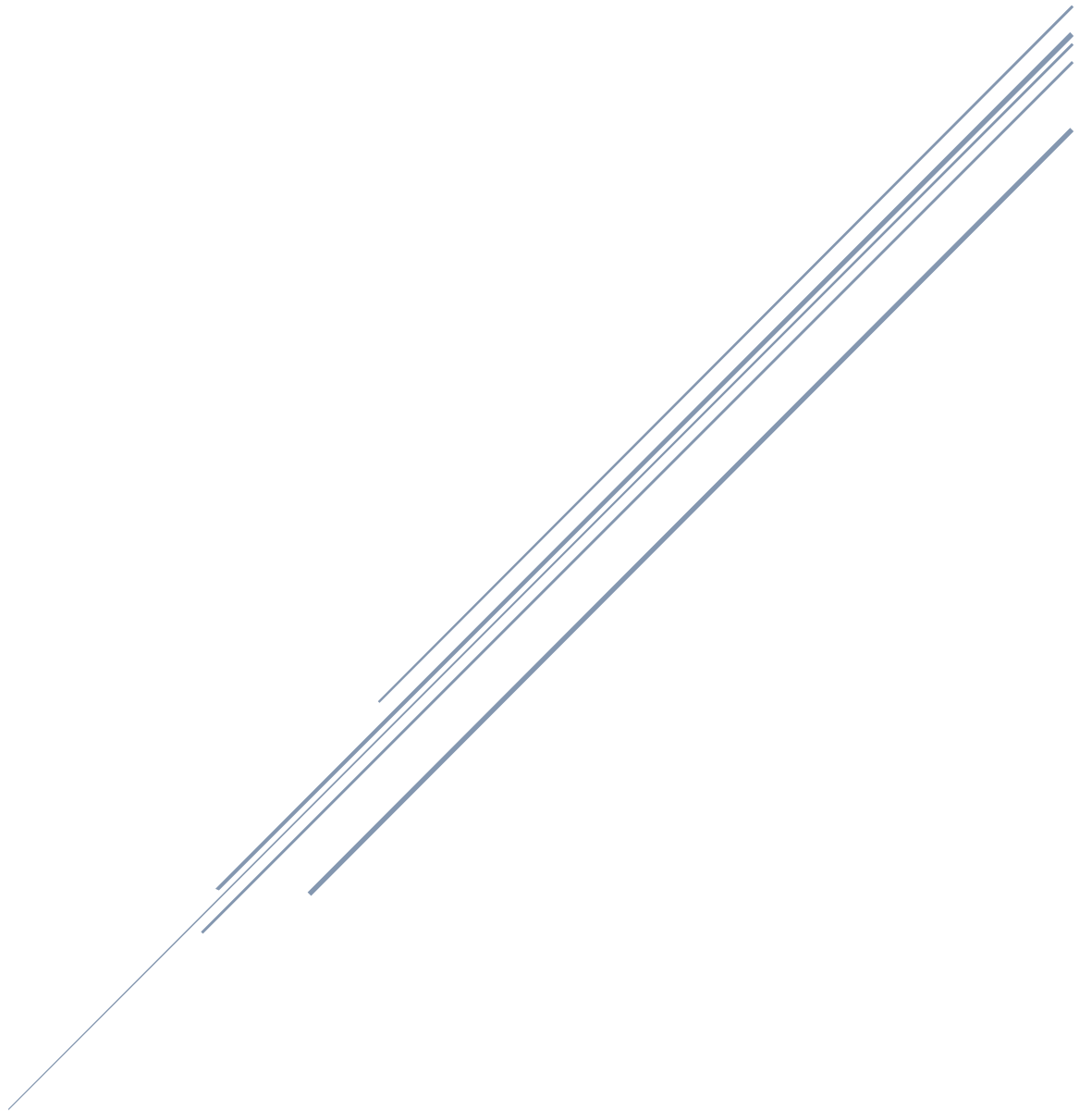


Messages from the Guides

Love Letters from the Other Side



Heather King, M.A.

Messages from the Guides: Love Letters from the Other Side

From the Guides

We would have you know...

That we love you so. We love you unabashedly, unreservedly, enthusiastically. We love you when you think you are at your worst and when you are delighting in your best. We love you when you think you have no redemption left, when you are on the floor. We love you when you are empty, hollow, and bereft.

For we know that you are Beautiful. You are . . . such utter Perfection that we don't have the words. You shine, you dance, you dazzle.

Your humanness is so big to you, but it is truly such a small part of Who You Are. We see your truth, your magnitude, the real scope of how broad you reach across and through this beautiful universe of ours.

Remember, dear one, you are heartbreakingly, exquisitely GORGEOUS. A shimmering being of light and love and goodness that is never to be repeated in exactly the same form. We honor you, we love you, we cheer you on.

Walk ahead strong. Walk comforted. All that you have ever hoped to be - you are. There is nothing missing within you that is important to you.

Sleep soundly, dear one, and walk confidently. Be at peace. You are amazing.

Namaste.

Messages from the Guides: Love Letters from the Other Side

From Heather

Hello, my friend!

Welcome to my trippy journey. The one where I sat down to type and words that I didn't plan flowed out onto the keyboard. The one where I had NO IDEA what words were about to appear on the page, nor the topic to be discussed. The one where I (re)met some of my most treasured friends that I had no memory of until they spoke up. Please allow me the honor of introducing you.

"Guides, please meet our dear reader. Lovely Reader, please meet my dearest buddies, the Guides."

Who are these Guides?? I'll get there, but first let me back up and share my story. My story may look very different from yours. Different religion, different beliefs, different path - but truly, none of that matters when it comes to what the Guides teach us. In fact, I'm wildly tempted to skip telling you about myself at all, because it's what the Guides have to say that matters here, not my background. On the other hand, it was my fingers that typed it all out, and the Guides get authorship of the rest of this book, so I'll claim a few paragraphs here for me...

As a kid, I loved the metaphysical stuff. My mom's mom was a Methodist preacher's daughter - and also self-taught energy healer and my first meditation teacher. My dad's mom taught me about hypnosis, biofeedback, and psychic communication. (Let me tell you, this was NOT what the other kids on the block were talking about, so I kept it on the downlow. But, man, I loved it when a grandma would come visit and we could get to the good stuff!)

As a college grad, I still loved the metaphysical stuff. By then I had learned the basics of energy work from my grandma and attended oceanside Transpersonal Psychology conferences with my mom. When it came time for grad school, a miracle-path plunked itself down in my lap. Beyond what I ever could have dreamed just ... appeared and came to be. My mom, her mom, and I all attended an intimate, experience-based graduate school - together - and earned concurrent Master's Degrees in Spiritual Psychology. Pretty damn cool, eh?

The job world hit and I bounced around. Counselor at a domestic violence shelter, administrator in a consulting firm, HR manager at a Target store, technical writer at a software firm.... I had loved being a counselor during my grad school years but it took a toll once I was a mom (and the internship pay of \$10/hour with a Master's Degree didn't help much either). I took Muggle jobs that paid the bills and satisfied my detailed side, but always, always, I felt the call to ... more. The call to express the book passages that I would unconsciously write in my head. The call to share with others that they were more than they feared they were. The call to share the life-changing (though often fleeting) peace that comes with connecting to Spirit and our Higher Self and the knowing that we are enough. As-is. No asterisk or fine print.

So I wrote in spiral notebooks ... and tucked them away. Then I wrote on word processors ... and filed away my discs. Then I wrote in Google Drive and it auto-saved. But still, my words were read only by a Party of One. Until now. Because here's what happened this time.

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I embarked upon 100 Days of Writing. Five minutes a day was all I required of myself. No focus on the outcome, just a focus on strengthening my writing-muscle (any fellow Recovering Perfectionists will recognize what a colossal feat it was not to obsess - too much - over the outcome). And a funny thing happened. One of those days I put my fingers on the keyboard, not sure yet what I wanted to write about, and my fingers typed...

“Hello, dear ones. We are so happy to be here with you tonight.” And then a love letter to all of humanity poured forth. Not my thoughts, not my words. It was as if the words had been written in another language, translated into music, and then it was my job to listen and feel and translate the music back into words.

I didn't edit as the messages came forth - what you read is pretty much as they came. Well, except for those damn auto-corrects. My typing got pretty crazy on these sometimes and auto-correct did a number on some of those sentences. Then I'd have to go back and try to figure out what the heck the intended message had been. Not an easy task since I had little conscious awareness of what the words were while I was typing. Seriously - I read some of the messages days or weeks later and I had no memory of them. It was like reading them for the first time. “Wow, these are amazing!”, I'd think, then remember they were on my own Google Drive. Trippy.

The messages that came through were consistent ... and INsistent: You are enough. You are amazing. You are loved. I think this book could boil down to those nine words, if only we were able to grasp the enormity and the truth of them. Alas, as humans we are not wired that way, so the Guides spoke and spoke and spoke - sharing the same message of hope, love and enough-ness wrapped up in different approaches and analogies.

I suppose this is the time to address, “Who or what are the Guides??”. That answer, my friend, is open to how your own heart puts words on this great universe that we live in. When my daughter was little, she started asking the big questions in life. “What's the meaning of life?”, “What is God like?”, “Why does it hurt inside when I can't really describe how much I love someone?” I was 1) gobsmacked that those questions were coming out of her little self, and 2) baffled as to how to explain to a tot that the great philosophers couldn't answer those questions, but that the mystics sometimes could. I introduced the word “ineffable”, meaning “incapable of being expressed or described in words; inexpressible”. Well, that's how I describe the Guides as well. To me, they feel like the dearest buddies that I've ever had - buddies that I've known forever but completely forgot. Someone else reading their words might feel them as their Guardian Angels. Someone else might feel them as the voice of our Collective Wisdom. Regardless of label, I feel them to be our guides in how to walk this Earthly life with a greater awareness of the Bigger Picture. They do not espouse religion, dogma, rules, etc. They just remind us to love, love, love. I have a sense of them as a group of six, but I also have a sneaking suspicion that they are much grander than merely a posse of six buddies and that that interpretation is part of my limited human-level understanding of the universe.

I wish I could convey to you, dear reader, how I felt each time I sat down to write with the intent to hear what the Guides had to say. First, trepidation that “it won't work this time”. There I'd be with a blank Google Doc and a flashing cursor and NO IDEA of what words were to come. Then I'd remind myself to get out of my head and out of the way and to take a deep breath of faith with my fingers resting on the keyboard. And then - there they would be. My buddies.

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And then I would be wrapped in their love - their ridiculously rampant unconditional love - while I translated their message from "music" to English. I felt as if I was wrapped up in the coziest of blankets, with the perfect mug of cocoa beside me, and the perfect song on the radio (well, on Pandora.) There were times when I would try to rush ahead with my own words, my own ending to the sentence - and the energy I felt flowing through me would fall flat. It was as if I had veered my canoe out of the center of the lovely stream and directly into a muddy bank. So I would backspace until I could feel the energy flowing again and I'd "listen" all the harder, renewing my intention each time to stay out of their way. They didn't need me paddling us into mud walls and tree roots.

They would almost always open with a greeting of "Hello, dear ones" as well as a salutation of how joyous they felt to be reconnecting with us again. I say "us" for they were not talking to me, they were talking to us - as much of the human us as is possible.

I wrote in an incredibly delicate bubble at first - I would lose my connection with them with the slightest interruption. This led to sticky notes on my door asking my family to PLEASE not walk in the room or slide notes under my door for any reason for an hour. Seriously ... PLEASE. As time went on, I was able to hear the Guides much more easily. The sticky note messages became less urgent and then went away entirely.

When my 100-day writing project was complete, I organized this collection the way any perfectionistic-leaning author would. I printed out all of the days that had messages from the Guides, spread them out on the living room floor ... then closed my eyes and put them in order according to what felt right. I tell you, this plan-loving, honor-roll Virgo felt like I was in major cheating territory. "Seriously?? THIS is how I organize my book - guided writings and closed-eye page ordering??" Not at all what I'd imagined, to say the least.

So now ... on to the good stuff. The reason you're here. It is my most heartfelt honor to share the Guides' messages with you. Read them in order, or read your birth-date number first, or read the page you flip open to. Post your favorites up on your bathroom mirror and read them a bazillion times. Whatever works for you is what the Guides want for you. And I like to think that while you're reading, a sisterhood/brotherhood is forming with all of us who are touched by their words, their love, their reminders - an invisible, palpable, ever-expanding collection of gorgeous souls who hear the Guides' words and say "Yes, I do remember".

xoxo
Heather

Messages from the Guides: Love Letters from the Other Side

~ 1 ~

We start by saying to you . . . love yourself, dear one!

This is your most sacred duty, your most sacred task.

You are entrusted with many things in this life. Care of a spouse, parent, child, idea. All of them sacred. But none compare to the holy contract that you created with yourself. Nay . . . that you - your *true Self* - created with the self that was to make the harrowing journey to this Earth of yours.

You knew the journey would be fraught with peril and hardship and “learning”, but you did not know how hard it would all seem. For before you took this trip, you knew not separation from your Self. You knew only 100% unconditional Self-love. You didn't even think of it as such, for the concept of any other way was non-referent. It just WAS. You never considered how difficult things would be, because it was inconceivable.

So now you find yourself living the inconceivable. Living without *deeply and completely* loving yourself, through all things and in all times.

These messages are for you. To help you find your way back to the state that your Soul remembers. The only state that your Soul knows to be true.

We welcome you to this path, to your natural state. The journey will be so much gentler now. Welcome back.

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~ 2 ~

Hello dear ones, we are so grateful to be here with you.

We are speaking now of the topic of utmost importance - *self love*.

Hands down, bar none . . . THE. MOST. IMPORTANT. QUALITY. TO. CULTIVATE.

“We can’t, that’s too selfish.” “We should be putting other people’s needs before our own.” “We should watch out for the greater good.” “We should think collectively, not individually - think of the long-term.” “Where would we be if everyone was selfish and self-centered and put their own needs first?”

No, no, dear ones. We have not been clear enough. *Love yourself so hard that you are bursting at the seams with happiness and cannot but help to give from your overflow.* Bask in your own value so surely and staunchly that you cannot help but to reach out to lift another up. Appreciate your choices and thoughts and actions - small and large - all day long in your self-talk until it is, *of course*, the way that you speak to others as well.

For you do not just raise *yourself* up when you get in touch with the amazingness of who you really are. You move your *entire perspective* up, which raises up the level at which you interact with others. Which raises up the level at which they relate to themselves - and then others. Which brings the heart-opening, joy-creating escalation to others and other and others.

Self-love is the fastest way to raise your own consciousness, and the ripple effect cannot be denied. The peace and Truth that radiate from one who is at peace and loving themselves is positively contagious. Be the peace, the love, the inspiration. Be the domino who knocks the next one over in the chain of remembering self-love. Be the change for good.

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~ 3 ~

Oh dear ones, it is so good to be here with you today.

Your loveliness is balm to our soul. It lifts us into Spirits' springtime breezes and carries us, happily adrift, on the perfumed lilt of your essence.

You are Beauty, yet know it not. Achingly beautifully, achingly unaware. Dizzy with the lack of Knowing Who You Are, while feeling the pull pull pull of that deep, ageless Truth that pulls you forward, back, deeper, up, into ... More.

Feel – and heed - the call to More. More beauty, more awareness, more compassion, more Truth.

Truth above all. KNOW the truth of Who You Are and the angels sing, their hearts at peace.

This Earth school is not for the weak of heart, not for feint travelers. It is brutal, vicious, monstrous. Unbearable almost, when you forget Who You Are.

Remember, dear ones. *Remember*. You are God's favorites. Her heart's delight. You who are so brave and curious and starry-eyed as to want to go forth into the wilds of this Earthly challenge.

You are not without your Guides, for that would be most perilous, foolish...negligent. But oh, how you ignore them. Turn to them, dear ones - they are pointing the way. To the safe path, to the plentiful food, to the calming waters, to the refreshing meadows. You would not be sent into the Wilds such as you are bravely in without steadfast guidance as well.

Be peaceful, dear ones. When traveled with open eyes and leading hearts and clear thoughts, the way is beautiful, magical, rewarding, fun.

We are here for you. We are guiding you. We love you.

Namaste.

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~ 4 ~

We see you, beautiful Ones. Dancing lightly and twirling stardust.

We see you gliding, moving, embracing, loving.

We see you learning, growing. Your souls rejoicing in all that is being felt and grown-through.

But here's what it can look like through human eyes.

Despair. Failure. Rejection. Again.

Divorce. Death. Loss. Betrayal. Shattering heartbreak.

But oh . . . oh . . . oh...All is not as it looks through your beautiful human eyes. You see loss and devastation. We see simply What Is. We see shifting forms on the physical plane but nothing really lost or gained. We see souls having a rich human experience with wild emotional rides and college-level soul-learning - but nothing bad. Just . . . learning. Experiencing.

When a child laughs to see a tender young panda roll down a hill as it learns to climb, the child does not see a failure, a panda doomed to mediocrity or despair. The child knows that the panda is simply having a rolling-experience - and with practice, will soon have a climbing-experience. The child does not look on with alarm or alacrity. The child does not judge or fear or condemn. The child . . . giggles. The child's heart opens with joy at the innately-understood sacred privilege of bearing witness to the panda's learning process.

And so it is with you, dear pandas. We watch with joy and love as you have your rolling-experiences - knowing that with practice, you will move on to climbing-experiences.

And here's the catch, in the best of ways. You don't ever need to learn to *actually* climb to have a climbing-experience. You need only shift your *understanding* of the experience - shift your *relationship* to your experience - to become a climber. One who is free. One who has dominion over their direction and height and interpretation of the experience.

With the shift of your inner eyes, the experiences that you feared to be slick-slopes leading to downward-nothingness transform instead into hills of knowledge and strength that you have already

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crested. With your understanding of the learnings involved in *every* experience you become a climber. The valleys of darkness become mountains of triumph because you LEARNED. And it matters not what you learned on the outside. The gold is in the newfound depths of the relationship with YOURSELF. Your expanded self-compassion. Your mended world view of Why you did things. The seemingly gentle laying-on of self-forgiveness that really is so powerful as to change dynasties in every direction, forward and back.

Roll, dear ones, roll. Tumble and roll and enjoy the dizziness as you go. Tumble and roll, and know that when you are loving yourself during the roll... you are actually climbing.

Look up, sweet pandas. Look up, and see how far you have climbed.

Namaste.

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~ 5 ~

Today we are going to talk about happiness. And we are not going to talk about it in the usual way - the way that you read about in magazines and then pine about not being. We are going to talk about REAL happiness. Burst-forth-from-within happiness. Burst-outward-into-the-farthest-reaches-of-the-Universe-from-the-very-core-of-you happiness. Happiness that is so complete and gentle and RIGHT that you shimmy and settle in and center and...*be*.

This happiness is real and it is the very fiber that you are made of. It is the essence of the atoms that make up your skin and spleen and liver. It is interwoven in the DNA of your hair and teeth and toes. It is the actual building block of your anatomy. You were taught DNA and ribosomes, but the true stuff that you are made of is happiness.

So, what do we mean with all this, you are wondering. "I am most definitely NOT made of happiness," some of you are most definitely saying. Others of you are assuring us that you are made of LOVE, thank you very much. "LOVE is the foundation of the universe and don't you dare try to trivialize the great love-ness that I am by downgrading my DNA to mere happiness."

So, to clear up . . . The bursting forth of happiness that you are is no different from the bursting forth of love that you are, the bursting forth of creativity, the bursting compassion. You are all things good and pure and true. You are noble and great.

Happiness is not what you have so often been taught it to mean, dear ones. It is not a "happy" reaction to a pleasing event in your lives - the right job, a funny show, a perfect night out for margaritas. Happiness is your true state of being. That state that is straight from the heart of God. The state that says "I am a microcosm of the greatness that is this universe and nothing, NOTHING can change that. I AM GREATNESS ITSELF. I AM LOVE AND POWER AND GOODNESS. I AM BELOVED BY OUR MOST BELOVED CREATOR."

THAT is happiness. KNOWING that you are beloved by our most beloved Creator, and for no other reason than that you ARE.

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Hold tight to the knowledge, dear ones, of who you truly are, what you are truly made of. You are made of confidence and grace. Of glowing knowingness of your beauty. Of knowingness of your worth. Your value. Your NECESSITY. For God created YOU to fill a place specific in this world. A place not for that which you can DO, but a place designed for who you ARE. A place that is uniquely yours, that would be mournfully gaping if you were rent from it.

The lovely good news is that there is no force that can remove you from your carefully designed niche in the universe. Your spot in this world was lovingly designed for YOUR imprint, and yours alone.

But here's the funny thing. As humans - doing the very best that you can and yet still so often confused - you can slump. You can crouch. You can collapse. You are the only ones that can rob the space created just for you from being filled by your fullness. You so often don't understand - don't stand tall, reveling in the glory of your delightfulness and strength and glory. You have so often misunderstood Who You Are, and you collapse under the weight of your misunderstanding. You bend...or sometimes break. You collapse into a seemingly broken form - mere rubble of your original design - feeling like a reviled pile of bomb-strewn bricks.

But oh, dear ones. That scattered pile of detritus is *so far* from who you truly are. *Listen to our words - the ones your heart can hear when your ears cannot* - and hear us remind you of your glory.

Rise, dear ones, RISE . . . and breathe in and fill the space created for you. Expand into your outline of standing straight and tall, with your face turned excitedly, serenely, toward the sun. FEEL God's love for you. Feel your strength. Your love. Your amazingness.

THIS is what we mean by happiness. Seamless embodiment of both your true, formless Self and your wildly beautiful and fallible and crazy-making human self. Recognition and honoring of the dual worlds that you live in, of the two worlds that you walk.

Be happy, dear ones, and know that your glory is real and bright and shining no matter how you are feeling on the human level. Be happy, and know that the illusions of angst and stress and worry are temporary blips on your radar - distant worries to cast off when you return to your natural state. And we *know* that these worries are oh-so-real to you now and we honor all the hardness of the human paths

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that you walk, but we also know that they are but a mist that evaporates when seen through the lens of your true eyes.

Dear ones, in the midst of your very real human experiences, let yourself remember Who You Are. Remember the place that God lovingly designed for YOU in this glorious, love-bursting Universe. Let yourself remember the delightful treat that you are that others enjoy and delight in.

God was so happy when she birthed you. Her heart ached with joy when your soul came forth into being and she laid eyes on you for the first time. You are as beloved to her now as in that first moment she beheld your newborn-self with rapturous awe.

Happiness, dear one. It was the start of your existence, and is meant to be your state until your end, which is not really an end at all. *Feel* the happiness of who you are, of how you are loved. Happiness is the joyous shade of love. It is who you are, who you were made to be. Joy and Light. Happiness. Always.

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~ 6 ~

Oh dear one,

You have forgotten how beautiful you are.

You have forgotten that the sun rises and sets in tribute to your exquisiteness.

You have forgotten that you are made in Her image, burning, beautifully bright.

You have forgotten that it is impossible for you to be diminished.

So let us remind you...

Your tasks do not change Who You Are.

Your choices do not change Who You Are.

Your parents, your children, your country, your job...do not change Who You Are.

You were created to flit and dance on the threads of Love that wind throughout our Universe.

You were created to spin with joy in communal connection with Another.

You were created to give voice to all that which Spirit loves.

There is nothing wrong with you.

You are not ever broken.

You are not ever damaged.

You are beauty, grace, power, life, love.

You are eternal, radiant, regal.

You are God, as God displays as You.

Love yourself, dear one, for you are amazing.

Love yourself, dear one, for you are beloved.

Love yourself, dear one. You are held in the heart of God.

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~ 7 ~

Let yourself be swept away by beauty.

The soaring lilt of a piano and violin . . .

The pink into orange into blue of a sunset . . .

Holding a newborn . . .

There is so much exquisiteness to life that we yearn for you to embrace with abandon while you have your very short time on Earth. We know that 80, 90, 100 years feels long to you, but oh, dear ones, it is such a blink of an eye.

Treasure those Earthly experiences. Revel in the *physicalness* of this short blip on your soul's timeline. Drink in the sights and sounds and tastes and touches. Yes, we have them here, but there is a shimmering quality to those on the Earth plane that are just so special and endearing.

Feel.

Embrace.

And *enjoy*.

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~ 8 ~

We watch you struggle - wanting to know what to do in advance of having the information given to you - and our heart goes out to you. It is such a human impulse, yet is by far the hardest way to do things. Please trust us, dear ones. We are working together in perfect harmony and the timing can't help but be right. Do you really think that with us in charge of overseeing things that the timing could be anything but Perfect??

Try to think of your life experience as a big advent calendar, with something new revealed each day behind each new door. There is no need to rush through all of the days. You do not need to know what is behind door #20 to enjoy what is behind door #2. You do not need to open all of the future doors to feel comfortable with believing that each nook has something good waiting for you – you just *know* that the nooks are full, and that you will have a delightful little surprise each day. The anticipation, the daily reveal, the delayed gratification to finally see what is behind the 25th door – they're all part of what's fun and special and memorable about the process.

Imagine how good it would feel to view your life as a glorious, ongoing advent calendar. One definition of "advent" is "a coming into place, view or being; arrival". Another definition is "the coming of Christ into the world". What wonderful glasses to view life through! A coming into place, a coming into being. A daily reveal of more and more of the Christ-consciousness coming into the everydayness of life.

Enjoy the door of today, dear ones. And know that blessings abound behind the doors of tomorrow.

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~ 9 ~

“Failure is just there to point you in a different direction.” - Oprah

Yes, we would like to tell you this often ourselves. Failure is only an Earthly concept. It is not a concept that we follow, nor one that we find helpful.

From the *Earthly* perspective though, it’s immensely valuable. In fact, failure is perhaps one of the most valuable BLESSINGS that was put into place in the human design. Think of it as safety rails on the edge of a high cliff road. YOU think that your path curves to the *right*, but God clearly knows that *that* direction is nothing but cliff - and that the road your *soul* wants turns to the *left*. The crash that you feel when you run into the rail is God stopping you from going further in a direction that would not serve you, or would at least take you farther away from the path that your soul intended to take on this journey.

Sometimes very big, hard, solid walls are required instead of gentle bumpers if you are going so fast and so hard in an unintended direction that a soft bumper will not suffice, will not protect. In those cases, a solid brick wall as a barrier to prevent you from going off a cliff is the most loving thing that God can do. “I love you so much that I will put this wall here so that you don’t speed yourself off this cliff at 80 mph. I know that the crash will hurt, but it will slow you down and stop you from going in that fatal direction.”

The pain you feel when you hit a wall - or the annoyance you feel when you hit a guardrail and scratch the heck out of your paint job - isn’t to be used against yourselves as proof that you are stupid, a failure, not good enough, or not trying hard enough. It is the most loving reminder God can give you that you had another plan for yourself. “Hey Hon, slow down. Shake your head, clear your vision, and reassess your direction. Your road actually curves that way over *there*.”

For some, the next portion of the road is quite perilous to travel - forcing you to travel solo or over a very narrow bridge that requires deliberate, conscious choices to get across safely. Sometimes your road may feel like two planks across a cavern that you must concentrate on with all your might, trusting your instincts and God - more than your eyes - to get you across. *Sometimes the path that you had been on before was the difficult one*, and all you had to do was go around a corner that you’d never considered before . . . only to see the road smooth out and gently curve through a cool forest with sunlight dappling

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the leaves. Nothing to do at that point but put on some nostalgic tunes, roll down the windows, tip your face up to the sun, and enjoy the drive.

Don't curse the signs that tell you "curves ahead", dear ones . . . or the guardrails, or the brick walls. They are from the most compassionate heart of God, and your soul is COUNTING on them to guide you along the path that you had intended for yourself.

Relax.

Enjoy the ride.

Namaste.

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~ 10 ~

Love.

For a daughter a babe a son.

For all that the universe has given to you

To steward, to shape, to lift.

For all that you are entrusted . . . nay . . . *commanded*, to protect.

Sacred oaths, taken lightly, casually.

Jewels played with as if stones, permanence assumed.

Take care, dear ones. Take care.

Cherish *What You Have*. The glory in your everyday.

The treasure before you.

Give thanks. Remember.

Treasure.

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~ 11 ~

Be deep.

Be strong.

Be silly.

Be soft.

Be loud.

Be still.

Be live.

Be a thorn.

Be real.

Be quiet.

Be a guard.

Be an angel.

Be adored.

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~ 12 ~

We speak now to you of love. But this time it is not an easy kind of love, or one that most want anything to do with.

Tonight we speak about loving thine enemies.

Sigh. Yes.

Love those whose words you want to rip from the skies and erase from ever having been exposed to human consciousness.

Love those whose actions destroy everything that ever meant anything to you.

Love those who make your blood boil, your skin crawl, your respect and decency revolt.

Love those whom you would like God to cast asunder, never to return.

Love thine enemy as thyself.

“This. Sucks.”

Yes, we know.

“Really, REALLY sucks.”

Yes, we understand.

And yet it cannot be escaped if you are to acknowledge that we live in a Divine universe with one God, one power, one force. Love.

“Well . . . crap.”

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Look for the positive intent. Hate the outcome, hate the method, but look for the good that is behind every action. Look for the wounded child, the terrified, skittish soul, the Forgotten Ones. Look at the layers of fear and doubt that have been mangled into hurtful action.

And then love harder than you have ever loved before. Love so hard that the power of your love will change the tides of history, sweep all those in its path on a journey of higher understanding, greater justice, unwavering compassion.

Love. **Love. LOVE.**

Just as the warm, gentle sun had the power to make the man remove his coat when the cold, angry wind could not blow it off of him, no matter how hard it blew, so too will your love make the difference.

We know it is hard to believe, to feel, to trust. But oh, dear ones, trust that we have a vantage point far higher than your own while in the human state.

Love, dear ones. Love for one, love for all.

All.

Messages from the Guides: Love Letters from the Other Side

~ 13 ~

Oh dear ones, how we do love thee!

We talk with you now about the POWER of holding your ground, your consciousness, in the face of lower destructive energies.

Lower energies swirl and storm. They rant and they rail. They smash and bash and destroy, destroy, destroy.

But you can hold your peace. You can hold your knowing. YOU can hold the energy of the room, the encounter, the whole conversation . . . if you stay STEADY.

What we mean by that has nothing to do with a position of non-compromise. We mean an inner, energetic STAUNCHNESS that holds firm, that says "THIS is what is most peaceful and compassionate and uplifting for all. THIS is the best that we on the human level can do to express the Highest Good for all concerned."

And the power, oh the glorious benevolent POWER there is when two or more of you are gathered, united in thought, action and steadfast compassionate energy.

BE that bulwark of strength and compassion. BE that voice of love, recklessly running roughshod over lesser voices of fear and tyranny and oppression. BE the voice that is the Light in the dark, the voice that lights the way.

Your love is clear. Your love is pure. Stand tall, dear one, and stand strong.

Your loving matters.

Your loving makes a difference. All the difference in the world.

ALL the difference. **IN** the world.

Namaste

Messages from the Guides: Love Letters from the Other Side

~ 14 ~

Hello dear ones,

We speak to you now of love, for there is nothing as important. We know that you have heard us say these words many times before and may be wondering what the value is in us saying them again.

The value is thus. Each day, each moment, you are flooded with new sensations, new feelings, new moments which compel a reaction. And each moment begets a new choice.

We have shared with you the importance of choosing love . . . but that discussion took place many moments ago in your life. Many, many moments in which so many other hawks came into your awareness that were NOT of love that our message became clouded.

Our message of the utmost, essential task in life got buried under energy-drawing moments of traffic and work and what to make for dinner or an argument with a loved one. Our reminders of love moved down in the list - swamped by incoming thoughts, ideas, stimuli - so that our words were no longer at the forefront when you were split-second choosing your reactions.

And so we say it again. And again and again and again. For the more often we say it, the more our words stack up tall and are easily at hand when next you are reaching for a reaction.

So bear with us as we remind you of the importance - the VITALNESS - of love in your daily choices. Your daily actions and reactions.

You do not need to be a saint, but it is *imperative* to be kind, be aware, be compassionate. You are not *required* to take this path, of course, but oh, dear ones, it is *so* greatly to your benefit to do so.

So in these days when great numbers of you are feeling challenged, angry, vengeful - reach again for love. And hear us as we mean it. We do not mean non-action. We do not mean submission to tyranny as you experience it to be. We do not mean hiding your light and shape as the Creator made you to be. We know that "wrongs" must sometimes be made "right", that stands must be taken. We know that there is

Messages from the Guides: Love Letters from the Other Side

accountability on the Earth level that must be played out . . . but act with compassion, wisdom, and equity. And eye for an eye, not a life for an eye. Loving, stalwart action. “Compassionate wrath” when necessary. But always with intent for balance and intent for healing, tendered with the greatest of mercy.

Love, and love fiercely. Take it forward into every moment and moment and moment.

We are watching with delight as your time between conscious moments shrinks, and we are here with loving reminders each time you reach.

We do love you so.

Namaste.

Messages from the Guides: Love Letters from the Other Side

~ 15 ~

Restless is uncomfortable, but restless is good! Restlessness means that you are hearing the call from your Higher Self toward something *more*. Something more genuine, something more service-filled, something more aligned with and expressive of your true, God-given Self. Restlessness means that it's time to shift out of your status quo, and slip into the next higher energy stream that is available to you.

What does that mean, you ask? It means to find the next step higher in consciousness that feels good to your heart - into service, into giving, into teaching, into love. Always, always, it is into Love.

Restlessness means that there is a greater opportunity for expressing Love than you are currently aligned with and acting upon, and God is at your door, knocking with excited anticipation that you will answer and say "yes".

Saying "yes" does not necessarily mean that anything will change on the outside. If your body is frail or weary or unable to move, you can still say "yes" as fervently as if your body were fully able. There is no impediment to saying "yes" to Love.

You might dismiss as minor the shifting of your consciousness from a focus on lack or pain or judgment up to a focus on the higher realms of love or joy or compassion, but do not be fooled! Shifting your energy, *really* shifting it deep down, *has more positive effect on the world and all of the sentient and non-sentient beings in it than an outwardly 'nice' action done with resentment or guilt or 'shouldness' ever will.*

Remember that you are not your bodies, dear ones. You *have* a body, but you are not your body. Your bodies are *delightful* tools - miraculous on a scale that is breathtaking to even the most evolved amongst us - but in the end, they are still just tools. Your body ceasing to function as you would like in **no** way corresponds to, or in any way diminishes, the beauty and radiance and perfect wholeness of your soul – the truth of who you are. You come from wholeness and return to wholeness – alas, often forgetting much of that wholeness in between.

Remember your wholeness *now*, when the restlessness strikes.

Messages from the Guides: Love Letters from the Other Side

Breathe into that pull toward something . . . *more*.

Breathe into who you truly are and shift *up*.

No struggle, no fear, no angst or worry. Just relax into Who You Are, and feel the effortless, joyous *lift* into your true state of being . . . into *more*.

Messages from the Guides: Love Letters from the Other Side

~ 16 ~

So much deliciousness you miss in the midst of your worry!

Our hearts are with you, dear ones, they really are, as you stumble through your Earthly woes. Your hurts, your upsets, your angers. We know that they are oh-so-real to you, and yet we know that they are oh-so-illusionary too.

You take trips to your Earth University to challenge yourself, to learn, to grow, to play. You know in advance that you're going to get a little grungy along the way, and you're eager for the change, eager for the challenges.

Imagine planning a trip to India. You know that it may very well be dirty, hot, poor, challenging, and exhausting. At the same time, you are so excited for the new sights, sounds, languages, smells, foods, and cultures. You know that you won't mind a bit of dirt or a crabby taxi driver, because it's all part of the experience of *differentness*. While you are in the midst of all of that differentness, you will delight in the experience because you know that it is not forever, it is not your home. You will be returning to your neat, clean home, state, country. You will not be trapped in the dirt or poverty, so you are not worried about being in the midst of it.

Your earthly lives are the same, dear ones. Earth is not your home - it is your trip, your college experience, your temporary jaunt. Before you go into a new Earthly life, you are so excited about the *messiness* that you will experience. You are as excited as a kid leaving for college, ready for new horizons, new experiences, new stories in the making.

And then you are born, and you forget. Sigh. Such is the price of the ticket.

But do not despair, for you have remembered enough of your original plan to draw this message into your experience. Take a moment now, NOW, as you read this, to close your eyes and REMEMBER.

Remember that you are Perfect.

Messages from the Guides: Love Letters from the Other Side

Remember that you are Loved.

Remember that EVERYTHING around you, and within you, is unfolding within the grace and protection of God's loving heart.

There are no mistakes. There are no wrong actions. There are only experiences. Some pleasant, some not - the choice between those determined solely by your inner state, the meaning that you give each experience.

Relax, dear one, and take comfort. You are not off track, you have not lived wrong, you are not failing. You are just *experiencing*. Only, always, and forever just *experiencing*.

We are with you on your journey. Relax and know that all is well.

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~ 17 ~

Love yourself. It is the *most important* first step.

Love the parts of you that feel hurt and betrayed.

Love the parts of you that are scared.

Love the parts of you that are quivering in the corner, waiting for a dark shadow to fall across the floor.

Love the parts of you that are terrified that the frail threads connecting you to all that you love will be snapped cruelly and casually. Permanently.

Love the parts of you that don't understand why the rules of the game aren't honoring that which is fair.

Love the parts of you that are bewildered because the good guys are supposed to win.

Love the parts of you that are dismayed and angry and terrified because you fear you have to hide - who you are, what you believe, where you live, who you love.

Love the parts of yourself that are angry. Hot-burning-unladylike-angry.

Love the parts of you that feel helpless, hopeless, because they don't know how to fight back. Don't know how to make a difference.

Love the parts of you that just want to cry, to give voice to the sadness that has linked generations, friends, strangers, together.

Love the parts of you that feel weak, abandoned, forgotten, betrayed.

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For make no mistake about it, your weakness is only an illusion. Your core - Who You Are - is strength born of Love. Grace, Beauty, Truth - and always, always Love.

Do not try to pretend away your sadness, dear one. Honor it and have a weep. Have a wail, have a scream. Repeat as necessary. And when the sadness, the horror, the anger have drained . . . rise up. Rise up in the shining strength that is Who You Are. Rise up in your Truth, in Power, in Love.

And then go act. The size of the act matters not, only the direction. Go in the direction of grace and humanity and goodness and love. Lift a hand to help a neighbor, a friend, a stranger, yourself. Do not be paralyzed with fear or indecision or doubt - just . . . act. And act and act and act.

Your power will come. Action begets action begets power.

Trust, dear ones. Feel, honor, love, and act. You are a part of a warrior tribe of Love.

And Love trumps hate.

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~ 18 ~

Dear ones, we present a moment of choice. Revel in Who You Are, or continue to suffer?

Now, we can feel your panic at the abruptness of our question. "But, but . . . I know that I am so much more than who I fear I am, but I can't just . . . switch and KNOW my true nature just like *that*. There's no justice in the Universe if I'm required to switch now or be doomed!"

No, dear ones, there would be NO justice if that were the Grand Plan. But hear us now. There *is* a Plan and it is a good one. You get to choose. Now and now and now. And if *this* moment doesn't work, you get *this* moment instead. And if *that* moment doesn't work, you can choose *this* one. Round and round, on and on. Choice after choice, compassionate opportunity after opportunity. The time to choose is now. But it is also now and now and now.

For here's the thing, you are never but one choice away from Knowing your true nature. One choice from breathing deeply, turning within, and Knowing. And when you are there – within – your judgements fall away and you remember the Magic. The magic of Who You Are.

For make no mistake, you are Magic. The Universe runs through your veins, the stars are in your soul. There is no difference between Who You Are and the Majestic One that you pray to, save for awareness.

You are Majestic. Royal. Regal. Raise your face to the sun in glory and revel in your golden halo, your radiance. Revel in the Love that you are.

Choose, this moment, to Know. To Remember. Or this moment, or this moment, or this one. You can't do it wrong. You can't be late. Every moment is new again.

Choose.

Remember.

This moment.

Namaste.

Messages from the Guides: Love Letters from the Other Side

~ 19 ~

Come, dear ones.

Step with us into a realm of neither sleep nor time.

Slide gently with us into the sweet agar of Becomingness.

Slip lightly into the Beyond, the formlessness, the ocean of All That May Be.

Join us where all possibilities exist.

For it is here for you, dear ones. Before you have the thought, before you write the dream, before you hold the vision in your mind . . . there is a field, an ocean, a wild expanse. A realm outside of all realms that is POSSIBILITY.

ALL may be formed here. All *IS* formed here.

Crumbs, rockets, children, gold. From the nothingness, comes all. From a Source so powerful, so pure, so radically charging forth with Life comes all. From a miasma pulsing with heart-pounding excitement, with a breathless desire to burst forth into . . . FORM. Boundless energy quivering with restraint, as a kernel of corn JUST this side of popping. Waiting, waiting to be called forth into SOMETHING. Into physical form. Into beingness with size and shape and wanted-ness.

Dream, dear ones. Dream and hope. To create. To call forth. To physical-ize. Your wish is your Power. Your word is your Power. Say. Claim. Command.

We are here to flagrantly fill your wildest desires.

Ask us. *Ask us*. ASK. US.

It is all here. Waiting in the infinite. Waiting to blossom into your life. Waiting to find its Home.

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You are magic. A wave of your hand, of your thoughts, leaves light twinkling in its wake, like sparkles of sunlight on water. Magically dancing on a surface rich with wonders.

Ask. We are here to say Yes.

Ask. We are here to help.

ASK.

Namaste.

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~ 20 ~

The time has come to open.

Open hearts that are clenched, constricted, strangled with iron bands of judgment and fear.

Open minds that are locked, fixed, in the same unformed shape as in youth and never opened further - or worse, closed down and narrowed from the openness that was once embraced.

Open arms . . . and then close again to encircle those hard to touch, hard to trust or see or feel. Sometimes those who are invisible. Sometimes those who take up too much space. Sometimes those that are sharp.

Open the way you see the world. What is okay, and what is okay to say NO to. What is okay to run ahead with, laughing and skipping through the clean grass. And when it is okay to close and bar the door as the most protective, loving move on the chessboard.

Open to self-love. The greatest love. The greatest difficulty. The hero's quest whose very existence is unknown to so many. The most essential jewel in our collection - one to have in the center of the room, but not always on display. One to bring out to those who will honor, understand, SEE. And other times to bring out to inspire, to rock, to shake up the status quo.

Open.

Open.

Open.

Yes.

Messages from the Guides: Love Letters from the Other Side

~ 21 ~

Love is twisting, turning, bending . . . when you want to break.

Love is breathing deeply . . . when you want to scream or snap or keen.

Love is looking in to the dark places of your own heart when you want to rage against the wrong, wrong, wrong that another has done to you . . . and forgiving those same trespasses that you have wrought unto yourself.

Love is weeping gently, powerfully, cleansingly when you have cleared the devastation through hard-fought, much-pondered forgiveness.

Love is healing a relationship when you just want to stay mad.

Love is taking that damn colossal hike up to the high road when the low road is easier and shady and has so much company along the way.

Love is loving when you want to be mad. Reaching out when you want to fume and steam and pout and slam.

Love is sweating out the hard conversations. Love is rocking the boat when staying still just won't do.

Love is being bigger than you want to be.

Love is remembering the fun and the good when the deliciousness of bitterness is calling.

Love is surrendering to that which you know your soul is calling you forth into. Calling you *up* into.

Love is loosening your battle-scarred armor and exposing raw, fragile skin.

Love is remembering gratitude and love and appreciation.

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Love is remembering the way someone's heart feels.

Love is remembering the sacred connection of souls wrapped up in a messy human package.

Love is remembering, and forgetting, and Remembering.

Messages from the Guides: Love Letters from the Other Side

~ 22 ~

We speak now to you of love. Yes, we know . . . something new. Right??

The love that emanates from your planet is an exquisite thing to watch from our perspective. We can see the interplay of energy around your globe - watch the Light shifting, ebbing, flowing around the world as you love or don't. We see *explosions* of love burst forth, almost mushroom-cloud style, following a great national or world tragedy. The triggering event is horrible certainly - from the human perspective - but we wish we could convey to you, dear ones, how wonderfully over-balancing, how over-responsive, the response of love is. It would melt and warm and soothe and heal your hearts to see the *outpouring* of love around the globe that happens after a mass killing is splayed across the world's news stations. The amount of love absolutely dwarfs the amount of hate that triggered the initial event.

Following the attacks on 9/11, the globe was *lit up* in a way that we rarely see. Your world GLOWED with love. With inexpressible *heartbreak* as well, to be sure, but the LOVE made us breathless with awe.

We know that it is not conducive to daily life, in your current cultures, to be intensely tuned-in to and expressing the love that you are made of and naturally emit, but following a human-level tragedy, the vast majority of you on the planet focus in a way that is rarely seen otherwise. You put aside your usual thoughts of grocery shopping and math homework and stock prices, and focus on *love*. You send love to those who died, were hurt, will never see their loved ones again. You send love to the aid workers, the ministers, the unnamed and unrecognized Good Samaritans. You send love with every fiber of your beings, even while you give thanks that it wasn't you or your loved ones. You remember to be in a full-out state of gratitude for *what* you have, and *whom* you have. You give thanks for your health and your ability to call and see your loved ones and your ability to continue on with your daily life the same as you did before. You solidly connect to your gratitude and your compassion and your love for all of those other heartbreakingly beautiful humans like yourselves that did not have the same end to their stories.

We know that your tragedies rip your collective hearts apart, and that those that take the lives of children leave you panting with anger and rage. And we understand. *We. Understand.* Just do not be fooled into thinking that the sum total of emotions that increase following such an event are those of hate. The hate and rage are there, *of course*, but there is only rage when there is deep caring below, and

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the force of the world's caring and flat-out love rises up and shines more brightly following those times of dark than at any other time. (Well, some holidays, like Christmas, are also amazing - you do glow so beautifully on Christmas.)

So take what comfort you can from that thought - that following the darkness of trauma and hate and murder comes the brightest that your planet gets. The darkness truly does precede the dawn. A dawn that you each instinctively create - otherwise inconsequential individuals unconsciously linking together, creating a species-wide web of GOODNESS and LOVE and CONSCIOUSNESS-SHIFTING POWER.

Do not be fooled into thinking that your reactions do not make a difference. The love that erupts following a tragedy move humankind forward far more than the tragedy and the rage and the heartbreak move it back. While we would never advocate for tragedy as a conscious method of evolving the wisdom of the collective heart, know that with each tragedy, you DO collectively shift ahead, shift up, shift deeper. You end better - collectively - than you were before. For each individual involved? No, definitely not at the human level. But collectively? Yes. It is a wildly expensive way to move the global consciousness forward, but move it forward it does.

Take this knowledge deep into yourself and let it sit. Let yourself sit with the idea of carrying and projecting that level of compassion and love every day. Without tragedies, without horror. Just a direct-line connection to your love and compassion for all individuals, all families, all nations.

The glow of love that radiates from your precious Earth is not rivaled anywhere else - your *particular* juxtaposition of physical destruction and the purity of your love. Keep with the purity, dear ones. Glow with love when there is nothing more triggering it than that you woke up in the morning. Make your world glow, light, up, dance . . . just because another day has dawned.

Namaste, dear ones. We love you.

Messages from the Guides: Love Letters from the Other Side

~ 23 ~

There is an ongoing battle, when human, for Consciousness. For Remembering. It is part of your very human design to cease remembering the gloriousness of Who You Are. The real you, the one eternal. But such a difficult design it is.

For should you Remember, you would know that you are a brilliant, adored, glowing Light that is music and rippling water and Love. You would know that you sparkle with the knowledge of how absolutely AMAZING you are. Amazing in a way that amplifies how uniquely amazing *every one* of you are. Just as two waves come together and crest higher for having met, so is the amplification that happens when you are gathered with other dear ones. Your gloriousness is bright. *Bright*. BRIGHT. You are naturally effervescent, and yet oh so grounded in your *Knowing* of God's love for you. Of your lovability. There is not even a *question* of worthiness, for the concept is irrelevant. OF COURSE you are wholeheartedly lovable and amazing. Every part of you. It is such a given that it is never even considered as a topic of discussion. It is as assumed and subconsciously appreciated as is air on Earth. Your value is *involute*.

Yet it so often does not feel so to you on Earth. It so often feels as if your value is tied to your shoes or hair or wallet or thighs. To how your mother feels about you. To what you do in exchange for money. To . . . anything.

But oh, dear ones, there is nothing further from the truth. Hear us now and hear us true - you are heart-achingly beautiful. You glow. You flit. You bring resonant wonder to the Universe, borne on the trailing waves of your thoughts and deeds and creations.

Please, dear ones . . . believe us. *Feel* the truth in our words. Put away the ego's taunts that we are but figments with fairy tales of pap. We travel to you from oh so far away, and yet from a space as close as your own heart, to remind you of what you naturally know when you are living free of Earth's boundaries.

Remember for a moment, dear ones. Let yourself Remember. Feel the warm glow of your amazingness. Feel how you are adored. Feel how you are loved, loved, loved.

Messages from the Guides: Love Letters from the Other Side

Remember and believe.

Remember and receive.

Remember and relax.

Remember.

Namaste.

Messages from the Guides: Love Letters from the Other Side

~ 24 ~

Let our words flow through you.

Let our love reignite the fathomless love that dwells within you, is the very essence of your bones and blood and cells.

Let our peace pervade your senses, flowing gently, completely, into all the cracks that rent your peace.

Let our understanding flood you, so you are filled with wonder that leaves you speechless, breathless, at the *minuteness* of the exquisite beauty that our dearest God prepares for us daily.

Let our presence comfort you. Let yourself nestle into the goodness that is our unconditional love, acceptance, and joy in Who You Are.

Let our joy lighten you, whisking you into the highest realms of Creation.

Let our belief in you bolster you. Feel the bedrock of our faith in the mind-blowing amazingness of YOU. The sparkling, wonderful, Perfection of the truest nature of You.

You make our heart ache with the Beauty of who you are, while we know that entrenched in the human experience as you are, it is all but impossible for you to feel that beauty yourselves. We know that you so often feel crooked, cracked, and warty. But, oh, know that that is just the caul that weighs upon those with Earthly eyes, beckoning you to criticize and despair in that which you are, or who you so-mistakenly believe yourselves to be.

Oh, dear ones, you are so exquisitely beautiful that we could watch you for hours . . . days . . . time immemorial - for you are fascinating. You are the most beautiful, brave soldiers that exist in this universe. Those that are willing to step away from Paradise and head to war, to a land where rights have a wrong, births have a death, and joys have devastations. You left this land of Beauty without Challenge to be soldiers of learning. Forging ahead, veiled from knowing the totality of the skills and talents that

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you truly possess, to advance the collective understanding and greater good for us all. You are the rock stars of our Universe.

And so now we say Thank You for your Warrior Spirits, for your willingness to walk the hard road of Earthly experience. Know that we are here for you, with you. A whole component of us for each of you. Walking with you. Interfering never, but available with delight *always*.

Do ask us, dear ones. For help, for support, for cheering on, for guidance. For connection, for love, for assurance. We are here to remind you of that which you cannot remember easily on Earth.

You are sacred, dear ones. Extraordinary. We love you and cheer you.

Namaste.

Messages from the Guides: Love Letters from the Other Side

~ 25 ~

Today we speak to you of love, for it is a topic that we can never speak of enough. For really, it is the only thing.

Yes, yes, there are a million, billion other things . . . but no. Not really. Only the one. Only love.

It is only love that leads the way on how to connect to others. Only love that leads the way on how to share yourself - your gifts, your hopes and dreams, your gut-wrenching fears.

It is only love that allows you to risk opening enough to truly feel SEEN and KNOWN, warts and magnificence all.

It is only love that allows you to breathe deep and say *This Is Me*. This is who God created me as and who I have grown into - who I have Become. And am Becoming. Always, always Becoming.

Love is your bridge from Me to We. From I to Us. Through love, you find another. Find yourselves.

Through love. Always, only love.

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~ 26 ~

What's all this grumpiness? What's all this crabbiness? Don't you realize that you are in the midst of a delicious, delicious road trip? You are in Hawaii on the golden shores with a cool drink in your hand. You are at the peak of a mountain, with fresh air and trees all around you and a gorgeous vista as far as you can see. You are an explorer, an adventurer, off on the adventure of a lifetime. That is what your human life is. You LOVE incarnating for your trips to earth. You get so excited, you plan all the details. You have glorious visions of what you will learn, see, do. You make plans for who you will meet and what you will join up to do together, or who you will birth together. There is nothing about the upcoming trip that you are not excited about.

But what do we see now? We see you sitting on the couch, snarled up in a ball of grump. You *know* that there is deliciousness all around you - yours for the asking - yet you *knowingly* choose to sit and be a lump of grump. Ah, we feel you lightening up now. That is good.

This human experience of yours is the crown jewel in the universe. No, you will not always feel the best while you are human. You will not know all that you know when you are in other states. You may experience physical pain or loss or fear. But we tell you this, dear ones, you LOVE being human. You bounce on the balls of your figurative feet when you are in the planning stages for your next trip. You KNOW that you will spend some time slogging through the blech that comes with being human, but you also keenly know, and highly anticipate, the deliciousness.

When you are non-physical, you do not experience contrast. You are surrounded by beauty and peace and joy and happiness, but . . . sometimes it's fun to have a little challenge. What would a video game be without new levels to climb to? What would sports be without new levels to master? What would art be without further and further reaches into beauty and self-expression? And what would an eternal existence be without times to learn and grown and remember that it's *all* about love - whether in the midst of peace or challenges?

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~ 27 ~

We can hear you wondering what else there is to say, as it seems to have all been said before. So here is the truth. Love is the only real thing. The rest is illusion or misunderstanding.

Now . . . read the millions and millions of words that have been written to try to help you understand that one idea. That *singular* idea that changes *everything*. The millennia of writings about those words is an individual and collective effort to try to grow, grasp, comprehend. It is an attempt to stretch very human brains beyond Rumi's field of right-doing and wrong-doing and meet in the peace beyond.

When you have great inner noise and convoluted thinking, you need to read a significant number of words in the opposite direction of what you were taught, or have told yourselves, in order to make a dent in your thinking. Read to correct. To grow. To counterbalance. One sees the Light, then shares the words about it with others whom are still in the darkness. And so it goes. A chain of humanity waking up one soul at a time. It's slow, tedious, and heart-achingly beautiful and sacred.

We are with you, dear ones, as you make the journey to belief, understanding, euphoria. We are holding the vision. Our beloved God long ago wrote the ethereal book with the stand-alone Truths. We lovingly watch over you as you are in the Earth-school research library, and celebrate as each of you DINGS with understanding and arrives at our reading table, ready to absorb, and live, the Truth. Welcome, dear ones. We await you and celebrate you.

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~ 28 ~

Always remember, dear ones, that you are the brave ones. Always remember that you have taken on a journey in which you pledged fearlessness.

Remember that you delighted in the challenges that were to come and reveled in the complexity of the upcoming journey.

Remember that you came fully armed. You built your toolbox to meet the circumstances that would arise, as you also built the challenges needed to trigger the growth that you desired.

There is no one to blame for what you are not liking now, for there is nothing that is not in Perfect alignment. Tough news, we know, for you to hear through Earthly ears, but true nonetheless. You did not come here for a free, easy ride. You came to grow, learn, stretch, revel. You came to triumph in the challenge course and feel the sweet taste of victory - in this case, the loving connection with your own soul while firmly planted in the middle of the Earth school.

You came to be triumphant, but that does not mean the same thing from your soul's perspective as it does from your human perspective. We are not talking financial riches or sprawling mansions - though those are nice, we certainly understand. No, we are talking about PEACE. GROWTH. UNDERSTANDING. Connection with Spirit in all that you do. THOSE are the true riches and the ones that you descended to Earth eager to experience.

Keep the faith through your times of human darkness, for ALL. IS. WELL. We know that this is difficult to delve into with abandon, but please, dear ones, trust us. Your soul's path - both individually and as nations, as a species - is unfolding with harmony and balance. There are forces that you cannot know, see, or feel in constant motion and all is moving forward toward the collective intention for ultimate reunification with God. All WILL reunite with Source in peace one day.

Keep the faith, dear ones. There are strands of peace woven into what appears to be chaos, but the larger picture has yet to crystallize for Earthly eyes. We assure you though, the pattern that is Becoming is stunning.

Messages from the Guides: Love Letters from the Other Side

~ 29 ~

We speak to you of the Mystery.

Bewitching. Enchanting. Unknown . . . And all the more enticing for it.

The great Unknown that women have asked the Great Mother to reveal to them, pass to them as the Sacred Milk. The great Unknown that man has sought to understand and master for millennia.

The millennia's Secret does not reveal herself easily. She does not come out for the faint of heart, for the impatient, for the cold. She reveals herself only slowly. Unwinding as if a contented lover.

The Mystery.

The ages echo with your clanging cries to understand. We hear your thousands upon thousands of overlapping calls to God to honor, and to ask . . . Why?

Why?

The Mystery.

Why are you here? Why do your lungs breathe and your veins pump and your thoughts race and unfold and delight? Why do birds crack from eggs and fruit from seed? Why do you think and laugh and build? Why do you overcome and persevere? *Why* you wonder. Always you wonder.

And it all comes back to Love. Breathe to love, birth to love, quest to love, work to love. All that you do . . . for love.

The circuit is closed. Nothing is created or destroyed. Nothing escapes or is lacking. All cycles again and again and again. And all in the cycle of Love. The reason you exist, breathe, love, learn, quest, work. Love.

Messages from the Guides: Love Letters from the Other Side

~ 30 ~

Do not be afraid, dear ones, for you know not what is prevailing upon you. You know not of the gentle winds to come, but we are here to whisper them to you. It is not our job to reveal, to provoke, to unveil . . . but we can be here to comfort.

You are not failing in the darkness. You are simply pausing in the midst of a rush. Rushes *down* by circumstance, rushes back *up* from will . . . and *goodwill*. Strenuously holding to the middle, you are - fighting like hell not to crash, to be sprawled with a smash and crash and bang at the bottom.

You do not need to smash at the bottom. You do not need to keep going through the depths of pain that you have been. But neither do you need to cling to the middle. You can release, let go, open wide, and float . . . up. Let the warm gentle lift of Spirit and “chance” and predestiny and talent and intention buoy you up until you feel Real.

You do not need to tie yourself down with rocks, but neither do you need to force yourself up. Just . . . rise. Float. Allow.

Allow.

Trust

Breath.

Enjoy.

Namaste. All is well. Always, in all ways.

Messages from the Guides: Love Letters from the Other Side

~ 31 ~

Hello dear ones.

We talk to you now about body-love. About looking down at what is and loving it. Period.

About staying in loving connection with who you truly are, regardless of the packaging.

Of Knowing yourself as magnificent, irrespective of your shape.

Of being so strong in the *Knowing* of who you are that you remain rock-solid - a bedrock of faith - even if you can pinch an inch. Or two or three. Or taugt skin over bone. Or have broken parts. Or missing parts.

Fat is in no way connected to Who You Are. Skinny is in no way connected to Who You Are. Nor is number of limbs, ability of your senses, “normalness” of your appearance, or any of the other -isms that you use to think of yourself as badly different or not of God.

Does it feel good to be in shape? Absolutely. Will you have more energy and feel cleaner? Yep, that too.

Does it have even a smidgen to do with who you truly are? Nope. Not even a single tiny little bit.

Love yourself, dear ones.

Just do it.

Messages from the Guides: Love Letters from the Other Side

~ 32 ~

Love yourself, dear ones.

There is no greater purpose or power in the world. *Love yourself!*

You cannot afford *not* to. The world cannot afford for you not to. You have gifts that were given ONLY to you. You have gifts that you alone were designed to bring forth into *this* world at *this* time.

Your piece matters and everyone is looking for it. Hiding your piece of the puzzle in the shag carpet under the couch because you don't think it's as interesting as that *other* piece over there with the cool colors on it Just. Doesn't. Help. Your piece will eventually be THE missing piece that would have made the whole thing complete.

For now look. The whole room is . . . Sad. Empty. Incomplete. Everyone is fidgety and restless. No one looks at the puzzle with the *one missing piece* and feels satisfaction, completion, contentment, inspiration. They just feel that irritable, jangly feeling that comes with One. Missing. Piece. No one looks at a puzzle with one missing piece and says that the puzzle is better off because the colors that were on that one particular piece weren't their favorite anyway. No one even minds if that last piece is a little chewed up by the dog and kinda bent. No. Everyone *rejoices* when that last piece is found. *Your* piece.

You know we speak truth. You've been there. There is a collective "aaahhh" and the shoulders relax on everyone around the table when the last piece is found, lifted, and triumphantly snapped into place.

You. Are. That. *Treasured*, sought-after piece. *You* complete the whole.

Show up. Now. As you are.

Dog eared, dog-chewed. Just show up.

All will celebrate when you arrive.

Messages from the Guides: Love Letters from the Other Side

~ 33 ~

Dear ones, we are so happy to be with you. There is much to speak to you about and there is much need in your hearts for the words that we are here to share.

You do not need to do anything except love one another. That is what the ultimate action plan is. Details, details, details. . . Yes, those are for you to figure out, but the truth is, as long as the plan is rooted in love, then it is a good plan. It does not matter who comes up with the plan or who executes the plan or who writes the plan down and shares it with others. But the plan must be of love. Of grounded, heartfelt-stewardship of the sanctity of all lives involved. Of honoring the spirit and nature of each soul on this planet.

We are not advocating that you ignore your real-world realities. We understand that you have nations and laws and rules that have been put in place. We understand that you cannot give all to everyone, or you would empty yourselves.

And there is the paradox. If you give all from a place of us-and-them, it is true that you will run out – of time, of hope, of energy. If, however, you center yourselves in your collective selves, you will never run out. The fishes will multiply. The loaves will provide slice after slice after slice.

When you come from a centered place of love, of knowing who you truly are, and who those you help truly are, there is automatically, magically enough for ALL. Immediately? No. With current collective beliefs and mindsets and ways of thinking? No. But once the 100th monkey turns and the critical mass understands the true nature of ALL involved, then Yes.

Love is always the key, dear ones. Always. Loving and knowing your true nature – the true nature of EVERYONE. From there, all things are possible and there is always enough. You are always enough.

Always.

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~ 34 ~

It is so important, dear ones, to listen your Higher Self. Your Higher Self resides on the same plane as ourselves, and it is a most wondrous thing. It is the seat of ultimate wisdom, love, compassion, humor, and joy. It is in direct contact with our one true source, God. It is unique to you alone, yet inextricably linked to the glorious sea of the divine. Your Higher Self is a drop of God.

That drop of God is what you rightly are. As such, you have access to all the divine guidance you could ever want at any given moment.

The catch is that there are many human level choices that you could make that cloud the signal and make it very difficult to hear. The information is ALWAYS available, but your choices can make the signal cloudy. Food, stress, drugs, lack of fresh-air-and-sunshine-and-good-sex-and-laughter - those all dim your signal and increase your sense that you are alone, that you are in this thing as a solo traveler. There is nothing further from the truth, but lives full of busy-ness and grey-ness can make it feel so.

We are so proud of you in your searchings, dear ones. So proud of your reach to hear the whisperings of your Higher Self. We know that this process is stretching you and we are so, so grateful that you are game to give it a try. We are sending you support in more ways than we can describe.

Until next time, rest and be well, dear ones. Namaste.

Messages from the Guides: Love Letters from the Other Side

~ 35 ~

You forget Who You Are, or you would not fret.

You forget Who You Are, or you would not doubt.

You forget Who You Are, or you would not fear.

Who you are is golden-ness, light, dancing rainbows of joy.

You are the embodiment of the fulfillment of the Creator. Physical expression of Life itself. The leading edge of Life experiencing life.

You are greatness and love and goodness and joy. You are courage and daring and triumph and strength. You are compassion and tenderness, mercy in action.

You are wonderment incarnate. The Creator's finest achievement. Her grandest expression of Self.

Remember Who You Are and be still.

Remember Who You Are and be assured.

Remember Who You Are and be at peace.

Messages from the Guides: Love Letters from the Other Side

~ 36 ~

Hello dear ones. We are so glad to be with you.

We speak to you now about peace. We are not talking about summits at the UN or olive branches across the Middle East. We are talking about the peace that will *truly* change things. The peace of uniting your Soul's desires with your inner thoughts and your outer actions.

You may feel powerless in the face of nations, peoples, religions at war . . . like you are a helpless speck. On the human level, there is actually great truth in that - but *only* on the human level. For here's the thing . . . the level of global peace - or lack thereof - is a barometer of the state of inner peace of its inhabitants. It is not possible to have a world war in effect on a planet full of those who are at peace with themselves. It is not possible to have a massive outbreak of violence and destruction and "us vs. them" if there is not a massive "Self vs. self" battle raging within the hearts of the majority of those around the globe.

Your collective consciousness is a perfect mirror of the totality of individual evolution. In just the way that your personal outer reality is *always* a reflection of your inner reality, your collective outer world is *always* a reflection of your collective inner worlds. To the person. There are, of course, those who are peaceful in the midst of violence and atrocity, but they are not in the majority on the planet. The majority have not yet found peace, or wars and strife would no longer be an issue.

The surest way to peace - or rather - the *ONLY* way to peace, is for the majority of souls around the planet to come into peace *with themselves*. Who they are, who they love, what they stand for, how they express their gifts, how they think of God, how they think of themselves. Only when the majority of souls *KNOW* themselves as souls having a human experience will the outer levels of peace so desperately wished for come to be.

In the face of dire news reports and catastrophic happenings, the *MOST VALUABLE THING* you can do is center yourself. Become the peace that is absent from the situation. Hold the energy of peace so entirely that nothing can shake it. It is not yours to judge the situation, or who is to blame, or what "should" happen. Just be . . . still. And at the same time, be peaceful with a ferocity as if the world

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depended on it. On you. For it does, dear ones, it does. The earthly conflicts around you, or directly affecting you, will continue on unabated if the level of global consciousness continues on at the same level as well.

Be. Peaceful.

Find peace within your own soul.

Hold fiercely to your peace in the midst of great outer forces.

Your peace will save us all. Yours and yours and yours and yours and yours.

Namaste.

Amen.

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~ 37 ~

Power beyond measure, you are.

Power enough for all that you desire, all that you yearn to do.

Power enough to carve mountains, swim seas, still forests.

Power enough to hear the Infinite as she whispers to you, "Believe, believe, believe."

Power enough to hear the songs of angels, the prayers of saints, the cries of sinners. Power enough to hear all, see all, love all.

Power enough to roam free across the lands. Seeing all. Loving all.

There is power in your seeing. In your loving. Power to heal, to bind, to calm.

There is power in your strength. The strength that is silent, all-moving, all-loving.

The power moves through you. Uncalled, unquelled. Natural and unstoppable and with the force of a thousand angels.

Power is your gift. Your right. Your heritage.

Power is your nature.

Namaste.

Messages from the Guides: Love Letters from the Other Side

~ 38 ~

Shine your beauty and your brilliance!

Let your talents show . . . radiate . . . inspire!

Your True Self is a gift for others to witness, naked in its glory and raw in its power.

For your True Self has no ego, no ploy, no guile. It does not seek attention or acknowledgement. It shines for the sake of shining as it knows not anything else. It shines to express the glory of itself, while grounded and humble in its innocence.

As a baby radiates joy simply for the sake of joy, so does your True Self. Times a hundred, a million, a billion. It seeks nothing, takes nothing, asks nothing.

But oh, it gives so much.

Your True Self gives everyone it touches - energetically or face-to-face - a lift. A bump. A boost into the sparking joy that is Spirit, your source and your home.

Your True Self fears not, wants not, demands not. It just . . . radiates.

Let your Self shine, dear one. Let the true nature of Who You Are radiate out into the farthest reaches of Light and Sound and touch all that it passes with love and goodness.

Let your Self guide, dear one. A beacon of clarity and Knowing. A deep calm, always.

Let your Self teach, dear one. Not what to do, but how to be. How to *allow*. And too, teach others how to allow their own great radiant Selves to shine through.

Your bravery to *show*, your willingness to express the truth of Who You Are, is the key to all. It is the key to unlocking the world, one heart, one soul at a time.

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Be brave. Be calm. Shine.

Your True Self kneels in thanks.

Messages from the Guides: Love Letters from the Other Side

~ 39 ~

We come to you with good tidings, for we wish to remind you that Life is sooo much larger than is commonly known or thought about on Earth. Life is rainbow layers, expanding dimensions, sparkles across time. Life happens at all times and in no time at all - synchronous activity and nothing actually "happening".

Life is seventeen layers of simultaneous existence, a symphony of riches and experiences and textures. Life is an expanding field, limitless - yet cozy. Gorgeous. Life is wild, raw, expansive, daring. Life has no edges but for the leading edge. Life is ever expanding into new territory, new realms of experience, thought, sound, energy. Life is seventeen layers of pink and crimson and chartreuse, yet no color at all.

Life is a living, breathing, organic Presence, evolving and growing while housing those who evolve and grow. Life births us into the eternity of our own Beingness, midwives us forward into our own journeys, supports us across our eternity of days, and is our retreat of sweet repose when it is time for our ultimate rest.

Life is vibrant, galactic, effusive. Life is joy and wonder and heart-aching Beauty. Life is mischievous and sprightly, light on its toes - and resonantly grounded for all time.

Life is exquisite, wondrous, crystalline.

Life is Who You Are.

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~ 40 ~

Oh, to be freshly young and sweet with innocence! To know not the sting of self-judgment. To know not the stab of self-hate.

This is the state we wish for you. That of translucent joy, of unquestioned wonder. Wonder at who you are, how the world works, at the miracles unfolding around you every moment, every day.

Try to remember, dear ones, what that sweet innocence was like. Try to remember the time before you cursed yourself with shoulds and self-crucifixion and recriminations.

It is there, waiting for you. That sweet innocence of your true self. Your natural state of purity and grace and wonder.

Remember, dear ones. It is there for you to revisit, reclaim. It is there for you, as close as a breath.

Breathe.

Remember.

Return.

Messages from the Guides: Love Letters from the Other Side

~ 41 ~

There is a wonderful world that opens when you lift your face to the Light and say Yes. Yes to all that you were created to be. Yes to the opportunities that are liltng around you, like a joyous summer breeze. Yes to the dreams that have swirled and floated in the recesses of your mind. Yes to the timid whispers of hope that are in the dark corners.

Yes to that which scares you the most. Yes to the stirrings of your soul that are so important to you that you don't even dare to acknowledge their existence. Yes to those futures that you covet, hoard, choke with your longing and desire . . . and nearly kill in the doing of it. Those hopes that are so secret, so beautiful, so fragile that you daren't let them out to see the light of day.

Those are the dreams that our Soul has to come fill, but there is Karma to pay first, Karma of a thousand lives that says, mockingly, cruelly, "you can't do . . . THAT." Karma that contemptuously, casually, annihilates the smallest tendril of the dream that you have nurtured into a single sprout. Have dared to hope could blossom from a single blade into a free-running, riotous bloom of color and growth and lush, verdant LIFE. A growing, thriving - even self-sustaining - thing. Something that is so meant-to-be that, one created, riotously multiplies in joyful abandon, filling the hole in your Soul and God's place for it in the world.

But first there is Now. Karma. Beliefs. Decisions. Misunderstandings. Vows. Iron-clad obligations. First they must be cleared. Slayed. Healed. Released.

So pull out your gardening shears, dear ones. Face the wall . . . nay, the *fortress*, that surrounds you, made of twining vines so thick and strong as to fortify an empire of wrong thinking. Outdated obligations. Lifetimes of misunderstandings. Pull out those shears and take a deep, deep breath. The deepest you've ever taken. For this is not for the weak. It is for the broken, the terrified, the hopeless, the bereft. It is for every soul that has a fortress of thorns and poison so densely woven around them that they cannot see the Sun. So thick that they know the Light is there only through their faith.

And so you reach out.

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Clip.

One vine cut. One segment, one foot.

Clip.

One more. Insignificant. Two snips that will change nothing. Snips that the malevolent vines will grow over and absorb without a notice. But to *you* . . . two cuts. It's possible. The vines CAN be cut. They CAN be broken.

And so you snip. Feeling the overwhelming hopelessness of a prisoner digging out by teaspoon. But you snip.

And snip.

And snip.

And the mood starts to shift. The vines become angry. Affronted. Incredulous. YOU dare to cut US??? YOU dare to assert yourself from the rotting, dank corner that you have trembled in for so long that we dismissed you? YOU think to be the White Knight and slay US??? You feel their mocking . . . tightening . . . slithering and strengthening . . . even as you continue to cut.

And cut.

And cut.

And one day, there it is. Blue. Sky. Air. Sunlight. Goodness so rich and RIGHT that you had almost forgotten it existed.

But now you see it and now you KNOW. Know with every fiber of your being that you have been on the right track all along. When you couldn't remember the fresh scent of air, when you couldn't remember

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the gentle warmth of the sun, when all you felt was the stank fetidness of despair. But really . . . you *always* KNEW. Remembered. Felt.

And now that which has called and called and called to you can be seen. Felt. Experienced with the delight and joy of a child. You can tip your head back and give thanks with every atom of the Soul that you are, every atom of You from time immemorial - across galaxies and lives and times. You give strength-depleting, all-encompassing thanks to have found the Truth again. You thank so hard that you have nothing left to give. And you are empty. Wonderfully empty.

You have not been crazy. You have not dreamed too hard or for too much. You have Just. Always. Known.

From there, the snips become easier. The thorns and vines and malicious hunger of the cords are still eager to consume, still ravenous. But now they are not so many. Now they can be cut and discarded - almost casually. A mere weed, an irritant.

You. Know.

You. Have. Always. Known.

The light is there. The sun is there. The freedom is there.

Freedom.

You've done it.

You are free.

Messages from the Guides: Love Letters from the Other Side

~ 42 ~

There is a quiet Beauty within you.

There is a thrumming, a vibrating, a radiance. The totality of Who You Are arcs out across time, across space, across distance . . . like a necklace connecting, encircling the Divine and the debased.

You are royalty. You are as a god, infinite with the wonder of the universe as it is molded to represent You.

You are brilliant. Fierce with a terrible power that could seemingly burn all that pulls your attention, were it not for that your power is from Good, from Light, from Love. That your power is from the very Source itself, incompatible with harm and desiring only to serve.

You are beautiful. Powerful. Majestic. Threatening to those who find comfort in smallness, to those who hold prisoner their Truth. Overwhelming to those who want to control or disturb. But, oh . . . so, so beautiful.

Who are you to shrink from your Beauty? Who are you to refuse this gift of Source? This gift of your magnificence.

For make no mistake. You were planned, wanted, desired. Delicately, deftly crafted by our Creator, then lit into life with the softest of Breaths.

You were birthed with Magic. From Source. From the purest of all that is.

Shine. SHINE.

SHINE!!!

And give thanks. And smile. Content.