



A Voice from Heaven:

FROM EARTHLY STRUGGLES TO THRIVING IN THE AFTERLIFE

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PROLOGUE

I didn't know I was going to write this book until a few days before I started, and I was surprised every single day when words flowed out of me. I am truly grateful for this astonishing experience, and it has helped me heal.

It is worth noting that I have been a Christian my entire life and grew up very active in the Methodist church. I am not an overzealous religious fanatic. I don't quote scripture or post 'Praise God!' on social media, and I don't align with evangelists. From that perspective, the messages in this book are surprising and not exactly what I had expected. This book is intended for anyone that believes in a higher power, even though it has some passages that align with Christianity and other passages which may not.

An early reader told me that this book sparks hope in a difficult world, comfort for those who mourn, and mercy and compassion for those with substance use disorders, or who are on the autism spectrum. I hope other readers of the book feel the same. This book does not endorse attempts to join the afterlife sooner than was intended (prematurely ending one's life or suicide). On the contrary, all of us need to live out our journey and purpose in this life. This book is intended to give hope instead of fear for when we pass naturally, at the intended time, as we have much to learn and experience.

This book is written predominantly in Alec's voice. To facilitate clarity, the beginning of each chapter specifies whose voice the chapter is written in, and when Alec starts communicating, it states *Alec's voice*. Any questions that I have for Alec after his voice is introduced are in quotes to distinguish my voice from his.

I hope you, as a reader, gain some understanding from these words, and that they bring peace, no matter what your circumstances may be. May we all strive to know our true inner self and love all other beings as much as, or even more, than ourselves. I now know that this starts with forgiveness and acceptance of ourselves before others, and that unconditional love of all others cannot be achieved without self-forgiveness and love of our inner self.

CHAPTER 1

SWIRLING LIGHT

Cindy's voice:

I awoke at 5:30 am. Early for me, especially on a Saturday. I tried to go back to sleep. As I was reaching a sleep state, the word 'pen' popped into my head. It was strong and clear. I then remembered what Alec communicated, through the psychic medium, about writing early in the morning. I tried to go back to sleep, and there it was again—the word 'pen' in my head. Like it was imprinted on my brain.

I got up, leaving my husband Tom sleeping soundly, and went straight to the dining room table. It was dark, but I left the light off, so I would stay half asleep, thinking that I could be more receptive that way; in case Alec was going to help me write. Who knew if that was going to happen? I had never communicated directly with anyone in the afterlife, having only connected with Alec through three prior psychic medium sessions. I opened my journal and retrieved a pen from my desk, ready to start hand-writing any inspiration I received.

As I held my pen over the page, I started wondering, for the umpteenth time, what it was like for Alec when he got high. My pen started flowing. It wasn't like it was out of my control and writing words by itself. It wasn't being moved by another force. The words

and emotions just popped into my mind, and I wrote them down as they flooded in. Sometimes I saw the words written, especially for the next topic area. Other times, entire sentences became my thoughts. The words flowed through my mind, to my hands, and onto the page.

Alec's voice:

Being high was nothingness. No racing thoughts, no pain, no isolation, just being there. No elation, no emotion. When did I get high? It was whenever. It was more recreational for me, even up to the day I woke up on the other side.

I woke up to such bright beauty and a bright light—like a train light, except it was swirling and with uneven edges. It wasn't moving toward or away from me, only swirling around, creating almost a tunnel effect. I was compelled to follow, though, to go into that light. It was the ultimate energy. So bright.

Cindy's voice:

At this point, Tom came into the room to ask if I was ok and if I wanted the light on. I quickly said "NO!" I was worried I would lose my connection with Alec.

Immediately, words popped into my head: Be Kind.

Exactly like Alec.

Alec's voice:

I was submerged in feelings of total acceptance, that I could do, and have done, nothing wrong. I had the sense of being me, the true me, with no pretending to be someone else. Only me.

I wasn't flying, but I wasn't really floating either. Maybe drifting, like when I'd hang out in the ocean waves. I was suspended in the air. At least that was my initial perception. I moved by merely

thinking myself there. My thought of the energy light ahead took me further toward it. Into what, I didn't know, but I wasn't scared. I was content. Rid of the feeling of not belonging. Rid of sadness and isolation.

I liked it. No. I loved it.

Love—I felt all-encompassing love surround me. Being loved, and me loving in return. I didn't love so much on my physical side. I loved you guys as my parents and family, but not many others. I was never 'in love' except maybe with my girlfriend in California. I loved Vera, as siblings do. The love I felt on the physical side was nothing like this.

The light was like a fire, but it wasn't burning. A constant, but gently swirling light with rough edges. Around the light was a different, darker color. Not black like the night, but a blue-gray that was comforting, and not scary. I wanted to go into the light. It wasn't calling or saying anything, but it drew me. It was a feeling that made me deeply yearn to go into it, as something I needed to do, to know, and to understand. Not in a mandatory way, but something I wanted more than anything to learn and understand—what it was, what was behind it, and why it was so bright. Brighter than anything I'd ever seen or even imagined.

I know people say there is a light in near-death experiences, and a tunnel. A tunnel is not quite what I saw. I can see why people might call it that, though. It was a hole in a huge space-time continuum that begged to be explored. I needed to see, to feel, and to sense what was there. What I was feeling was totally free. Free of all my harsh feelings from the physical side, and now full of nothing but positivity and love. Full and total acceptance of the true me; the inner me. The me I never fully knew myself, or let be seen by others. Even when high and my inhibitions left me, I was never this full of acceptance of myself or of others. This was much, much more than the nothingness

and shedding of negativity, like being high. I was feeling so positive, so loved, and so fully accepted. I wanted to reach out to feel or sense what was around me. To explore it all and find out where I was. At one point, I thought “*Was I high?*” But I could tell, somehow, that it wasn’t that at all. I was on the other side of physical life.

I paused. I wanted to go to you and Dad, because I was unsure where I was. I wanted to tell you where I was, and I thought of you and Dad. And then, you won’t believe it, Mom, I was there. You were getting something out of the refrigerator in the garage. I could see you. Not as a physical presence, but more like a dream, with flashes of you and Dad. But I was there. I wasn’t floating like a ghost, but I was all around you. You went upstairs, and Dad was taking one of his famous afternoon naps. I sensed immediately that you didn’t know I was there. You were also unaware that I had died. I couldn’t talk to you because you couldn’t hear me.

I wondered again about the light, but then realized that I had never left it. It was there in front of me the whole time. Only a small part of me went to you and surrounded you.

Because I was everywhere, I was everything. I was connected to so many things. And I could ‘tune into’ things or places purely by thought. It was so cool!

I was drawn to what was before me, which brought me further in, and things changed as I ‘moved’ in. I can’t say moved. It wasn’t like there was space and time. I can’t explain it. You become. Everything. All-encompassing. You are, and you just know.

My senses became increasingly hyperaware of my surroundings, yet calm, and full of acceptance and readiness to totally embrace what was to come. It wasn’t scary. It’s a beautiful experience to wrap all around you a blanket of full acceptance of who you truly are. Some

say it's unconditional love. I suppose that's a good descriptor. I never really thought that much about unconditional love in my physical life.

What comes next? Who cares? It's not like you are anxious for the next second. There is no sense of seconds or minutes---only infinity. Plenty of time, or no time. The colors started to change as I was drawn in further. The surroundings changed. It was so beautiful. Colors I didn't know, never saw, and never even imagined. Shades of orange and blue and a white-yellow brightness not seen in the physical nature I knew. There were rocks along the way. A sort of trail... almost. I'm not good with words to describe this to you. It seemed to go on forever.

Cindy's voice:

I started to feel jittery and hyperventilate.

Calm down, Mom. I am a conduit. It's important to breathe. You can do this.

I became something different, absorbing all there is, and all there was. It wrapped all around me. I embraced it. I was, and it was. I was becoming --all--the wind, the stars, the mountains--everything. But not all at once. That would have been overwhelming. It was waves that came over me of perceptions and sensations, of being one with more and more. It didn't feel physical because that was all gone.

It was enlightenment. I sensed I was on a higher level - a vibrational level. It was knowing, believing, being. I was there, but also everywhere. I went, and I saw. But I was never 'there' or 'here' or 'anywhere.' I was, and I knew. I was all around me and inside of me. I wasn't walking along a path, although it was clear where I was going. I just was.

I could think and be. It was all empowering. It was all-knowing. Yet I can't call it a feeling. It's more than that. More than one's physical sensing. It was the ultimate of *emotional being*.

Why can't you have this sort of love and acceptance on the physical side? It was meant to be and will be. Our souls love and reflect love. Love, and being, and acceptance.

No stress. Mom. You can do this.

"It's overwhelming me, Alec," I said shakily. "It's a lot to take in."

I know, but it is what it is, and it will be. Swallow and breathe. Love is all.

Find your true self. It's underneath all the fears you have. The doubts, the anxiety and worries—all the human feelings. There is an understanding here that when you doubt yourself, you doubt God, because He created you. Underneath all those doubts is your true self, and everyone has a true self. And that true self is beautiful. When you trust yourself, you trust the God in you.

In a way, you keep your personality here, but it becomes stronger, and so much more loving and accepting. Find your true self and you will understand.

I didn't feel it, Mom. I became it. Accepting. Loving. I hadn't encountered any others yet.

Look out the window at the beauty of the sunrise in the mountains where you are. Look at the soft edges and blurriness from the fog on top of the mountains. It's almost in pastel colors this early in the morning. There are so many parts of earth that I didn't see or appreciate in terms of their beauty. What a true pleasure it is to do that while on earth. It's a gift to be able to appreciate it while in your physical body.

It was my time to go when I did. I learned what had been intended for me to learn on that soul journey in my physical life on earth. And now I will begin my journey to become one with all. To know, to be, and to understand. And to become closer to the higher ones.

I must go. I have things to do, and you're exhausted. Loosen up. We'll have more conversations. How is Chico?

"He's good!" I declared. Chico was Alec's black cat with white paws that we inherited after his death. Having the cat around made us feel a little closer to Alec.

As the sun comes up, see the beauty, Mom. See the clouds, and the sun, and the mountains. I mean, really see them. And enjoy the beauty in all things. Yes, even spiders and webs. And art. Art is something that comes from people's physical mind and thoughts. Don't be overly influenced by what others may convey as heaven. Open your mind, and I will try to show you.

Cindy's voice:

I thought about all Alec shared. The acceptance and peace he felt, and most of all, the abundance of love. Absorbing all of that, in a golden beautiful light, sounded like ultimate bliss.

At this point, in my mind, I saw what looked like an angel formed of light arching upward. Was it real? Was it my imagination? Then it was gone. And so was Alec. Our first transcendental writing was over. I was drained from the session and yet elated that I just finished a conversation with my deceased son.