Heather King



Dying is like being lifted up by your favorite piece of music. You soar, blend, twirl. You feel peace, happiness, beauty. Your place in the world becomes solid, and yet your world is not limited to just *the* world anymore. You are free, light, expansive. Delighted by the feather-light touch of God within you, connected to all things beneath you and around you. No doubts, no worries, just exquisite beauty that is almost, *almost* more than you can bear, but you would not wish away for a single second.

In the earthly world, you know that that song must end. Its nearly unbearable sweetness will come to a close, and you will be left with that slight ache in your heart from the end of its beauty.

But not so death! Death is delightful, unending, ongoing!! How we wish we could erase the image of the Grim Reaper from your minds and the places where your fears live. "Death" should properly be written in big sparkling letters, twinkling like the brightest stars. Death is hot pink! Death is joy! Imagine the way a darling six-year old would decorate a tiara given unlimited diamonds and glitter – that's how sparkly and shiny death feels!

In death, you know all, see all, feel all. Limitations are gone, and you are left with only breathtaking loveliness and delight. You are left nearly gasping with wonder at all of the wonder around you, all of the wonder *within* you. Most especially within you, for with no conscious effort, you Know the beauty of Who You Are. You Know who God created you to be, and you are *all* of it. Every sparkling, shining, glorious bit of you, as designed by your Creator, IS. Gone is any hiding, misunderstanding, confusion, fear or doubt. They slip away so softly and quietly that you won't even notice them go as you return to your natural state.

In death, you are free. In death, you are beauty, peace, joy, love! In death, you come Home and find your Self.

Your gorgeous, radiant, joyful, amazing, glorious Self.

Delightful.



Today is a sacred day. Not because of what the calendar says, not because of what the priest says, not because of the moon. Just because it IS.

You are here on this physical earth to experience love, delight, contrast. The first two are more fun, but the learning comes from the third. Delight in the contrast, and see it as grist for the learning mill. You grow in knowledge, in tenderness, in your capacity to love, each time that you can view contrast neutrally, and choose to find the love and learning within the situation.

Your body may not be as you want it to be. Your body may be near the time that it is to end. Remember, this is not bad, it just IS. Knowing that your body will soon be coming to an end is the greatest experience of contrast that you will ever experience. Just like with anything else, it is a time to lovingly look at what IS, and just keep loving your way through the process. Loving yourself, loving your body, loving God.

Remember that all is sacred, all the time. Your sadness, your anger, your bewilderment. The healthy parts of your body, the ailing parts of your body. Those that know what to say, and those that don't. All are infused with the sacredness of our Creator, you have only to look for it and let it be so.

Today, find the sacredness in all. Find the love in all. Find the divine in all.

So it is, and so we let it be.



The dying process is completely individual, yet absolutely universal. We want to give you, the collective You, the peace of knowing the universal experience.

Dying is a sweet, gentle, loving process. Not on the physical side so much, but on the other side. There is nothing more tender, more joyful, more welcome. It is like the best surprise party EVER, where dear, dear friends that you somehow forgot about spring forth to wrap you in their delighted unconditional Loving. Every new arrival to the delightful cusp of the other side is welcomed with a hero's welcome. A loud outpouring of *rejoicing* that you have returned to the fold. Cheers and admiration and congratulations abound in celebration of the task that you undertook and have so recently completed.

It is a delightful Homecoming. No matter the circumstances of the earthly life just left, the first feelings are those of joy and satisfaction in the journey just lived. It was a mighty road trip, and a damn fine one.

And then the Life Review starts, as well as the pain. Joy too, to be sure, but oh, the pain. You will see, and feel with heartbreaking clarity, all of the times that you chose judgment over love, chose meanness, spite, revenge, smallness. And you will feel what the target of

that smallness felt. And it will hurt. It will burn. It will make your heart break with regret for what you *didn't* choose. Yet under it all will be unconditional, unwavering, unbounded love – for yourself, for others that you knew, for others that you *never* knew. Paradoxically, in the midst of the pain, there is room for nothing but Love.

People hear of this pain, this Life Review, and they shudder. They judge themselves before the fact and ache from even a brief self-accountability of times they've been less than stellar. They fear this review, and the judgment that will come.

But the part that we cannot say enough is that THERE IS NO SELF-JUDGMENT ONCE YOU DIE. THERE IS NO JUDGMENT FROM GOD. In the midst of this Life Review, there is only love, love, love. Stay with us here, sweet humanly ones, do not turn away in disbelief. "Yes, sure, that's true for *some*," you might think, "but that doesn't mean *ME*. They don't mean that *I'll* get to love myself unconditionally while reviewing my life, my foibles, my failures." Yes, dear one, we mean YOU. You that are reading these words RIGHT NOW. No matter when you are reading this, no matter what corner of the globe, no matter what kind of building you pray in, we mean YOU.

Rest assured, dear ones, only unconditional self-love, and love from God, await you.



The Bible teaches that unto everything there is a season, including a time to die. This is so true, dear ones. Dying is not "losing the battle" with a disease. Dying is not a failure, or evidence of a soul not evolved enough or strong enough to overcome it. Dying is what people do. *All* of them.

Where did this notion come from that a life shorter than xx number of years is a tragedy? Will you miss your loved ones horribly? Yes. Or, if it's your turn to go, will they miss *you* horribly? Yes. But it's not *wrong*. It's so divinely perfect that it squeezes our hearts with the beauty of the interwovenness of it all. Not a *one* of you comes back Home without affecting *all* of you, and God has it all covered.

When you go on a vacation, it's true that sometimes the long ones are better, but sometimes short getaways are fun too. You don't come home from a wonderful, rejuvenating weekend away that was all that you hoped it would be saying that it was tragic and horrible because it wasn't six months long. Such are your lives. Some are long, some are short – different lessons are learned in each, and different lessons are *taught* by each.

All is well, all the time. No matter the time.



# To begin.

It is not a bad thing to die. It is not a punishment, a failure or an embarrassment. It is a joyous homecoming, a reunion, the most fun thing that you will ever do in your life. Better than prom, getting married, having a baby, having sex... better than *anything!* Dying is the best, most exciting, most liberating, most *exhilarating* thing EVER. Every question is answered, every "Why?" is understood, every "What happened?" is completed. There are no more mysteries, no more loose ends.

But here is the most important thing, and listen carefully - that is a double-edge sword, for you also come to know how all of your actions, beliefs, and thoughts affected another. How your curse waved out and affected them. How your misunderstanding rippled out and created effects that you never intended. You will be blinded with understanding, and with such a great desire to have known then (in life) what you know now (in death). You will be overcome with the desire to go back and KNOW to love yourself and others. No. Matter.

What. No excuses, no special cases, no loopholes for "just that one person". *Unconditional* love.

It sounds so fluffy, doesn't it? Yet this is the hardest work that humanity has to do. Love yourself when *you've* done wrong. Love thy neighbor when *they* have. Meet hatred with love, meet self-judgment with love, meet misunderstanding with love. Once you die, this is all that you will care about. "How often did I meet xxxxxx with love?" THAT is what you keep striving to learn. THAT is what brings you back to Earth again and again and again.

So how does that bring us back to conscious dying? Well, we'd prefer that everyone could just go about things with conscious living, but that's a separate discussion. For now, we're focusing on that time of great awakening – the time of impending death. What have I done right? What have I done wrong? How can I make things right before I go? Most important, that one is - How can I make things right before I go?? With other people, yes, but really, this journey is about making peace with *yourself* before you go. Reaching that higher level of compassionate understanding within oneself that Knows that all is well, all the time, and that love for oneself is the only True way to relate to oneself.

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There is so much that we would like to tell you about dying, but the most important thing that we can convey is that love is THE MOST IMPORTANT THING.

It's not your house, your car, your income, your looks, your lover's looks. It's all about love. Bad news for some of you, great news for others of you.

That's what your entire journey on the Earth road trip is about. It's what you went off to "Earth college" for. Did you know that you are all enrolled in EU? You're all getting your PhD at Earth University, studying "love in the midst of humanity." It is not an easy course, but for those that listen and learn, it is a delightful one.

And when you're all used up, when your coursework has been completed, you get to head Home for some well deserved rest and relaxation. Time to put the books away, no more finals, no more lessons, no more challenges – just a great trip Home to reconnect with your dearest of loved ones and have a wonderful time in the goodness of Home.

Just as in college, not everyone finishes their finals at the same time at semester's end, so some of you will head Home sooner, some later. Nothing tragic, just different timing. Those

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that are still at school might get lonely or jealous or frustrated at being the last to go Home, but they too will go Home when their coursework is done.

Remember, there is nothing to judge in the timing of it all. Each will return Home at exactly the right time when their coursework is done. No sooner, no later. No rush, no surprises. "No surprises?" you say? Well no, not to your Soul. To your earthly perspective, sure, BIG surprise. "Oh my gosh, I REALLY hadn't planned on dying today! I still have a load of clothes in the wash! I still have bills to pay! I still have kids to raise!" We understand that it is a shock to your earthly self, but before any of you head to Earth, you understand that you won't understand. It's part of the system that we've all bought into and are fine with, as long as we are still in connection with our Soul's understanding.

All is wel	II. AII	the	time.
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Dying is the most natural thing in the world, but most people will resist it *because of the regrets and self-judgments that they carry with them*.

You, on the Earthly plane, tend to go through life assuming that there will always be a tomorrow. And for every day but one of your life, you are right. But when someone learns that their physical body will die in a predictable amount of time, the frantic spiral of terror that is kicked up sets off a whirlwind of "Oh no's!" and "Why didn't I's?" and "Why did I's".

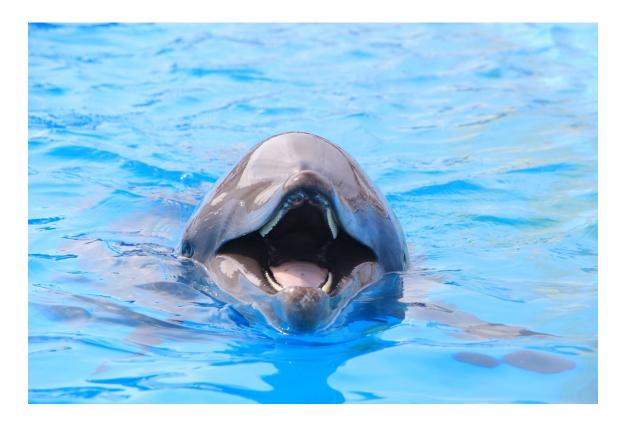
When faced with the very real understanding that the day with no (physical) tomorrow is coming, the pretending is done and a real accounting of what *is* and what *has been* begins. So this is where we come back to love again. Always back to love. For the questions that begin are not focused on physical success in the physical world, they are always questions of the inner sort. "Why was I so hard on my son?" "Why couldn't I tell my mom that I loved her?" "Do my kids know that they are the *very most important* thing in my life?" These questions rise from the places that you have tried to bury them, and they let themselves be known in no uncertain terms. And then your judgment kicks in. Not of others, but of yourselves. That knife-sharp pain slices through you and you feel the horrifying pain of judging yourselves.

There is truly no worse pain. No matter what another has ever done or said to you, no matter how much it might feel like another was the cause of the pain, it is never the case. Always, always, the pain is from the judgment that you inflict upon yourself. The judgment of your actions, or lack thereof, your words, or the absence of them, your abilities, whether you judged them as not enough, or they were enough, but lay unused.

Judgment is the absence of love. Many say that fear is the opposite of love, but really, it is judgment. Fear is a feeling, a sensation, and is always, always, always triggered by a thought. Or a whole host of thoughts. Fear does not arise out of a vacuum, it is only present when triggered by a belief that no-good-will-happen. A judgment that you do not have the skills needed to deal with the situation at hand. Your bodies face dying, but it is self-judgment that is the real killer. Of your dreams, your peace, your hopes, your joys. Self-judgment is the blackness that consumes them all, engulfs them into darkness as if they had never been.

Love yourselves, dear ones.

No matter what.



Okay, dear ones, let's try this again.

DYING IS NOT A BAD THING. IT IS NOT A PUNISHMENT. IT IS NOT A FAILURE. It just ... IS. None of you are running around screaming and crying and wailing in grief when a baby is born. And why would you? It is a beautiful transition from one state to another and you all celebrate it. But when that transition is made in the opposite direction, the yin to the yang, it is lamented and cursed and judged.

We want you to think of a dolphin, swimming powerfully along in the water, and jumping for joy – leaping out of the air, then back in, jumping out for joy, then submerging again to their natural state in the sea. THAT IS WHAT YOUR LIVES ARE – JOYFUL FORAYS INTO A WORLD THAT IS NOT YOUR USUAL HOME – THEN YOU RETURN TO YOUR NATURAL HOME, THE PLACE THAT YOU SPEND MOST OF YOUR "TIME". Now, we say time in quotes since, for the majority of your existence, there is no time – you just ARE. But we know that human life is very time-based, so we honor that. When the dolphin leaps into the air, it is pure joy. This is you as you enter the physical. You come here to celebrate, enjoy, learn. Just as the dolphin would never mourn its return to the water, its natural state, we encourage you not to mourn the return to the Other Side, YOUR natural world. You come here briefly, then return to your natural state, the place where you REALLY belong, the place that REALLY provides all that you need. Just as you would never think to try to keep a

dolphin on land and restrict their return to the water for fear of their existence, there is no need to try to restrict a loved one from slipping out of the realm of the human world back into their more natural state for fear of what will happen to them.

Now, please don't get us wrong. We ENTIRELY understand the very real human need to keep your loved ones close to you on the physical level. We won't ever say, "Don't give your child medicine that will help them to heal physically, just let them slip back into their natural state". Of course, give them the medicine and continue on your happy way! BUT, when the time comes when it really is the time for someone to return, do not mourn it as "bad." Horribly painful for those that are left behind? Yes. Will it turn your life upside down, never to return to the way it was before? Yes. Financial repercussions? Maybe. Emotional repercussions of immeasurable size? To be sure. But the dying itself? Not bad. It just IS. (Really, like everything else in life just IS, not good or bad, but that's a topic for another time...) Mourn the loss, cry the tears, wail at the loss – but don't judge the death itself as bad. It is not bad for a dolphin to smoothly return back to the sea from a leap – it is a homecoming. It is not bad for a person to die a physical death – it is a homecoming. They will quite enjoy the process (again, after they've died, not necessarily the dying itself.)

Please, please, dear ones, we beseech you to begin to separate the dying from the sadness of the loss. One is an event, not inherently good or bad, just an event, a fact. The other is your sweetly-human reaction. A sign of your love, your caring, your compassion, your fear, your anguish.

But anguish as a reaction does not mean that the act was bad. We say this again. Just because you have a reaction that feels horrible, that feels worse than anything that you've ever felt in your life, it does not mean that the event was bad. It just WAS.

And we remind you that the one that has died is having a delightful experience. Does that minimize your pain, your suffering, your agony? Maybe, maybe not. Hopefully a bit. Or maybe a lot? Whatever your response - surely a mixed bag of wild emotions that don't always seem to go together – we so dearly wish that you can also keep present in your mind that the dying itself was not bad. It just WAS.

We love you and we have so much compassion for the pain that you go through and we so dearly wish to impart that the dying was not bad. The dying was a return to the natural state, just as a dolphin plunges smoothly back into the life-giving ocean, you return to your life-giving, cool, refreshing source.

We love you dear ones. Be gentle with yourselves. Be gentle with your learning. Be full with your love.



We are thinking today about "incomplete cycles of action". This is a good topic, and one that will matter to you greatly when the time of your death comes about. They actually affect you greatly *every* day, but they are also easier to dismiss and pretend away in the day-to-dayness of life.

Incomplete cycles of action are all those things that you have started - *physically, mentally, or energetically* - but not finished. The mending, the painting, the business, the book, the scrapbook, the relationship, the apology. ANYTHING that you have invested energy in that has not come to 100% completion. Surprisingly, sometimes the little things can affect you as much as bigger things. Looking at that small strip of wall in the bathroom that was missed in the original round of painting, and the daily, repeated thought of "Ugh, I need to paint that" is EXHAUSTING to your energy reserves. Noticing – again – that your jacket is STILL missing a button. Putting off – again – that tough conversation with a loved one. Coming up with more reasons – good ones too! – why you just can't *quite* follow through on that business plan or idea right now. These are all black holes of darkness that suck and suck and suck your energy. It's like there are little parts of yourself that are stretched way away from you and are instead glommed onto these floating, nebulous "to do's". You do not have access to those parts of your energy reserves because they are actively holding each commitment in a suspended state of animation.

This is draining enough for someone with a healthy body who is pretty emotionally solid. But to someone who is in poor physical health, dealing with the tsunami of impending death? These are killers. Literally. It is just not possible to be *fully* present, *fully* conscious in the way that would be most desirable at this time in one's life if mountains of one's energy are stretched far away, glommed on to things that probably no longer matter very much, if at all.

At the time of death, or active dying, it is a beautiful thing to have as much of your presence about you as your physical state will allow. We are so sad to see people who are troubled by thoughts of the letters that they never sent, the books that they never finished, the wills that they never put in order. Dying can be such a sacred time, but the sacredness can be missed if looming physical-level "incompleteness" taunts one's attention away.

Contrary to what you might think, it is NOT necessary to actually complete each task in order to cross it off the mental/energetic list. Yes, that might be ideal, but maybe your priorities have shifted since you put that item on your "must do" list. If that's the case, energetically "deleting" the item is just as effective as completing it. Now hear us clearly on this. You cannot blithely declare something "deleted" but still have lingering thoughts and self-judgments that you really should be completing it. No, that does not count as a "delete". We mean really, truly declaring that taking action on, and completing, that item is no longer something that is ANYWHERE in your mental, emotional or energetic awareness or on any inner-list of any kind. You TRULY have released the desire to put those old photos into a new album and are truly content with leaving them in the shoebox. You TRULY have released yourself from ANY bonds to that business idea, no matter how good you imagined that the outcome could be. You TRULY are not judging yourself any longer for not setting up a travel-fund for Paris and can now think of the trip with a neutral, "That would have been fun, but oh well" energy.

Because that's the kicker right there. Self-judgment. Not only is your energy pulled off into a mini-galaxy far, far away with each to-do/should-do, you are *judging* yourself for each one as well. Judging yourself as lazy, slothful, spoiled, chicken, stupid, incompetent... take your pick, or take them all, as many of you do. It breaks our hearts to see you do this, for we know that behind the judgment is the desire for yourself to take positive action.

So, back to dying. When your body is breaking down, you will be forced to give up – on the physical level – many or most things on your list. Unfortunately, the judgments don't automatically get knocked off of the mental and energetic levels. So here is what we ask of you, our sweet loved ones. Write down your list of incomplete cycles of action, or have someone else write it down for you, if you are not physically able. EVERY. LITTLE. THING. We do not care if it was something that you wished to take action on 10 years ago. If it comes into your awareness, it goes on the list. Now start crossing them off – either by FULLY, energetically releasing your commitment to taking action, or by taking actual

physical action. And – here's the big finish – forgiving any and ALL self-judgments that you have put upon yourself in the process. We're not talking one bland, general, mental-level "I forgive myself for all of this" and calling it done in the space of ten seconds. We mean from your heart. Truly take the time to move into a space of compassion with yourself, acknowledge your good intention behind the commitment in the first place, and bring self-love into that place that you have had self-judgment lodged for so long. Think through every commitment, look at each one on the list, and bring the self-love in and home, in and home.

Start to feel the release, the freedom, the *energy* that is bursting forth, rushing back to you as it is released from its bondage to the "shoulds". Now, my dears, now you will have more of yourself back to be with you in the sacredness of this stage of your life. Now you can review the state of your life with more balance. Now you have the energy freed up to take action on the big stuff that really matters, the stuff that *shouldn't* be deleted. And now you have the energy of self-love to help buoy you into action.

We love you, dear ones. We are cheering for you.



There is such confusion about dying. It is seen as a tragic, horrifying process when in fact, it is the most glorious experience of your life. It is slipping into a warm bath. It is re-meeting dear friends from a time of life that you loved. It is coming home to a home that is better than you ever remembered.

It is only your fears that are the bad part, dear ones. Your fears that it will hurt, that you will burn in Hell, that you will simply cease to exist. No, none of that is true.

You will simply return to your favorite place where there is no worry, no stress, no fear. It truly is a Heavenly existence. But no, no floating on simple clouds with harps. It is learning, growing, evolving! It is being on the leading edge of Universal thought. It is creating and stretching and exploring. It is dear, unlimited time with all those that you love best from across all time and space.

It is peace.

Vibrant, edifying peace.



This message could really be very short. If it is not love, is it not real. There, lesson done.

Tee-hee. While we are tempted to leave off there, we know that the translation of such an enormous idea as absolute love needs quite a few human words in order for it to be filtered down into human consciousness.

Imagine a huge ball of soft taffy trying to fit through a small opening. Love is the huge ball, and human consciousness is the opening. Now please do not take offense – when you are here on the Other Side, in your full existence, your consciousness is quite as large as ours. Likewise, when we have been on the human plane, our consciousness was much more petite, as yours is now. Not bad, just different.

Now, back to love, and once more, how it relates to dying – glorious dying. When you die, you will *revel* in the deliciousness of a world that is made of nothing but love. Better than a child living in a world of candy is dying and living in a world of nothing but love. No pun intended, but you will love it here. You HAVE loved it here, though you don't barely remember, so we won't "harp" on that. Yes, humor is alive and well here. Could it be Heaven otherwise??

So back to the topic at hand. You come from love, and you're returning to love, and you went forth into the human world so that you could rise to the challenge of living in alignment with love while living on a plane of contrast. When you forget this, when you think that loving yourself is impossible or sinful or unobtainable, you are simply forgetting. Yes, you'll remember when you die, but we *really* encourage you to remember it now.

So what if you are actively dying? Well, you've kind of got a leg up on the others now, haven't you? You KNOW that your physical sunset is upon you and are hopefully using that sacred knowledge to turn inward and learn all of the things that you set out to learn when you came here. Hopefully, you are seeing that you have never done anything "wrong", never done ANYTHING unforgivable. Let us repeat that. YOU HAVE NEVER DONE, SAID, THOUGHT, OR EVEN CONTEMPLATED ANYTHING THAT IS, WAS, OR EVER WILL BE, UNFORGIVABLE.

Sit with that for a moment.

You are okay. Your life is okay. You have never done a "wrong" thing.

Rocked you with that last one, didn't we?

Now, we are not saying that you might not need to make amends. We are not saying that we wish you to continue acting in ways that often trigger painful feelings in others without ever taking your consciousness to a higher level. We ARE saying that what you have done is not "wrong." For there is no right or wrong.

We say it again, for that can be a shocker. THERE IS NO "RIGHT" OR "WRONG". There are just experiences. Physical movements through space and time. Waves of sound from one to another. Ideas put out in thought-forms and then thought by many. But never, never right or wrong. Just experiences. Just shifts in energy.

We actually quite like this particular. We love that there is no force in the universe that is judging us, shaking a kingly cosmic finger at some, waving others "past Go" and into the realms of the accepted. You are ALL accepted. You are ALL cherished. Your Creator, *our* Creator really, CHERISHES each and every one of you, of us. He/she is intimately aware of you, your nuances, your energy, your thoughts and feelings and reasons for doing things. He/she knows how you feel and why you act the way that you do. And he/she knows what you intended for yourself when you came into your humanness, as well as what you intended for yourself in each of your previous hundred humannesses. Your Creator ADORES you, as you adore your newborn in moments of perfect connection and love and unity.

We would so love to download to you the full understanding of how lovingly your Creator looks upon you, but that is not how human consciousness is designed to learn. So let us say to you, dear ones, that just as you see your precious, perfect newborn as a painfully exquisite embodiment of perfect love, so too are you seen by your Creator, and by all of those of us that are on this side.

Our dearest hope is that you will extend this loving to yourself. Not tomorrow, not when you are about to die, not after xxxxxx, but now. NOW. Really, we truly mean this – right NOW.

Stop reading so fast and really hear us.

Unconditional love is here for you in the same second that you are reading these words. It will be here for you at ANY second that you read these words in the future. It will be for you in ANY second that you wonder if it is. Yes. The answer is always Yes.

Our world, that of the universe, not of your humanness, is created by love, is powered by love, and new creation comes only out of love. It is the only logical feeling to have toward yourself, the only "real" feeling. We know that this does not always feel the case, but stay with us throughout this journey, and more and more the feeling, the knowledge, of the truth of our words will come.

So that is the piece (peace) of "taffy" that we leave you with today, dear ones. Love, love, love and nothing more. Turn it toward yourself, as there truly is nothing else.

Until next time, Namaste.