortal is love. Love is the bridge between the living and the dead. This is the message we continually receive from the dead.

As you read on and learn from the wisdom communicated in this book, remember the poignant words of Helen Keller: “The inner or mystic sense gives me vision of the unseen. They skeptically declare that I see light that never was. But I know that their mystic sense is dormant, and that is why there are so many barren places in their lives. They prefer facts to vision. They want a scientific demonstration and they can have it. It is out of this ape that God creates the seer, and science meets spirit as life meets death, and life and death are one.”

—BERNIE SIEGEL, MD

Editor's Note to the Reader

It would be frivolous of me to try to conceal from the reader that such reflections are not only exceedingly unpopular but even come perilously close to those turbid fantasies which becloud the minds of world-reformers and other interpreters of "signs and portents." But I must take this risk, even if it means putting my hard-won reputation for truthfulness, reliability, and capacity for scientific judgment in jeopardy. I can assure my readers that I do not do this with a light heart.

—C.G. JUNG

Flying Saucers: A Modern Myth of Things Seen in the Skies

Behind the lives of ordinary people, extraordinary events often take place. Being alive on earth also means we will die, which seems like a fundamentally bad outcome. One way we cope with the inherent stress provoked by this fatal fact is by telling each other stories of an afterlife. But this one is not my story—it's Galen's, as told by him from his afterlife following his untimely death at age sixteen.

Galen's passing left me shocked and puzzled. His end came quickly and cleanly when a train hit his car at an unguarded railroad crossing, pushing it 1,700 feet. I was told he looked untouched except for a broken leg and broken neck. I couldn't comprehend how his body had been left so blessedly intact, but thankfully I didn't have to ponder more mayhem about his final moments than necessary.

I didn't find out about the accident for several hours, when I received a phone call from the state police on my way to a charity banquet with my mother. Like it was yesterday, I still remember the officer's words, "He didn't make it," before I went into shock. For a nanosecond they did not ring true to me—so certain was I that my son was still alive.

Because the statistical odds of losing a child in a car accident are 1 in 20,000, and in a train collision far lower, it seemed impossible that this would happen to *my* son. I believed such things happened to strangers whose pictures appeared on the evening news.

I recalled the words spoken to me by a mystic soon after Galen was born, implying he would survive into adulthood: "Your son will pick up where your teaching leaves off. Your son will end up counseling you." At the time, I took this unsolicited prophecy as reassurance that my son would follow in his father's footsteps and one day be so wise that I would go to him for advice.

At first his passing seemed a clear refutation of this prediction. Then, as I was able to communicate with him, he in effect became a teacher of events and conditions on the other side by imparting his experience as he perceived it.

I am Galen's father and will be Galen's father for as long as I am a conscious being, regardless of what state or dimension we find ourselves in, as the bond I have with my son transcends time and space. Like many, becoming a parent affected me profoundly. When Galen was seven years old and his mother and I divorced, my hope was that it would be in everyone's best interest, and I turned my life upside down to be there for Galen and to provide everything he needed. Now, even though I am a father whose son has died, at least I know where my son is, and although I will never see him again with my earthly eyes, he is not lost. There are many parents who have children they cannot find, cannot reach, or with whom they cannot communicate either because of abduction or tragic medical conditions.

It is often said that the death of a child is a parent's worst nightmare, but I have found this is not completely true. It is the worst possible nightmare anyone can experience in the earthly sense, without exception. When it became my nightmare, I knew I would not be able to physically survive it, that my heart would not be able to withstand the intensity of my emotions. But then the trauma of Galen's death became a catalyst for profound physical and spiritual transformations. Interventions from unexpected sources eventually led to my being able to compile this book. While the pages that follow contain information that will change both my credibility and reputation as a physician, I have always stood in my truth when it came to what I saw as the ethos of my profession, and I will not waver from that in helping Galen bring forth this book.¹

My emotional connection with my son has taken me down some unexpected avenues that led to communicating with him after his death and gaining insight into the nature of the other side. At every turn, my bond with Galen grew stronger. Granted, what I have done here with my son is unusual; however, countless parents whose children have passed to the other side would have done no less if the opportunity presented itself. I was prepared for the effort involved in connecting with Galen after he had passed, due to my experiences studying and working with trance mediums in the early 1970s as a volunteer in the now long-disbanded parapsychology lab at the UCLA Neuropsychiatric Institute. Then in January 2007, a year before Galen's death, I came across the first article outside of journals dealing with psychic research

¹For instance, I have been very outspoken about the role of environmental factors in the current "autism" epidemic (KP Stoller, "Les Incompetents: My Open Letter to the American Academy of Pediatrics," *Medical Veritas* 5 [2008]: 1699–1700 and KP Stoller, "Autism as a Minamata Disease Variant: Analysis of a Pernicious Legacy," *Medical Veritas* 3 [2006]: 772–780, both of which are downloadable at www.pdfdatabase.com).

that seriously regarded communication with the dead through a medium. The study claims to prove certain individuals have a gift that allows them to communicate with a source of information providing accurate details about the deceased.² The researchers admit that alternative explanations cannot be excluded, such as something called super-ESP or super-PSI, which is another name for telepathy. We do not know how these communications work, nor do we have a framework for understanding them with the logical mind, despite today's scientific understanding of quantum field theory, or the holographic universe.

Within days of Galen's death, I was communicating with Suzy Ward and Terri Daniel,³ mothers in contact with their sons who had passed. They told me that not only was communication with Galen possible but Galen had the same agreement with me that their sons had with them—to bring forward clear communication from their dimension. This new goal propelled me forward to do the very difficult inner work necessary to build a bridge to my son.

My Life after Life originated through the assistance of helpers both seen and unseen. I began journaling about two weeks after Galen passed, when it became clear that he was trying to communicate with me. If I was becoming delusional, I thought it best to keep a good record of it. By day I was a physician coping with the demands of my work, but at night I would write for several hours, documenting events unfolding in my inner life.

After two years of journaling hundreds of pages about my experiences in what I called my “training sessions,” I produced a

²J. Beischel and G.E. Schwartz, “Anomalous Information Reception by Research Mediums Demonstrated Using a Novel Triple Blind Protocol,” *Explore* 3, no. 1 (2007): 23–27.

³Terri Daniel is the author of *A Swan in Heaven: Conversations Between Two Worlds* and *Embracing Death: A New Look at Grief, Gratitude and God*. See <http://www.SwanInHeaven.com>.

voluminous tome no one will ever read. Then, after the second anniversary of his passing, Galen asked me how the book was coming along. I responded by saying that my ponderous journal would need a lot of work if it were ever to become a book anyone would read. Galen said he was not interested in my book, explaining, “That is *your* story.” Galen was interested in telling his own story, and he wanted me to write it down for him.

Ever since, I have been as attentive as an old-time archivist dutifully hand recording the recollections of a witness to a piece of history that would otherwise have been lost. I have made every effort to keep the language as true as possible to the intention behind Galen’s words as I perceived them. Galen reviewed each chapter, and if he wanted something modified, it was. Anything I wanted to say was put in editor’s notes, which end each chapter.

Galen wanted to describe his post-earth experience free of the distortions and embellishments that often filter in when humans pen communications from a higher dimensional station. There is no way of measuring how well he did in that arena, so readers are free to take or leave anything that does not resonate with them.

Our perception creates what we see as our reality, and we all have slightly different perceptions, if for no other reason than we all perceive from a slightly different vantage point. We assume a lot about everyone and everything around us, but many of these assumptions are illusions. Although there is general conformity in the environment at the third dimension level, Galen indicated, outside of this dimension perceptions alter quickly.

First and foremost Galen, during his earth life, considered himself a truth seeker, and still does. Therefore, I have done my best to keep the narrative true to his experience as it was conveyed to me. Even though what he describes is fantastical, fantasy was not an intentional part of this story, although it could be construed as just *my* fantasy. But if it is not fantasy, as I believe, then it is a landmark record of a journey shared by a being who

wants us to know something important that will enhance our experience in our current dimension.

It is likely that if Galen had remained on earth, he would have become a teacher after many more years of education and experience. Due to the accelerated learning in his dimension, he is fulfilling part of that mission as an author, even though he will only be nineteen years old in earth time when this book is first published.

A lot of deference is generally given to a grieving parent, so much so that if I had written a novel about what I fantasized my son might be doing in some imaginary reality, it might be viewed as pathetic but would at least fall under acceptable norms and be politely tolerated without causing significant repercussions. However, suggesting that this is something other than a fictional work crosses many boundaries. While entertaining the possible existence of a continuum principle, which allows sentient beings to survive the death of their physical bodies, is fine for private speculation or in the context of family beliefs, it is not typically acceptable in other areas of our lives. As the saying goes, there is nothing wrong with talking to the dead, but there is a real problem when you think you are getting an answer back. I therefore ask readers to suspend their disbelief enough to consider that somehow bridges were built between our world and another to allow this book to be written.

At my son's memorial service, his algebra teacher spoke about Galen's effort to convince him that math wasn't real. At first I thought how typical it was for Galen to make a philosophical argument to get out of doing his math work. After all, if math is just a mental construct with no basis in reality, then why bother learning all its complex structures and formulas? Pondering the same dilemma thirty years ago concerning medical school, I'd asked my mentor, "If disease is an illusion, then why bother learning about it in such detail?" My mentor said that while I was correct in

understanding disease as an illusion, it was very real to those who had it. Similarly, the events recounted in this narrative were real for me—all too real.

Actually, my concern is not so much about reader disbelief as it is about those with poor problem-solving skills who do believe it and think suicide is a viable option for seeking a fresh start elsewhere. Regarding this misperception, Galen makes it clear that suicide provides a fresh start involving years spent in an unpleasant limbo.

Ultimately what matters is not whether readers believe in the veracity of this book's contents or consider my son a fictional protagonist, but whether the story itself facilitates a broader understanding of universal laws and truths. The descriptions my son provides stand on their own, even if taken as complete fabrication, for in the end the heart recognizes wisdom, whether it arises from a fairy tale or an encyclopedia.

It is Galen's intention that this book be the first of many in an anthology he calls the Death Walker series. Recognizing this series as both a chronicle of my son's present existence and a repository of ancient wisdom, I intend to do everything possible to make it a reality.

Prologue

(The Strangest Dream I Ever Had)

As the winds turned too gusty for paintball, I headed for the interstate to return to my mom's house, about forty-five minutes away. My iPod provided suitable background music as I headed home, but I had the sense that things were out of sync in my world. Maybe I had stayed up too late the night before or hadn't been eating well. Whatever it was, something didn't feel right.

I was taking my familiar route on I-25, which, when it reaches Santa Fe, curves southeast for a while as it follows the southern end of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains. From there I planned to take an exit just past Pecos, double back on a side road, cross some railroad tracks, and arrive home.

For a couple of moments while driving this familiar stretch of highway, I thought my senses were playing tricks on me as if I had taken off the special glasses they give you at a 3-D movie. I was not seeing double, but my vision, while vivid, was out of sync. The hum of the engine, the whistle of the wind, and the rumble of tires all seemed disconnected as well, appearing to come from somewhere other than where such sounds originate.

I was glad when I finally saw my exit, but then my iPod started acting up, moving the percussion track two beats behind the rest of the music. As I rolled to a stop at the railroad tracks, I decided it might be wind gusts creating too many positive ions in the air that was activating my weird sensations. Closing my eyes for a moment, I saw dancing lights and heard unfamiliar sounds. I felt my body moving, but I also felt protected. Then suddenly I heard the sound of metal,

followed by a tremendous silence and utter darkness. Eventually the lights and sounds returned, yet none seemed real. I could hear my name spoken every so often, but what was being said and by whom didn't seem to matter. In between the voices, I could hear a faint ringing that started to transform them into a crystalline tone. And then I heard a very clear bell tone in the distance, like the sound a crystal goblet makes when you run your finger around the rim of the glass.

I looked in the direction of the bell and saw what appeared to be another version of myself standing beside me. But this other self was much taller than I am, easily over seven feet, and had a luminescent quality.

He said, "What is it that you want to do?"

This other self beamed a quality that seemed to contain the essence of everyone I had ever loved in my life, so I knew I wanted to follow this version of myself toward the sound of the bell. But he seemed to know my answer without my having to say the words, and he placed a little silver cup in my right hand, pressing it into my palm and folding my fingers over it. At that moment, the bell tone became louder and the other sounds faded away. When the clear ringing sound was all I could hear, I moved peacefully forward with myself, hand in hand.

As we walked along a path, I became more aware of my environs. The landscape was familiar—rolling hills dotted with small pine and juniper trees and scrubby sage, with mountains in the distance. But something was different. It was like looking through a View-Master toy, which lets you observe stereo-slides using a plastic binocular device that produces backlit 3-D images. There was a backlit quality to the light around me, and the plants and trees projected little luminescent accents, as if fine fiber-optic filaments inside them were transmitting light.

The fact that I wasn't waking up from this apparent dream made me want to figure out what this place was about. But the more my mind came up with explanations, the more unfocused my environment

became, which was disconcerting. Without wanting to appear too conspicuous, I gazed at this other version of myself, trying to understand how the fact that I had a twin brother had been kept from me all this time. I wanted to touch one of the nearby plants to see how real it was, but I did not want to let go of the hand I was holding.

The Chairs

Still walking hand in hand with my twin, I came to a grassy meadow in which two chairs faced each other, beckoning us to sit down. My twin brought his left hand over to my right hand, which was still clutching the small silver cup, gently encouraging my hand to open while he held the little cup in front of me as if presenting me with a trophy. He then handed me the cup, and as he did I noticed how large his fingers were. He asked, “Do you remember today?”

Now, that is an unusual question to be asked in a dream, I thought to myself. *Did I remember today?* I remembered waking up that Saturday morning, December 1, at the house of a friend from my teen theater group in Santa Fe, New Mexico. I had been rehearsing for the double role of Fagan and Bill Sikes for next month’s production of *Oliver!* After two years, I had earned the privilege of not only playing the lead but taking on a second major character as well. My friend and I were planning to get together again later that day, weather permitting, to play paintball, but first I had to meet my grandmother for lunch.

My grandmother had come out from Los Angeles every Thanksgiving for the last ten years—ever since we had moved

there from Southern California—and visited for a couple of weeks. She would stay at my dad’s house, where I lived every other week since my parents’ divorce ten years ago. Normally, I would split my time between my mom’s place in Rowe, a small community near Pecos, and my dad’s house in Santa Fe, but I’d spend extra time there when Grandma was visiting. This year was different, however. I had moved from my dad’s house in June, after he had invited his girlfriend and her five-year-old daughter to move in with us. That scene was definitely not for me. I was so angry with him for doing it that I refused to speak with him, even though he texted me every few days.

My plan on December 1 was to meet Grandma at the Zia Diner at half past noon, near the heart of this adobe city 7,000 feet above sea level. But as I drove to the diner something wasn’t exactly right, although I couldn’t put my finger on it. The car—my mom’s white Honda station wagon—seemed to be running okay, so I shook off the feeling and parked behind the restaurant.

Grandma was already at the diner when I arrived. We hugged, and I realized I now towered over this gentle, caring woman I’d looked up to all my life. I was hungry, having skipped breakfast, as usual, so I ordered a cheese pizza without sauce and a Sprite.

While waiting for our lunch to arrive, Grandma gave me a bag of gifts she had brought, since she didn’t know if she would see me later in the month. I pulled them out of the bag one by one, but first I opened an envelope with her card, and to my delight it contained \$200, which I said I would use to buy a jacket. There was also a gift from my dad, a cool-looking translucent orange water bottle filled with all kinds of safety knickknacks for the car, an LED flashlight, and a frame he had made of the watercolor *Okami Lone Wolf* that I had placed on his office computer some time ago as desktop wallpaper.

Then Grandma asked me to reconcile with my dad, who was waiting at a nearby shopping center in case I would do so today.

Hearing that, I stood up, without finishing my pizza, and said I needed to help a musician move a piano, though the piano ordeal was actually a scheduled paintball fight; I wanted my grandma to think I was doing something worthwhile. I told her to give the pizza to my dad's dog, Sprout, who was a real pizza hound, but she insisted I take it with me.

As we left the restaurant, she asked me something she had never asked me before—to kiss me on the cheek—so I bent down and received my kiss.

I paused for a moment, looking up at my twin. I could not remember anything past being kissed by my grandmother, and was perplexed by the loss of memory.

“That is all right,” my twin said, “but each time you do remember something, hold this cup out in front of you and it will help you remember and understand where you are.”

As I had been recalling events, the silver cup had been vibrating in my palm and seemed to gradually get heavier.¹ I summoned my courage and asked him, “Where am I?”

“Your earth body has passed away, and you are in a different dimension. It takes time for the mind to let go of what is so familiar,” he said matter-of-factly.

“Is this heaven?”

“It is if you want it to be,” he answered.

I was not overjoyed upon hearing this bit of news. I immediately started to worry that it would affect my parents and my grandmother.

I sat on the chair for a while, not knowing what to do or think next. I kept getting confused trying to figure out how I could be in heaven, because I certainly did not feel dead. Out of the corner

¹ On entering the earth dimension as a newborn, I later learned, each individual is given a silver cord, and from that cord the silver cup is made, which contains all the experiences of that individual.

of my eye, the chair across from me looked empty, but when I looked at it straight on my twin was sitting there.

I drifted in and out of this surreal space, doing my best to adjust my perceptions, like turning a radio knob to get the sweet spot of the signal and minimize the static. There was nature all around me, but if I took my focus off of it there was nothing around me. When I engaged myself emotionally in the present moment, I could see what was in front of me. If I returned my focus to my mind, there was nothing in front of me, the air around me didn't move, and nothing felt alive. Then as I became present again with my surroundings, they would reappear. This was completely different from earth, where one's environment is always so present you want to shut it out at times. Here I was a link in the chain of my own perceptions! If I wanted to participate with my environment, I had to expand my emotional connection with it.

I wanted very much to be back on earth, especially with my father, and definitely did not want to be in this place. But as it turned out, this anguish was the only bit of suffering I experienced, and it was gone an instant later.

"If you have a question, hold up your cup in front of you," my companion said.

I held my cup up and asked, "Why do I feel so weak?"

"You are not yet connecting to the wholeness that is around you," he answered.

I already seemed to know what that meant, because I'd already discovered the nuance of projecting myself outward and connecting to what was in front of me. If I did this well enough, I would not just visually perceive but would also be nurtured. It felt good to connect, and I needed to just follow the feeling without overthinking the process.

"So, I am dead then," I said, not really asking a question.

With a wry smile, he retorted, "How can you be dead if you are talking to me?"

“You know, *dead!*” I said, realizing almost all my questions were being answered with more questions and while there was something familiar and almost reassuring about that it was also very frustrating. “Of course, you are going to tell me I am not dead, just existing in a different dimension,” I said.

“It is true the body you knew is no longer. You can define yourself as dead if you insist, but you are really never dead,” he replied.

“Okay, then, if this is heaven, where are all the dogs?” Dogs were always a big part of my life on earth, and I was in my second year of learning to train assistance dogs for people with disabilities, so I assumed heaven for me would be a place with dogs.

Suddenly I could hear dogs barking, and as if the doors on a thousand kennels had swung open, the meadow in which we were sitting was now full of dogs panting, barking, and wagging their tails.

I laughed with joy, but my laughter reminded me that I’d been very happy with my life on earth and would have been content to continue on with it. Not understanding why I had died, I asked, “How did this happen?”

My companion then told me about the train hitting me.

I was unaware that time is completely different in the dimension in which I’d found myself and that things take place here when they are supposed to, not in keeping with any clock or calendar. So I had no way of knowing that only six hours had passed on earth since the accident until my twin said, “Your father has an awareness of where you are and he is asking you if you are okay.”

“I am absolutely okay, and I miss you,” I said, directing this statement to my dad, although I felt a little exasperated at having my attention directed back to events taking place on earth.

“He wants to know what you are doing,” my twin said.

Actually, I didn’t engage in most of this conversation until months later, by my time. Time here is more spiral than linear, and I wasn’t allowed to fully participate in this conversation until

I was ready. Universal time, as opposed to linear time of the third dimension, has an emotional factor, so things take place when it is most suitable for them to take place.

“He always wanted the best for you, and if this is in your best interest then he is just going to deal with it,” my twin continued.

I had total awareness of my father’s pain and the intense emotions others were feeling. But I was also protected from the desperate grief that was being generated, which ranged from sorrow to borderline insanity.

“Don’t be mad at my mom,” I said. This was a request my dad did not understand at the time.

“Your father is asking, ‘What are we to do now?’” my twin reported.

“There is nothing you need to do for me on earth,” I replied, without understanding the full implication of his question.

Turning my attention to my other self, I asked, “You are my identical twin brother, aren’t you?”

“There is no way I am your twin brother because I look so much better than you do!”

I shot him a look befitting a smart aleck, and he said, “I am an aspect of yourself and the soul family of which you are a part. I stood with you before you drew your first breath on earth, as I am with you now to teach you how to thrive here. I am your teacher and your father’s teacher.”

My first lesson, if you will, was that there was no separation between my environment and myself. By projecting, I could stimulate the environment around me to show me where I was. Then I learned what it meant to listen in this dimension. Listening wasn’t only about hearing words that were spoken; it was also about being aware of the many layers of intent and the emotions behind it.

Next, I learned to trust and love because I couldn’t engage my environment unless I projected trust and love. Although interaction

with the environment occurs differently on earth, you also cannot truly be a human until you learn to love.

It seemed like forever before I was fully prepared to engage my new surroundings. At that point, my teacher asked me to stand and handed me a beautiful silver chain, which attached to the cup. I placed it around my neck, and the small cup hung near my heart.



Editor's note: The night of Galen's passing, I had left Santa Fe with my mother to attend a charity dinner in Albuquerque. In the early evening, more than three hours after the event, I received the call about the accident from the state police while approaching the first Albuquerque exit off the interstate. The first person I phoned was the actor Adam Baldwin as he, his wife Ami, and their children had been close with Galen and myself for several years. Ami literally talked me back to Santa Fe as my mother and I were in a state of shock.

Several years earlier, I had worked closely with a trance medium capable of connecting to the other side,² and it was through her that I made the connection with Galen the night of his accident. It would take me over two years to understand that

² A decade earlier, I had spent nine months interviewing the guides who came through trance medium Audrey Wrinkles and had great confidence in the accuracy of the information. Their insight into medical matters far exceeded anything I had previously encountered. But not until 1999, when my father died, did I discover her guides could work with problems some have in crossing over. From what my mother had reported to me, my father was stuck haunting their house. Audrey's guides walked me through a visualization—for lack of a better term—during which I approached this confused aspect of my father's persona and made it possible for him to see those who could help him cross.

this moving—and at the time, very confusing—conversation with my son, took place for him at multiple points in universal time, since for me it was taking place all at once in his room, a place he had not seen in six months. Alone in his room, I sobbed, pressing the phone hard to my ear while talking to a woman in a trance whose body was being used by her interdimensional guides to connect with my son, whom I would never see again and who was talking more in riddles to me than not. I didn't understand why this needed to happen, though I also knew there are no accidents and I was going to have to support this transition. That's what I was thinking; what I was feeling was my world was ending and my very existence no longer had purpose.

When the conversation ended, I silently vowed to either talk to Galen myself in his dimension or to die trying. For the first time in my life, I swallowed a strong sedative, and as I was lying in bed it began to kick in. Only vaguely aware that Galen's phone was probably in some plastic bag or on the floor of the destroyed car, I picked up my mobile phone and sent him one last text message: "I love you, Galen."