



MASTERY
beyond DEATH

Yasmin Verschure

MASTERY BEYOND DEATH

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Word of gratitude:

I am grateful for all the received supporting love lights, through which this book could take shape. A heartfelt espousal to Giri, Gerda and Lesley for their unconditional support. I feel deeply touched by it.

Om Shanti

Let US be in peace...

MASTERY BEYOND DEATH

By:

Yasmin Verschure

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Dedication:

To those who are along the way to the light...

To those who are staying behind...

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FOREWORD

*The Kingdom of God is situated just behind the darkness of our closed eyes
and the gate to enter is our inner peace*

- Paramahansa Yogananda –

Dear Eef, the time seems to be ready that a wider public may know your story. In this period of time, in which death is demanding its place, we cannot reject it anymore: each person, living his life consciously gets interested in the process of dying. Ultimately we have to die to be born again, isn't it?

Since decades we have excluded death from our society. In a life based on matter, there seems to be no place to face and to embrace our mortality. Although the only certainty we have, in a life based on matter, there seems to be no place to face and to embrace our mortality. Definitely the day will come that our physical vehicle has fulfilled its duty and has to turn into ashes; the butterfly leaves the cocoon and flies the way back to the light.

Without any exception we will all die in the physical sense, yet our soul is eternal. It is from utmost importance to realize that the quality of dying is determining the quality of the hereafter. Let us all, like Everhard before us, become Masters in dying. Masters beyond death.

Om Shanti

Let US be Peace....

INTRODUCTION

The true place to create heaven is within man

- Inayat Khan -

Dear Everhard,

More than seven years went by since your passing away. In every respect, you are more alive than ever. Your story has already touched many. From your position high up, you are continuously using your talent to touch people in the deepest of their soul, which never was possible on that way during your lifetime. No need to explain why I did not miss you ever, you were always here, sometimes hardly in my awareness, and then, suddenly no chance to ignore your presence, even if I have should wished so. More and more the veils between you and me vanished and steadily you have become part of me.

While traveling in South Africa, I often noticed your presence. No doubt, it had to do with the inconceivable suffering through AIDS, the disease so well known to you. My partner and I lived and worked for the greater part in the black and colored communities. Besides death caused by violence, we were confronted daily with the destroying consequences of AIDS. At the same time, beyond all seemingly destruction and despair, I could observe life in its most pure expression. In moments of suffering so enormously that there is nothing to lose, we do not need to keep us up and we will expose ourselves in a very vulnerable way. I observed the seed planted by Nelson Mandela, the man who is building bridges between the white and the black people, glimmering as rainbows at the horizon. Nelson Mandela transformed hatred into love. He is a living example in a time we are desperately searching for ourselves. For many people South Africa is the land of hope.

During my stay in South Africa love - that strong connection between you and me - has found its pinnacle and the seed was sown for this special tribute to you. It is impossible to distinct our experiences in South Africa from the experiences we had together. Moreover, the period together with you and the time after, I was trained to deal with the situation in South Africa in another way. I could always see the divine beauty behind the external deterioration, no longer I felt the urge to change it. I could experience the situation at the fullest and let it be.

‘We like to look to others by way of our imagination. Only when we have lived through the depths of our soul, and have freed ourselves from our limitations, we can meet in love. No longer we are afraid to be touched by someone else and suddenly we see how everything is meant to be. Visible limitations are reducing and we will express the pure beauty of the immortal soul. No longer does it matter on which level of development we are. It is as it is, it is just good’.

In the period of the first luster of your demise, I felt you were looking over my shoulder frequently, as if you were asking to open the door again. In this time that our world gets startled by massacres and mass-graves, through which the attention for the individual process of death is retreated, you want to share your message of love with everyone who is open to receive it.

Individual process

Dear Everhard, of course you are right. First of all, dying will always be a personal event. We arrive in this world in solitude and we will depart in solitude. The time in between is accordingly to our needs. As we are developing our consciousness, we start to fulfill our soul desires.

Cycle

Lot of things happened since the time you spread your wings to fly away, back into the light. Everything is gaining momentum. My personal process is continuing. My soul made the choice to complete itself, so I had to destroy everything to its core. There was nothing to want, nothing to decide. The only choice I had was either to feel a victim or to master the situation. I choose for the latter and had to surrender myself to a power much bigger than me. I had to pass through many sufferings, yet I did not become the suffering myself. On the contrary, the suffering cleansed me and transformed me into that which I am now. They brought me to the utmost. After a period of protests, I was even willing to part from Reiki, my dearest tool. By preparing myself to let go off all outside labels, I could not foresee the effect. There was nothing to want anymore. No longer was it necessary to do something, the only aim was: *to be*. When I realized the depth of the process and learned to swim without water-wings, the external structures of Reiki became superfluous. The result of it was increasing love.

Gaining momentum

Dear Everhard, you would be surprised if you would return in your old situation. All is gaining momentum. The old prevailing standards are changing into new values. We started to remove old structures, yet there are no new ones in return. Without success, people frantically try to refill their emptiness with, even more, material things. The missing link we cannot push aside any longer: there must be something, somewhere... The light is growing stronger, so darkness is becoming more visible.

What the old and the wise called the end of time is manifesting now. Disasters are striking the planet: hurricanes, wars, earthquakes, floods, the destruction by AIDS and other terrible diseases. No longer can death be ignored.

Everyone has to face his own grave. Immense fear is shaking many people. What, on earth is happening and how can we turn the tide?

There are several ways to look at a situation. Everything is partly positive and partly negative. In other words, all is divided in three: somewhere in between we will find the truth, the harmony between the two poles – the harmony between light and darkness.

*The moment we are capable to embrace our own darkness,
we are on the way to become light*

Victims

After the 11th of September the world seems to be reigned by fear. If we accepted or not, there is only one certainty: the certainty of the uncertainty: everything is endlessly moving and is moving along certain lines. When we have the courage to let go of our fear, we will realize and accept that no one and nothing on this earth can guarantee our safety. There is only one way to experience security and that is through walking the inward path. The moment we are ready to recognize that we on our own are nothing: we are opening our gate to inner peace. By expelling God or our higher value, we have committed ourselves to matter and we became insignificant, mortal particles. When we awaken, we will reconnect ourselves with our source, our divinity, with our true essence. That moment all pieces will fit together, and we are coming home. We will observe all that is happening in the world from a different perspective. We pull down the veils of illusion and feel compassion with everyone, without exception. We reconnect ourselves 'With All That Is'. No longer will we feel victims of the situation.

Loveless

Disaster as the one on 11th of September can happen at any time at any place. The retaliatory attacks are yet not over. Phenomenon's such as Hitler, Bin Laden and Saddam Hussein are only consequences and have less to do with the cause. Terrorism is worldwide: in our back garden, in ourselves. The main cause is that we have forgotten who we truly are, that we with brute violence have breached the rules of the universe and have lost respect for what we call life.

The moment we do overcome terrorism in ourselves, we will open up for the source of love, which we in essence are.

Time is ready to open our ears and hearts so we can freely listen to others opinions, without shouting down what we get to hear. This is an attitude we, wealthy western society, have used for a long time and now we are paying the price for it. However, it is never too late. Every day is a perfect day to make a new start.

First, we have to accept we do not have the capacity to control everything according our own will. We all are educated with certain convictions and think we have the truth at hand. Unfortunate, there is not such a thing like *the* truth; each coin has two different sides. We can only see both sides when we remove our fear for overruling.

The moment we open ourselves and start to speak from the heart, we will surpass our fear and we will be surprised about the possibilities hidden in the plural of the distinct cultures. Possibilities as we have never met before.

Initially it is asking for patience and understanding. Let us remember how powerful we are so we do not have to wait for our neighbors to start. Just let us stay close to our self. Neither shouting down someone, nor trying to make someone inferior to us, is the solution. For a while, we derive some pleasant feelings out of that, yet finally an intense solitude will be the result.

Joining forces

Time has come to join forces. Let us start not to point our finger to the outside world any longer, but let us look in our inside world for the real cause of all what is happening on this earth.

If we are really honest we have to acknowledge that each of us has a share in everything what happens in the world. How do we interpret on the war in ourselves? To what extend are we subjecting others, making them dependent, shouting them down? To what extend are we pursuing our personal happiness, without willingness to understand that happiness is merit less when it is excluding others from happiness.

Generally, we feel responsible for our family and relatives. Let us expand our responsibility to unknown families and other nations. Let us apply the same love, the same values toward others as we apply to ourselves. God loves each of us irrespective of color and race.

Action and reaction

Dear Everhard, I express my deepest longing we all dare to see we are inseparably united with each other. Each action initiates a reaction, either in the internal- or in the external world. Moreover, each thought will manifest itself in matter one time and every fear will affirm itself.

There are many angles to look at the same object. The great thing of this new age is that there are no longer distances – cultures can intermingle. Even in our small country, The Netherlands, we find briefly the whole world represented. This means that borders are dissolving. We have the possibility to get familiar with each other and to learn from each other. It is getting time to realize that we are all brothers and sisters, drinking the water from the same source. Let us be available for each other, when it is necessary. Let us listen to one another with an open heart, curious and wondering about everything the other can tell us.

THE LAW OF CAUSE AND CONSEQUENCE

*We see pride as a mistake and humbleness as a virtue.
The true spiritual being has found the balance between pride
and exaggerated humbleness.*

- Omraam Mikhael Aivanhov -

Partial

At least it is to wonder how we based the fundament of our society on the consequences. A clear example is the western medical science – mainly directed toward treating of the consequences and appearing to have forgotten that each consequence has been preceded by a disharmony, or cause. In the meantime, this method is spreading through all levels and in all situations. Yet, when we do not influence the cause, each cause will manifest a new consequence. In other words: we are controlling cancer, and at the same time, another disease, even more aggressive as the one we are controlling, is manifesting.

Shortsighted

Distributing condoms pretending to control AIDS is ridiculous. Of course, it is correct to distribute condoms when you are convinced they are used. However, rules are never general. Each situation is asking for its own approach. Of course it is very important to continue the development of new medicines too, to conquer the fatal consequences of AIDS.

In all situations, it is necessary to look at the social infrastructures. In countries like South Africa, you have to improve the social circumstances at the same time. When people have been cut off from their own roots, and taken out of their natural environment, they will slip away from their own identity. A healthy self-image is not at all present and people will degenerate. Unemployment with all its consequences, like endless weariness and alcoholic excess, has a catastrophic effect on the spread of AIDS.

The priority is to look at the cause. We have to review the whole myth around sexuality. Along the exploitation of animal-industry, we also developed a sex-industry to a level that is very disgraceful. While we ourselves have displaced the prevailing standards in such a short time, it is very difficult, nay impossible to educate our children with values such as respect. Opinion polls and the so-called ‘average’ are dictating the law. Out of fear to exclude ourselves, we are afraid to be different.

This is why we try to meet the average, even if it is against our heart desire. No longer is the fact of loving someone important, what counts the number of times we did ‘it’.

We have been ditching the church and are not willing to be dependent on anything or anyone. No longer do we like to be dictated by the law of someone else. We are likely to discover how we will manifest our unique connection with the source. Sadly, most of the time we are renouncing our origin and are denying our spiritual inheritance. Even worse, we let describe how to deal with love, i.e. sexual life. Moreover, we are convinced

that sexuality is the same as love, and that is what we are teaching our children. We see fidelity and respect as antique and we have even forgotten their meaning.

Our biggest fear is to be excluded from the group. That is why we let slip away our divine power to the public press. Their unilateral information is directing our lives. Be assured, when we rely on our common sense and execute our own opinion polls the outcome will be totally different.

Rebel

It is such a good feeling to start protesting against the ruling system, to feel free to move away from the public opinion. We start constructing our personal opinion and dare to stick to it. Initially it is very painful and lonely, but finally we grow stronger. We can shape our own life, free from statistics and opinions of others. What a freedom! Each human being is unique and can only love in his personal way. There is not such a thing like an average. That is why it is so important to learn to listen to our inner impulses and to get familiar with them. To have the courage to accept our emptiness as emptiness, instead of filling it up instantly with sexual and material needs. When we frequently dare to enter this emptiness, we will discover that the deep essence of sexuality is our deepest wish to merge with God, with that, what we are in essence. Is there a better way initially to know about it as to see and to experience divinity in our dearest ones? Sexuality is one way to open a gate to merge with the divinity in us. It can open the gate from conditional love, the exclusive love toward the one, toward the unconditional love in which our heart can expand to the capacity of embracing the whole mankind. Let us take upon us the responsibility for our creating sexual force. Let us not deny or suppress that force. Do not let the dragon get the chance to run away with us, but let us direct the dragon lovingly from a higher perspective.

When a child is conceived out of love, that child will possess all the divine qualities of the parents and will be a blessing for itself and for the community. It would be our detriment to be satisfied with less. To father a child should happen in a sincere communion, to bring the best out of the two lovers, their highest potential would fuse together into a new person.

When we think we have to fulfill all our lusts, unrest and stress instantly through sex, we are lowering our resonance level and tarnishing our energy. That is how we encourage lower entities to use our energy level. They provide us with nightmares and we drift apart from our essence. This situation will be temporarily educative, yet is not conducive to our spiritual growth.

It is in due course that our wish to merge, mostly converted into the wish for sexuality, finds another way of expression. Mostly around our midlife, we have the chance to raise our sexual energy and transform it to heart level, the level of unconditional love. It is a process walking parallel with our spiritual development. In essence it is not important whether we practice sexuality or not, the merging will take place at another level.

When we understand that reduction of the sexual potential is not the same as decline, but the opportunity to unlock new dimensions, we will enjoy ourselves about this process of transition. The result will be that we have disposal to our total potential, our love potential, which will express itself by healing and divine powers. Finally, we are unlimited divine beings.

Willingness

We can bury our heads in sand. We can live for ourselves and exclusively run after personal pleasures, at the end, we cannot prevent the day of being at death's door. The way it will happen is unknown to us. In fact, it is not important. The only thing that matters is the willingness not to deny death any longer.

It is never too late to make a new start. Today we can pull out the knitting up to the mistake, repair and continue.

This implicates that each of us must be willing to step back and do a meticulous, yet loving introspection. We have to overcome our fear. We must have the courage to stand up free from convictions and judgments from others to become more powerful as the environment, even when we are aware of the willingness of dozen of people to attack and affront us.

Whatever you are doing, the total world will never come at your feet. You can continue suppressing yourself, making yourself smaller than you are, but you are not supporting yourself and even not someone else. People will revile you or honor you. You can use this as a reason not to stand up, but finally it does not make sense. When you stand up in your inner truth, the universe will protect and support you.

Be comforted, the one who is reviling you now, will offer you flowers tomorrow. Your example will encourage him to look at his own behavior. He will recognize that he has to wait a long time before peace will manifest itself in the world. It is better we start at the inner world. Then we create inner peace and a place to live unaffected and peaceful, whatever is happening in the outer world.

I have only this contribution to world peace:
reform the world by reclaiming yourself.

Additionally, this is what you did, dear Everhard. The last weeks of your existence, with death ahead, you created your firm paradise, unaffected by the storm of life. During these weeks, the veils vanished and seemingly effortless you transferred to the other world.

*When we remove the veils of illusion, we will be all One;
there will be no longer you and me.*

Dear Eef, presently I feel you more close as during those precious weeks. Moreover you are part of me, you and I are one. For there is only emptiness, nothingness or 'All That Is.'

DYING IS A PERSONAL MATTER

*The outline of one's life is predetermined
and the light of the aim, for which he is born
has been lighted already in his Soul*

- Inayat Khan -

Confrontation

In spite of all the catastrophes in the world, dying is still a personal affair. Even when one's death takes place by a disaster and within a group of people, each one has his own unique process of dying, with his own characteristic experience. Alone we come in this world and at the end we depart alone. Seen in this light it does not make sense how much of our dear ones are flocking around our deathbed.

Aside from the fact we find it difficult to face our own mortality, many of us feel scared when confronted with the process of the dying of our beloved ones. We like to exclude this fact from our awareness. Even while we have to pass the gate unaccompanied, it would be fantastic when each of us is in the blessed condition to die within the family circle. For our personal sake, but also for the person who is in the process of transfer, it is a gift to pass away in an atmosphere in which fear for death has transformed in pure love. It is a precious process with two aspects, it is asking from people the willingness to give unconditionally, and at the same time we need the courage to receive continuously.

Despite the fact we understand so well that birth and death should take place in the circle of the family, in these days we have to face the reality that many of us will die in hospitals and nursing homes. Although our insight and the way of caring are developing well, the close relatives have to miss a lot of the gifts I could receive from you, dear Everhard, during your last weeks on earth. This does not only count for me, each person who is willing to be vulnerably present at the deathbed of a fellowman, irrespective of his connection with the person concerned, will receive this gifts of 'life'.

Other dimension

Dear Eef, through the strong impulse to give a new coat to 'your' chapter in my first book, to extend it, to polish and to update it into an independent edition, you are contributing again to unveil death and to discuss it in a wider perspective. Because of this, this unique process will ultimately receive the place it is entitled to, and will come on the same level as the process of birth.

Dying is just a same door to another dimension, as birth is opening a door to life on earth. At the time of birth, we took shape to fulfill our task on earth and now we cast off this shape, for we do not need it anymore. We have accomplished our task in this life.

Then Almitra spoke, saying, we would like to ask you something about death.

And he said:

You want to know the secret of death.

How shall you find it unless you seek it in the heart of life?

The owl whose night-bound eyes are blind unto the day cannot unveil the mystery of light.

If you would indeed behold the spirit of death, open your heart wide unto the body of life.

For life and death are one, even as the river and the sea are one.

Kahlil Gibran: The Prophet

MASTERSHIP

He who did not suffer, will always be poor, he is like a painter who has no colors to create his painting. Conversely, he who has suffered can use all his conquered feelings to give relief and depth to his life.

- Omraam Mikhael Aivanhov -

Tribute

This book will be also a tribute to all who passed away, without having a dear one close to hold their hand, fearful, lonely and alone in the physical sense. Thank God, there are many hosts of angels occupied with filling these gaps, who are lovingly taking care of these dying persons to guide them to higher regions.

A tribute to my brother Jan, who is now in your companionship, dear Eef. Jan, who manifested in his last week on earth the essence of being a real master. He was resolved in his deep wish to become a Reiki master, but shortly before his expiring, I had the privilege to initiate him. It was a gift for both of us, a candle he could carry on along his path. The way he underwent his process and became the master of his own dying was an example of true master hood for all those around.

‘Yasmin, I would like to stay back till the birth of my grandchild, what do you think.’ ‘Dear Jan, you know, there is no distance. You certainly will be there. If it is not in matter, you will be present in another way. Even it can be in the form of a butterfly.’ Moreover, you were present. That was for sure. Even now, when I am entering the place you lived, I immediately sense your presence. It is like seeing you under the hedge of roses in your garden. Unconditionally you are supporting me in all my activities, and in your personal manner, you are showing me your agreement: ‘Well done, sweet master...’

A tribute to you, dear old man at Aruba. Grace to your daughter I got the privilege to initiate you on your deathbed. Very rare I met a person with such radiance. You radiated the innocence and the purity of a newborn baby. I remember asking you if you believed in the continuation of life. You glanced at me with sparkling eyes and said that you had to: several times after her demise, your wife appeared at your bedside. Without struggle, in complete surrender, you went your path into the light. At night when I look up at the starry sky and I see a star brightening, I feel you are winking at me.

A tribute to you, dear Tilly. You asked for me at your deathbed. I get the privilege to initiate you and your family. They could support you with even more love on your last journey. No doubt, you felt supported. However, you were a prop and stayed to your husband and children. You are a vivid example of making a bridge between people who are consciously leaving this earth and their beloved ones. At that time, we could not imagine that within three months after your death your daughter should pass away in that far away Pakistan

Tribute to you, dear Richard Leo Paul in that far off India. Grace to e-mail we had the possibility to communicate. You were very young, just married and infected with the AIDS virus by infusion. You had to keep it secret, also for your family. You left behind your wife and little baby. Happily for her, your parents were catholic, in this situation

an absolute blessing. They will take care for your wife and little son, they will not abandon them, as it happens so often in the Hindu tradition.

A tribute, dear Myriam, to you, in that AIDS clinic in Boksburg in South Africa. Your death agony was heavy and lonely. I could be with you to carry you a while on the waves of the ocean, on waves of love. You could let go and moved in full surrender toward the other side, where there is no longer the burden of physical limitations.

In honoring you, dear Myriam, I will honor all the babies, kids, youngsters and adults who are dying daily in 'Frances Care'. I will honor the many persons who are giving their time and love unconditionally, who are creating the circumstances to die respectfully. May your souls rest in peace.

A tribute to you, dear Freek. You were so open when you interviewed me for your spiritual broadcasting program. Instantly I loved you and that was mutual. You too are part of my soul. You are one of those precious gems, who are not trying to subject other persons to become big yourself. In contrary, you supported me unconditionally and asked me to continue. Once, you told me, my message will run all over the world, when time is ripe. You are and you were my example of love. You were not guided by fear. You supported people to return to their essence and to respect them. May all those who are dear to you receive the everlasting blessings generously distributed by you, through which they will feel strengthened after your passing away. In your last Christmas message, you announced, out of pure strength, your own farewell. Brave beautiful man, master in dying, you are a vivid example for many.

My Parents

The last tribute in this sequence is to my dear parents. Our relationship has not been easy at all, yet I freed myself from the past. In gratitude, I look back at my life. A life filled with tests, which I could transform, with extra-ordinary help, into a life with opportunities and pure love. There is nothing to blame anymore. There is just a tremendous feeling of love and gratitude.

Gratitude, dear father and mother, to the fact of giving life to me. Gratitude that you both were prepared to conceive me out of love and within your limitations did everything to educate me in your love within the possibilities of time and your personal circumstances. I dare say you did love me. Now I can say honestly and truly: you both were the perfect parents I needed to grow into true inner freedom and inner peace.

May your souls rest in peace.

THE PROCESS OF DYING

'I let go, I let God....'

Death

Daily we have confrontations with death, yet we do not like to give it a moment's thought. Dying seems to be a far off process and has generally to do with others. However, deep inside we know we cannot escape. Once the moment will come that death is knocking at our door.

The moment we have accomplished the lessons our soul had to understand during this lifetime, it is time to return home. Ultimately, departing from earthly life is nothing less than a new birth in another dimension. The joy of our cosmic family on our return home is, no doubt, comparable with the faithful attitude our physical parents look out for us when we enter earthly life.

It is inconceivable we suppressed the inevitable so deeply in our unconscious. We permit ourselves only to be engaged in the dying process when it is inevitable. Undoubtedly, the reason for this suppression is the number of people who are denying or at least doubting the continuation of life. While we have frenetically committed ourselves to the material world, we have lost the memories of our inheritance. The more the matter is ruling us, the more the fear to let go will increase.

When we go back in time, and look at the old and the wise, we can see that the farewell in the process of dying was natural and had the same intention and intensity as the welcome ceremony at the time of birth of a newborn. Our ancestors deliberating bided farewell at the moment they recognized their time on earth was over. They were not bound on matter. They simply stepped out of their physical vehicle, started the journey toward the light and merged with 'All That Is'. To die in such awareness is a way of liberation, a freeing from the earthly boundaries. Only this quality will be expressed when we have connected our spirit with the essence of our divine mother earth and have become a complete human being.

Birth

When two souls merge, the miracle of new life will manifest. Safe and hidden stays this new human being in the womb until time is ripe to enter the world. The unborn child is conscious of the atmosphere of its 'residence'. The condition of awareness of the mother is initially creating the conditions for the foundation of the newborn's life. Mostly after nine months, the vehicle is ready to carry the new soul into the earthly plane. What a cruelty to have to leave this warm and safety surrounding, to pass that dark narrow canal and being forced into this insecure world. Happily, we parents start to remember again that giving birth is a natural 'sickness' and we try to rehabilitate home-delivery. The ambiance of the environment and the first contact between mother and child are from a vital importance for our development.

Sleep

During sleep, the etheric body separates from the physical body. There is only one distinction with death: the connection with the two bodies is not broken. It is to say our life is on a silver thread. Sometimes we awake with a shock, that moment the etheric body is enclosing the physical body again. It is good to be aware of our mortality. It makes our perspective of life different, maybe more vulnerable, but also more humble and with much more respect.

At night before falling asleep, it is a good discipline to look back and to introspect the day. Look critically at each situation as a witness, but without judgment. Forgive yourself your mistakes and try to forgive others, even when they hurt you that much. Obviously, it is happening out of ignorance that we hurt people. Each day is a new day. When we wake up in the morning there is no yesterday, only today. Let us welcome the new day and speak out as clearly as possible our intentions.

*Do not delay until tomorrow what we can do today,
for you don't know if there will be a tomorrow.
What should be your aim when you had only one week to live?*

Note it down and do it right now!

Fear

The more we remove our fear for death, the more we will enjoy life in a new intensity: in all sincerity, complete and with dedication. No longer, we will cling on stultifying activities. We allow silence to come back into our lives and life will become one big celebration. No longer, we find a reason to focus on the hereafter. By creating our heaven on earth, we experience the promise of eternal bliss in the here and now. Daily life gets the quality of pure joy and everything we experience as comparative.

I have often contemplated on my own death. Many times death felt near. When fear stroke again, I tried to accept it instead of suppressing it, until fear no longer could get its claws on me. Consequently, inner peace and bliss came to me. I was privileged to be a few times in close contact with people during their dying process: it was like carrying them a while, over and again an intense experience. Sometimes I felt jealousy, because they enter the essence of the mystery, while I had to stay back on this earth. Obviously, some work is waiting for me here.

Now I can understand that it is a privilege to live on earth in this unique time of evolution and transformation. Each day I establish a piece of heaven here on earth and more often, I experience life as an enjoying gift. Steadily the veils disappear between the two planes. Hardly I can feel difference between my material brothers and sisters and my astral ones. Death is my daily companion. It is my intention to leave this world consciously when my time is over. The experiences of my shamanism brothers and sisters will inspire and guide me.

To me, a big party may be organized when I shall leave this earth and return home. When we wake up again, we know there is no separation. The true connection is eternal, with no beginning and no end. In fact, there is only a 'see you later.'

The process of mourning

Of course, there is the missing of the person. It is painful when we cannot share any longer, cannot touch one another any longer. That is why the process of mourning is so important. Do not permit anybody to take it away from you, give yourself the permission to grieve. When you may feel the pain in its full: the missing, the anger, the frustration and the staying back alone, this process will cleanse you. When you suppress your grief it will spring up over and over again, and this not 'coming on terms' with your grief shall be sickening your life. When you get over your grief, a new dimension adds to your life.

Only when you have experienced this process in all its aspects, you can let go. Then you create lovingly the possibility to the deceased to find his way in his new dimension. You open yourself for a new way of contact. Suddenly you will observe that an additional angel is looking over your shoulder, supporting you in your duty here on earth.

Surrender

We are not only mourning about the loss of a dear one. Similar processes take place in the situation of a divorce, in the moments the children are leaving to stand on their own feet, the loss of a job, the change of our address, etc.

We are passing the different stages of the process of mourning as the pioneering Dr. Elisabeth Kübler Ross has described in her books. At first, there is the inevitable 'knowing', followed by the denying. When we are no longer capable to maintain this denial, anger is coming in. We are angry on everyone, especially on God. To gain the best from it we start bargaining, negotiating with God. When we have crossed all these stages in its full, acceptance will come, or in other words the process of resignation. Then when the acceptance is total, the soul shall bend down for the will of the supreme. The last step in the process, the step of complete surrender:

'I let go, I let God'.

Sleeping beauty

Kids infallibly remember their origin. There is proof of this in the following poem I received from a wise soul with the physical age of thirteen years.

*Dying, dying is not eerie
I do not fear it, life is weary.
Dying is easy, dying is O.K.
But dying is not done for play.
You do not die until life's run,
Until your task here has been done.
Then rest, when you have done your duty,
One hundred years like Sleeping Beauty.
At length, once more it is time for birth
Along the silver cord that leads to earth
And you lie in your cradle like long ago
And you start to cry and you want to know:
Why do I have to wake once more?
Why am I back what is the sore?*

Answers will be found out later.

*I do love life
but I am always ready to die.*

- The White Witch -

Lessons

After years of separation, we return to our eternal connection. Probably we died already 'several deaths' on the earthly plane, in all different layers, before we recognize that this life is only a particle of our immense totality.

Before we have to face death, we all receive the necessary time to learn our lessons, which has planned by our soul. After our physical demise, the process of learning is continuing in the hereafter. The moment we understand this principle, we will understand the importance of our earthly life. All the experiences of earthly life, added to our consciousness, we carry into the next stage. We can consider this self-created physical body as the divine vehicle for our soul.

It contains all the codes that automatically will attract those lessons, which we, ourselves, have decided to experience and to be taught through, on the physical, emotional, mental as well as the spiritual level. That is why it is so important that we lovingly care for this perfect vehicle, that we learn to listen to the signals, which it is emitting continuously.

Instead of seeing this physical body as an instrument we associate so complete with it that for many of us it has become the only reality. We are engaging ourselves with our visible appearance. We are even judging each other on this visible reality. We are spending fortunes for make up, beauty treatments, weight control and expensive garments, to make ourselves look better, as we wait hopefully for the craved appreciation.

We do not like to give priority to invest in spiritual growth, neither in time nor in money. Yet we all remember those moments were we felt deeply touched by someone, which was not due to the external presentation, in contrary, I dare to say. It is the charisma, the vitality of persons, animals and matter, which are attracting us, aware or unaware.

We are creating our own reality. The fact is that here on this earth we all are manifestations of light and darkness. When we commit ourselves to our dark part, we will meet darkness in the life-after. When we commit ourselves to the light present in us, when we realize that we are sparkles of divinity and accept the responsibility for this, then not only we will bring heaven on earth yet also light will be our part in the life-after. Do not think we have to deny the darkness inside us. The moment we accept our own darkness and no longer find fault with the external world, we are along the way to becoming light.

Harmony is the perfect balance between light and darkness.

Image of God

It is time to analyze critically our belief system. For centuries, the church misused God acting with power and suppression to make us narrow-minded and dependently. Now as we are awakening, we no longer accept a punishing image of God, who lets us burn eternally in hell. God is the eternal source of wisdom, the absolute manifestation of unconditional love, without judging. The One lovingly observing how we ourselves are creating our own hell or heaven and stay in this reality as long as we need this experience. The moment the desire awakens to return to the Unity, we reconnect ourselves with the light and we live more in harmony with all the visible manifestations of creation. Ultimately, the presence of darkness can no longer affect us.

This earth is the perfect education system. Realizing this, we open up for the experiences needed by the soul to realize its divine destiny. When it is time to transfer to the light we will return enriched to the source of all life.

Separation

According to the Christian church, we are born in sin. Until now, this institution was in many respects a male stronghold. It did give God a masculine countenance, and denied the feminine aspect, the Goddess in each. This has resulted in a worldwide suppression of womanhood. We forgot our greatness, and lived in a deep-rooted feeling of guilt and we started behaving as unworthy, sinful mortal beings. We forgot that divinity is permeating each of us and that men and women together are giving body to the totality of God. In the past, the institution represented authority, and gave direction and guidelines. Now we are prepared to stand at our feet, to take responsibility for personal divinity and to discover our inner truth. Let us not be afraid to do it in our unique personal way. Also, do not let us throw away the child with the bathwater and cut us from our spiritual heritage.

The only meaning of sin is separation. In all its simplicity, it tells us that, by incarnating in matter, we have separated ourselves from our true origin. This step is necessary to get through new experiences. Ultimately, the goal is to discover who we are in essence. By then, we can return into that Unity.

All essential problems, all the pain and suffering we experience during this lifetime, are the consequences of our feeling of separation. Most of us are educated in a discipline of sin and penance, which has strengthened this feeling.

It could have been so different if they had taught us from the very beginning that we are beautiful beings, sparkles of divinity, absolute divine perfection. Perhaps then there would be no impulse to discover something new, for without challenges we will never like to learn something new.

When we understand the cosmic principles, admiration for the perfection of creation will manifest and no longer, will we violate the universal law. A natural effect will be self-respect and respect for others who have different appearances.

The natural consequence of our isolation from the source is fear. Fear is asking to be proved, fear is asking to be manifested, fear is asking for competition and for a continuous activity to avoid facing its own emptiness, its own insecurity.

The more we discover ourselves and the more we live out of the love which we are in essence, the more the negative self-image transforms. We develop self-confidence and

trust others. We see in each person a sparkle of divinity, a reflection of ourselves. A deep inner knowing develops that we are part of that big mystery, called Life. We are on the path to become whole and complete.

AIDS

AIDS is a typical disease of this modern time. A disease, which is making clear to us that we, as a society, have lost respect for the laws of the universe. From the moment we descended out of the unity, we started to experience ourselves as physical beings. We have forgotten our greatness, did no longer believe in abundance and created shortage. We have forgotten that sexual energy in itself has the highest potential of creation, if we use it selectively and well considered and if we act out of love and respect.

From the moment of our birth, we created the cause of this feeling. In the safety of the womb, we are still one with spirit, completely connected with our homeland. The first seven years after birth, we live more or less on both planes, the spiritual and the physical plane, and so we are rather in tune with our totality. From the age of seven, we are losing the connection with our source. In other words, from that time onward, that connection is obstructing steadily. This is a necessary development, for only through this complete forgetting of our divine reality we can trace back our divine totality.

From that time onward, the ego has its advent. The head is controlling the heart and we have the feeling we have to do everything by ourselves. We think we have to fight for our existence. We do not realize we are battling ourselves, and that our inner aggression is reflecting into the outer world. They did not teach us how we can coordinate with our creative and destructive forces, as symbolized in the Indian God Shiva and his spouse Kali. We no longer know how to master these forces, how to transform them, and to use them as tools for all our creations, in order ultimately to express our highest potential, the quality of unconditional love: the Christ-consciousness in ourselves.

We are afraid to exclude ourselves from the group and we present ourselves to the outer world as if we are successful and happy, while inwardly we feel insecure and divided. We drown ourselves and exceed all bounds.

When we are afraid to isolate ourselves, afraid to connect ourselves with our core, afraid to stand for our own power, for what we are in reality, then we create disharmony, which will ultimately manifest itself in a dreaded disease like AIDS.

Light and darkness

The moment you get the message that it is just you who is suffering this dreadful disease, you definitely feel your world destroyed. Initially you will deny it. It is impossible that it happens to you, these kind of terrifying things are only happening to others. In a later stage, you will be furious and questioning yourself why you are punished that severely....

The laws of the universe are clarifying to you that you are fallen out of the Unity and that the time is ripe to repair the harmony within yourself: the harmony between light and darkness, the harmony between the masculine and the feminine aspects in yourself.

Although we cannot change the situation, we can change our point of view. We can see AIDS as an ordeal of God. No doubt a natural reaction, yet after an intensive process of

acceptance and conversion, it is possible to see AIDS as a tool for developing awareness, an opportunity for transformation. Then we take responsibility for our actions and we head for mastery, masterhood over matter.

AIDS is a wake-up call. It is a clear indication that the universe gives us the opportunity to face our deepest fears and insecurities. Which like any other disease and disharmony challenges us to purify ourselves and live again in harmony with our source.

Being

No matter if we are homo-, lesbian- or heterosexual, when we accept this from our core then there is only 'being' and no longer we need to apologize or to prove ourselves. 'Being' has nothing to do with dependency. 'Being' is an inner knowing. 'I am who I am'. I am also *that* and *that* is God.

'Being' is the totally surrender to your true self: that part in you where there is no judging anymore. *I am* and that is fine, no need to prove myself anymore. Then competition does not exist, no longer there is a separation between the other and me. Again, I may experience unity.

With our so-called sexual revolution we thought initially we should gain freedom, but as never before, we created jail. We focused on sexuality and confused it with love. Constantly we are hunting for fulfillment, and we forget that we will receive the best satisfaction in serving others. Love does not distinguish: we love the other irrespective of sex, race or age. We see our inner divine sparkle reflected in all that is alive.

Rejection

As long as we reject others for reason of AIDS, we act out of fear, not out of love. We proclaim ourselves above others, we neglect the fact that we all together have created this world, and so we all together created diseases like AIDS.

It is arrogant to think that we have no part in the process. By rejecting persons with AIDS, we feel not obliged to contact them. Therefore, we do not need to touch them and we do not run the risk to be touched and be 'infected' by them. Rejection is lack of love, lack of self-acceptation - acceptance of our own cancer cells. As long as we are afraid to face our personal cancer cells, we are creating cancer, for everything we suppress will at the end turn against us.

Diseases like cancer and AIDS are consequences of our separation from Unity. We create a tremendous disgust toward ourselves, are terrified by our own divinity and we cannot accept our true essence. No longer is it possible to experience our inner beauty, our divine connection.

Either we deny most emphatically the existence of God, or we depict God as the scapegoat, the cause of all the trouble. We think this is safer than to look at Him as the infinite manifestation of love, the reflection of that same love that we in essence are.

*We all together are God,
in all the distinctive aspects and manifestations*

Health

We like to believe that health is only a manifestation of the physical body. Yet, the body is in a minor position.

A true healthy person will be recognized in the way he is living his life. A true healthy person is vital, enthusiastic, creative, careless and joyful. A healthy person is not worried about tomorrow, he is aware that all his needs will be provided at the right time. A healthy person can be physically handicapped, using a wheelchair or even affected by AIDS, but the brightness of his soul will no longer withhold his divine totality, will radiate his being, and the environment will experience him as a radiating, shining personality.

Lessons for life

Constantly we focus our attention and the way of tackling problems on the material consequences. We easily forget to observe the emotional and mental cause. Real cure we cannot expect from treating the consequences, but only in approaching the cause. The moment we start working from the cause, the consequences of our actions will be distinct.

Limitations caused by diseases, like AIDS, are forcing us to be introspective on the essence of our existence: our yearning to experience that love and to manifest who we are. Unconsciously we create the life lesson we need to complete ourselves. First, we have to become aware of the consequence of our loveless attitude, to convert toward the opposite: unconditional love based on mutual respect and simplicity in its purest form.

The fact that you presently seem to be free from the AIDS-virus does not mean that you are healthier than the one who has infected by the virus.

AIDS has the meaning of a first rank purification. It is the process of alchemy, a disease with the effect on the visible plane of degeneration, yet on the invisible planes will it refine our vibration in such a way that we, in a comparatively short period, can experience a tremendous change in our level of consciousness. AIDS is a call to awake our divinity, to deal with ourselves and with others with respect. Faster as any other disease, AIDS will bring us toward mutual understanding and respect, and towards spiritual awareness.

In South Africa where the gap between white and black seems irreconcilable, even after abrogation of apartheid, AIDS is bridging. Whites and blacks are joining hands and are working together to conquer and to soften the consequences of AIDS.

If we face these processes out of love instead of fear and denial, then it can be quite possible that this process will ultimately save us from our obsession for self-destruction and the destruction of our planet earth.

*When all tempests have subsided
then there is only love:
The phoenix arises from her ashes....*

LIFE AND DEATH OF EVERHARD

*And he spread his newly acquired wings,
and flew along the way back to the light....*

Everhard, born July 31st, 1951 – expired July 11th, 1994

Death

Mourn not o'er the death of the beloved,
Call not back the traveler who is on his journey
Toward his goal: for he knows not what he seeketh!
Ye are on the earth, but now he is in heaven.
By weeping for the dead, ye will make sad the soul
who cannot return to earth: by wishing
to communicate with him ye do but distress him.
He is happy in the place at which he has arrived:
By wanting to go to him, ye do not help him:
Your life's purpose still keepeth you on earth.
No creature that hath ever been born hath belonged
In reality to any other: every soul is the beloved of God.
Doth God not love as we human beings cannot?
Death, therefore, doth but unite man with God.
For the Whom doth the soul in truth belong,
To Him in the end is its return, sooner or later.

Verily, death is a veil behind which is hidden life
Which is behind comprehension of the man on the earth.
If ye knew the freedom of that world,
And how the sad hearts are unburdened of their load:
If ye knew how the sick are cured, how the wounded are healed,
And what freedom the soul experiences as it goes further
From this earthly life of limitations,
Ye would no more mourn those who have passed,
But pray for their happiness in their further journey
And for their peace of their souls.

- Inayat Khan – 1921 -

*The 'Burial Sermon' from the Service for a Soul which has passed, a form of the Universal Worship Service founded by Pir-o-Murshid Inayat Khan in 1921. Used by permission

The Netherlands

The calendar holds at December 19th, when Giri and I landed at Schiphol. This time we took a direct flight from Jakarta, a stiff flight of over thirty hours. We are ending a period of two years in which we traveled a lot worldwide. I remember coming back from The Antilles with that new impulse: let go everything, let pass everything and follow the direction of your inner guide. It was an educative and exciting period. They guided us in a perfect way.

Miracles unfolded in front of us, we executed wonderful activities. Now we know this journey will be the last for the moment. My body is sick already for a long time.

At any rate, that is how medical science would diagnose it. I myself have developed another point of view. My spiritual progress is forcing my body for purification and wholeness. This way of living asks its price. Over and again my body has to adapt to a higher consciousness, higher vibrations, to a continuous transformation process. All, which is not resounding in the new vibrations, has to be removed out of the system. Now it is happening in the form of illness. I feel I do need a place for myself. After all these intense years of wandering it is time to retreat, to assimilate and to integrate all the experiences, to create space to the distinct layers of my being, to rebalance and to get cured.

Unfortunately, that private place has not yet come and temporarily we are staying with our dear friends.

Everhard

Already the following morning I phone my dear friend Everhard. Even though he did not write this last period, I know he is ready to receive his mastership in Reiki. In a preview, I saw him initiated with Christmas...

Dear Eef, it is so good to hear your voice again. I do love you so much! The past period you have faced a big inner battle and now you are prepared and full of dedication. Yes, in all respects, you are ready for your mastership and to you this Christmas celebration appears as perfect. Definitely, it will be precious due to the gathering of all those beautiful Reiki-people.

A few days later, my natural healer confirmed my suspicion: my body is in a bad shape. Although I have no idea where this process will end, even as before I take the decision to be my own doctor in my healing process. As you know, it is my body, so I am the first one to take responsibility for it. The outcome is of minor importance: only the way matters. If necessary, I am as ready to go, as I am ready to stay.

Fortunately, I am not the one who determines the moment of my passing away; I will give it to God. No longer am I afraid to die. My life has been intense. I have lived to my inner truth as best as possible. There is nothing I feel as unaccomplished. I am content and happy, and although I am young in age, at least I lived three lives in one....

Christmas-celebration

While organizing the Christmas function, the responsible 'girls' were confronted with a problem: they have a gap in the program. There is no coincidence, so Eef and I will fill in this gap. During this 'gap', I will initiate him in the midst of all our Reiki-angels. This decision fills my heart with joy: this is anyhow what I still like to do.

That particular night the hall is crowded with loving people, my beautiful adepts. It is touching to meet everyone again. They have not only progressed in beauty: they are also more open, more vulnerable and more intense. Some of them 'see' and understand or may suspect what is going on with me.

The atmosphere is sacred. Definitely, there is the presence from that other reality too.

After some songs of introduction and the rituals of the light, the moment of Everhard's initiation ceremony is there. The center of the circle is the perfect place for this ritual. We both concentrate on this special initiation. It has less or nothing to do with myself anymore. No longer, I need to do anything. I am only the instrument, the channel the energy can pass. Dear Eef, it appears you will be the last Reiki master initiated by me. Probably there is even no possibility to train you, but in this situation, it is of no importance. There is only just now.

Indeed, in all perspectives it is a special night. A lot of those present feel touched by the intensity of love-energy, by the experience of the initiation, the joined action with the cosmos, the joined action between you and me. In this hall, in this night, the seed is sown and definitely it will blossom later in others.

Later that night I make an announcement to stop the open-Reiki sessions. We review the schedule and if possible, we cancel the program. For the moment, we will not cancel the coming Reiki II-weekend and the following first-degree course. We will see what is meant to happen with these workshops.

No longer am I able to give. In turn, I will practice to receive. I start that same night and I open myself to receive many loving gifts. Good heaven, how they have grown up, so mature, my beautiful Reiki adepts. My duty is over now. After the intensive way we walked along together I can withdraw with an easy mind. Finally, time is ripe to attend to my own process.

Like the sun

Dear Eef, you become so touchingly beautiful! Even the visible caposy on your nose is not disturbing. You are bright like the sun. Although it was much against your will, last time I thought you were not ready for your initiation and so I decided to let you wait for half a year, taking the risk that your time on earth could be over by then. Now, having surrendered your life to the Supreme, you are ready in all aspects. In this particular situation, it is no longer relevant that you will initiate others. What matters, is the way you are looking at life, the way you are assimilating your processes. Your example, your presence will open doors, and that will be the gateway for others to be initiated.

Old memories are flashing back. Was it already three years ago when we met? You arrived at that beautiful spot somewhere in Brabant to receive the first Reiki-degree. It was a boarding weekend and like always a very intensive one. I was surprised that over and again the topic of AIDS was touched.

I insisted that AIDS was close to everyone, and undoubtedly would play a role in the life of each of us. It would confront us all and should force ourselves to introspect on our behavior and the way we are meeting our brothers and sisters.

Initially it appeared as having nothing to do with you. To me you were so complete and healthy. This meant that you already had assimilated so much in other layers. Even during the initiations, it did not occur to me that you were suffering from this fearful disease. Only in the last session something happened, through which I suddenly understood that you were suffering from AIDS. For a moment, I was startled. Not for reason that AIDS infected you, yet because the whole weekend I had confronted you with that fact.

After the course, we went together for a walk. Still I remember even the way we walked: our arms locked tightly as if we were familiar for years. Between us, there was so much closeness, so much recognition, and so much love. Openly, I shared my discovery with you. You answered even open: they confirmed recently the diagnosis. You said you felt in peace with it.

That weekend we renewed our mutual love, undoubtedly existing for lifetimes. Love with a new opportunity to expand and blossom into fullness beyond our present imagination....

Association

Three months later, you received your second degree in Reiki. You told me that before this you had no spiritual affirmation. A nurse in the hospital told you about Reiki. It was resonating in your heart and you were immediately interested. This was the reason we met. You had grown up in a close family in an atmosphere of love and educated without a specific religious conviction. You had a natural spiritual connection, not bound by limitations of form and so you learned to connect with the essence of religion. Your temple was the spot where you were located.

Shortly after your second degree, Giri and I left Holland for a longer period. Our communication continued and even intensified. You did write to me at your convenience. The letters were short but essential. Sometimes you asked for guidance and support, but still you molded your own life. You did not stop at half measures and wished to elucidate all ambiguities. You were very well aware of your limitations in time.

That same period you decided to deal with your disease no longer in the conventional way. Your body reacted even worse on the specific medicines and that is why you decided to stop the treatment. You made the choice for quality of life instead of quantity. You took shelter in the power of Reiki and supported your physical well-being with homeopathic medicines, vitamins and minerals. Complaining was not in your nature. You were a true 'Leo' and enjoyed life in a tremendous intensity. To me this attitude felt so familiar. Only after encountering death and its integration, we are ready to enjoy life unto the fullest.

Last year I refused to initiate you. I thought you had not cleansed your association with matter completely. Thereupon you shared in writing your strong inner battle. You examined all possibilities to cure in material sense, comprehensible and correct. You did not miss one step. I responded that the time was ripe to offer your life to God. After

all, he is the only One who really knows what is the best. Initially you were angry; you told me I took it too easy.

Nevertheless, you were aware that I myself intended to walk this path up to the end. So you participated the fight with all force, until you could kneel down in total humility and surrender to the flow of life itself: *'Not my will but Thy will'*. You started to accept everything as for the best, which was not equal to a passive sacrificing but an active and uplifting attitude toward your process. By this, you became even more beautiful. You used your time to the maximum, freed yourself from old habits and patterns and created new ones. You were more vulnerable, and more embarked on your own course and grew brighter.

Companionable person

You were an outstanding example of a companionable person and preferred to be awake into the wee hours. This ritual was established, yet your wish to be with others was reduced. In the beginning, you kept participating within the COC (Association for gay people). You thought it was one of your duties to convince people of the benefits of safe sex and show them their responsibility for the well-being of others. In your opinion, it was not effect full. People are fatalistic: we like to think that the other will be at risk, not we. Regrettably we are only willing to change our way of life when we feel forced to.

After this particular Christmas-celebration followed a period in which I myself went down to the depth of my soul. It was astonished to discover that one part of me still was not embracing life. Yes, sometimes I observed an inexplicable desire to leave this plane and to live in the hereafter.

The only thing I could do was to dive deeply into these feelings. Seemingly, there is no fear for dying, only some fear for the way it will approach me. For weeks I balance between the attachment to material life and the wish to escape from matter and I catch myself on the feeling of being sick of all this. I know for sure that when I can make the choice for life I am capable to cure myself again. This process is a heavy load. Repeatedly I experience a deep feeling of loneliness and solitude.

No doubt, this process has to do with my strength of mind, most of all too strong for this more fragile vehicle. Let me explain it this way: this process is to compare with a light bulb, which has burnt constantly on a too high a voltage. It is a process hard to explain to others, so I try less to do so, as I think it is sufficient that I myself start to understand this process.

Retreat

I got a cabin offered at the Belgian border. It is a gorgeous remote place, where I can retreat in silence. It is perfect; it is just that what I need now.

One week before the scheduled Reiki-II weekend, I wake up with an intense feeling of agony: God forgive me, I cannot do it, please help me, I am empty handed.

I walk into the forest and give space to cry out my sorrow. I use the healing A-sound. This time it is very effective. While breathing deeply and continuously and keep on

singing the A-sound, a beautiful insight is bubbling up from deep within: 'You have nothing to give, you only have two empty hands. That is the best you can have, go empty-handed'. Obviously, I did!

It is astonishing as most participants consisted of experienced people, there are just a few newcomers. This is convenient for me, as it means fewer initiations. In addition, you dear Eef are also present.

Together, we agreed that when your body is permitting, you would participate as much as possible as a part of your training. So nice to see how lovely you are in expressing your vulnerability!

It is an unprecedented situation. Before commencing the course, I retire in my room until it is time. I am wondering where to draw the required energy for this weekend. Already during the introduction, one of the students is alerting me briskly. Her behavior is pushing me into power and from that moment on, I am totally present. Thanks to this interaction, this weekend became more beautiful and enriching for all the participants.

Finally, at the end of the weekend, lying in a circle of love, I received a distant healing through nineteen 'whoppers'. What a tremendous energy!

The following weekend the first-degree boarding stage will take place. No way, that any of the participants could have a thought that something could be wrong with me. I pour out like ever. Again, the universe is supporting me now that I need it. Happily, I have learned to rely on that. I can say that after finishing the weekend I had even more energy left than you, do you remember dear Eef?

Togetherness

We arranged that you should come to the Belgian border for your master training. That first night I really have to become accustomed to you. I felt already attached to the solitude. Happily, we get used to each other quickly, for we are in tune with one another.

The following day you feel yourself severely sick and you get up only in the afternoon. You look miserable and start crying sincerely. I hold you and rock you back and forth. The question arises if you are still afraid to die. In my opinion, your 'no' comes too quickly. I let go of our program of that day and treat you with Reiki.

My daily routine consists out of a strict diet, meditations and exercises, reading and walking in nature. I get up early and after the morning meditation, I go for my first walk.

If possible, we walk together in the afternoon. After a few days, you feel recuperated and we start the practical instructions. As I expected, you are a speedy learner.

Due to the situation, I naturally take care for the daily activities. Lovingly I prepare simple vegetarian food. Although you are a meat-eater, you enjoy the food. Even more, you enjoy our companionship.

At the end of the week, we have not completed our program. It is not of any importance. It can wait until later. Dear Eef, after this week you visibly find it difficult to go back home: difficult to leave me, to leave the silence, the beautiful winter scenery, the primitive way of living and the wood-burning stove. You can imagine again the

goodness of having a relationship. Is this the same Eef who preferred living in the city center, close to the hustle and bustle, being surrounded by lots off people?

Fair to say that I have to get used to the solitude again. You are absolutely leaving behind a gap. Do you remember how we played the ‘transformation game’? I played it before, yet for you it was new, absolutely a peak.

It was when we played this game that you casually informed me about the first manifesting caposy in your throat. I asked of the consequence of it. Without hesitation, you explained that it should grow and finally will cause the end. The only solution was radiation therapy, which did not have your preference.

For a moment, I was speechless. I could sense your pain and your sorrow, as if it was in me and I commiserated intensely. I did not feel pity, for that left my system already a long time ago. By life and learning I know that pity has nothing to do with love. Moreover, pity is more pampering than supporting. Compassion, empathizing, being free and open to let me be touch by others is the replacement.

Later, this particular caposy got the size of a dime.

Place to live

Thanks to you, Giri and I have at our disposal an apartment. It is still vivid in memory how you called us some weeks ago with the message that you could rent another apartment. The apartment was more attractive and bigger then your present one, yet situated on the outskirts of the city. You found it too far from the city center but thought it would be suitable for us. Without a doubt, I felt immediately a persisting ‘no’. You thought it was arrogant of me to have the idea that Giri and I should find a living easily. I felt overawed and transferred from my intuition to my intelligence. I asked Giri to have a look immediately. We had only a one-day-term to decide. In the meantime, I convinced myself that after all we had asked for a small place to live. Even if I could not see the good of the city and certainly not of the apartment, the place was definitely small. The advantage was its location near to you, dear Eef, for I wanted to be at your disposal, if needed.

However, a private living was important. On impressive request, I had decided to take the necessary time to cure and to contemplate. Giri also was longing for such a place, living together. Therefore, he left immediately for observation, concluded that the apartment could fulfill our wishes and signed the contract.

I wanted to exploit to the utmost this six weeks retreat at the border and decided to stay until the last moment in my shelter of silence. Giri prepared the apartment. The last day he came to pick me up. An inexplicable feeling of disgust arose. Something in me refused to leave that private place. I invented many excuses and we even made a break during the drive. This feeling of course had its ground. A canal divided that particular area of the city. Before we came to the canal, everything was fine, but the moment we crossed the bridge the trouble started. I was scared out of my wits.

All I went through in that apartment is a story itself. Believe me, it was terrifying. All the extra energy I had collected during my retreat was gone within twenty-four hours.

I went through all the events ever happened in this area, too much for words in a small chapter. Much later, I felt from deep within that in previous times a factory was located on this spot. I sensed that during war, and probably in earlier times, terrifying things

must have had taken place. The whole area was full of wandering souls, who were ruining the atmosphere. This caused that the people who lived in this area, for inexplicable reasons, seems never feel at ease. The first night I felt a strong urge to jump from the balcony. Fortunately, I realized that this feeling was not mine....

That first episode of twenty-four hours appeared as endless. Continuously terrible thoughts were crossing my mind. Desperately I tried to make space. I arranged a spot and forced myself to meditate, to give some rest to myself. Finally, Giri could no longer hold this view.

We escaped from the apartment and took a temporary shelter in a monastery. After a few days, we were ready to face this situation again. We painted the whole apartment, and even more importantly, we purified this place energetically. We felt it our duty to leave this place with a good atmosphere for the future tenants.

Patch of light

In this period, you visited us regularly. We prepared some nice food for you and treated you with Reiki. You experienced and observed increasing light in and around our apartment, which must have been true. Although initially explaining not being so sensitive, after some time even Giri developed skin problems all over his body. We were close to despair.

One morning, after finishing all the daily activities, I felt totally disturbed and exploded to Giri. As a reaction, I felt even worse. I cried out of helplessness and begged for help. Then a miracle happened: I felt embraced by a manifestation of light and heard a loving voice telling me that rescue was close. That same morning I contacted a person who was living in the center of the Netherlands, to make an appointment for consultation. This lady, having a good intuition, asked me to introduce myself. I tried to explain the situation. She only needed half a word: 'How foolish you are, what is in your mind to enter such a situation? Get your car and come to me immediately. We have a little house at the back of our farmhouse, just for people like you. Dear one, with this kind of sensitivity you have outgrown the Dutch atmosphere'.

It seems that they answered my prayers. The closer we approached that region the less I could believe that our country was still so beautiful. We landed at one of the most gorgeous spots I had ever seen. Although it was only a temporary solution, it was a precious place to cure. Giri and I, we felt on cloud nine.

When we returned home that night, I contacted you. I was aware that it should be difficult for you, having me at such a far distance. Your reaction made me realize that your love was pure and unconditional: 'You go. I cannot tolerate seeing you dying. I feel more happy when you are doing fine, even when it is at the other side of the world...'

The Antilles

Once feeling home in this gorgeous place, I had only three weeks to enjoy it, before leaving for The Antilles. This decision I had already taken after receiving a request to come to St. Martin. At that moment, anything else seemed better than to pine away in that apartment. I already arranged everything for the journey. I had to initiate a new Reiki master, and during that same period I, myself, wished to finalize my duty at The Antilles.

Giri and I were both unemployed. From the moment we decided to follow the voice of our hearts and said farewell to the certainties of life, God in his miraculous way provided us all our necessities. I was convinced He would continue this, although He arranged now and then a little test. The request from St. Martin was such a test. In this earthly reality, spiritual persons also need money. This aspect had been one of the reasons to accept the invitation.

Besides of this, winter was cold and moist and my body was yearning for the sun power and the healing ocean water. Without doubt, it was a pretty, coincidental circumstance.

Getting married

Last November, during our stay in Australia, Giri and I tied the knot in a special Indian wedding ceremony. We had decided to legalize this marriage on April 6th, five days before my departure for The Antilles. That day was extremely cold! The lady-registrar was of a pure beauty. Without any preparation, she found the proper words. Each word came sincerely from her heart. After the ceremony, we had supper with our associates and friends. We invited you also dear Eef, but you did not show up. I got the qualm that you had decided to leave this planet just on this particular moment. When I connected myself with you, I sensed your subtle energy distracted from your physical body. The lady opposite of me apparently had the same feeling. We looked at each other and burst out into tears. Not for long, we made up a circle of love, wished you a good journey and enjoyed our meal.

To my big surprise, much later I see you arriving, looking very vulnerable and fragile, yet absolutely innocent. I rushed outside to hug you and to give you a beating, although the latter was not serious. That day I renewed my relationship with Giri - you had just broken off yours....

It was a pity we had so little space in our house. I would have you at my place to care for you. During the period I was abroad, that space would be available and you could use my bed. Giri was eager to take care of you and you accepted the invitation with both hands.

On my desk, I kept the quotation: *'I let go, I let God'*. These words I noted down, as a reminder, in a period of struggle and surrender. You immediately noticed this quotation and took it as your mantra for the rest of your days, a mantra out of which you derived comfort and peace.

It was cold and moistly in our house, and soon you missed the business of the city. You only stayed for one week. Once at home you fell prey to pneumonia and pyelitis. You were admitted at the hospital for examination. I tried to contact you regularly.

At St. Martin, I was staying at the residence of the candidate Master and I entered immediately in a strict discipline. While the island has such a pleasant climate, I decided to fast this period. Together we practiced our daily meditations and yoga exercises. Daily we went to the seashore for sunbathing and swimming. As much as possible I treated myself and received the support I needed so badly. This all together was cherishing me at all levels.

Choices

Afterwards you told me that I always phoned at those moments you were asking for my help. You shared your grief and asked for support.

By means of my straight questioning, I helped you to make your choices: 'Will you admit yourself at the hospital or do you want to stay home. Do you wish to consult more therapists, or do you choose the treatment of your preference? Are you ready to rely on that decision?' Difficult decisions to take, but you asked for clarity, you wanted to know. Later, in a conversation, you told me you felt pushed by me, yet done in such a loving way that you could accept it. Ultimately, you were the one who made the decisions.

The moments you were suffering much pain, I was experiencing it like mine. I myself have suffered sufficient to know the intensity of your suffering.

In a miraculous way, our processes walked along similar lines already for a long time. We were both engaged in a similar process of transformation, the process of alchemy, the transformation of gross material cells into the much lighter vibrations of light cells, no easy task.

At St. Martin, the master candidate and I climbed a special mountain. From this beautiful top, we had a wide view over the ocean. I felt so connected with you that I needed to search for a spot to be in silence. Prudently, I started singing the healing A-sound. I could not stop singing: the sound became more powerful and felt like coming from deep within. I felt very angry and I started crying and shouting out of despair and grief. I cried for myself, for you, for all the suffering of the world, all this meaningless suffering. I sang with all my forces and I begged God to help me to detach from you in all aspects. It happened instantly: *'I let go, I let you go'*.

All attachments observed before, the wish to keep you here on earth for reasons of my heart connection with you, they all vanished. To me you were free to go. I realized later that the process of detachment was a necessary tool for being available to you in a later stage.

In a following telephone conversation, I asked you to ponder how you wished to arrange the rituals related to your death. You told me that it was in your mind, yet from that moment on it took shape.

In this period of six weeks at The Antilles, I accomplished a tremendous break-through in my personal process of curing. It was not only a beginning, undeniably it was the basement on which the construction could be built progressively once back in the Netherlands.

At home

Till now I could hardly contact the outer world. It was very rare that the telephone rang in our little house. There was hardly any mail and it took me a lot of effort to reply. Once more I was retreated in this lovable silent place, together with Giri. The only thing I kept myself open for was a daily telephone call with you. When I had not contacted you, you contacted me. Soon I decided to open my cocoon to visit you together with Giri.

I asked you if you would like to join us outside into the polder. Although you had a visitor, you were very sure that you wanted to go. In spite of your enthusiasm, our trip had become very strenuous for you. It was too cold to rest on one of the benches. In spite of your thorough enjoyment, we had to return quickly. Back home, we treated you with Reiki and put you to bed.

The funeral

Within a week, you made a telephone call: 'Yasmin, I am ready, I wish to make the arrangements for the funeral'. I felt deeply touched and again I realized how intensely I loved you. That Friday, June 11th, I went to you, alone. It was the first time in many years I drove on my own, even recently at The Antilles I had not felt capable to do so. The whole day we evaded the question and we kept ourselves occupied with all and nothing. Only at night, we were ready to deal with the subject. Maybe it sounds funny, but it happened to become a festive event, very special and oh, so normal. We had a lot of laughter and permitted ourselves some sick jokes. One of your jokes was that you insisted on going to the crematorium as 'sound as possible'....

You reflected upon every aspect and knew very well how to execute it. You did not permit an atmosphere of mourning: it had to become a 'festive event'. I fully agreed with you. For dying on the earthly plane is nothing else than a new birth into another dimension.

At those planes, there is a tremendous joy when a soul, with the consciousness like yours, has decided to go home. No doubt, they have been waiting for you....

Orange

For those reasons we decided to use the color orange for the mourning cards. Orange is not only the color of joy, it was your favorite color also, no coincidence.

You decided to invite only a small number of people. From many friends you already had bid farewell and from that moment on I heard you repeatedly telling by telephone that you had too little energy to receive visitors. Initially it had been rather busy, you had a circle of loyal friends, yet in course of time, it had become quieter around you.

You decided that they should close your coffin immediately. You did not like people staring at you. You also selected your favorite music and those persons you wished to care for you. Your only sister knew a beautiful song and you wondered if she should be capable of singing it for you that day. After the demise of your mother, you had taken the responsibility for her in a natural way. During this weekend, you could give yourself more space regarding this subject.

You received a beautiful poem on death from Inayat Khan, and preferred me to read this during the function. We planned for another person to say the final word of thanks.

Like children

After all these intense preparations, for the first time I stayed overnight. We had hardly any sleep, I lay restless on the sofa and you were fully awake in your bed. At that time, you were still using your double bed and I sensed that you wished me to share your bed. You were physically oriented and enjoyed to touch and to be touched. Alternately we had an intense conversation on the sofa and in bed, and surprisingly we could doze off

sometimes. Suddenly I got it: the right words to print on your card. Eef listen, how does it sound:

*'And he spread his newly acquired wings
and flew along the way back to the Light....'*

You felt delighted and again we were fully awake, excited like two small school kids. Then you found you were hungry. You could be hungry at unscheduled times, so in the middle of the night I prepared you some food.

The most of our nights we spent this way. From the time your bed became so unpractical and you got that horrible 'hospital bed' I made my place beside your bed with a mattress on the floor. Being a night-reveler, at the time I got up exhausted, you snuggled in.

After that first night, I asked you if you still wanted to be alone at night. Although your friends were so helpful, they even came daily to prepare your meals, until then you had spent the nights unguarded. That question relieved you, for you knew already that it was a bit irresponsible.

'Okay, so you tell me the persons you think are useful to you during nighttime'. You chose for a trio: your sister, one of your artistic friends and me. Which did not mean you did not love your other friends, on the contrary, but now you preferred to be surrounded by friends who had the quality of calmness you needed so badly. In addition, we were convinced that the process should take a short time, and so we thought this number will be sufficient.

That morning we consolidated our notes. When your sister came in, you were shy to show them to her. I thought it was important she knew about our activities. After our common meal, I asked your permission to share our arrangement with her. She felt very relieved. The whole week she had been contemplating how to bring up the subject. She looked so sweet in her vulnerability and shared her grief with us. She cried a lot and said that she would miss you physically. How human! Yet, she was convinced that in a way you would always be near.

Gift

What a gift to share our sorrow and grief in complete equality. Your sister again sang her song for you, which was so touching, that the three of us started crying again. When I finally went home I felt exhausted, yet at the same time on cloud nine. That same weekend you both were able to detach from each other in love. Your sister proved to be ready to stand firmly and you felt discharged from holding responsibility for her.

That Sunday I kept on feeling heavenly. It had been for ages that I had so much energy and it made me execute certain actions I previous felt not brave enough to deal with. We cleared out a number of lurking conflicts and some bumps in our relationship were smoothed with the immediate effect of new space and a new reservoir of energy. Lovely, for in future I should need a lot.

Wings

One of my repeating questions was: *'Well Eef, how is the condition of your wings?'* Sometimes you had to reply that there was no progress, feeling so tired of the continuous practice, and then by surprise you proudly announced that they were growing rapidly.

Within a short time, you had to slide off almost everything, which was very difficult for you. Of course, you could understand that you needed a district nurse, but to accept this was a different story. Within a few weeks, they provided you with home help, a wheelchair and an oxygen machine. Each time you had to take a difficult decision, but once you took the decision, you adapted very well to the new situation.

However, astrologically you were a 'Lion'. You could be in your bed with the appearance of a king and let yourself served. It was a real joy to fulfill all your wishes.

Whatever you could do yourself, you did so till your last moment. Like shaving: even it took more and more effort, you felt untidy if you did not. You kept your pride in a positive way.

We agreed that I should return some days later. One day later I was already back, Giri needed the car for reasons of a railway strike. That same week, your Irish friend David, being a priest in Canada, should come. We both were aware that you were waiting for him.

'When I have seen David, I have finished everything', you explained. Which I sensed was true. At that time we were not anticipating that later on other dimensions would be touched, dimensions no longer connected with people.

Those days much had to be achieved, much to be cleaned and cleared. Your apartment was so small and we had to organize space for the wheelchair, oxygen container and later for that 'horrible' hospital bed. The latter was inevitable when you felt no longer comfortable in your own bed. It was the time for 'sales' and I went on searching for a good bed, yet when informed about the price it was out of discussion. At those moments I realized it was better to keep my mouth shut and leave you alone.

Finally, it was deep summer and the weather was stable. When possible we brought you outside. The first days you were capable to walk down the stairs yourself, do not ask how, but to go up we had to carry you. Only a few days later walking down the stairs had become impossible too.

Hooker-street

You had a very tiny one-room apartment in the 'hooker-street'. As for the energy and the noise, it was the absolute opposite of my environment, however I felt comfortable here.

Increasingly I encountered these special women. They had a very good insight on what was happening with you. One of those days, two of these remarkable women came up to visit you and offered their help. We needed only to call on them from our window!

When we were in the street together, they told us they were praying for you. How all this little miracles happened around you: I watched and enjoyed it thoroughly. You deeply enjoyed all this attention and our trips to the polder too. Initially we frequently went to the same spot at the waterside. We spread out a blanket and you could lie down to rest and to enjoy the beautiful sky. We always prepared a picnic for ourselves and we

brought old bread to feed the ducks, the geese and their chicks. We had many philosophical conversations at the waterside. It was a heavenly patch of silence and you missed nothing of the unfolding mystery of nature around you.

Favorite pub

You decided to go for the last time to the terrace of your favorite pub. It became an emotional, touching reunion with your old companions. They had not seen you for a long time, and they were confronted with you now sitting in a wheelchair. It was you again who helped them to accept the situation.

I liked the idea you wished to say farewell to my lovely dwelling. When I brought my car from the parking, I discovered that I was issued a ticket of € 50, -. Disheartened, I put it aside for later.

Even though we drove calmly through the countryside, it was too tiring. When we arrived at my place, you could only lay down. You were desperate and ended up in a terrible fit of weeping. You felt clearly relieved when we drove back in the direction of 's Hertogenbosch.

The energy of our house was too heavy for you. Of course, that particular spot is so pure and strong connected with Mother Earth. It touched you deeply.

How subtle the energy transformed in your apartment, yet you were not earth-grounded at all, which initiates a total different experience of existence. It is not strange that so many people do have so much difficulty with 'grounding'. To connect with Mother Earth – the original vibration - means to meet the inner darkness, the hidden pain and grief.

In addition, you worried about not carrying your oxygen with you. More frequently, you needed oxygen. When we were backing home, you were exhausted. I left the car and rushed home to see if your friend already had arrived to bring you up. I myself was not capable to take the wheelchair out of the car. On the way to the apartment, I met a nice man. Instantly he was ready to help. Once at your apartment I saw your friend coming. He lifted you like a feather and carried you up the stairs. It is true that you had lost a lot of weight.

Open heart

The story with the ticket got a happy end. This time, I was not willing to accept the situation and I contacted by phone the concerning official. Immediately he removed the ticket from the computer system and advised me to contact the administrative officer of the department. Probably she could be of help. This lady reacted standoffishly: it was out of question to make any exception. I could understand that, and I waited patiently holding the telephone, tired but openhearted.

Suddenly she asked my phone number and promised me to call back. Later she phoned to tell that two cops were on the way to bring us a parking permit. Her voice sounded completely transformed!

This was one of those unforgettable moments that I felt myself so privileged to have all of those experiences with you. The two cops entered in a complete chaos: literally, we were turning over the whole place. However, they kept cool. The officer, who had issued

me the ticket, was even shining! He told very proudly that for the first time in history they had convened a meeting concerning only you. This was definitely one of the many events happening around you, which touched me deeply.

The moment Giri and I returned from our journeys, the feeling was increasing that life in the Netherlands was buried under a load of dysfunctional structures. This particular situation was showing that around the world there are people who are not just hiding behind the rules, but are willing to listen to their heart. How brave, that one is open to be touched. The concerned permit expired the day of the cremation! Of course, I thanked this beautiful person for his sensitivity.

Guides

At night, you were always restless. That was okay, except that I was experiencing all your emotions and pain. So there was less chance to sleep.

Like you said, our connection was too strong. I knew your thoughts, I knew your emotions, I even knew your wishes. We called this tuning.

During one of those nights, you woke up in despair: 'Yasmin do you understand, I am waiting and waiting and He doesn't come to take me home'. You had already reached the stage of seeing your guides. Except your mother, who, open armed, made you clear that she was waiting for you, you recognized none of them. Since then, you felt embraced and protected.

Once I sat down behind your back and guided you to turn your energy inward. Suddenly you looked at me: 'You won't believe it Yasmin, they explained to me that I am not dead enough'. We could not stop laughing.

Later during meditation, this event came back in my memory. I realized that you unaware had a certain image about dying. I asked you how dead you had to be to permit yourself to die. After a while, I started to massage your back. You enjoyed it endlessly and it was a perfect protection against bedsores. The first time I did it very careful, afraid to use too much pressure. That feeling left quick, for especially your back was still very strong. I massaged you as much as possible and others took over. You calmed down completely when I placed my hands over your heart.

Way of the Soul

Throughout these days, you understood that you might even leave 'to will'. God is the One who decides about time. Later you wanted to read out your statement of euthanasia and decided to undersign. This happened about one week before your passing away. Your awareness developed rapidly, so we both knew that you should only use this solution in an absolute emergency. We realized that this development would make it difficult to interfere in nature's course of life. Your understanding matured that the soul, your soul, has made the choice to die at the correct time and in the correct way. In your case, cutting the natural course of life in an unnatural way would undoubtedly cause stagnation in the course of your soul. Some months ago you told dashingly: 'If I can't use the toilet by myself anymore, it will be the absolute end and than I will terminate this life'. Again, your consciousness developed so rapidly that such a decision became almost impossible. The more you surrendered to that which has its course, the more all the powers of the universe worked together to arrange for the

perfect circumstances. Although it was only on your willpower, until the last moment you were able to use the toilet yourself. Thank God, He saved you for this humiliation.

Energy

Sometimes when I entered, I found you seemingly half-dead, but miraculously you recovered very soon. Like you was a flower, whose petals had closed already for the night and then unfolded again, unbelievable! You told me it was on my account, I stimulated with my energy and I suppose it has a core of truth.

David's arrival created some rest for me. Together with Giri, I could stay at my place for some time. I came back the morning David should leave. To my surprise, he was still present.

David could not leave you behind: he cancelled his ticket to be with you for some more time. I sensed he could not detach from you emotionally. I asked him to do so. Initially he was not willing to understand me. During our conversation, there was a flash that the Reiki energy could support him.

That day we stayed together and it happened to be a special day. The three of us made a lovely walk in the polder. We enjoyed our closeness, we laughed, we hugged your special beech in the park and sang full heartedly. Although you asked me to stay for the night, I decided to go home.

I would give David the opportunity to clean his relationship with you. Before I left, you asked me to come back the next day and spend the night with you, for you were missing me. So I did. Again, the three of us went outside into the polder.

Later, when David and I were in the kitchen, I got a flash: it would be great to initiate David in your presence. For you, it would like an initiation performed by you. This made you very happy, for initially you would have initiated an English friend and your sweet sister.

This was no longer possible and although it appeared you let go of this wish, I sensed that initiating David would be a gift for both of you. You were excited, and David only answered: 'Well, when both of you feel that this will be the best....'

That same night I initiated him. It was an incredible energetic event. Later on David left to stay with a friend. We could not sleep anymore, we felt highly excited.

The following day became remarkable too. It started that David did not come in time: he overslept. It allowed the opportunity to have a frank conversation with your male district nurse. Both of you did not have an open relationship. Only promoting your interests I felt free to talk about everything which could support the increase of the connection. The man listened attentively; he even did not feel offended. In the contrary, he appeared to be very curious, for he was astonished about all that had happened around you. He felt impressed by the serenity of the atmosphere. Even more, he was curious about Reiki. From that day onward, you became companions. No longer, you had to ask for the same things over and over again.

Intensity

Your life was of an enormous intensity. As a student, you spent years in the USA. You loved very much the people who hosted you and called them your stepparents. It was during one of our walks in the polder, you suddenly felt very sad. That moment you realized you did not inform your stepparents about your serious condition. You were worried that they should receive your death announcement without any preparation. Together we searched for a solution, and the idea took shape that David, after returning in Canada, would visit your stepparents and tell them personally about your condition.

That night you felt so well that I suggested you to contact your stepparents yourself. A little later, we connected with the answering machine, but finally your stepmother took the phone. It was so touching to be with you in that moment. Initially you were very sad. I went to sit beside you and placed both my hands over your heart. At once, the energy changed, it was as if you were lightening, your heart opened to vulnerability. I felt touched very deeply. After you finished the conversation, I started crying. When David entered, returning from shopping, he found me crying in your arms. Unprepared, my energy field unfolded and I embraced the whole of the universe. You sensed what was happening and said: 'Now you are rising into heights I can't follow you any longer'. I denied, yet later on I realized the meaning of this experience. It was a preparation, so I could support you when you have to make your leap into eternity. That day David received the other initiations. Repeatedly it was intense and touching. His gentleness was turning outwardly. You Eef were so present, so beautiful. The place filled itself with even more light and love. When Giri came to take me home, he was impressed by the obvious presence of this high energy. It was time to have a drink to our friendship, to drink to the connection of the heart, reaching beyond death. In those days, David's life completely turned upside down. Without doubt, it had to happen.

Favorite spot

David wished to celebrate a special Holy Mass for you. That Saturday night, when Giri and I were taking leave, he asked us to be present to participate. Sunday around noon, we were with you again. Like always, this careful plan fell through. It happened as it always happened at your place, just that day your brother decided to replace the broken washing machine. No problem – Giri and I walked into the park. Leaning on your favorite beech, I see in a flash your favorite spot in the polder. Never have I been there with the wheelchair, you cannot go up to there. Yet, it must be the perfect place to celebrate the Holy Mass for your intention. Furthermore, today we have sufficient manpower to carry you from the spot the car cannot go.

It was about 5PM when we were finally ready to leave. You were already exhausted yet when you discovered the direction of our movement, you were visibly touched. Lovingly we carried you for the last time to your favorite spot. Sitting in a circle, we confirmed our connection.

David had composed a special mass, in which we all participated. After finishing the ceremony, we carried you back to the car and drove home rapidly. Two strong arms carried you upstairs. They brought you lovingly to bed and you received a last massage with the intention that you should have a good nap. Suddenly, how did you manage, you were sitting straight and without a blush you asked someone to repair the table drawer in the kitchen. We could not stop laughing; probably that drawer had been broken for years!

That night David had a breakdown. After just being arrived from Canada and suffering from a jetlag, it is not simple to keep vigil continuously for some days and nights. Each minute together with you is very intensive and there is hardly time to sleep. Giri and I treated David with Reiki. He was as receptive as a child. It was amazing to see his energy flowing after a while and again I wondered about the power of Reiki.

Circle of healing

That week an open Reiki-night was scheduled. My half-decade of Reiki mastership appeared as a good opportunity to organize a get-together. During that night, with over sixty persons, we formed a special healing-circle and we treated you on distance. Out of the intense connection experienced afterwards, we sang your favorite song, the song frequently sang these days by you, David and me:

*I give to you, and you give to me
true love, true love.
I give to you and you give to me love forever true.
For you and I have a guardian angel
up high, with nothing to do.
But to give to you and to give to me
love forever true.*

Ultimately, everyone joined the singing. Although I realized the text was not correct, we sang it this way and that was fine for this night.

The day after you phoned and asked me 'if I had intended to pass by that week'. I assumed that David needed a break. When I arrived, I understood that he already had left for Canada. His substitute only stayed for a limited period.

Immediately I observed that you had changed. A little later, I noticed the light in your eyes was broken, which means the finally dying process has started now.

Impulse

That day you felt prompted to paint again. You worked ceaselessly, almost like possessed, and opened your personal pattern. Without hesitation, you painted your self-merging with the light. Anyhow, that was my interpretation. No longer was it possible to leave the house. Now we had to stop the outings into the polder, painting was an alternate method for you to use your surplus of energy. The temperature in your one-room-apartment, without a balcony, rose to a very high level. Happily, you tolerated the heat so well. Until the last moment you enjoyed the bits of nice food, like homemade soup and the special Haagendas ice-cream, always lovingly stored in your fridge by friends. Never had you said no to a cup of coffee and your hand rolled cig. When you in your last days could not roll them yourself, I became an expert in hand rolling. Those days, I restarted heavy smoking. Anyway, during this process some extra grounding was most welcome to me.

Our relationship intensified and we hardly needed words, as illustrated by this remarkable incident. I did empty your post-box every day. One day there was an envelope filled with an energy that triggered me to tear it up instantly. Of course, I did not do so. It was your mail and I knew you were well capable to care for yourself. Without any comment, I handed over that particular envelope.

It was your custom to tape all the mail on the closet-door opposite your bed, so you could look at them and so you asked me to do it this time also. Half an hour later, you suddenly said: ‘Yas, please will you remove that card from the closet and tear it, the energy feels so bad. I felt taken aback!

Initiating

Regularly we talked about the fact that you were still present on earth. Suddenly I realized that you were lightening so many lights these last weeks. To you, you appeared as ready, but probably in God’s opinion, you were doing still an excellent job.

Talking about initiation:

each person who is meeting you now

and is free to be touched by you, will no longer be the same.

My birthday was a strange day. Initially, it was not my intention to spend the night with you. You knew about it, still you made no effort to arrange for your sister. Contrary, without consultation you asked her to come the next day. In the afternoon Giri arrived, to take me home. We both stayed, but we were not really into it. Frankly, I was pissed off. I blamed you not honoring my wishes. For the first time I created a distance between the two of us. Yet, I observed you were sitting upright in your bed several times, I could not reach out my hand. I appeased my conscience by fooling myself that in your process you ultimately have to fight alone.

At sunrise, my anger had vanished and I was as open as ever. You expressed your solitude from that night. Although you must have responded on my emotions, there must be a deeper cause for this intense experience of desolation. To examine, we entered a guided meditation. You get pictures from a previous life in Japan, in which you died abandoned.

With this insight, you could detach from this solitude, and the rigidity in your stomach-area vanished. Finally, you were lying so peacefully that I felt like sitting for hours beside you. I felt completely fulfilled only by looking at you. When Giri and I finally went home I felt convinced that I should not see you back alive.

Like so many times before, you fooled me again. You still were alive, yet do not ask in what sort of condition. This time also you reassembled and felt well for days. You had a new zeal. You liked to paint. You liked to have new paint and new brushes. Even you wished to frame your work! We teased each other and imagined details for a big exhibition. I teased you that we would wait with the latter till after your death, mostly after dying artists will become famous.

It could not fail to come, I crossed my limitations and I felt myself dead on my feet. I was over fatigued and even had a fever. Of course, it came to your notice and you thought it no good that I should return later. You asked one of your friends to look after you. I was wondering if you could handle this, yet I realized that in this period so many things were different. By lack of calmness, you had initially decided that some dear friends could not sit up with you during nighttime. Now, time was ripe to involve some of them in the care team. An attracting view, more persons were available to delegate tasks. Simply it had been too much. Too much for your sister, but particularly for me, for I was constantly filling the hiatus in presence, and our third care-member had so little spare-time.

That Saturday I sensed your condition deteriorating. I had the strong premonition to plan the Sunday off, to be at hand and to rush at your side, when needed.

Process of dying

Sunday morning at nine there was a telephone call. You asked me to come, which itself was very unusual. Although you felt sometimes a strong wish, you never asked me to come on my day-off. You were very aware that I needed rest. Yet, amazingly, I was prepared for this request, and without hesitation, I asked Giri to join. At noon, we were at your residence. Both, your sister as well as you, felt relieved and happy to see us. It appeared you were running a high fever. With a temperature of over 104F, you have your windows closed and shiver under your duvet and an extra blanket. I put my hands on your body and soon I have the same symptoms of fever. Thank God, after a while you are free from your fever. We removed the duvet and opened the window. You look much brighter.

From this moment, mostly we are sitting around your bed. You are restless, your eyes are turned up and outward. As much as possible I am holding your hand. Regularly you are dozing of, opening your eyes again and examining us one by one. When you feel assured that we are all there, you are dozing of again. Suddenly you are sitting upright, giving us all a piercing look and asking us one by one: 'Well, do you still love me?' Oh, yes, dear Eef, I love you more than ever!

Lying down becomes hard and you exchange your bed for the sofa. It appears that it shall be a long day. We offer your sister to go into the polder for a while.

When she is back, Giri and I take a break. I am sure I will not go home this night. Regularly your sister and I exchange places aside your bed. Later, sitting on the bed, with my arms around you, you are asking: 'Yasmin, I would like to go now, but I don't wish to go alone, please will you go with me?' 'Sweetheart, I will carry you as far as I can, but I can't go with you'. 'Oh no, of course not, it is fine....'

Special connection

You start calling for your mother. She passed away some years before. You loved her more than you loved anyone else. If you told about her, you did it with such a touching warmth and gratitude that I felt you both have had a very special relationship.

I asked you who are waiting for you at the other side. You said: 'My mother and David....' You get a fright and start chuckling. 'Oh no, that is impossible. David is still here, isn't it he? Yasmin, can you come and see me, is that alright for you?' 'No, sweetheart, I cannot visit you, but you can come and see me. Is that alright for you?' 'Yes, that is fine.' Suddenly you were sitting upright: 'Do you think I need to pack and what do you think I need to carry with me?' 'No sweetheart, you do not need anything. Everything you need, and even more, is available there, you know?' 'Okay, then it is fine.'

Did I tell you

A few times, you get up for a while and you even eat a bit of pudding. When I give you your coffee, you are out: 'How can you give me cold coffee....' I know you are delirious and you are aware of it yourself, saying: 'Let go...'

You reject calling for the doctor. What for heaven's sake can he do? Giri has decided to sleep at home, for then you can use the sofa also. Just before nine, you say good-bye to Giri.

For the last time we play our daily game. This time I take the initiative: 'Eef, did I tell you already today how much I love you?' My heart is filling to the brim with love and gently I am caressing your back. Like always you enjoy this and cheerful and roguish you shake your head. 'Oh no, didn't I tell you? How stupid of me...'

We agree together that I will take the first part of sitting up with you. Your sister is using the mattress aside your bed and tries to catch some sleep. Around nine you are more or less losing consciousness. It is amazing, you are not using oxygen, and still your breathing is remarkably calm.

The rhythm is three inhales and three exhales, followed by silence. Initially I am holding breath: are you stopping breathing, or will you restart? Slowly I grow familiar with this rhythm. Around ten o'clock I give you a treatment on distance, which is a wonderful experience. I experience your essence as pure light, as true love, as authentic peace. No longer, there is a sign of fear or a fight in you, there is only complete surrender. I too, feel remarkable calm and I am not afraid for that which has become inevitable. God will strengthen me, even if you should suffocate. About 10.30PM, you turn to your left side yourself, and take a kind of fetus-position.

Now you are no longer capable of painting, I decide to paint on behalf of you. Around eleven I have finished. I feel anything but fresh and take a quick shower. Constantly some mucus is leaking out of your nose and mouth now. When I come back, it is intensifying. I place myself beside you on your bed and put my hands on your heart. Over and again, I clean your face gently.

Way to the light

Your sister awakes and sits with us. The mucus discharge intensifies, due to your perfect self-chosen position, you feel not disturbed by it. Then, still unexpected, just a few minutes after midnight, your chest simply stops moving between my two hands. First I have to verify it myself, before I can tell your sister: 'Eef is no longer with us.'

It appears your sister is going to cry, I ask her earnestly to postpone this. As agreed, we start singing the OM- sound. Then, quick, we lay you out. We stretch you as best as possible, and close your eyes and your mouth lovingly, before rigor mortis sets in. I switch on the tape with - Om Namah Shivaya - and then your sister can surrender to her fit of weeping. I, myself, feel an intense peace, no sign of grief. There is an intense feeling of relief and a deep gratitude to God, who has accepted our prayers. On the moment you hardly could use the bathroom yourself, you, my dear Eef, passed away without any intervene from outside. You, my dear Eef, could part without pain, without any trace of shortness of breath, without suffocating.

I could not have wished you a more loving way, what a merciful death. In this room, your presence is still very strong; I only have to close my eyes to follow your light – on the way - back to the great light....

Considering the heat, speed is required. The doctor on duty arrives to certify death. We contact the funeral director, who is advising us to remove your body as quickly as possible. In view of all the momentum of spiritual activities around you, I feel worried. It would have been preferable your body could stay here for some time, but due to the tropical weather and the decaying process of your foot, we cannot take the risk. Happily, it takes some time before the undertakers arrive. All together, it does not comply with my unspoken wish to leave you in state for four days and nights, within the circle of your beloved ones. God's mysteries not always revealed to us.

The polder

When your vehicle has gone, your sister and I go outside in search for a drink to 'celebrate' your departure and your arrival. Pity, all pubs are already closed.

That morning at about 3.30 your friend Aad arrives. He has heard our message on his answering machine. Of course, there is no need to sleep, for your energy is powerfully present. When I lay down, I see from behind my closed eyes your little star....

Aad is leaving at 5.30AM. Your sister and I agree to enter the polder, in search of your favorite spot. While sitting and singing for you, we are silently witnessing a beautiful sunrise. After returning in your apartment we first clean, then we start calling for all the people. I ask one of your friends to bring a big pie, so we can have a festive coffee time. It is a pity that almost all the bakeries are still closed, but he is successful in arranging a special local cake. When all your friends are inside, we discuss your last wishes. From that moment on, I turn over my responsibility. Now it is their turn. When your family members are coming in, the same ritual takes place.

The atmosphere is quiet and serene. Sometimes there are some tears, yet I still do not feel any grief. This is a blessing, for if I should cry now, I should collapse out of fatigue. Happily, one of your friends is noticing I can use some support. He puts his arm around me, and I huddle to his big shoulder.

It is doing me well. I needed this. Pity, again the funeral director is coming in. In addition, your dear district nurse arrives with the intention to nurse you. No longer, is it necessary. I use this opportunity to thank him for his open attitude. He reacts bewildered, still not grasping all what was happening around you. In addition, that it is really over now.

Parting

After eleven Giri arrives to take me home. I part from your friends and your family. Giri and I first go to our special friends in Uden. Although the atmosphere is open to express grief, in me there is still no impulse for crying. My fatigue immediately vanishes now I am in the open air, and I feel much grounded. It is so nice to be together with friends, who are familiar with you. As well as possible I transmit the experience of your last special day here on earth.

Our get together is special. It feels so good to talk about you. They too loved you very much. Well, was there anyone who did not?

Then Giri and I go home. Somewhere in a drive-in, we take a snack and together we have the drink we could not get last night. We toast on you, dear Eef, wishing you a safe journey....

When we arrive home around 8PM, I am already shaking from fatigue. Immediately after a warm shower, I go to bed. I fall asleep immediately and have a vague dream about angels and light. I wake up only one time, which is very unusual to me. That morning I awake in a feeling of bliss.

Day and night, a candle is burning for you on our home-altar. I experience your presence in me, around me, above me and all over. Miraculous!

Clarity

Although this feeling is fading through the following days, it is not leaving me. My spirit is amazingly clear and I feel wonderful, yet my body is very tired. In view of the condition of my body, this is understandable.

Early Wednesday morning David is calling from Canada. He is very upset. I talk with him for a long time, without any difficulty with the English language. Together we recollect the process of your death. He feels unburdened. He is expressing his wish to join your parting-function, in which he will be successful.

The night before the funeral, I light a candle with the intention to keep it burning throughout the whole night. I awake around 3AM, in perfect time to light another candle. That morning I feel slightly tensed. Will everything flow according to your wish? The orange cards are looking pretty. We invited the party according to your desire. Although, dear Eef, you were always surrounded by many people, this last weeks you lost interest in contacts. Increasingly you liked to be on your own, and by telephone, you parted from all. Many of your friends may not understand it well and must feel sad about it. You had been always very social, and hardly capable to say 'no'. However, it was your wish, and the special program you arranged for, is definitely not meant for a big gathering.

Accompanied by your family and special friends you went to the crematorium. There the other invitees joined us. I was surprised to see that I was familiar with almost all the members of the group.

In one word, the service was heavenly. Definitely, you must have felt delighted, dear Eef. Everything, at least almost everything, performed according to your wish. Yet, you should not have felt troubled by it.

The music was fantastic. Your brother had a very pure word of welcome, understandable filled with emotions. Your sister gained strength during the beautiful song she performed for you and I am convinced that you enjoyed it in pride and full of emotions. No doubt, you did the same now David unexpectedly could join your party, and in the last minute decided to say farewell to you on his special way. In the silence after the last tunes, it was my turn to close this heartwarming function. I did this with the beautiful poem of Inayat Khan about 'Death', and from the silence of my heart I added out the following words:

He is alive

Everhard is not dead – he is alive.

Together with his sister, I had the privilege to be with him during his last hours.
He passed away without pain, without struggle, in total surrender.
He was calmness, peace and light.
Everhard was a gift of God....
During his last weeks he left behind many lights,
many of us are touched and aroused by him.
Now he is continuing his duty from the plane of light.
Our connection has no end and once we will meet again.
Each person is creating his own world. What Everhard manifested on earth,
is the reality from whereupon he may continue to live at the other side.
For God is love....
He told me that he had his sickness for more than a personal reason....

AIDS is a disease that is concerning us all.
We may and we have to learn to love again.
He has sowed the seed for a better, loving world.
Now it is our turn to fertilize the seed and let it blossom....

By leaving the Center, as a memento each of us received a card printed in your favorite color orange. The decoration on the front is a rising bird together with the following words:

*‘And he spread his newly acquired wings,
and flew along the way back to the light’.*

Inside the card, there is a small bag with sunflower seeds and the beautiful poem on ‘Death’ by Inayat Khan. At the backside is printed:

‘Everhard is enjoying the bliss of real freedom’.

No doubt, you are doing so, now you have left behind all your physical limitations. It was your biggest fear that you no longer could live a dignified life. Up to the last moment, you lost nothing, absolutely nothing from your dignity.

In a nice location, we come together to exchange our feelings and thoughts, to drink coffee and pie to each heart’s content. Baked by your dear friends, that special couple that always took care that your fridge continuously was provided with the most delicious homemade soups and your favorite delicacy: Haagendas ice-cream. Also this last meeting they supplied in abundance.

After a last farewell drink, Giri and I left. This time we are not going home straight. I like to conclude this day in a festive way. While I am constantly aware of your presence, it feels so good to review this special day, together with Giri.

All tension has dropped. In my opinion, it was a successful party and you enjoyed it. You have given each of us something to ponder over and to contemplate on. From now on, no one’s life will be the same. Nor to me, to whom death has become rather familiar.

Jewel

You are in my heart like a precious jewel. From this moment, I feel like looking through two pairs of eyes. That I, even as before, when I, either by telephone or at your residence, told you about the chickens and the little moorhens, may look through your eyes when I see something attractive.

In many aspects, you and I were one. You called me your guide. However, you guided yourself and others as the best during these last weeks here on earth, and for me you were a lightening example.

Do you still remember how you sometimes liked to make concessions in your friendships? The last weeks you realized that you could not do so any longer. Unconditional love means moreover being free to say 'no'.

Dear Everhard, from my spot on earth and within the duty I have to fulfill, undoubtedly, I let guide myself by your loving – radiating presence, when necessary and if you are willing. In complete freedom, for you have no obligation towards me.

I feel an endless gratitude for your decision to permit me to be with you during those last days. I assume that it was already predetermined in the universe. When my body had not needed so desperately a period of rest, then probably I had been wandering somewhere at the other side of the globe. Yet, it was my deepest wish to be with you, and this wish is honored. Neither for gold nor for good would I have missed this. That moment at St. Martin, when I released this wish to the cosmos, I could tell you mentally: 'Don't wait for me, I will be with you. Go, when you feel it is your time'.

Coincidence

There is no coincidence and I am convinced that you wanted it this way. For me it was an overpowering gift. Still it is and it always will be. For you are in me, you are always around me and intensely connected. You and I are one. Our love had nothing to do with the love between a man and a woman, our love was unconditional and freed from sexuality, it was love out of the heart, love between two persons. There was and is between us a soul connection, which is beyond all relationship....

You passed away on July 11. Exactly one month after we had arranged for your funeral. The words on your card are mentioning freedom. According the numerology, that day was a forty-one/five day. The number five has the meaning of inner freedom. Don't you think it is perfect? If you should have left your body only four minutes earlier, everything should have been different.

Thank you dear Eef, you have enriched my life in all aspects....

*'And he spread his newly acquired wings
and flew along the way back to the light....'*

EPILOGUE

That, which is called as evil or devil
is just the upside down reflection of God:

God's shadow in matter

- *Omraam Mikhael Aivanhov* -

When I, after a period of seven years, return to Curacao, I experience again your vital presence. My friends have not been sitting around doing nothing, already the second night they organize a lecture. I am touched seeing many beautiful people entering the hall, some are carrying my books. I even did not know they were available here on the island.

A few of them like me to autograph their books. One of them, Anna, approaches me and hands me her first book: 'Way to the Light'. So dear Everhard, the special book you are participating.

I hold her book between my hands and take time to a fitting word to come to the surface: 'Be free and fly like a butterfly'. Although I do not know the meaning myself, I have learnt from experience that Anna can give me the insight. Anna attentively reads the text and pulls out a brand new birth announcement card. She had it printed for her little baby-boy, who suffocated about one year ago at the age of six months. Anna had to observe it, without any possibility to interfere. With respect and a sense of wonder, I listen to her. Anna has undoubtedly become stronger through this event. For a long time she was searching for a fitting word on the gravestone and a text for this particular card. Then she found this concerning book. She came across with your story and you solved her problem in one strike.

*'And he spread his newly acquired wings
and flew along the way back to the Light...'*

is inscribed in the small gravestone now, and the beautiful poem about 'Death' by Inayat Khan is written on the farewell-card.

With a wink, you make me aware that your duty is never ending. It is continuing, day after day. You are doing it with as much verve as you did at the time of your earthly life. Straight you touch people's heart, and they never are the same, never ever, after such a meeting with you. Always you will leave behind a mark for those who are open to it.

Regarding myself, dear Everhard, I only can tell that my life has been deeply enriched during the last past years after you passed away and left me behind. It is my soul, isn't it, which had chosen to be on this beautiful planet earth in this dramatic period of transformation. For sure, now I feel fully present. In addition, my physical strength has increased remarkably. That's why even more as before, I stand for my inner truth, or dear Eef, can I say: our Truth?

May your light enlighten our path.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

'I am that I am...'

During the past, she was a social worker and a natural body-therapist. Later she traveled the world as a Reiki-master. After an intense inner transformation, she let go off visible labels and increasingly traveled the road of simplicity.

By diving into the depths and surfing on the tops, Yasmin learned to understand as nobody else the Art of Living. Only by her being and her books she is touching people directly in the heart. She has a deep respect for the mystery of Live and will be in all simplicity a link between the material and the spiritual world and is spreading her message of wisdom and love in daily life, in her books and in her art.

YASMIN VERSCHURE HAS ALSO WRITTEN THE FOLLOWING BOOKS:

1. Way to the Light

*Pilgrimage of a Reiki master.
An honest report explaining the universal life-force.*

'Way to the Light' is in all humility a unique and inspiring testimony of a person surrendering herself in full confidence to the flow of Life. Yasmin describes in a sensitive, yet realistic way, all the radical changes in her consciousness that came along her path; the setbacks and the highlights accompanying her journey. The book has an intimate character, in which there is hardly any space for intellectual considerations. At the same time, in a very subtle way she describes the path of inner transformation; the awakening soul on his journey back to the light.

The book is in all simplicity a unique and inspiring testimony of a human being who experiences Reiki, or Love, in the deepest of her soul.

The book exists of four parts:

1. Her own process of awakening.
2. The inner road of Reiki.
3. The life and death of Everhard.
4. Journey around the world.

2. With an open heart

Surrender and struggle as ways to insight, joy and love.

'With an Open Heart' is Yasmin's second book and just as sensitive and intimate as the rest of her work. Breathlessly she takes you to unknown depths. On her pilgrimage through India and Nepal, in her stories and during her illness, she describes, in all openness and clarity, the process of unshakeable *faith and trust*. By constantly projecting herself in the here and the now, she uses all circumstances, good as well as bad, to grow into light and love.

'In all simplicity, love contains the essence of life. In a society, mainly based on personal benefit and status, where there is no appreciation for our true essence, we are constantly trying to avoid pain and deny our feelings. Again and again it takes courage to step into the depths of hell, to face our pain and to peel away the next layer. In doing so we start to embrace the silence within, our true nature'.

Through awareness and insight it is possible to transform pain and suffering into inner wholeness. It is a process of full surrender. Separation makes place for connection to 'All That Is'.

Only in her deepest pain, could Yasmin surrender completely. She shows that suffering can be a process of purification, a way to wholeness.

Meditations and exercises give 'With an Open Heart' an extra dimension.

The book exists of three parts:

1. A seven-month spiritual pilgrimage through India and Nepal.
2. Spiritual stories with profound senses.
3. Transformation and completion.

3. Love is 'All That Is'

Yasmin's third book is about the power of unconditional love. Unconditional love remains after we have been through the fire of purification. We open our heart to the vibration of love, the Christ within. We throw away the robe of separation and wake up in our true reality. From that moment on we experience ourselves and others as divine beings; there is no longer a separate I or a You.

We are constantly searching for fulfilment of this love outside, and forget that we are the source from which everything originates. When we wake up in this love, our soul's desire starts to fulfil. Material desires disappear to the background. Our compassion and our presence become the instruments through which miracles can unfold.

Our 'being' in South Africa with all its contrasts; its beauty and unprecedented possibilities, its suffering and its joy, have inspired me to write this universal story in which all of us can recognise themselves.

4. The Power of Being

'The saint and the hooker'

The transforming power, the feminine face of God, is the world-mother who is at the base of the visible creation. To become completely whole and to restore the balance on earth, we have to descend into our underworld and initiate this lacking part anew.

Our amputated counterpart, the power of the receiving and creating Mother in all of us, is yearning to be acknowledged. No longer can we ignore her cry for help. Integration is the only possibility to make the transition into the new world in which both, men and women, lovingly and respectfully will work together. God is male and female; light can only exist by grace of the darkness.

No doubt, Mary Magdalene was the only woman during Jesus' time representing the perfect balance between the saint and the hooker; the harmony between the upper-world and the under-world, between heaven and hell, the conscious and the subconscious. She descended into hell; she went through the seven gates of initiation. In doing so, she brought her dark powers in balance with her sacredness. She became the ultimate female, a primal woman; the primal mother who could be the cradle of spiritualism. Only when we restore the balance between light and dark, only when we integrate and embrace both poles inside of us, we humans will become full Human.

Yasmin's vision-quest in the safe closeness of lovely Sweden is the fertile soil to reinforce this inner process at the fullest.

5. Origin

The true spiritual traveller is not fooled by ready-made concepts. He/She discovers that truth is a land without path, and starts – with childish awe – to search for his/her origin. When we dare to say 'I do not know', we are receptive to un-fold our true nature. We rise above the identification with body and spirit and start to experience increasingly deeper layers of being...

Life is like the tides. Things appear and disappear constantly in our awareness. It is our attachment that wants to cling to the illusionary shape of appearances that we have

become to see as reality. It is this same attachment that says 'I' that stops the infinite flow of evolution, the infinite flow of life. When we begin to remember our original nature and surrender to the rhythms of the seasons, we become like the tides. No longer will we associate with the wave, we become the water itself...

Twenty-four 'Pearls for the Soul' and original stories of journeys through Peru and Hawaii take you to the quiet waters of your heart...

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