

TALKING TO THE OTHER SIDE

an Excerpt of
An E-book in Progress

Talking to the other side is relatively easy!!

If you're a fan of John Edward, you'll remember that he always says, "you don't need me to do this." And he's right. Each one of us has the means to communicate with the other side.

Talking to the Other Side will help teach you how to do that. It will teach you how to protect yourself from malevolent entities (you saw the Exorcist?) who might try to possess you or harm you.

It will tell you how to speak with your friends, family and even pets who have crossed over. (I don't think the pets talk back, but they do communicate, and I'll teach you how to recognize when they're around.)

HOW TO TALK TO GHOSTS

FOREWORD

A preliminary precaution that I urge you to observe. Working with Spiritualism and the other side, and anything of the "supernatural" type, requires that you protect yourself from evil and malevolence that may exist. In order to do this, I urge you to first surround yourself with the "white light" protection of God.

I do this visually and mentally, by stretching my arms over my head and drawing a protective circle of white light around myself, and saying "Thank you God for protecting me from all evil, and thank you for bringing only good into my understanding."

Another practice that will protect you, not only while contacting the other side, but in your daily life is to read the 91st Psalm. It is a Psalm of Protection, and as you read it, envision the Guardian Angels of God protecting you from all evil.

I can't express strongly enough the importance of this exercise. I'm certain there is evil in the world, and I am certain I am protected from it by God and my Guardian angels. Please make certain you are protected as well.

91st Psalm

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day; Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the most High, thy habitation;

There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling. For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone. Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.

Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour him.

With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation.

TALKING TO THE OTHER SIDE

It was an accident when I learned I could talk to the other side. As a Native American I'd been cautioned not to say the deceased person's name, because it would bring

them to you.

I reasoned, therefore, if I wanted to speak with someone who had crossed over, I might be able to call them by their full name.

Sometimes it works, and sometimes it doesn't. It sometimes has very surprising results!!

For years I knew I had a Guardian Angel, and I knew his name was Freddie, but I never imagined he was someone I knew in this life.

He was with me all of the time for a very long time. I pictured him as an Indian Chief wearing the long feather war bonnet with his arms crossed over his chest. This should have been a clue.

Interestingly, I had a cat named Freddie Cougar. My son named him that, so a cat named Fred isn't too weird, along with an angel named Fred. But then I wrote a book, and named the main character, a teddy bear made of raggedy old blue jeans of my son's, Threadbare Fred Bear. The plot thickens!

I went to the funeral of a classmate's husband. Her husband had a number of brothers still living, and I stood with them before the funeral as they spoke. They share a distinctive sound to their voices.

I went to sit in the back, and sitting quietly, I began to speak to my guardian angel. I did that a lot.

When he answered me I was astonished.

These brothers had another brother who had died quite young in an auto accident. He had been a good friend of mine in high school. For Halloween one year, we'd collaborated on costumes. He dressed as Elvis, and I dressed as his hound dog. We won first prize! He had the lead in an operetta where he was an Indian chief, wearing a war bonnet. As he sang the main theme of the operetta, he stood mid-stage, his arms crossed over his chest, and his head back. His name was Freddy.

The relationship between Freddy and I on this side was platonic, but I greatly admired his talent. He was a terrific actor and when I lived in California I often mentioned him when I was with actors. We were good friends, and I counted on him on many occasions in high school. He was a fabulous dancer. His thespian talents were legend in our school.

I was greatly distressed to hear of Freddy's untimely death, but I guess I "kept him alive" in my memories, and when the subject of acting came up (which it often did when I lived in California) I would mention him by his full name. It's no wonder he became my

guardian angel.

Did you ever notice "Elvis" can be rearranged to spell "lives"? Well, speaking of Elvis as I have in the last two paragraphs, I was watching a show on television about the King. They announced that he had done something outrageous. I asked, saying his full name, "Did you really do that?" And Elvis answered me. In my head, I heard his voice, clear as a bell, and he said "No, Ma'am, I didn't." I said "Oh! I'm sorry I bothered you." He said, "That's all right." I swear on a stack of Bibles...its true.

I did want to tell you how I think this system works. It doesn't work every time you call. If you don't know what the person's voice sounds like, I'm not sure you can know that you're hearing it. Perhaps this is just something that happens with people who are more psychic than others. Most of the people I know say it works, but a lot of the people I know are at least part Indian. I think perhaps it has to do with the culture in which you were raised...or at least the belief system in which you were raised. Most American Indians won't look at you cross-eyed if you say you've been speaking to spirits.

Some day I'm going to write a full-length book about this subject, as well as about Pet Ghosts and the like. If you have any stories about talking to the other side, please email them to me at jana@thewishfactory.com . Thanks!!!