

Editing Sample – Not for Publication

Excerpt From
My Life After Life
By Galen and Ken Stoller

Chapter 5 - Sally

My dimension has so many different levels and layers to it, as I have already pointed out; and there is also a layering on the earth where multiple levels of reality coexist together, but the levels here are far more discrete. While one particular level is not any grander than another, where one finds oneself has to do with the openness of one's ability to operate out of one's heart and have an awareness of our inner connectedness. Regardless of where one finds oneself in this dimension, no one is more special simply because they are here rather than on earth.

Some of the levels here are about healing for those who have had a very limited earth experience. Using the example of addiction, sometimes that addictive pattern is the whole loop of that person's life. It is a limitation of form, and I am using the term "addiction" in a very broad sense that includes people who are psychologically addicted to a behavior pattern, such as needing to always have the best, or having newest material thing. These are emotionally-locked patterns. The more open and broad one's perspective is on earth, the more one has available in this dimension. Someone who was an alcoholic may not have the richness of experience at first when they pass on, but the opportunity for expanded perception is always available, and it is one's perspective that puts someone in any given level or another. It is not about religion or religious beliefs; it is about openness to understanding.

The reason I bring this up is that on earth there is such an illusion about if you are good enough during your life you will achieve this particular space... that if you do well or believe a certain way you are going to make heaven – this expanded place. That is a great illusion. It is the ability to be open and a willingness to participate in the life around you that brings one to a place of expanded possibilities here, just as it would on earth. Be one an agnostic or the best Buddhist the world has ever seen, both can achieve this energy regardless of what dimension they find themselves. There is continuity and an energy that is recognized in each one of us for that very reason.

So, at my dimensional station, everyone I meet has an openness to them. Even the woman who called herself Monica, once past her trauma, found herself at this dimensional station, because she lived a life that had an open view, with an open understanding. On the earth she could not call upon this openness to clear that space, and sometimes that does happen. Sometimes even the most open minded individual can get stuck or locked up in their process, but that does not mean that they lose what they have already worked with. There is a banking of energy that takes place in one's life, and these experiences go into the silver cup that one can pull from.

If one had a lucid ten years of openness and awareness, and connectedness was part of their experience but an event happened that closed the person down in bitterness or fear (maybe war came into their country, or something changed their way of life), those lucid ten years are still there and will not be lost. Those ten years of openness are still part of their life's experience, and are always available to be used when individuals pass on to this dimension.

It is powerful to understand that even one moment of loving your neighbor will give you opportunity to expand, grow and understand in another experience in your life. Love is never wasted. Healing is never wasted. Compassion is never wasted. It all gets banked to be utilized at some point. In the broad spectrum of people that I meet (and not all of them are from earth), not all shared my experience or beliefs when incarnated, but all are here at this dimensional station with me nevertheless.

I want to tell you about my experience with someone who helped me actually understand this dimensional station and why I am here rather than on some other level.¹ She was a woman I met here who for all intents and purposes looked exactly like a street person pushing a grocery cart filled with bags containing a various assortment of things; a bag lady.

It is curious because I have always created the familiar around me, and those that walked through my world held a certain look and energy, but as I matured in my integration here there was much more diversity available for me to interact with. So it was while walking to class that I came across this woman who looked like she had been living on the streets for a long time. Her hair was gray and matted and her clothes looked very used and stained. I knew I was learning about diversity, and the more I relaxed my ideas about the people around me, the more diverse a group showed up, It surprised me because I even had a slight tinge of prejudice about this woman. My first thoughts were, "How did she get here?" and "I wonder if she is crazy?"

Be that as it may, I turned to her and said, "Hello."

"Oh, you are an angel," the woman said.

That is when I noticed her eyes. They were the lightest, clearest blue I had ever seen in my life. Her hair may have been matted and tangled as it trailed down her back, but what showed in those eyes and that face was pure light. It gave me pause, and I stopped, because now I *had to* talk to her. I was being drawn to her with such emotional magnificence that I nearly cried when I looked in her face. I had to find out more about her and how she got here.

"My name is Sally and I am not quite sure how I got here. When I arrived it was explained that I had died, but I never felt my death. I never understood how one moment I was there and in the next I had people talking to me, welcoming me and explaining

¹ I am not isolated from these other levels.

who I am and guiding me into this place. But it doesn't matter, as I am so happy here, although I was happy where I used to be as well. I love meeting all the people every day."

When she talked about her life, I felt so sorry for her.

"Look at me," she said, motioning to her body. "I am harmless – I love everybody – I have no reason not to love everybody. I just like to live my life freely, and I liked the experience and the excitement of living everyday on the street. There was nothing wrong with me."

She had a lovely laugh in between her words – there was no question I was really taken by her, because what she spoke of was so simple and clear and to the point that I began to wonder if she was not the teacher of the class I was on my way to. She said that so many people ignore her and never say hello to her. She also said she had a talent when she was alive, and she put her fingers up in quotes around the word "talive." She said she had the ability to see the spirit of others, and she could see when their hearts were open. She would call them an angel each time she recognized in their faces the same light I was seeing in *her* face.

"What was the last thing you remember before you got here?" I asked, because it was a curiosity I had. She laughed again.

"What I remember was being in front of a pawn shop and a man walked up to me and offered me a drink. I liked my drink, I am not ashamed of that, so when he offered me some out of this little bottle, I drank it. Then I remember laying down and going to sleep, and when I woke up -- or so I thought -- I was pushing my cart somewhere else. Two others joined me and they were really angels. They told me that I had passed out of my body, and that I was now to be here, safe and without judgment."

She laughed and told me she liked removing judgment from others and knew it was not the assignment of her soul, she just wanted to do it.

"I kept my form because in many ways it protected me on earth, but it was also a dividing point where I could see into another's heart. It wasn't about whether they gave me money, I could look into their eyes and tell if they had an open heart."

After she said that with such clarity, she dropped back into her Sallyness and started to show me a few things in her cart. She also asked about me; how I got here and if I had family. I shared my story with her, and then she asked me the most interesting question.

"So, how do you like living here?"

I moved through each day, but I had never really thought how I felt about the connection I was in.

"I'm fine here."

“But do you really like it?”

I couldn't quite answer that question because I realized that if I said I loved it here, it somehow felt like a betrayal to my earth life, to my family and to my friends. This beautiful teacher in the form of a bag lady had found a point in me that had not cleared! Here I was free to be in touch with all the layers of self. I was able to feel my heart, my mind and my body, and to feel my soul and my connection to spirit. But I was actually carrying a kind of shame with me, and I hadn't realized it until that moment.

Sally just smiled at me with those very clear blue eyes and the light in her face and said, “Well, maybe you should think about that for a while to see if you really like it here, and to see if you can even be comfortable enough to be yourself - completely.”

She laughed and then said, “I really have a lot of things to do today – it was very pleasant talking to you.”

As I watched her continue on her way walking down the sidewalk with her cart and her stuff, I just stood there wondering about her wisdom and how she found that one point that had the power to let me commit to where I was. It is interesting that even in the incredible clear space of this dimensional station I had not yet committed yet to being here – being in the moment.

Editor's note:

In the 1970's, mental health hospitals starting closing across the United States, and federal funding for community mental health programs followed suit. I am not defending state mental hospitals then or now, but sending seriously mentally ill patients out on the street with no means to take care of themselves was an inhumane act. It created a class of people that had never existed before in this country – a class of shunned individuals. It created a caste in a country that really didn't have one before, and it was a caste of individuals that one wasn't supposed to acknowledge. This deviance has now become commonplace in America, and as we have no mental health system here, there are always new recruits to fill the ranks of this shunned class, so homeless bag-ladies and men are ever present in many cities.

I have no doubt Sally was a sweet woman with an open heart who had an expanded perspective on life, but while I am not going to say she was mentally ill, she probably had a few issues with coping. Had she been somewhere supportive where there was appropriate nourishment, health care and some token meaningful task such as looking after animals or tending a community garden, I think her life would have been completely different. Maybe her gift of seeing into the hearts of others might have blossomed into a service to help others as opposed to merely a tool for her personal survival. The society in which she lived, our society, would be completely different if we could offer support to those who find it difficult to cope for one reason or another.

If there is shame, it is our shame that we send a woman like this to a higher dimension reflecting how immature we are as a civilization. I know she said she liked living life freely on the streets, but did she have a viable alternative? She was not a traveler or a hobo, or someone trying to understand themselves doing a walk-about. There was recognition of the traveler throughout history, but bureaucrats in the 70's and 80's created a class of outcasts that we didn't look upon or acknowledge. They created an illusion that these new untouchables were separate from our reality.

Whether Sally had been turned out by a mental hospital or was a modern day vagabond, she was an old lady living on handouts and experienced the shaming of those in this outcast group. She may have lived a powerful life with her talent to see into another's heart, but she also died of hypothermia or a heart attack in her sleep after having one drink too many after a life of little or no health care. I am glad she seemed to keep her dignity and that her special talent gave her a purpose. But none of us should take comfort in thinking that this woman feels she needs to hold that polarized form in order to teach from in the next world. It is our collective shame.

Galen also spoke about the "good-enough" illusion having some bearing on what our after life experiences will be. I would like to point out another illusion we have on earth – the illusion of entitlement. None of us know how long our visit to the earth plane is meant to last, and in a sense we are all guests here, because sooner or later we will be leaving. When I am a guest in someone's home I go out of my way to be respectful for my host's hospitality and try to contribute something in gratitude for being given an opportunity to share space. I certainly don't act like I own the place, raid the kitchen and trash my room, but that is exactly what most of us do on this planet, as if being a guest here is somehow different than being a guest in someone's home. It is too bad that when incarnating on this planet and going through the process of forgetting who we really are and where we came from, that manners have been forgotten as well.

I don't know if I want to come back to earth or not, given the level of insanity still present in our immature civilization, but if I do decide or my soul decides to come back, I would like to know I was invited back as a welcome guest.