

A SWAN IN HEAVEN

INTRODUCTION

Two years before my son Danny died at age 16 from a rare, degenerative metabolic disorder, I began developing some minor psychic abilities and learned to channel angels, guides and other entities. I was far from expert at this, but did possess a highly-tuned intuition that made it possible for me to interpret dreams, Tarot cards and other transmissions with enough confidence to heed their guidance for myself and to occasionally assist others. I had no idea at the time that I was in training for the remarkable experience of receiving messages from Danny after his death.

As my telepathic skills were increasing, Danny's ability to speak was diminishing. Before the onset of his illness he was a normal boy with superior language skills, but as the disease progressed he gradually lost the power of speech along with most of his other physical abilities. During the latter part of his illness he could express himself well enough to let me know if he was hungry or cold, and respond to simple questions with one-word answers. But by the time he died he had been completely without words for nearly two years, and we had learned to communicate using a natural form of telepathy, similar to the way mothers communicate with their pre-verbal infants.

Not more than an hour after Danny took his last breath, while I lay on his bed holding his limp body in my arms and crying into his silent chest, I had my first vision of him on the "other side." For the previous five years he'd been wheelchair-bound, his spine and limbs cramped from the deterioration of his muscles, and it had been a long time since I'd been able to gather his body up in my arms with any sort of fluidity. But at this moment I could at last hold him like that, with his body unwound and his soul released. The vision came instantly, as clear as can be, and it was so funny that I laughed out loud. I'd asked him to show me a picture of where he was at that moment, and I instantly saw him looking like James Dean from the movie *Rebel Without a Cause*, wearing blue jeans with rolled up cuffs and a white t-shirt. He was wading in shallow water, kicking his legs in front of him and laughing.

In subsequent visits his appearance changed. Sometimes he'd have ridiculously long legs as if he were walking on stilts, still wading in water, kicking his legs around and enjoying his beautiful new body. At other times he loomed large in front of me like a Macy's parade balloon, laughing and bouncing through the sky. Most of the time though, he looks just like himself, only older, taller, and usually wearing jeans, sometimes with a black t-shirt instead of a white one. Sometimes he appears to be about 20 years old, but at other times he's wearing the face he had at 11. He tells me that he appears younger when he's in "learning mode," studying with the great teachers who are assisting him on the other side.

There are many beautiful aspects to our inter-dimensional relationship, not the least of which is that for the first time ever, I can have adult conversations with him. Before the disease took his voice, he was a little boy and talked of little boy things. Now we converse like two wise old sages, but he is far older and wiser than I. He told me we would write this book together and that we'd planned it long before we were mother and son in this incarnation. He now converses with me regularly, and at times the messages come so quickly that I can't take dictation fast enough, while at other times there are periods with no contact at all. I learned from Danny that the no-contact periods usually happen when I'm caught up in my emotions and tormented by the dramas in my personal life. Whenever I can't see my way through anger, blame or fear, Danny is harder to reach. He once told me he would "allow" me five minutes to vent prior to our conversations, and then I'd have to release everything and open my heart to peace. By understanding that he's attracted to the energy of love and forgiveness and repelled by the energy of fear and unrest, I was motivated to begin looking at myself unflinchingly, and as a result my life began to transform.

Wisdom from non-physical guides is available to everybody on earth, not just prophets, psychics or a chosen few. It's always accessible and never changes, and anyone who asks for it can receive it easily. In fact, the hardest part is believing how easy it really is. It's simple universal truth, presented with no judgment, no dogma and no agenda. When studying the popular channeled books by Edgar Cayce, Jane Roberts, James Van Praagh and Neale Donald Walsch, one notices that there's very little variation from one book to the next, and that there is a stunning consistency running through all the material. Lesser-known books like *Child of Eternity*, channeled by a nine year-old autistic girl, tell the identical story in the same language of gentle, unconditional love. They speak of loving entities who guide us from other realms, and they dismiss the fear-based concept of angry, judgmental gods.

People are starving for this kind of material. We seek believable, non-judgmental explanations for our experiences on earth, and alternatives to the fear and disempowerment many of us experienced in the churches of our childhoods. Remarkably, all the answers are there simply for the asking, requiring nothing more than an open heart and the understanding that we are much more than these interim physical forms. Emotional and spiritual education is available to us in many forms from many sources, beyond books, schools and human experience. There are eager teachers like Danny in other realms waiting with infinite patience for us to tune in and start listening.

Since all channeled books say basically the same thing, at one point I became concerned that our book wouldn't be saying anything *new*. But Danny set me straight on that, and I was surprised at how insistent he was that our book have a very specific slant. He told me that the book would not be merely about the journey of the soul, but would explain high-level spiritual concepts through an examination of *intimate relationships* and the power of forgiveness to transform them.

An unlikely topic for a teenage boy, but not surprising considering that Danny spent the entire duration of his illness in the midst of my emotionally -- and sometimes physically -- violent marriage to his stepfather.

Against a backdrop of chaos and instability, Danny's message of personal responsibility, forgiveness and acceptance teaches us that there can be no such thing as abuse, because from a spiritual perspective, there are no victims and no perpetrators. All relationships are created and agreed to by the participants, via soul contracts and growth agreements made prior to our incarnations on earth. Danny's perceptions of life, death and disability shine like a beacon and cut like a knife, getting to the heart of the matter and guiding us toward higher ways of understanding ourselves and our personal relationships.

It has been awkward, agonizing and humbling for me to write about the unsightly details of my marriage within the squeaky-clean context of Danny's messages, and I struggled with doubt every step of the way. But in the moments when I was most unsure, when I asked myself, "do I really need to include this? Do I sound like a victim? Am I being too judgmental and blaming?" I would stop writing, go into my meditation room and ask for clarification from my guides (Danny has introduced me to several who are on the other side with him). What you see here is the material that made it through this cosmic scrutiny process.

So at the behest of my son the sage, I reveal myself and my marriage to the world, realizing that Danny knew exactly what he was doing when he chose the life he shared with his stepfather and me. He lived a life of selflessness and vision, silent and helpless in the middle of a marriage that many psychologists would define as abusive. A normal child could have spoken out, expressed his pain or run away. But Danny was a master of stillness, and chose instead to "be" with the unease, radiating love and forgiveness without a word.

Did Danny's non-verbal condition provide a mirror for my own suppressed communications in the marriage? Certainly. Did learning to let Danny's voice come through me for spiritual teaching release me from my own silence? Absolutely. Do we have something to teach others about finding their voices, understanding emotional chaos from a higher perspective, and healing broken hearts? I hope so.

Danny *knows* so.