Waiting in the Other Room

Provides support and comfort to those who are grieving the physical loss of a loved one through experiences of continued communication with those who are...

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Kathryn Speakes-Large
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Dedication

To Daddy, Big Jim, for being so diligent and persistent as well as patient in working with me.

To the love of my life, my husband Fred, who understands the importance and far reaching effects of my work with the spiritual realm. Thank you for holding fast to your sense of humor and support of me.

To my Daughter Jesse, my Mom Sue and my Grandma Laura for your love and support.

To Jesus, Archangel Metatron, Chief Running Bear, Ezra and Great Grandma Hailey for all your love, patience and support.

A huge thank you to all of you for allowing me to share your life and spirit experiences through the content of Waiting in the Other Room.
Acknowledgments

I believe that those we meet during our physical existence as a human on Mother Earth are divinely orchestrated. My Divine Life Path has been profoundly blessed and I gratefully acknowledge and thank my mentors Adele Linsalata of AngelicWiseOnes.com and Sherry Lewis. Barbara Mark of Angelspeake.com whose email moved me into a new state of “being.” Trudy Griswold of Angelspeake.com for helping me to believe in the light of hope and the possibilities of dreams. My special friends Deb Hoskinson, Mary Reilly, Martha Zetter and Mik and Jan who believed in me and my work with Big Jim; and the Soul Kisses Spiritual Whispers family whom together we have shared the pain of grief and the love of healing.

These partitions: ~~~~~~~~~^O^~~~~~~~~~~~~ between sections are a tribute to Barbara Mark - ^O^ was her way of signifying an angel with type.

A special heartfelt thank you to those who read this work and share it with others. May you be profoundly blessed.
**Distracted Concentration:**

The experience of time when we, as humans, are mindlessly focused on physical world happenings.

It is during this time of distracted concentration that those in Spirit blatantly step in with a sign and/or by speaking to make themselves known to us.
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Introduction

Living through the physical death of those we love is, in my belief, the hardest event we will ever experience as humans. Some of us experience many loved ones dying in our lifetime.

The loss of a loved one has an isolating affect that seems to separate us from the real world as we know it. Our loved one, who was a large part of our world, has died and our life has changed forever. The physical world continues to turn as if nothing happened. Even though others have experienced this loss our grief is ours alone.

The reality is in every moment of our human existence each one of us is made up of a crowd of angels, teachers, guides and deceased loved ones. When we look in the mirror, we see ourselves looking back at us. If we could see through the veil, we would also see our entourage or crowd of angels, our spirit guide(s), probably a few Archangels, deceased loved ones, and perhaps even a few ascended masters like Jesus or Mother Mary. At any given moment of any given day, we are indeed a crowd – not separate and alone.

Brooke, a sweet angel child I know, has the ability to see our angels. At different times when she has counted my angels, I have had as few as sixteen and as many as forty-five. One day my puppy had ten! Even the puppy is a crowd!

No matter what is going on in our lives or around us, and no matter how alone we feel, we are never alone… never. The reality is that when we are born, angels are in attendance. Throughout our lives they
are with us, and when our physical body dies, they welcome us back home and make our transition a celebration of love.

Each one of us has Free Will. We have the choice of building our connection with God and our personal team of angels to walk our divine life path to our highest good, or try to manage and control our life path by ourselves, which we do blindly, as we don't know what is truly in our best interests.

It is up to us to pay attention and follow the guidance and accept God’s help in whatever form it comes in. There is a story circulating the internet about a preacher who was caught in a flood. He prayed to God to save him. A man in a truck came by and asked the preacher to evacuate with him. The preacher declined – he was waiting for God to save him. The water was rising so the preacher got on the roof. Someone came by in a boat and asked the preacher to evacuate with him. The preacher declined. The rain cam down and the preacher prayed and prayed for help. A helicopter came by and the pilot asked the preacher to evacuate with him. The preacher declined. He drowned. When he reached heaven, he asked God why He did not save him. God told the preacher He sent three people to help him and he declined.

Our angels are God’s messengers. They are available to help us in every moment of every day. All we need to do is ask, trust that they will help us, and be grateful for their help. They will guide us if there are action steps we need to take and remind us if we don't do it.

"God helps those who help themselves" doesn't mean we're on our own. It means God helps those who help themselves by having the trust and faith to ask God for help and guidance and to work in tandem with Him to fulfill the tasks we incarnated to Mother Earth to accomplish in human form.
God’s messengers, the angels, are with us in every moment of every day to help us, guide us, protect us, comfort us and love us unconditionally. It is physically impossible for our loved ones and friends in our physical lives to do this in every moment of every day, even if they wanted to! Therapists that we pay don’t have access to ”the bigger picture” of our life, but God’s angels do. Angels are available to us 24/7 with no busy signal and no answering machine. You won’t hear an angel say, ”Can it wait until the commercial” or “I’m booked solid, can we get together in two weeks?”

The more we talk to our angels, ask them for help and allow them to help us, the greater our union with God. Through angelic communication, prayer and trust, we develop a deeper understanding of God’s Grace and Love. We become clearer in our understanding of our mission, our life path and ourselves.

As spiritual beings having a human experience, each and every moment of every day we bring with us all our guardian angels, spirit guides and deceased loved ones. We are thus indeed a ”crowd.” This thought brings comfort in the dark of the night, in moments of receiving bad news, in the vital seconds after the initial adrenalin rush of a fearful or traumatic event and in the wake of a loved one’s transition.

We are never alone, always loved and always cared for, no matter what we do, we are always a crowd. Knowing this is our candle in the window, our guiding light of hope, joy and love. We must remember this as we move about in our travels today and every day after. No matter what happens in our lives, we are never alone, for the candle in the window is always lit, reminding us that there is hope, there is joy, and there is love. We are profoundly loved every moment of every day.
God and the angels are with us to help us, guide us, and lovingly give to us the comfort that only God can give.

Ask God to make your life easier. He will. Ask the angels and your spirit guide(s) to guide you in all that you do - to lead you to your highest good - to show you in detail how you may best share love with the world and to best serve God. As a profoundly loved, deserving, worthy child of God, you will be gently guided, and the areas of your life will be abundantly filled.

Close your eyes and breathe deeply and ask your loving crowd to surround you with God’s Divine White Light and hug you. You will feel their divine presence surrounding you and filling you with the peace and love of God. Repeat this often, and the moments of your life will be more peaceful, more joyful and more loving than ever before.

*When I look in the mirror, the room is full. I am a crowd.*

~~~~~~~~~~~^0^~~~~~~~~~~~

*Message from Big Jim, who transitioned October 31, 2005:*

Kathy asked me to speak to you all - that’s what I call her - she doesn’t like it much, but it is who we are, she and I. She’s told you you’re not alone while you’re living there on earth - she told me that too and I had a hard time gettin’ my mind around that.

She’s right - each one of you is a crowd of angels, guides, teachers and dead people (deceased loved ones) - one person’s group could fill 40 acres!

Take notice of God’s message to love one another and to forgive because until you get it, there will be more messages. 911, Katrina, the Tsunami, they all brought the world together in love - tragedies do that. Some of you are hard headed - I was - your angels will tell you to look within to understand and see
Waiting in the Other Room

the big picture. You can do it. Trust and Faith don’t come easy, but they are possible. Practice acts of kindness - you’ll feel better.

~Big Jim, 2006
Waiting in the Other Room

In 1984 my Great Grandmother, Nellie M. Hailey transitioned to the spiritual realm, joining her husband, Harry N. Hailey who had been there since 1975. Grandma Hailey was a sweet, gentle spirit who loved everyone. She was 94. In the years after Grandpa Hailey’s transition, she lived in their home alone and was visited regularly by children and many grandchildren. Then when she slipped into her 90’s it became clear that she really needed someone with her just to make sure she didn’t leave something cooking on the stove and that she ate well. Grandma Hailey feared no one would come to see her if she lived in a nursing home. So her four daughters split up the week and took turns staying with her during the days and nights.

On a cold day in December 1984 I had lunch with Grandma Hailey and my grandma, Laura Stockam. It was a rough day for Grandma Hailey. She wasn’t feeling well and Grandma Stockam was fussing over her.

Grandma Stockam had prepared home made vegetable soup for lunch and served it with crackers. Grandma Hailey attempted to crumble her crackers in her soup and it was clearly a struggle for her. Grandma Stockam gently touched her hand and asked if she could help with the crackers. Grandma Hailey sighed and allowed her to help.

I teasingly asked if Grandma Stockam was bugging her. She agreed that yes... she was. We all laughed. There was great love at this table. There is great love between Grandma Hailey and all her descen-
dants. That’s the way Grandma Hailey was in human form – she loved the God Light within everyone and everyone loved her.

That was the last time I saw Grandma Hailey as a human spirit. The next day she was having a really good day and felt much better than the day before. Then her heart stopped beating. It was very painful for the family to lose such a bright light of love in human form.

Grandma Hailey was buried next to Grandpa Hailey – sharing a single headstone.

Grandma Hailey’s house was sold to Freeman Hospital. They erected a Ronald McDonald House on the site. To me, this couldn’t have been more perfect! The Ronald McDonald House is a material place of hope, healing and love continuing on after Grandma Hailey’s loving spirit transitioned.

I didn’t spend a lot of time with Grandma Hailey before she died, even though I had the opportunity. After she transitioned, I missed her. I knew she wasn’t there but, I made it a point to visit her often at the cemetery as a continued way of honoring the loving being that she was.

The first time I visited the cemetery I was profoundly moved by what was inscribed on the headstone. Of course the family name was there, both her name and Grandpa Hailey’s along with their year of birth and death, 1890-1984 and 1887-1975 respectively. But the words are what moved me. Under the date, the inscription reads: WAITING IN THE OTHER ROOM

I was comforted – profoundly – I felt this deep stirring within me… and I knew it was true. They were only waiting in the other room – as if they were still that close – that only a door or wall separated us – the veil.
Waiting in the Other Room

My research began. I knew that Grandma Hailey and Grandma Stockam had a bond – a knowing between them that they just “knew” things... hmmm..... I knew they were psychic even though they denied it. My question was how I could tap into that knowing? The words on the tombstone stirred something deep within. What was it exactly? A knowing? Yes, but what were the details, the methods, the experiences of that knowing? And how did I tap into it?

I read books and I talked to Grandma Stockam, but to no avail. For years I just wondered.

Then, in 1995, when my daughter Jesse was seven, we received some very disturbing news about a friend. This news upset both of us. Jesse went downstairs to get something out of the dryer and seconds later came running back upstairs totally freaked out. She was convinced she heard a woman’s voice gently say, “Hello.” There was no one down there and no TV or radio was on.

I knew this was Grandma Hailey trying to connect with us and comfort us. Then I decided if she could talk to Jesse, then she could talk to me. I knew in my heart that connecting and visiting with one another even though she was dead was possible. I believed I could not do it at that moment, but I knew if I tried hard enough I would be able to.

My quest to connect with deceased loved ones began in earnest. I read everything I could get my hands on by James Van Praagh, Sylvia Browne, John Edward and Doreen Virtue, to name a few. I tried meditating and fell asleep. Some times I was able to connect and those connections were amazing, but most of the time all I did was fall asleep and I never connected with Grandma Hailey.

Then my cousin Vicki, another of Grandma Hailey’s grandchildren, became terminally ill with cancer. She was living with her parents
and the doctors did not expect her body to continue fighting much longer. I live eight hundred miles away from them so my only communication was with Grandma Stockam who visited Vicki often. Grandma Stockam told me her brother, Vicki’s father, was struggling desperately with releasing his daughter to death. A couple of days before her passing, Vicki visited me while I was sleeping.

Slowly I woke to the sound of laughter, but it was in my head, not in the room. In my minds eye, I could see Vicki and Grandma Hailey over to my right. We were in a beautiful garden with yellow roses and they were sitting on large boulders.

They were both so beautiful and Vicki was laughing. She emphatically told me to tell her father she was “exuberant” (how many times do you use that word in a sentence in a week?). Vicki told me this several times. Then she told me to tell Grandma Stockam, that she loves her. I asked her if she wanted me to tell her mother anything and she responded, "She already knows." Vicki then told me that my daughter, whom she had never seen while living, is beautiful. I began to cry and Grandma Hailey told me to stop it, because my husband would tell me to get up and blow my nose. She knew sniffing is a major annoyance to him even though she had passed away before I met him!

When I got up the next morning, I was very concerned that Vicki had passed during the night. She had not, but she had slipped in and out of consciousness. Vicki did pass a few days later. When the obituary came out in the paper, Grandma couldn’t wait to call me. Vicki’s brother had written the obituary and in it he stated that Vicki had lived an "exuberant" life. He didn’t know about the conversation I had with Vicki in the middle of the night miles away, and yet, he used the same word Vicki had used...
Even in death, Vicki was thinking of others. She was doing her best to communicate to her family that she was okay - exuberantly happy - in a place outside the physical world where her body was not in the constant all consuming pain from cancer. Not only was she happy and pain free, but she wasn't alone. Grandma Hailey was with her, helping Vicki to make the transition from the physical world to the spiritual world.

This experience confirmed it! Grandma Hailey was indeed, WAITING IN THE OTHER ROOM. Here I was mainstream corporate America and I was finally connecting with the Other Side and I didn’t even initiate it! They woke me up from a sound sleep to ask me to give a message to their living loved ones. Comfort was conveyed.

Wow.

The day after the “vision” I passed the message to my grandmother, but not directly to Vicki’s immediate family. Months after Vicki’s death, I realized I hadn’t passed the message on directly. I hesitated because I didn't know how her parents would take the news, but I couldn’t let Vicki down.

I called Vicki’s mother and explained to her in detail the conversation I had with Vicki and Grandma Hailey. Vicki’s mother was beyond ecstatic; she thanked me over and over for passing on the information. She explained she was missing Vicki terribly and praying for a message from her. I could hear in her voice how relieved she was and the peace the message had given her. She also confirmed my suspicion of Vicki’s favorite flower… yellow roses...

As humans living lives drowning in fear of the unknown, we long for validation that our loved ones whose physical bodies have died are okay. Our religions teach us of death – the physical world teaches us
of death. It is up to us to look within our hearts to truly get our minds around and understand what happens to the spirit when the physical body dies.

The reality is that they are still with us – never going anywhere – it is only their form and method of communication that has changed. With effort each one of us may continue to communicate with them. For some, this is more than the human mind can take in, however, this is changing.

The humans of Mother Earth are opening their hearts and minds to more fully connect with The Creator Of All That Is – reconnecting to our God Part for a multitude of reasons. In this connection we discover our loved ones who have transitioned from this physical world to that of the Spirit world.

As I stood in the cemetery at Grandma Hailey’s grave and read the inscription *WAITING IN THE OTHER ROOM* I was comforted. Our mission in this writing is to help you, the reader, to not only open your heart and mind to the comfort to be grasped and experienced when we acknowledge and accept that the spirits of our loved ones whose physical bodies have died are indeed...

*Waiting in the other room*...

But to also know we can communicate with them…
James Joseph Speakes, aka Big Jim, is my dad. As a child who grew up in the South, he was and still is, Daddy to me. In the beginning of "rememberings" as a child, I don't remember much. But we have videos. Mom converted the 8mm to VCR tape. Mom and Daddy... young with three babes - it was the early 60's. There is footage of gatherings with friends at a park enjoying the water of the river that ran through it, birthdays and playing with us in the yard with a sprinkler. Me crying because I got hit with the water of the sprinkler in the face - still don't like water in the face...

Mom was from Missouri. Daddy was from Arkansas.

The footage of Daddy’s parents, Grandmother Speakes and our grandfather, Nick, is interesting. Nick was tall and we were short, being small children. We experienced and filmed a trip to a cotton field that Nick was irrigating. When he walked through the cotton it was up to his waste. We as short people disappeared when we walked into it. Cotton doesn't grow that tall anymore - now most of the time it only grows about twelve to eighteen inches.

When Daddy got out of the army, he moved us to Arkansas to farm the land that he and his father, cleared to grow cotton, soybeans and wheat. We were city kids moved to the country. I was the oldest at four, so the only whining that went on was from me, missing my grandmother in Missouri.
Farming is hard work and Daddy was a hard working man. As small children there were days in the summer we never saw him. He was up early before us and home late after we went to bed. But we grew up and became helpers - especially when we could reach the gas pedal of the truck and other farm machinery.

I used to cringe on early summer mornings when Daddy would turn on the light in my room and joyfully say, "Rise and shine!" It would be time to get up to chop cotton. In my opinion there was nothing joyful about getting up to chop cotton. There were no water bottles in those days. And the cotton always had dirt and dew on it, which turned to mud on your legs when you walked through it. I didn't like being thirsty, dirty or up at the crack of dawn.

But...

At the crack of dawn, the air smells like God. At least, I think that is what God smells like - fresh and clean and full of possibilities - limitless possibilities. Can the air be filled with possibilities? I thought it could - still do when I open the windows in the spring and experience the whiff... of God... and possibilities.

And...

At the crack of dawn the morning glories have opened their blooming faces wide to catch the dew and the first warm rays of the sun. Daddy worked really hard to kill the morning glories, because they choked out the cotton and shaded it from the sun, preventing it from growing and producing the blossoms, bolls and cotton that he desired to harvest and sell.

I grow morning glories now, from seeds no less.. It seemed wrong, to grow them since Daddy worked so hard to kill them. But after
Daddy died, I asked him if it would be okay. He didn’t care. So, they’ve become direct, beautiful signs that he is, indeed, still here.

Back in the day Daddy had a short tolerance for incompetency. As children we were in the process of learning, so at times life got challenging for all of us, but we all got through it. Each of us, my two brothers and I learned what hard work was, how to work with integrity and honesty, and how to have fun. Daddy always had toys...

When we were little, he communicated with the "world" through CB radio, talking to people in other states and occasionally in another country. Then the mini bike arrived and when none of us got killed on it or injured beyond skin growing back - the motorcycles came. I even had one. It was really too big for me - a Suzuki 100. But if I was careful, it allowed me to go with the boys on their excursions. There’s a place back in the woods that when you ride into it everything changes. I thought of it as: The Twilight Zone in real life. The temperature dropped from 90 to about 65 degrees and the birds sound different and the air smelled different and the hair stands up on the back of your neck and you don’t dare slow down in case the bike should stall. I only went there once and never went back - Daddy just laughed.

Of course being from the south and living in the country, there were guns too. Daddy didn’t hunt, but the boys did. I didn’t hunt, but I sure liked target practice and I really loved to shoot skeet. The boys weren’t happy when I got better than they were; hence my skeet shooting days were short lived. I think it was a patience thing more than skill, but with patience I could hit that at which I was aiming. Daddy re-loaded his shotgun shells and would let me help. My job was to put in the salt and pepper (shot and powder). Those were the days...
After I moved out and got my own place, I still went back to Mom and Daddy's to eat - imagine that? On my days off, I would fix lunch for Daddy and we would visit. It was then that I discovered that Daddy was a talker. Mom doesn't say much, but prepare Daddy something good to eat and he would tell you everything he knew. In honesty, he always ate it even if it wasn't good and with my cooking it was always a roll of the dice.

When I moved out of state I found that Daddy was also the one who would talk on the phone. So I called when Mom wasn't home to find out what was really going on. Many a cordless phone battery died during those conversations.

Through the years, I finally rediscovered my spiritual life path and was able to share my experiences with Daddy. He was always interested, but could never quite "get there." But, he really liked the doves on the Soul Kisses website - he liked that their wings flapped like they were flying. He was really impressed that I had been able to make them do that. I told him I really didn't do it, that all I did was insert an animated image into the right spot. He didn't care, he was still impressed.

The last conversation I had with Daddy while he was in physical form was October 28, 2005. On that day he shared with me his brush with death when he had a heart attack twelve years earlier. He said he met beings from the other side who gave him a choice of life or death. In all the times we had talked, I was surprised he hadn't shared the information before. He said it wasn't scary, it was comforting. But he chose life and came back.

Then he talked about what I do - connecting with my angelic entourage and talking with dead people. He said he just "couldn't get
there" - which he found surprising because he loved the StarGate television series and he had no problem "getting there!" I suggested perhaps he was an alien – I think his brain almost “tilted!” He didn’t agree, but he did laugh.

Daddy’s spirit transitioned to the angelic realm on October 31, 2005 during open heart surgery. He transitioned fully - he is NOT stuck here.

He has discovered that he "gets" what I do now. He's been to classes to "help" me with my work for God. He's been to parallel dimensions and galaxies, discovering why StarGate held such fascination for him. It is true, that my life (and I'm sure other members of the family) now provide great entertainment for him. When I began an exercise program, he was right there cheering me on. He told me how the exercise was really good for me and the entertainment value on his end was priceless! Ya gotta love him!

Now, when I see him, in my mind’s eye... he's always smiling - always. This wasn't the case while living here in the heavy physical world. So the smiles in themselves tell a story... Even when I feel like my life has dissolved into chaos, he comes in here smiling and laughing and telling me to "lighten up." He then entices my poodle puppy, Majik, to do something to make me laugh. He reminds me that "worry" does nothing to enhance my life and that worry is fear vibrational living - so snap back into love vibration and quick!

My mom has given me permission to share Experiences of Spiritual Life after Physical Life with Daddy - it is important to me to have her support. My Protector Guide, Chief Running Bear, calls him Big Jim, hence the sharing of the experiences with him on the Soul Kisses website and in this book reference him as Big Jim.
Kathryn Speakes-Large

Sharing my experiences with Daddy’s spirit opens the way for others to grasp the continued connection with their deceased loved ones. Sharing what he tells me gives comfort and insight as to the experience of his being life force energy in the spirit realm.

Even though I have connected with my angels, Jesus, guides, teachers and dead people for years, I still have questioned, was Daddy really here? Did I really see him through my mind’s eye? Over and over again he proves to me, yes, he was really here. I find great comfort in knowing and accepting that yes, he really is “waiting in the other room.” However, grief is real and as humans we must allow ourselves to experience grief – to work through it and allow ourselves to experience the pain, and then move on. When the grief engulfs us once again, experience it and move on again. I believe grief never really goes away – it just gets easier as our physical world time passes. It’s been three years since Daddy transitioned and there are times I experience “surprise” at remembering his body died. I experience the wave of grief; embrace the celebration of his life and his after life...
Hello... I'm Big Jim

Hello... I'm Big Jim...

I always wanted to say that – like Johnny Cash did when he’d go on-stage. One might wonder if Johnny minds my using his tagline, but we don’t mind about such things here in the spirit world. Those things that might have or did bother us while we were living human beings have pretty much lost their priority now that we can see both sides of everything.

My name while living in the physical world was James Joseph Speakes. I was from the south so people most often called me Jimmy Joe, especially my mother. As I grew older, I was often known as Jim.

You all know what it’s like living a human existence. I was no different – I was probably just like you. I was a son, a husband, a father, a friend and even a grandpa. The son part was challenging at times. Both my mother and my father are here on the spirit side of things with me. I see my mother’s point of view and my father’s now, and they see mine. Consequently, it really doesn’t matter. From each of our viewpoints, we all did the best we could and we all get that.

Being a husband to Sue was good. It had its challenges, but Sue and I got along very well. She was my room mate and as room mates go, I’d say she has to be one of the best.

A father, well… that had its own set of challenges as those of you reading this who are parents know. In the end of my time there on earth in the physical form, I made my own peace within myself where the children were
concerned. I had five children, Kathy and her two brothers with Sue, and a boy and a girl from a previous marriage. I stop by to see how everyone is now and then. As I mentioned before, I can see all sides of things from here and I understand now why people do the things that they do. It doesn’t make them right or wrong – it just is what it is and I can accept that.

As a friend, I just did my best and met friendships with the integrity that was me and that was that.

Now we’re to grandpa. By the time the grandchildren came around I had already had the heart attack and angioplasty and I was depressed even more than I was before the heart attack. Grandchildren weren’t as much fun for me as they would have been had I not been engulfed with the ugly black monster of depression.

Oh yes, my daughter the typist and human author of this book’s name is Kathryn and she goes by Kate. I call her Kathy and she really doesn’t like it, but it is who we are, she and I. However, since we’re using her fingers, when I refer to her as Kathy, she will type Kate, making our story easier for the reader to understand.

We lived our lives trying to make a living, getting along with others and keeping the boys out of trouble. Boys will be boys. Kate never gave us much trouble, but those boys wanted to experiment with everything. Thank God they grew out of it.

As most of you reading this know, our lives don’t always turn out as we envision them. Farming was not in my game plan, but that is what my life was. I worked a lot when the kids were little. I worked a lot when they got older. I worked a lot. We lived in farming country where cotton, soybeans, rice, milo and wheat were grown. I helped my dad clear the land we farmed. To those who live in the city it’s hard to explain how dirt can be a part of your family,
but when you clear it, work it and sweat your life into it, its family pure and simple.

At times, farming was a real challenge, especially when we needed rain. I’ve seen the rain shower down right up to the road in front of my place and not rain a drop on my field. Makes you wonder what you did to turn the Big Man against you. I know now that that really wasn’t the case.

As the years passed I questioned life, death, life after death, the Big Man and just about everything in between. I had no real answers when I died, but I did have an experience that made a huge impression on me. The first heart attack I had was like an elephant sitting on my chest. Of course I argued with myself that it wasn’t a heart attack, but in the end, that elephant had to get off my chest. Sue took me to the ER and it was confirmed, a heart attack.

The doctors decided to do angioplasty. While under anesthesia I had a vision. I was in a hallway and there were doors. Behind one door was life – life as I knew it, in a physical body on planet Earth. Behind the other door there were beings who were telling me that if I chose this door I would find things more wonderful than I could imagine. It felt good – not frightening – to chat with these beings and it left me unafraid to die, however; I chose the door of life and came back to the physical world. The elephant got off my chest and my body healed, but the depression only got worse.

I can see now that there was medication available to me to help with the depression, but back then, the depression was in control and obviously I wasn’t making a good decision where it was concerned. So I lived the rest of my days in and out of depression so deep and ugly that I thought I might never crawl out, but I always did.

Kate found her calling working with God, Jesus and the Archangels. I got interested in stargates. I could “connect” and understand the stargates, but
I had a hard time getting my mind around working with Jesus and talking to Him and the others. But Kate was convinced she could do it, so I accepted it. Now I know she really did know what she was talking about. They’re real – all of them that she told me about – they’re real.

The weekend before my open heart surgery, I visited with my kids and saw most of my friends. The weather was almost perfect for riding my bike, a candy apple red Harley Davidson Road King with lots of chrome. The freedom I experienced riding it was pretty much the highlight of my days. My body at 70 was old and it hurt a lot. The glaucoma really messed up my eye sight and made it hard to see well while riding. I used to ask Sue to ride with me, but when it got to where I couldn’t tell one color from another – like trucks on the highway – it just wasn’t safe to take passengers anymore. One might say it wasn’t safe for me either, but we didn’t have much traffic so I didn’t let a little thing like vision keep me off the bike, plus when I was riding, the body just didn’t hurt as much and all my worries were blown away by the wind.

The day I had surgery I wasn’t scared – I was complacent – just doing what I was told when I was told to do it. Sue was nervous, I could tell. We were waiting for them to take me to surgery when we decided Sue should take my things to the truck. She was hesitant, thinking they might come get me while she was gone. But I told her to go ahead, that I wasn’t going anywhere.

They came to get me while she was gone.

Everything seemed to be going well – I was out of it as one usually is during open heart surgery. Then I saw a light. It was a bright light, like a motorcycle with a halogen light in front of me, but it didn’t hurt my eyes. That was the first thing I thought strange, the light wasn’t hurting my eyes.

Then I saw them. There were angels there. Archangel Michael was there. At first I wondered how I knew it was him, but then I realized, he told me – without words. He telepathically told me and I remember thinking... he’s
really talented… Then I saw Archangel Raphael, and I wondered how I knew it was him, then I realized he is as talented as Archangel Michael.

A pretty young gal came in and asked me if I was James Joseph Speakes. I told her, “Yes, I am.” She told me her name was Adele Linsalata and she was there because Kate asked her to check on me. I said, “You can see I’m fine.”

Then we all looked down at the doctors working on my physical body and I sensed that everything perhaps wasn’t fine down there. The medical personnel seemed to be in somewhat of a panic. It was then that everything started coming back to me and I realized my body was in open heart surgery. Adele and I started to chat about what was going on, and then I asked her if she would send Kate to see me. She promised she would and she left.

The archangels and I chatted after Adele left about the pros and cons of my crawling back into my heavy physical body. I really did NOT want to do that. The body was tired and hurt a lot, not to mention the depression, and it really felt good here, where I was, chatting with them. There was also an issue of possible paralysis for a time after the surgery.

Paralysis isn’t in my vocabulary.

Those who ride motorcycles will understand that an inability to ride my two wheel machine is a form of severe punishment – even for a short while and paralysis opens the way for the possibility of never riding again.

Then I asked Archangel Michael and Archangel Raphael if we could ride a Harley into that light behind them. They laughed and telepathically told me, yes.

We also discussed Sue and the ramifications of my joining them in the spirit realm at this time. Sue’s tough – I knew she’d be fine and they showed me how she would be fine. I won’t go into it at this time, but it was really amazing how they could “show me” that she was going to be fine… I made my choice to stay with them and they were kind enough to wait with me for Kate to come. It
Kathryn Speakes-Large
didn’t take her long. She came in and I expressed to her how happy I was to be free of my body then we chatted briefly about what went wrong where the surgery was concerned. I again stressed to her how happy I was to be out of the heavy old physical body and she left.

The archangels and I mounted some really powerful Harleys and rode into the light of God.

Some would wonder if I transitioned fully.

Yes, I did.

What I discovered here in the spirit realm is that the love is more than words can describe. It is as if all your senses are exploding in sheer bliss. The colors are more than magnificent and the smells are all but tangible. The spirit realm is so much more than the human brain can take in.

I was met by Alvin, my pet skunk who had died a few years earlier as well as Snuggles and Tad who were dogs that I loved. I was so happy to see them. My parents were there, other family members, friends and other animals. There was a great celebration of love at my joining them in the spirit realm.

I experienced my life review. In it I experienced all sides, all dimensions of the life I lived on planet Earth this life time. It definitely had its highs and lows. The life review is a very personal experience – one that truly defies description of emotion.

After my life review Jesus came to talk with me. We talked about my life and Kate’s mission and work. He laid out the bigger picture of what she is doing and how it affects the peoples of the earth. I told him I would like to help and asked if that would be possible. Jesus told me it would, but I would need to take some classes in order to be of assistance to her. I had thought about going back to school while on planet earth, so I agreed, I’d take classes.

There is no time in the spirit realm.
Waiting in the Other Room

I went to tell Kate about what had happened, but when I popped in to see her, she was reeling from the news of my death and, Majik, her dog… growled at me. I knew she knew I was there. I wanted her to see me, but I also knew that I would freak her out. So I just sat with her and Majik (Majik eyeballed me the entire time) in the dark in the hallway until Fred came home.

As a side note: I also learned I can now be omnipresent. So in case some are wondering, I didn’t desert Sue. My time with her is private. I really don’t tell everything I know.
The Physical World Experience of Big Jim's Transition

Where do dead people go? They ride through the universe on a red and chrome Harley - no helmet, with a black dog and a skunk as travel mates, eating all the Kentucky Fried Chicken they want. They roar in to check on loved ones, exciting the physical world puppy and leaving a trail of peace and well being as only hugs and love from spirit can do.

At least, this is what my dad, Big Jim, is doing.

The expiration of the physical body is not the end, but a continuation of the beginning - a continuation of the spiritual growth of the spirit. It's a change in the blink of an eye from physically breathing in the human body to experiencing complete freedom of movement, knowing, understanding and love as a spirit.

As humans living on the physical planet Earth, we learn to fear death. What is it? What happens? Is death all there is, or does the spirit continue to live? In not knowing, fear arises - fear of the unknown.

When the physical body ceases to breathe and the heart stops, the etheric cord is severed and the spirit leaves the body for the final time. The soul/spirit is met by angels, spirit guides and previously deceased loved ones to help them transition home to the spirit world of the angelic realm. No one is alone. We say that we come into this world alone and we leave it the same way - alone. This simply isn't true. Because we can't
see the angels, guides and loved ones who help the spirit transition, that doesn't mean they aren't there.

As children of technology, we trust that when we put our coffee in the microwave, close the door, push a few buttons and open the door when we hear the beep, the coffee is going to be hot. We push the numbers on a cell phone, hold it to our ear, listen for the signal of ringing and expect someone to begin speaking. Can we "see" these things? If we traveled back to the 1700's with our microwave and cell phone, how would we be perceived?

In years to come will we watch our loved one’s spirit leave the body to be welcomed and received by those of the angelic realm? Perhaps. The veil is growing thinner.

Our transition home ignites a love celebration of such a magnitude that our mere human minds cannot comprehend it. If we think of the most amazing love filled experience in our human lives, it doesn’t even come close to the love of the angelic realm - of God.

Fear can and does spoil events and situations for us. To reach a place of understanding and allowance will alleviate fear and anxiety and give us peace. In my dad's case, he had a grip on death. Three days before he was scheduled for open heart surgery we had a phone chat about that. (We lived a thousand miles apart.)

It was Friday morning, October 28, 2005. We discussed things going on in his life, his friends, my mom, my brothers and his Harley. If the weather was warm enough he was going to ride his Harley that afternoon and Saturday and Sunday as well. On Monday, he was scheduled to check into the hospital for his surgery and he wouldn't be able to ride the bike for a while, so he needed to make good use of his time between now and then. Daddy was 70.
Waiting in the Other Room

As we chatted, we discussed my work, and I brought up communicating with deceased loved ones (Daddy calls them “dead people”) and angels. Daddy always listened and would sometimes comment that I always was different. On this day, he told me that anyone who would believe in "Stargate" (a TV program) like he did should be able to get to where I am in my beliefs - but he just couldn't quite do it. I suggested perhaps he is actually an alien, and this cracked him up. It was then that he shared with me the following spiritual encounter.

Twelve years before, he had a heart attack and the doctors performed angioplasty. While under anesthesia, he said he found himself in a hallway. In the hallway were two doors: one was the door of death, and one was the door of life. Behind the door of death he was being contacted by beings who told him that if he chose the door of death, he would find things more wonderful than he could imagine. He told me he didn’t feel afraid, that it was quite comforting and peaceful. The beings on the other side of the door of death were quite insistent that he would be very happy should he choose to come through their door. He, however, chose the door of life. Because of this experience, Daddy told me he wasn’t afraid of death.

I knew then that if Daddy found out they have Harleys in the spirit realm, he'd be out of here – so I didn’t tell him!

I sent out emails to my spiritual friends, asking them to keep my dad in their prayers during his surgery and recovery. One of them shared with me that open heart surgery statistics are very encouraging - only two percent of patients don’t make it. All my spiritual friends felt my dad was going to be "fine."

October 31, 2005, started out like any other Monday. About eleven o’clock my time, I called my mom. She and my brother had just
been told that everything was going great in the surgery, so they were getting some lunch. A few hours later mom called. She was panic stricken - there was something wrong. The surgery was over and everything had gone well, but Daddy wasn't responding. The doctors were trying to save his life. She would call me back.

I was a thousand miles away. What could I do?

I called Adele Linsalata. Adele is a metaphysical teacher who is my client, my dear friend and my spiritual mentor. Our relationship is proof that there are no coincidences. Her guides told her earlier in the year to contact me to build her website - that I could help her. I built her site, and she has helped me part the veil - clear my communication with Spirit - identify more clearly who I am and my divine life path by looking within myself.

When Adele answered the phone, I explained to her what was happening. She asked for my dad's full name, for she was going to connect with him. I waited patiently. With the help of her guides, she made the connection. She asked me if my dad had been in the military. I told her yes. She said he was explaining to her that the problem was a "cross over," like when you're in the military and orders get "crossed over." She explained that there was cramping on his left side, near the arm pit. She assured me my dad wasn't feeling this. He kept telling her that he was "fine."

Then she told me to hang up the phone and meditate. Adele wanted me to try to connect with my dad, and she would call me back. I hung up the phone and as I sat there, my brain flipped over. How was I going to connect with my dad in an operating room a thousand miles away? This was no time to be skeptical of my abilities - I needed to act!
began to meditate, and immediately - amazingly - I connected with my dad. He was waiting for me. In fact, he had told Adele to send me.

It was as if I was over the operating room. I could see and feel the sterility of the room; it wasn't gory or scary. My main focus was on my dad's spirit - not his body or what the doctors were doing. My dad was ecstatic to be free of his physical body - he was FREE! But he was annoyed that the doctors weren't seeing what the problem was. He wasn't angry, just annoyed - my dad had his own unique way of being annoyed. He explained the cross over to me. A few weeks before, he had added some new lights to his Harley and the wiring diagram was wrong. It took a long time for him to get the "cross over" of the wires straightened out. He was using this example to explain the "cross over" situation to me - it was something I was familiar with. Then I heard a flat line. I was so hoping they were just working on him.

These few minutes with my dad were precious and emblazoned in my physical memory forever.

Adele called me back, and I shared with her what had happened. Adele asked her guides if Daddy was going to make it. She asked them in several different ways in order to be clear. Then she asked me if I knew he may decide not to stay. I understood this. As she examined the functionality of his physical body, she discovered there seemed to be some paralysis. I knew then that if my dad couldn't ride his Harley, he would not opt to stay in the physical world.

Just before it got dark, my mom called. Daddy didn't make it.

I already knew this in my heart to be the reality of this day.

I called Adele back. Archangel Michael and Archangel Raphael were with my dad as he transitioned home. When he asked them if he could ride his Harley in the transition and they said yes, his decision was
made! With Archangel Michael and Archangel Raphael at his side, my dad rode his Harley into the light of God.

He was indeed better than "fine."

Being the spiritual person I am, I knew then and I know now that my dad is in a much, much better place. Being a human, I felt the loss of his earthly body expiring, so back here in the physical world, shock was setting in.

It was Halloween. My dad has such a sense of humor; he transitioned home on Halloween! Daddy... Daddy... Daddy... As it grew dark, I sat there at my desk in my office, crying and pondering and thinking and rejoicing in the experience of his transition. Imagine... riding into the light of God on a Harley with Archangel Michael and Archangel Raphael at your side - what an honor! What an experience! What a blessed gift I had experienced with my dad through Adele and her guides! There simply are no earthly words to express the love I was feeling within myself as well as outside myself – my world was love!

Just before my mom called to tell me that my dad had passed, my husband, Fred, left to buy candy for trick-or-treaters. My daughter was Halloweening with a girlfriend, and I didn't want to tell her until she got home. I was alone in the house with Majik, my four month old poodle puppy.

Majik was so sweet. He sat with me as I digested all that had happened. As the sun disappeared behind the mountains, darkness began to creep down the hallway toward my office. The invasion of the retiring day was halted by the light over my desk. As the darkness settled around me, the reality of death began to sink in and I was overwhelmed with grief. Suddenly, Majik jumped up and marched to the door. As he stood there in the open doorway, peering into the darkened
Waiting in the Other Room

hallway, he growled. He was now Protector Dog, showing his intention to protect me by growling for the first time in his young life.

I knew my dad was there.

I went into the hallway with Majik and whispered reverently, quietly, "Daddy?" It sounded so loud in the dark house. I wanted desperately to see him standing there in the hallway, yet I was afraid if I did, it would freak me out. I slid down the wall of the hallway to the floor crying. We sat there on the floor in the dark, Majik and I and waited for Fred to come home.

Somehow we all got through the evening. Fred and Majik gave out Halloween candy, and I watched. Majik really enjoyed the children - we all did. Time came to pick up Jesse. It was so hard to tell her Daddy had transitioned home. The evening was surreal.

When tragedies/traumas affect our lives, we find release and relief in sleep. For a short time our bodies rest and our minds release the pain for the tranquility of slumber. Upon waking in the middle of the night, it takes a moment or two for the sadness of reality to come back to us. In those few moments, those fleeting seconds - all is well.

Then the remembrance of our pain fills our mind and floods our body. Yet I woke during the night and this didn’t happen. I remembered my dad had crossed over, but I didn't feel those choking emotions of loss. What was this?

Then I heard what woke me up. I was hearing my client and dear friend, Barbara Mark, reading to me the Post Script from the Other Side for the newest Angelspeake newsletter. Barbara had called me earlier that day to check on my dad’s surgery. When I told her he didn’t make it, she of course voiced her sympathies. Then I told her we weren’t going to “hang crepe” otherwise we would have both been sobbing.

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Instead Barbara shared with me her channeling with Rosa Parks for the newsletter. In this channeling Rosa explained how beautiful all the colors are on the other side. Barbara’s voice reading Rosa’s words kept repeating over and over in my head about how incredibly beautiful the colors are in the spirit realm.

“… the colors here are of the rainbow. Colors erupt like through a prism. It is light and flowers and clear essence.”

(Quote from the Angelspeake Post Script from the Other Side Rosa Parks. www.Angelspeake.com)

As if in a slow motion movie, I heard Rosa’s words, and was able to see the most vivid, beautiful, amazing colors. It was then that I realized this was a "direct message" from my dad - for you see, Daddy had glaucoma and hadn't seen true colors for a very long time. He had explained to me that at one point, everything was the same color. Now he was "seeing" everything and experiencing color! He was so incredibly happy! I could feel his elation, his joy. I was grateful and went back to sleep.

The next morning when I woke, the events of the previous day came rushing back, as did the visit of color during the night. But surprisingly, the pain I expected to feel simply did not manifest. Was I in denial? Shock? Or were my spiritual beliefs protecting me? As I dressed, I clearly heard my dad say in his charming, teasing way, "You’ve put on weight!" I was definitely shocked now. It was such a personal comment, but it was so like him. I responded, "Well, yeah - I’m 45."

The days turned into weeks and the weeks into months. In the beginning I would notice things that definitely reminded me of Daddy in some way. Often I would even hear him and see him in my minds eye. Daddy was my hero spider killer, so in the days right after his
transition, many, many spiders came by to say hi. Harleys showed up at the most synchronistic times. He visits in dreams and meditations, and sometimes, he just visits and shares what he is thinking. There has been blessing after blessing of validation that he is, indeed, still here...

Following is a somewhat eclectic compilation of some of these validations. They are taken from the Soul Kisses website and Kate’s personal journal. Each experience is shared in hopes that you as the reader will be able to review your own experiences after the transition of a loved one and discern if they too were continuing to communicate with you, or are communicating with you now in their own special way.
Big Jim is Still Here

*Big Jim’s essence at the rear of his Harley the day of his funeral. See the image in color online: SoulKisses.com/waiting*

The above photograph is of Big Jim’s Harley Davidson motorcycle. It was taken the day of his funeral. Notice at the back of the bike there is a mist. I took several pictures of the bike that day from different angles. At first I was very upset because I thought there was something on the lens, but then I saw that even though the bike was in different places in the photos, the “mist” at the back of the bike was in the same place! Clearly there was a spiritual “presence” at the back of the bike!

*Note: The only alteration is the white out of the people from the front of the bike and converting the color image to black and white.*
The loss of a loved one is something that, no matter what we do, we cannot truly prepare for. When this happens, we must allow ourselves to grieve - even though our spiritual self knows that they are "okay" where they are, our physical world self still needs to grieve.

Some will tell us that the loved one who has transitioned cannot communicate with us for a period of time. Big Jim was here within an hour or so of his transition - freaking out the puppy. (Majik has since come to welcome him when he stops by.) However, there are times the loved one won't interfere with the growth process that we are going through, thereby, not giving us signs to know they are with us. Know they have not abandoned us - they still check on us from afar – whether they let us know it or not.

Allowing ourselves to acknowledge when we "feel" the loved one is near, or we "see" them unexpectedly in our minds eye, or we "hear" them talking to us inside or outside our head will encourage them to continue trying to communicate with us. Don't pass it off as your imagination - after all, what is imagination?

This section hosts many experiences of communication with Daddy since his transition. We share them in hopes that you, as the reader, will receive validation of connecting with a deceased loved one by recognizing incidents you have experienced.

When a loved one has transitioned, the love binds us together forever. They are as close as a thought. We must release expectations of how they will let you know and just watch, listen, and allow yourself to feel them - you will…
Love Binds Us Together Forever

Big Jim communicates with my mom through songs. Daddy was a whistler and he was very good at it. While visiting my mom, I noticed that she whistles now. I commented on this and she said that songs will just get stuck in her head and she finds herself singing, humming or whistling them.

I asked her to think about the songs. Were they songs that Daddy liked? She thought about it and agreed, yes, they are.

Then she told me that sometimes a song will wake her up in the morning. I laughed and asked what song? The answer was, "Wake up Little Suzie" by The Everly Brothers.

My mom’s name is Sue...

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Flannel from Big Jim

Daddy liked to wear flannel shirts in the winter. When I was working on the workbook The Keys to Unlocking the Secrets ~ The Game of Life Unleashed!, my writing companions were Florence Scovel Shinn (the author of The Game of Life, deceased 1940) and Chief Running Bear, my Protector Guide. One day when I connected with them Florence was wearing a blue flannel dress and Chief Running Bear was wearing a blue flannel shirt instead of his usual buckskin. I looked at them both in surprise as they stood there grinning. Chief Running Bear rubbed his hand over the flannel on his chest and told me, “Gift from Big Jim – cute eh?” I started laughing and agreed, “Very cute.” The influence of Big Jim is everywhere...
Take a deep breath, exhaling slowly and continue with an open mind. Read through the experiences with my dad, Big Jim, since his transition and consider, is anything here familiar to you? Has your loved one who has transitioned been communicating with you that they are with you? After reading through these pages, you will have “eyes to see” “ears to hear” and the wisdom of being able to identify the “knowing” within that your loved ones are, indeed, still with you.

Communicating isn’t hard; after all... they are only waiting in the other room...

Allow this comfort to be yours...
Ben Guerin has been my hairdresser since 1996. His salon is in Colorado Springs. I live in Aurora, 74 miles away. As you ladies know when you find someone who is great with your hair and you trust them, you'll drive for miles for your appointment. I must make my appointments months in advance so there is a LOT of praying going on around the weather when I have appointments in the winter months.

The first appointment after Daddy's transition was full of surprises, tears and laughter. The trip to Colorado Springs takes at least an hour when the traffic is good, so I often call family members out of state during the drive. As I drove to Colorado Springs that day, the thought came to me that I should call my dad. Then I started crying - duh - he won't answer the phone... I thought I should have been able to prepare myself for that one - the thought of calling him...

I hadn't eaten breakfast so I stopped in Castle Rock and went through the drive through at Burger King sniffing and mopping tears. When I pulled up at the window I turned down John Denver on the stereo. After getting my food, still sniffling and wiping my eyes, I pulled out of the parking lot and turned up the radio. John Denver was singing, "Lady, are you crying, do the tears belong to me? Do you think our time together is all gone..."

Then I really started to cry - and laugh! I could see in my minds eye my dad and John Denver high fiving and slapping each other on the back congratulating themselves on a message clearly delivered! You
would have thought their football team had just scored - there was excessive celebration going on!

Interestingly enough Ben had a “wow” story to tell me when I got there. He had scheduled a doctor visit for himself that morning – something his wife always did for him. As he sat in the doctor's office he looked around and noticed pictures all over the walls. They weren’t of diplomas; they were of Harley Davidson motorcycles. Ben had the “eyes to see” and made the connection when I told him about my dad’s death. Daddy connected with Ben before I even got there...

Continued connection with loved ones who have crossed over is possible. They will do all they can to let us know that they are okay and still with us. It's up to us to have the eyes, ears and knowing to understand, accept and validate the connection. It's up to us to cast aside the conditioning of the physical world and allow ourselves to enjoy the connection of spirit. Peace, comfort and love can be found in spiritual wisdom. The more we acknowledge their presence, the more our loved ones in Spirit will do to let us know they are around.

May you accept, acknowledge and allow love to live.
A Year of Grieving

The Red Truck

On Friday, March 29, 2006 (Big Jim’s birthday) Fred rented a truck to take to Gypsum, Colorado. Imagine my surprise when we were given a bright red one. Do you know how many red trucks Enterprise carries? Not many… Red and Blue are Big Jim's favorite colors. On the ride home after picking up the truck, Big Jim told me he hopes Fred likes the truck. It is his way of letting him know he is with him, helping him to fulfill his full potential.

Fred's first comment when I shared this with him was, "He (Big Jim) likes to go fast doesn't he?" Oy vey… Glad I wasn’t going to Gypsum with him…

Fred left for Gypsum early Saturday morning. After watching the news, I called him to tell him the Eisenhower Tunnel was closed in one direction and traffic was being diverted to the other tunnel - one lane both directions. He answered the phone telling me that he and Big Jim were sailing through the mountains in his really fast red truck (again, I was very happy I wasn’t with him).

While we were on the phone, traffic came to a stop due to back up at the tunnel. Being a man on the interstate, Fred was disappointed in this. I pointed out to him that it could be worse, he could be alone. I suggested he take the opportunity of being stuck in traffic to breathe deeply and pick Big Jim's brain, after all, Big Jim sees the Bigger Picture of everything…
As humans we have to go about our days as if nothing happened. As if we have not experienced a loss of a loved one to death of the physical body. But love lives forever and our loved ones go with us - traveling with us throughout our day. They do their best to show us they’re still with us - every opportunity they get - in this case, by delivering to us a bright RED truck!

Acknowledge them. And they’ll keep "showing" you that they are still here!

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Father's Day

On Father's Day the year after Daddy died, I couldn't get a card for Fred. I couldn't even walk down the card isle. Fred didn't care, but I did. In the afternoon we enjoyed our backyard. Fred was lying in his hammock and I was sitting in a chair beside him talking to him when something out of the corner of my right eye caught my attention. My dad was riding across the yard toward us - FAST. He smoothly braked at the end of the hammock and revved the engine. Alvin, the skunk, was on his shoulder and Snuggles, the dog, was on the back. He had the biggest smile on his face. It seems as if every time I see him or hear him he’s laughing and smiling. (Guess I would be too if I were on the other side!) He saluted. Then he leaned the Harley over, spun out and zipped away - without destroying my yard.

What a wonderful Father's Day gift for ME!

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Full Potential…

Daddy came by while I was raking the yard. I don’t know how long he was there before I noticed him. I became aware of his presence when he pointed out to me that I kept knocking my huge construction trash bag over. Of course being the daughter that I am, I in turn pointed out to him that if he would hold the bag, it wouldn’t fall over. His reply was that he didn’t care for yard work when he lived here, he wasn’t going to do it now, but he would be happy to sit down and watch. So he did.

While I raked and stuffed the huge trash bags, he sat in a chair and watched as he visited with me.

We talked about living up to our true potential as humans. Most of our lives are spent surviving - just getting through the list of things we "must" do today; working, errands, chores, etc. From Big Jim's point of view, I could see that our days are quite entertaining. So I asked for practical information to incorporate into my life to make my existence more productive, more serving and of course, more prosperous!

He didn’t disappointment me. He told me three things to help us achieve our desires:

1. Organization
2. Be responsible for our own issues, situations, paperwork, responsibilities
3. Look within to discover who we "really are" - discern from within our very essence and not just accept that we are the round or square peg the physical world says we are - physical world being loved ones, friends, coworkers, etc.

He explained that our search will reveal we are limitless spiritual beings of infinite possibilities. In personally experiencing this work of discernment we will regain and embrace our personal power and open
the way to fulfill our mission of this incarnation as well as light the path to our highest good.

He told me that in doing these things we will live up to our true potential - and he's going to make sure we do this!

Our loved ones physical bodies may have expired and are no longer present, but their spirit and love does, indeed move on with us - forever. Not only are they bonded to us through their love, they have only our highest good at heart and can see "the bigger picture." You too may connect with your loved one to get "insider information" on the status of your life and how to get to where you really want to be.

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Anger is a Part of Grief

My dad’s birth certificate listed his name as James Joseph, but everyone called him Jimmy Joe or just Jim. Now my Protector Guide, Chief Running Bear, calls him Big Jim.

October 2006: As the anniversary of Big Jim’s death drew near the remnants of grief would come and go. While visiting with my Protector Guide, Chief Running Bear, he asked me, "You mad at Big Jim?" I admitted that, yes, sometimes I am, because his physical body left. As I told Chief Running Bear this, I saw my dad riding through the night sky lassoing stars together to form a huge heart of stars for me. I didn’t know my dad could lasso - on a Harley no less... How could I be mad at him after that?

And then....

I found the letter....
Waiting in the Other Room

My dryer was taking entirely too long to dry my clothes, so I went in search of the manual to find the model number for the heating element. As I searched through my archive of manuals going back as far as 1978, I found a file entitled: Letters. Then I remembered I have letters from my dad! With great excitement, I pulled out the file and opened it. The letter on top was indeed from him, and post marked August 12, 1998.

With reverence, I slowly pulled out the neatly creased paper and unfolded it. The words he wrote years ago were much more powerful today:

![Image of a letter]

A letter from Big Jim - "I’m still here..."

How much more perfect could this be? A hand typed letter from the physical world located by direction of the spirit world. “I’m still here.” Oh my God – a Direct Message! I wanted to scream it out to the world, “he’s still here!” But instead I sat there on the floor hugging the letter and savoring the moment!

I forgot about looking for the manual for the dryer. Funny thing, the next time I used the dryer it worked fine.
**Buzzed by Big Jim**

In November of 2006, Majik (the puppy) and I were sitting outside on the deck enjoying the, still warm, night air. It was dark and the stars were shining brightly all around. Suddenly, we felt a whoooosh of wind whiz past us - along with it was the feeling of Big Jim riding his Harley right in front of us - or perhaps even through us! The trees didn’t move, for the rush of the wind was only for us, sitting close to the house - out of any breeze that might be stirring in the night.

When Fred and Jesse joined us I told them of Big Jim’s visit and the whoosh of air. Just then Jesse saw a shooting star - or was it? Was it a star or was it the headlight of a lone Harley speeding through the night sky?

So, I asked, “Daddy, was that you?”

Yes, it was I. I ride through quite often - stirring up the little dog on occasion. We dead people are around more than you think. When you acknowledge that we’re there it always gives us a thrill. There is so much love here - no fretting and worrying - ya’ll worry about a lot of things there on earth that just really don’t matter in the bigger picture of things.

It’s amazing to see the prayers here - they’re like shooting stars into the heavens - a lightning bolt of energy! It’s true; every prayer is listened to by the Big Man himself. Pray for one another and then give thanks that the prayers are answered. It’s true - you’re not alone - not any of you!

When you feel us - let us know we’re connecting with you - **it’s like applause** - we just can’t get enough of it!

~Big Jim
Reunited with Beloved Pets in the Spirit World

Orb Pictures of Big Jim & Alvin

When I was a child Daddy would bring home animals that he found hurt, or were hurt by the farm equipment. We would nurse them back to health and let them go. One day while working in his shop several years ago, he kept hearing a noise. Upon investigating the noise, he discovered a baby skunk - the baby's mother was not coming back, so Daddy bundled him up and took him to the house. He had to bottle feed the skunk, he was so young. Before long, Daddy and Alvin were inseparable. While Daddy would watch TV, Alvin would sit on his shoulder.

Alvin transitioned a few years before Daddy did. Daddy was devastated, but now they have reunited in the spiritual realm. When Daddy comes by, Alvin comes with him and plays with my poodle, Majik. They have a LOT of fun together playing, especially in the guest room throwing pillows off the bed and messing up the covers.

In a phone call to Adele Linsalata one day, she said “I knew you were going to call - your dad was here today, riding around me on his motorcycle.” I asked her if there are animals with him when she sees him. She told me to wait while she looked, and then said, "There's definitely a dog." Then she started to laugh and asked, "Does he have a monkey?" I laughed too and told her to look closer. She was seeing Alvin the skunk on Daddy’s shoulder. His dog Snuggles was also with him.
They were reunited on the other side, for love never dies - not even with pets.

On March 1, 2007 Big Jim and his skunk Alvin came to visit. Majik was playing with something that I could not see – I immediately knew it was Alvin. Then it was clear that Majik wanted his Nyla Bone back to himself and hopped onto the sofa. Majik was watching something over him that I could not physically see, so I picked up my camera and began to take photographs.

See the image in color online: SoulKisses.com/waiting

I asked who was here and knew it was my dad. Others were also present for the family photo shoot. The other spirits helped Daddy enhance his energy to be photographed brightly and boldly as an orb. Alvin always shows up in photographs as a small zero orb as indicated in the photo of Majik’s puffy stuffed animal near the chair.

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Message from Big Jim about Orbs in Photographs
I’ve been drawn to work with our angelic entourage in the photographic form of orbs - to photograph them, communicate with them
and relay their messages, whatever they may be. Big Jim has one for all of us:

It is a real thrill for me for you to be reading this. When I was living there with all of you on earth, I had a hard time grasping the things Kate would tell me. Imagine what I would have said if she had shown me these pictures... Since she’s my kid, I wouldn’t have called the men with white coats, but I probably would have thought about it. I don’t have a problem grasping it now!

Each of you are going to be seeing more of us dead people, angels, guides and teachers in the form of orbs, and... not to alarm you... in spirit form in your photographs. Many of you see us anyway and know that we strive to do all we can to help you in your lives there on earth.

We won’t interfere in your free will, so ask us for our help. Acknowledge that we are with you. Our love for you still lives... it grows all the time... We’re never more than a thought away and you’re always a crowd of somebody, could be angels, guides, teachers or deceased loved ones - could be all of us together depending on what is going on in your life.

Listen carefully... the illusions of the world you live in are just that - illusions. You’ve got to look within you to decide what your “truth” is and what is really important – what is your “truth?” While looking within, get to know who you are. I had no idea how much power I had when I walked the earth. I clearly understand now. I’m here to help each of you to understand how powerful and just how limitless you are in what you can be, have and do!

Don’t give up five minutes before the miracle occurs - there is always HOPE!

~ Big Jim
Blessed Gift of Validation…

Left: Big Jim’s face in an orb  
Right: Validation  
See the image in color online: SoulKisses.com/waiting

On November 25, 2008 I wandered through my house taking photographs in hopes of capturing orbs. One photo that I took in my living room clearly had a very large white orb in it. I could see it in the view finder after I snapped the photo. When I viewed them as a slide-show I received a wonderful surprise. The orb had two faces in it – a woman and a man!

Immediately I suspected the male was Big Jim as a young man, but I didn’t have any photos of him at that age to compare. Just before this book went to the publisher I was blessed with validation from my sister, Beverly’s photo archives. She emailed to me a photo of Big Jim with her in front of a motorcycle. It was taken in the late 1950’s.

The photo on the left is of the orb magnified and enhanced by PaintShop Pro 9. The photo on the right is from Beverly. I’ve cropped the photo of Big Jim and inserted the orb face.
Before I received the validation photo I sat with the image, connected and learned the following:

The orb’s message for you dear Kate is one of laughter and joy. The face to the right is of Big Jim laughing - he is directly telling you to lighten up! In laughter is love and love is the highest vibration - the frequency of highest good. In this love frequency/vibration, you experience the greatest clarity for guidance of what step to take next, of creativity, of open reception to the answer to your questions.

The woman’s face in the orb is yours to remind you that you are one with us - those of the spirit realm - One with God. As you write this you see the other faces and the angels in the orb, they too are showing you that we are all One with The Creator.

Each one of you are of the light, look within to discern this truth within you. It is of great importance that each of you do this. In so doing the physical world conditioning and teachings will fall away to reveal the truth of the limitless spiritual beings that you are - as the circle of the orb, never ending - limitless. You have the ability to manifest what you desire, to heal your own bodies and to fulfill the mission you chose when you incarnated to Mother Earth.

You will be seeing more orbs in your photos; they generate questions from within of “what are they?” Sit with us, we will tell you all there is to know. You must be open to the information...

Each one reading this, take this information and lighten up, shift your frequency/vibration to that of love and laugh. It is then that you will be open to the knowings of your life path, to the guidance, to the receipt of abundance to share with the world.
In shifting from fear to love, you will experience Heaven on Earth...

In great love,
Your Angelic Entourage...

The gifts we have received in experiencing the opportunity to photograph these spiritual entities are truly priceless. You too may take photographs of spirits and visit with them to get to know who they are and why they are with you. We will continue to photograph and work with the angelic realm to bring messages to you through the SoulKisses.com and the SpiritOrbPhotoOp.com websites.

Our angelic entourage of deceased loved ones, angels, guides and teachers are working to prove to us that they are here. Acknowledge them. Ask them for their help and/or guidance to experiencing your divine life path. They see the big picture...
Is Big Jim Really Here?

When a loved one transitions, the physical world teaches us that that is it. They're gone. Spiritually we learn that this isn't true. We learn that our loved ones are still with us, although they are no longer in physical form. For Love Never Dies and the love connection will forever keep us close. Of course communicating as a human to spirit can be challenging, but it can be done. We need only to keep our "logical minds" from interfering.

Two weeks before Christmas 2006, Majik and I were home alone making cinnamon rolls. I was working away rolling out the rolls when I noticed my dad was there. He was leaning against the counter, ankles crossed, arms across his chest, leaning, smiling and talking to me. I could see him in my minds eye - not from across the room, so my physical world self questioned, "is he really here?"

Something was said about my mom and I told him she was making her famous, most delicious Chocolate Chip cookies for my sister-in-law to take to some kind of function. He agreed, yes, and Brenda, the sister-in-law, made Mom mad. Of course I stopped what I was doing and asked, "Brenda made Mom mad?" He started laughing and confirmed that yes she had. (Daddy always had quite the sense of humor when it came to two females.)

I didn't ask what happened, but made a note to ask my mom about it when I talked to her. Then I pretty much went on about my business of baking the rolls and wandering around. Daddy started
laughing and pointed out to me that it was hard for me to focus on our conversation. In my mind I was thinking, I'm not sure you're really here...

We ended up in the living room watching TV for awhile, and then he left. All the time, my spiritual side was saying, "Hey, your dad is sitting over there in Fred's chair watching TV with you, don't you have anything to say or ask him??" While my physical world side was telling me it was my imagination...

The next day, I called my mom and asked her how the cookie delivery went. She started telling me about how Brenda made her mad... Holy McMoly... I started laughing... what a validation that my dad really was in my kitchen leaning on the counter talking to me the day before!

As love would have it, my dad came back that afternoon and went with me to pick Fred up at the airport in the truck. I told him I'd try not to scare him since Fred says I don't drive his truck very well. He told me nothing much scares him anymore... He cracks me up... This time I took full advantage of his presence and asked him questions daughters have when they need advice from their dads - and he answered them.

(Mom got over being upset with Brenda.)

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When a loved one has transitioned, their love continues to live forever. They are as close as a thought. Release expectations of how they will let you know and just watch, listen, and allow yourself to feel them - you will. My experience has been that the loved one has con-
nected with me within hours of their transition. Some people will tell you this isn't possible. I never believed that. I didn't put restrictions or limits on what they could or would do, so my loved ones never waited to contact me.

As in the story I shared here, even I have issues with my physical world self telling my spiritual self that "this isn't happening" - and it is. Allow the love you have for the person who has transitioned to lead you. Ask for validation. They're only too happy to give it. Know that no matter what else happens... Love Never Dies...
Daddy and Critters

Years ago I gave Daddy the book, *All I Ever Needed to Know I Learned in Kindergarten* by Robert Fulgham. One of his favorite stories in the book is about the lady who walks into a spider web on the porch while on her way to work. She loses it there on the step, waving her arms around and screaming. She ends up going back into the house and showering. It reminded him of me.

I learned from the first day after his transition that one of the things Daddy does to change the dynamics of whatever is happening in my life is to drop in a spider, literally, on occasion.

Daddy farmed land that he and his father cleared for crops. Of course living on a farm opens the door to critters - critters of every size shape and form. So Daddy was my hero - my spider killer. Whenever there was a shriek he knew I found another one and he would come kill it. Have you ever seen a HUGE wolf spider? They can get so big they will smell if you don't remove the dead body. I've seen shampoo bottles bounce off of them - I even had one that was so big it couldn't get under the piano! They will creep you out!

The morning after Daddy's transition I had an angel reading to do and didn't want to let the client down, so I went to work at my computer. I was almost finished with the angel reading when a not tiny, but small, spider crawled out of my keyboard! My office is on the top floor of my home - in the past four years I had seen only three spiders in
there and they were in the window - not on my desk - NOT crawling out of a keyboard I had been banging on for forty-five minutes!

Note: Spiders are not allowed to live in my home. They've been warned that to enter is to die, so it is rare that one comes in - making it more obvious that they manifest from somewhere when they do show up.

Back to the story: I'm thinking, Oh My God, I'm doing an angel reading, I can't "KILL" it! Then I heard my dad laughing - totally cracking up. I said, out loud, "This isn't funny!" Clearly I heard him say, "Yes, it is!" I responded with, "but now he has to die." Daddy defended himself with, "it was his idea."

Yeah, right, like the spider decided it was a good time to crawl out of a keyboard that I had been typing on for forty-five minutes. Clearly he was deaf from the clacking in there... The spider may have survived. I never saw him again. I unceremoniously placed him in the trash can!

I see spiders at the oddest times - that's how I know they come from Daddy. I've walked into the garage and a spider has been hanging from a web at eye level and I can still see it in the semi darkness. Hi Daddy!

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More Spiders from Big Jim

There are times when we experience hiccups in our lives - things that are out of our control, painful, and leave us with a helpless, lost feeling. In these times our guides, teachers, angels and loved ones are still here to comfort us the best way they can even though we sometimes do feel alone.
Recently, Fred and I were sitting at the kitchen table having a conversation about “the children” when a baby jumping spider appeared on the table.

Fred asked, "Where did that come from?"

I knew where it came from... I looked around and saw Big Jim leaning against the kitchen counter arms crossed, ankles crossed – grinning from ear to ear.

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Internet/Phone Repairman and the Spider

Four days later the internet/phone repairman arrived. Of course, I had to pick up the Majik Poodle love dog and open the door. When the door opened, something swung by me in front of my face. I thought it was a moth, but it was a spider - right in my face! I managed to hold the dog, get the repairman in and NOT get the spider on me.

Once inside, I asked the repairman to kill the spider while I held the dog. This particular repairman did NOT like spiders - it wasn't huge, but too big to kill with your hand - it took him quite some time, but he finally assured me the spider was dead. I could hear Big Jim laughing uncontrollably.

I'm grateful for Big Jim's "input" in my life. I never would have dreamed that something so simple could become so important and eye opening. Knowing it is him does, indeed, halt my thought pattern of the moment and give me the opportunity to re-focus on what I'm grateful for and not what is "bothering" me.

Know that in times of stress, times of sadness as well as times of joy, love and celebration, they are with us - experiencing our sadness,
our grief, our joy and our celebration. Allow them to help you - it may be something as simple as a "dropped in spider." Know that it will be something significant to you and to them. Acknowledge and allow yourself to discern the intent. You will grow closer to them - the love and the bond will grow even more - allow...

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More Internet Issues and Fatherly Guidance

This was quite the day of remembering I am a spiritual being! I allowed myself to get caught up in the physical-ness of this world struggling with things I have no control over instead of staying connected to high self and rolling with situations and events. It began yesterday when my internet service was intermittent. I kept trying to download several emails that had pictures in them. I had already downloaded seven, but now the rest kept jamming my email program instead of flowing. So I tried to access them directly through the internet and Squirrel Mail kept locking up my browser window. Then I was chatting on the phone instead of paying attention to what I was doing and as my own webmaster, deleted the email account directly from the server that I was trying to retrieve the emails from - completely deleted the account - poof - gone.

Good - Grief! Notice the negativity of that statement? Hastily I contacted my server tech to request a restoration from backup.

This morning the server tech called me to discuss what happened. While on the phone with him, the internet tech arrived to fix my internet. Fortunately (so I thought) Fred was here and helped him deal with the internet issues. As I was on the phone discussing the large
emails that became an issue I lost the server tech. Duh… No dial tone either. Fred and the internet tech (oh by the way, internet, cable AND phone are ALL on the same system) disconnected me to test the system. Imagine that? By now I’m beginning to feel irrational.

To make a long story short, the tech determined that our internet signal is excellent, but... when did the problems begin? I told him when Mercury went into Retrograde - Fred rolled his eyes and gave me a look. But then the tech began to explain about how the energies have been reeking havoc with the satellite transmissions and if we could just bear with them for another week...

By now I’m becoming overwhelmed with irrational feelings...

It was shortly after this that I cleared the top of my desk to the floor. Several minutes later I admired how nice the top of the desk looked and calmly picked everything up, filed most of it, stacked the rest neatly and walked out of my office. I went outside to wait for Fred to go to lunch.

I sat down in a chair to soak up some sun. It was the most amazing thing… I sat there for several minutes, before I could hear anything going on around me. Then my ears began to tune in and I could hear birds singing - birds singing! I was too caught up in the physical-ness of the events of my day to hear them when I first walked outside and sat down.

Then...

Big Jim sat down beside me.

He slowly leaned back… stretched out each leg – first one, and then the other... crossed the ankles... rested one elbow on the arm of the chair, then the other and laced his fingers together over his chest. He just reclined there grinning at me.
We sat there looking at each other.

Finally he leaned forward... wiggled in his chair... removed his hat... ran his fingers through his hair... slowly replaced the hat... adjusted it with both hands... leaned back... grinned... and said calmly and clearly, "You need to relax."

My first thought was, you're not waiting for pictures to update your client's website...

I had to change my attitude. I vented for a few minutes, and then made the effort.

I refocused on the exciting work for God and possibilities in my life - gratitude and harmony were restored.

It is SO easy to get caught up in the physical complexities of our world. When we do, we lose our higher self, and not only does negativity, based on fear, take over and control us, but begins to propel us as magnets to things we don't want in our lives. If allowed, negativity and fear will consume us into a negative life of lack and frustration based in fear, rather than love. It is up to us to stop the momentum and refocus our reality on the limitless spiritual being that we are so that we are consciously creating the life we desire.

In the vibrational state of love, we will have the eyes to see, the ears to hear and the knowing to look into opportunities that make themselves known to us. We will be able to experience the peace, grace, comfort, joy and abundance of living in the palm of God.

We must accept there is perfection in all the situations of our lives. If we look within and pull the wisdom from them, we may move forward having embraced the experience and not have to experience it again! When we change within, life changes out side of us: The server tech restored my emails that I deleted (Thank you, Tech, Thank you,
God) and he suggested a stronger email program to handle emails with large files and it worked! Again, Thank you, God, Thank you, God, Thank you, God!

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And Then There was a Mouse….

For the past five years we’ve had a snake living in our backyard that has totally freaked me out on so many levels, but even worse Majik, the poodle, saw him in the summer of 2006 in the grass and decided he did not want to get in the grass to do his business. This can definitely cause a problem. So, I commanded the snake to leave! Clearly he is gone, because we now have his dinner as a guest - a mouse has decided our home is Mouse Condo - all sizes welcome!

I was cleaning out the cabinet under the sink of mouse unspeakables and having a fit when Fred pointed out I should be doing a commercial because I was doing the cleaning in a dress! I thought this was an odd thing for Fred to say, but perfectly in line with something Big Jim would say, so I looked around, but no Big Jim. Fred left.

I continued fussing and ranting and raving about the mouse. Then I heard him – Daddy - laughing. There he was (not the mouse), but Big Jim, sitting at my kitchen table totally cracking up. He said, "It’s ONLY a mouse!" I didn’t agree - at all!

I was finished, so I got my journal and took it outside to sit in the sun with my dad. He joined me and talked about the comings and goings in the spirit world - many coming home, but many taking on the journey of returning to Mother Earth in human form. Then he commented about our gifts and how we all have them and that we must
Kathryn Speakes-Large

embrace these gifts and release fear. He pointed out that in our human mind the worse thing that can happen to us is that we die when the reality is it isn’t “bad” at all. Returning home to the spiritual realm is but a “breath,” an “exhale” if you will, from one life form to another.

What he was trying to get across to me is that the reality is: there is nothing to fear - just experience our life path, embrace who we are and allow ourselves the luxury of the blessed truth of being One with God in gratitude.

While he was at it, Big Jim also pointed out that my feelings toward the mouse were of a fear vibration - not that I’m afraid of the mouse, but I was outraged and angry that a mouse was living in our home and anger is fear based - yes, fear based!

Fear is debilitating. It is up to us to transmute our fear based feelings to that of love and live our lives from the love vibration. When we do this, miracles occur.

I managed to release my animosity (fear based) feelings toward the mouse, send him love and demand he and all his multi-sized friends leave our home to find a better place for them. So far, no sign of them!

Life lived from a vibration of fear limits us and draws to us more to be fearful. Life lived from a vibration of love opens the heart to joy, love and opportunities for receipt of our highest good! Our deceased loved ones are existing in a love vibration in the spiritual realm. When we shift from fear to that of love, we more closely match their vibration. The way is opened to “feel, hear and/or see” them.
Eyes to See

Daddy and Trips out of Town

Living in Colorado is absolutely awesome. Not only is the state beautiful, but if you don't like the weather, wait five minutes and it will change. With so much to see here, we travel around experiencing Mother Earth Colorado as often as we can. On the drive home after one of our excursions, my husband, and I were talking about my dad. As if on cue, I saw a candy apple red Harley whiz around us - it was my dad! In passing us, he lifted his right hand in a salute. Those of you who ride motorcycles know the throttle is on the right. Instead of slowing down, he sped up – he was showing off! Plus we all know how loud a Harley is - there was no noise. Quickly I looked at Fred - he didn't see it. In a flash, Daddy was out of sight.

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I wasn't thinking about him...

One day as I was putting away laundry in my bedroom I ran right into my dad. I was walking out of the bathroom area and there he was - doing donuts on his Harley in the middle of my bedroom! Majik was sitting on the bed watching him. I hadn't even been thinking of him - but clearly he was thinking of me!
I shared the experience with Fred when he got home. He reminded me he doesn’t want any "dead people" in our bedroom. I reminded him he wasn’t home!

I know now, more than ever that Daddy really hasn’t gone anywhere. He whooshes through here on his bike checking on things. Majik plays with Alvin, the skunk, but Snuggles, his dog, thinks Majik is annoying so Snuggles doesn’t come with him anymore.

We’ve been conditioned by the physical world that death is bad and that conditioning is deep. Allow yourself to be open to the possibility... they’re still here...

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**Big Jim and the 4th of July 2007**

Messages from spirit show up in the most unexpected places! We attended Fourth of July fireworks here in Colorado at a new town center mall. The fireworks were shot off the top of the movie theater. In the courtyard there was a band playing. While the fireworks were exploding into the night sky, Lee Greenwood’s God Bless the USA rang out.

Then, I saw him...

Daddy was on top of the theater on his bike. He rode up into the sky leaving a trail of flames, like the motorcycle Nicholas Cage rode in the movie Ghost Rider. He rode a flaming heart trail around the exploding fireworks.

I didn’t expect to see him, wasn’t even thinking of him, but there he was. When he landed on the top of the roof again, he looked right at me and tipped his leather cap to me, then he rode off into the night sky.
Waiting in the Other Room

When our loved ones transition, the love lives on, it never dies. I'm so grateful I allow myself to be open to "see" my dad when he's around. You can do this too, just allow yourself to experience - what some would call... "Imagination."
A Question for Big Jim - June 2007

Martha Z., one of the Soul Kiss Spiritual Whispers newsletter subscribers sent in a question for Big Jim:

Dear Kate: I have a question I'd like to ask. I have just finished reading a book, "The World to Come" by Ruth Montgomery wherein she has channeled info about the shift of the earth's axis due in 2010-12. The information is not unlike other publications I've read, to be sure, inciting fear and trepidation among readers. She writes of a walk-in president to be elected in 2012 who will determine where the safe places on earth are to live, and suggests we all prepare by obtaining seeds, tools etc. by which to survive. Sounds like something as terrible as a holocaust.

My question to you is, has your dad "Big Jim" or any of your angels ever spoken of those supposedly scary times to come and what should we as humans be doing; besides living every day to its fullest, with love and kindness to our fellow humans, plants and animals?

I facilitate a "Course of Miracles" study group and many have read similar writing. We wonder if there is any positive info coming in from the Universe that would give folks more hope than all this doom and gloom stuff that is floating about.

~ Martha Z.

This is an excellent question. I asked Big Jim what are his thoughts. This is what he had to say:
Live as God is your supply without fear. There is NO fear in God. Mother Earth is cleansing - there will be "natural" disasters - as for a "holocaust," there is evil in the heart of some humans. A collective consciousness of love will strip them of their power - but it will take a collective consciousness of unconditional love!

There are many who work in the name of God whose teachings are fear based. It is up to each one of you to look within and discern what is fear based - not "of God." Remember there is NO "Fear" in God!

What each of you must also remember is that your physical body is going to die, but your spirit will live on. Death of the physical body is a "piece of cake." It’s easy to die (smile). It’s the living that’s hard. Death is but a breath from the physical body to spirit and it "doesn’t hurt." Nothing hurts here, everything is love - love more profound than the human mind can imagine.

But I digress from the question. There is a great spiritual shift of the "main stream" peoples. There is an awakening of love forgotten. Yes, Ms. Martha, loving one another and being kind to one another is what everyone needs to do - MUST do to raise the collective consciousness. It is possible to saturate the planet with love and change the path of negativity and fear that it is currently experiencing.

I won’t lie, the earth is not a rosy picture, but everything is based on free will and each one of you has the power to bring more peace and love to the world. Start by loving and honoring yourselves - work from the inside out - you will make a difference.

As a last thought, don’t fear death - always remember, there is no fear when you trust God as your supply.
Waiting in the Other Room

Oh, and one other thing, fear breeds more fear, but fear sells. Fear will control you, control your life, and control the world if allowed. When a message is given from a vibration of love, there is no fear involved.

*Look within, talk to The Big Man, He’ll answer...*

~Big Jim

Thank you, Martha, for such an excellent question.

As humans it is easy to get caught up in the little annoyances of the day, become side tracked from our love vibration and allow fear based thoughts to control us. It is then that we lose site of what is really important in life - living from a vibration of love. We must remember, fear does breed more fear - we mustn’t allow ourselves to become overwhelmed, or overtaken by fear based teachings. Instead we must look within to discern truth and to ask what action steps to take to provide for our future as humans.

We each have a part to play and things to do to enlighten ourselves as well as each other. Each day we choose whether we are living from a love vibration or fear vibration point of view. For the future of ourselves, the future of our children, the future of Mother Earth, it is up to us individually to live from a vibration of love.
Big Jim's Connection with Mik and Jan

This message really isn't from Big Jim but came about through him. Because I made the decision to share some of the intimate details of my relationship with Big Jim since he transitioned, I have met a loving gift of God named Jan from Australia. Jan's husband Mik transitioned in 2006. Jan and I have seen the works of Big Jim and Mik in bringing the two of us together. There is great pain in losing the physical body of those we love, yet great celebration in the memories of our lives together and the continuing communication between worlds - together we have shared these things.

Jan cared for Mik with grand love as his physical body prepared for transition. Afterward, alone, fear moved into Jan's heart.

Jan subscribed to The Keys to Unlocking the Secrets ~ The Game of Life Unleashed e-course based on The Game of Life by Florence Scovel Shinn and took to heart the information it contained. With great appreciation of Jan's bravery we share...

Dearest Kate,

Thanks to you Kate I faced fear head on and got myself a job. I took the proverbial bull by the horns gave fear a swift kick out of the way and started a new career. A few weeks ago I applied for a job and got an interview and was hired (on probation) straight away. I sailed through the interview, I thought, "What can I lose? I will just be me."
It is in a field I was unsure of going for - being a care support worker for the frail and elderly in their own homes. I cook, clean, shop, socialize, check their meds and write reports on them. After coming out of caring for Mik I really didn't think I could handle it. But I love it. It is hard work both mentally and physically and I am only working part time casual but I am covering for people for the next three weeks and am working 40 hour weeks. Plus I get to use the works four wheel drive as well. It is higher than my station wagon and more powerful. I was terrified, but then I thought, "It's an adventure, go for it girl!" If I can get through the next few weeks okay I will prove to them and me I am capable of doing the job on a more permanent basis. I passed my CPR course yesterday and have my first aid exam today.

I've had another small lottery win, just enough to pay a bill. Its amazing how much my way of thinking has changed, I seem to be attracting everything I need to me. I have started drawing again, I see faces everywhere. Some like to be captured some don't. Fear is still around a little bit. I haven't quite opened that door that I have had shut for so long. I keep getting glimpses. But the majority of the time I can overcome it. AND I very rarely get angry now; I never shout or lose my temper.

Another awakening moment Kate is that I have always felt intimidated by a certain type of person, but yesterday (even though I am only five foot nothing) I felt taller than these people and all of a sudden it actually dawned on me who I actually was. It sounds strange to say that. I was explaining to a group of people (with bystanders listening in) what it is like to do my job, how I got it and what they needed to do if they needed a job like mine. For a split second I was watching myself and thought, "Wow, I am so confident, these people were actually listening to
Waiting in the Other Room

me!” The old me would have answered a question if it had been asked, but would never have offered anything else.

The course has meant a lot to me Kate, whenever self doubt creeps in I reach for the copies by my bed (I printed it all out and they are looking very well used). Without the course Kate, I think I would still be at square one living in fear. Don't get me wrong Kate, this woman who looked after her kids and cared for her husband was strong, but this woman when on her own and doing things for herself suddenly was scared and I felt that fear deeply.

I am at peace with myself and my life now, I am at peace with Mik's passing and I am at peace with accepting what ever turns up for me. I know I can tackle it head on.

Blessings to you and yours,

Jan

As Jan stated, she is barely five feet, but the strength within her can leap tall buildings in a single bound - I know this and Mik knew this and now Jan does too. I appreciate the thanks to me, but Jan is the one who has done all the work - I just gave her some tools to help her pull the wonderful inner strength within her - OUT! As she ascends in her understanding of herself and of God the peace within her will grow and blossom. Life will never be the same as it was when Mik was here, but it still contains joy and he's sharing it with her from the Other Side.

The physical world can be such a very scary place when we are left alone without our loved one's loving physical support. When we realize that we aren't alone and work with the loved ones, the angels, the guides and the teachers - The Creator of All that Is, it is then that we
Kathryn Speakes-Large

truly discover who we are and we experience peace, profound love and the limitlessness of our spiritual being...

Anyone reading this that is experiencing the pain of loss and/or the pain of fear, breathe deeply. Look within to the knowing and the love deep within you. You aren't alone; you are indeed a Crowd of Angels...

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Jan Connects with her Angels

My dear friend, Jan, has given me permission to share this validation of connecting with her angelic entourage:

Just thought I’d share this little thing with the angels with you. Last night I was reading an angel book and the person writing said that every time she wanted to know if her angels were around she would turn on the radio and Robbie Williams - Angels would be playing to let her know they were around.

So I said aloud, “okay I'll give that one a go.” I turned on the CD player to radio (which is something I never listen to) and struggled to find any station playing music. The only one I could find was a country music channel which is my least favorite style of music. But Willie Nelson was singing and I don't mind him - no Robbie Williams, (laugh out loud) but I left it where it was, saying, "Well, that didn’t work," to nobody in particular. Imagine my surprise when the next line good ole Willie sang was "there were seven Spanish angels."
Waiting in the Other Room

I laughed out loud and said, "Okay, I get it." I was just about to turn off the radio and the next song came on - no idea who sang it, but one of the opening lines was – “Heaven needs angels.”

Do you think they were trying to tell me something?

I had to take my son to work early this morning and on the way back I was on a quiet country road mulling over things, the sky was dark with rain and it looked pretty miserable. Then I saw this rainbow - the biggest brightest one I have ever seen!! As I pulled off the road to look at it, I swear it was coming right out of the ground next to me!! I moved further off the road to get a better look and it just disappeared.

No matter how much we doubt them our angels are always there for us.

Hugs,
Jan

Validation, it is so very necessary as humans to have validation. Jan allowed herself to have the "ears to hear" the words of the songs about angels. Then the next day she allowed herself to have the "eyes to see" the gift "coming right out of the ground!"

We have the choice of allowing ourselves to have the eyes to see, the ears to hear and the wisdom of knowing spirit in the form of deceased loved ones, angels, guides and/or teachers are with us and “showing” us signs of their presence. We choose whether to acknowledge these signs and take comfort from them or to ignore them. We encourage you to choose to allow yourself to experience the love of Spirit around you.
Kate: Daddy, what are your thoughts about the state of the world?

“The first word that comes to mind is - bleak, but there is always ‘hope.’ As a people we collectively think that we are one person and what can one person do? From here it’s easy to see that one person’s actions have far reaching effects - the Butterfly Effect is true.

Each and every human is connected to the next human. As humans, every prayer is heard and every prayer is answered. As a collective consciousness the world can be healed. From here - on the other side (it’s really exciting to say that) we can see pockets of “hope” - pockets of healing - people collectively praying from a vibration of love for world healing, for people to heal. Belief that asking for healing in the name of The Big Man, God, can make it happen - this is the key to really making it happen.

The world is in trouble, but the people are seeing this, one at a time. By using prayer, love and action a change is being initiated.

So how does the world heal? One person at a time - till it becomes the collective consciousness of the world.

It’s never too late to evaluate who you are, what you are and where you are. Look at your life honestly - discern and make the appropriate changes - as humans we tell ourselves we are a product of our environment, but everyone has a choice. Most choices are made unconsciously. Everyone has a mind - every-
one has free will - it is up to each individual person to use it and not simply follow the leader. Think - and consciously make decisions. Look within. What would Jesus do? It’s a good rule to live by.

Jesus, the Big Man, told us all those years ago to “love one another.” This is a concept ya’ll on earth need to look at, reflect on, and bring into every day lives. Ya’ll need to love one another and be tolerant of one another. From here, I see clearly how each one of us has the spark of God Light within and that we are all one. Treating someone else with hatred, racism, or even chauvinism just doesn’t serve anyone. It’s like treating ourselves that way and we wouldn’t do that.

It’s all about looking at things from a ”proper perspective.” Don’t take what others have taught you and blindly believe everything. Look within and make that connection with God to “know” what is really true for you. It might sound difficult, but when you believe in the Big Man, it really isn’t that hard.

Ya’ll love one another and be tolerant of one another. Beginning today, “do a kindness” to someone else every day. Help someone, show them love, and perform an act of kindness toward another living individual – at least one time every day. It’ll change the world.”

~ Big Jim
Grandpa and Dementia

The Connection

Here in the physical world, when a loved one experiences dementia and cannot communicate with us, it is devastating. We grieve, we are sad, and our lives change forever.

My family has experienced dementia on my mom and my dad’s side of the family. Big Jim’s mother experienced it thirty years ago – before I practiced connecting with Spirit. During this time, we were at a loss as to our ability to connect with her higher self.

My grandfather slipped in and out of uncommunicative dementia in the year of 2007. For months he waivered between being able to communicate and a somewhat comatose state as his physical body failed. My grandmother cared for him in their home through the days of confusion, to his transition in August of that year.

The pain Grandma experienced caring for Grandpa was heart-breaking. She did everything she knew to help him and care for him, always wondering if she was doing enough, because Grandpa simply could not tell her.

Grandpa was in the hospital at one point and was completely unable to communicate. I decided to try using my skills to connect with Spirit to then communicate with Grandpa’s higher self… and it worked.

I connected in and discovered myself in his hospital room. Grandpa was sitting in one of those old green chairs the army used in the 1950’s. His spirit was sitting in the chair about four or five feet above
his bed on the right. There was an empty chair next to him, so I gave him a quick hug and sat down beside him. We watched his physical body lying there in the hospital bed and chatted a bit about nothing specific or truly significant. He assured me he was okay.

I relayed our conversation to Grandma. She was comforted that he felt he was okay. I fussed a little about the green army chairs – they were ugly and they were hard...

A day or two later, I again connected with Grandpa. This time he was sitting on a bench in a beautiful park. When I joined him, he had a huge smile on his face. He said he had been talking to one of my friends and she told him I would be coming back to see him. I asked him who the friend was. He said it was Barbara Mark co-author of the Angel-speake books. Barbara transitioned in 2006 – Grandpa did not know Barbara while she lived in the physical world.

He also mentioned that I hadn’t liked the green army chairs and asked did I like the park bench better? This made me laugh. We chatted for a while; this time he gave me specific messages to convey to Grandma. I did this and she received great comfort from them.

Grandpa and I visited several more times throughout the summer. One time as we sat there chatting on the bench in the park, Jesus joined us. When he walked over, I introduced Grandpa to him. Grandpa stood up and shook his hand. Jesus sat down with Grandpa and chatted with him about his life. Grandpa didn’t want to leave Grandma and his physical body was just “holding on by an eyelash.” I left them alone together...

Then another time Grandpa’s deceased family members joined us. They were very happy; celebrating that Grandpa was “coming home” soon. There was quite the celebration with lots of laughter...
was physically sitting outside connecting with Grandpa’s higher self and these other deceased family members in my backyard. While we were talking, my daughter came outside. Grandpa pointed her out to the family members in spirit, telling them how wonderful she is and how pretty she is and they were all agreeing...

I learned while connecting with Grandpa’s higher self through Spirit that in the Spirit world Grandpa was quite fine – no pain, only concern for the living - Grandma. Having experienced the connection with Grandpa in the Spiritual realm, I was able to give messages to Grandma, messages that Grandpa couldn’t give her because of the dementia.

This is how I connected:

* First I set the intention to connect with Grandpa’s higher self.
* I grounded myself by visualizing roots coming out from my feet and going down into Mother Earth – through all the rocks, soil, water, etc to the center of the earth. Once there I connected with a ball of blue light.

* Then I pulled Mother Earth’s energy up through the roots back into my feet and up my body, through my Chakras, out my Crown Chakra, out to the place where God is.

* Upon reaching the place where God is, I asked for permission to chat with Grandpa’s higher self. I received a “yes.”

* I then commanded that I speak with him. It was at this point that I “found myself” in his presence – the first time above his physical body in the hospital room, thereafter in the beautiful park and finally sitting in the swing in my backyard.
* After chatting with him, I always thanked him, thanked God and thanked my angelic entourage for the safe meeting.

This method of connection with the higher self/Spirit clearly and easily works for me. You may tailor the steps to meld with your connection techniques to achieve maximum results.

Know within your heart that you can connect with the higher self, the spirit, of those you love that cannot physically communicate with you. Know that we are all One with God, connected in all ways forever – not separate as the physical world teaches.

If at first you feel that you did not connect, attempt the connection again at another time. For some it may take some practice. Do not give up! Maintain the “knowing” in your heart that the connection can be made. Each one of us has the ability to connect with our loved ones who are still living and unable to communicate as well as communicate with those who have transitioned. Don’t let the beliefs of the physical world hold you back.

*Connecting Through Dementia* is available as a guided journey meditation on CD or MP3 download on the SoulKisses.com and WaitingInTheOtherRoom.com websites.

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**August 2007 Soul Kisses Newsletter Article**

I write with anxiousness in my chest this evening. My grandfather is dying. Even though I know that he is and will be "fine." I’m still human. Several who are close to me have had loved ones transition recently. I send love and healing not only to those who have and are
dying, but to those of us who are going to continue on here in the physical world.

I’ve experienced the gift of connecting with my grandfather’s higher self several times in the past few weeks. The last time, the light was there and his family members who have transitioned came through it to visit with us. It was a joyous celebration to see and visit with everyone. Next thing I knew everyone had a beer - a BEER in their hand! I asked them, "What are you doing?" Grandpa's brother, Buck, raised his beer to me and said, “Chet’s coming home and we’re celebrating!” There was much laughter and frivolity and love.

Back here in the physical world grief is its own master and we must be gentle with ourselves as we regroup, recoup, heal and begin to move forward with our lives both before and after our loved ones transition. The healing takes time. We must remain true to the love in our hearts and the grief will get easier - then the wave will wash over us again and we'll grieve, then once more... we'll move on. When this happens we must allow ourselves to experience the grief, and then allow ourselves the luxury of knowing those we love are still with us in spirit - and spirit is REAL.

I received a message from the angels:

Dearest Children,

In your time of sorrow, in your time of joy, we are with you. We send you love in ways that you feel loved. Acknowledge the love and accept it as it is - love - unconditional and pure. Open your eyes to see and you will see us everywhere. Open your hearing to hear, and you will hear us everywhere. Open your self to knowing, and you will feel us near you, everywhere.
Know that you are loved beyond human comprehension, beyond the description of your earthly words...

Unconditionally...

Always...

Your loving angels...

If you are experiencing fatal illness in your family, or a loved one has suddenly transitioned, allow yourself the possibility that the soul does indeed continue to live in a different energy form - we are love and love always lives...

If you know someone who is or has been the caregiver for someone who is dying or has transitioned, send love to them. So many times, when the loved one transitions, the caregivers are left on their own to pull their lives back together. We can help them by continuing to give them love and support now that they are physically alone.

The death of the physical body is so very traumatic to those left living here on Mother Earth. Even though we knew this day was coming, there just isn't any way to prepare. The sadness my grandmother has experienced at physically losing her life partner of 66 years has been heartbreaking. However, Grandpa has sent us messages - the first through Adele Linsalata of Angelic Wise Ones.com. Grandpa managed to convince Adele's guides to allow him to wake her up to chat with her the morning of his transition. He told her to let us know he is "fully in the light" and he is with my dad, Big Jim.

When we arrived in Missouri for Grandpa's funeral we were running late. Missouri in August is HUMID, so we were frantically ironing our clothes; well Fred was ironing our clothes for the visitation at the funeral home. Then Grandpa and Big Jim popped in. I won't go
into detail, but Grandpa was giving Fred a hard time about ironing not being a man's job till Daddy told him to give Fred a break. When water spewed out of the iron onto the clothes for the second time, I told them they weren't being funny and Daddy informed me that they would be leaving.

I shared these events with my grandmother. Hearing that Grandpa is fully in the light brought her great comfort - tears rolled down her face, but they were tears of comfort and relief. She laughed about the ironing, acknowledging that Grandpa does NOT think ironing is for men. This information gave my grandmother comfort, but grandma's sister looks at it differently - she doesn't approve of telling my grandmother such things. She shakes her head and "doesn't know what to think of that girl" - that girl being me.

I'm so grateful for my grandmother's open mind to the possibility that our loved one's spirit does live on and that they can communicate back to the physically living that they are okay. I'm so grateful for you - each one of you reading this, for through your open mindedness the world holds more love and less fear. I think we will all agree that living in fear is a terrible thing.

A message from the angels...

_Dearest Children,_

_Know that the spirit, the essence of your loved ones, is here with us, safe and loved. No matter what the circumstances of their transition, they were not alone and there was no pain. The transition from the physical body to spiritual essence was but a breath and we are with them. No one transitions alone._
Kathryn Speakes-Large

There are angels, guides and other loved ones who have crossed before in attendance to welcome the loved one home.

Your loving angels...

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Nature Outing with Big Jim

Rainbow of Hope in Unexpected Places

See the image in color online: SoulKisses.com/waiting

Grandma and I are nature girls. While I visited her in early October, 2007, we experienced a day trip to the George Washington Carver National Monument in Diamond, Missouri. I've always felt as though nature embraces me there and shares the peace of God. While we were there spiders kept showing up - not so much in "odd" places, after all we were in the woods - it was just that we kept seeing them - which told me Big Jim was with us.
Waiting in the Other Room

My camera captured the Rainbow of Hope in Unexpected Places spider's web in the trees with the sun shining through, causing a rainbow effect on the web - a definite gift from Big Jim.

The spider that screamed out "Yo, your dad's here," was the one that was hanging by its web at eye level in the middle of the path as Grandma and I strolled by. Unfortunately I didn't take its picture. Needless to say, between the sunshine, shadows, vines, grasses and trees, it was a miracle to see the spider hanging at eye level. Allow yourself to have the "eyes" to see and miracles will, indeed, come to you...

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A Dragonfly Visits with a Message

See the image in color online: SoulKisses.com/waiting

Dragonflies are one of my favorite creatures - especially the slender blue ones. While visiting the George Washington National Monument a blue one came by for a photo shoot. It stayed with us for quite some time - it even landed on my hand, so I continued to photograph it.
The dragonfly is a reminder that we are light beings - guardians of the light of God. In this case this dragonfly also foretold of the transformation that not only my grandmother was experiencing since the transition of my grandpa, but mine as well. This beauty reminded me to be open to new vision and to embrace and discern the light being that I truly am.

The dragonfly stayed with us so long, it was clear to me that it had a message to convey. With a short life span, the dragonfly is an insistent reminder to live our lives to the fullest in each moment with great gratitude. To share the love light of God with others and to support them on their spiritual path in any way we can. Some times our part is to simply hold the space...

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A Moment of Distracted Concentration

One day while sewing quilts with a photograph of an angel on them, I heard Grandpa speak to me. In this moment of distracted concentration, I heard him say my name. He had a message for Grandma that he was fine. Then he told me he wished she would laugh more. Not long after this, she did get a good laugh...

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The Smell of Cows...

When I was a child, going to Grandma and Grandpa’s was very special. There are things that remind me of the experience and bring to
me that warm fuzzy love feeling that spreads throughout your body and radiates into true joy!

One such thing that brings this experience to me is somewhat odd. Grandma and Grandpa had cows - cows produce smelly cow manure - have a clue where I'm going here?

I live in the city - no cows. Last week when I got out of the truck at the bank I could smell cows. I thought it was odd, but no, it was definitely cow manure that I thought I smelled.

The next day when Fred and I went outside to get into the truck, again, I could smell cows. I asked Fred, "Do you smell cows?" Of course, he did not...

As we began driving, I could STILL smell cows. I could smell it SO Strong that there was really no way he couldn't smell it - I just kept saying, I smell cows. Then I heard laughter. I could hear my grandpa and Big Jim totally cracking up!

So Grandpa is letting me know he is here with the smell of cows - how funny! No roses or aftershave to let me know Grandpa is here - NOooooo I get the odor of cow manure!

Of course I called Grandma and told her. She laughed and laughed - perhaps that was Grandpa's intention – making Grandma laugh...

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The Adversities of Life are only a Perspective

Big Jim has his own section of the Soul Kisses Spiritual Whispers newsletter. In this space he gives his perspective on events. One eve-
Kathryn Speakes-Large

ning I sat down to write the newsletter and asked Daddy, "What do you want me to write?"

Nothing happened - nothing.

Then I heard him laughing and a faint... "Just kidding..." and he began to speak:

"The adversities of life are only a point of perspective. Ya’ll spirits in human form have your opinions of what’s good and what’s bad. Problem is the opinions are based on what you’ve been taught and what you’ve been taught, for the most part - at least from this vantage point - isn’t correct.

Take your young Fred for instance, he experienced an incident that to most would be considered bad - he considered it bad to begin with - but has since seen the humor."

(Fred’s Incident: He was driving on a frontage road in Colorado earlier in the week and drove through what he thought was a large mud puddle - it was actually watered down manure. As he passed through the POND of manure, he realized immediately what it was and proceeded to become annoyed. Remember, previously I mentioned that the smell of cow manure brings fond memories to me of Grandma’s house.)

"Even though he washed the truck there is still a lingering fragrance of cows... this has brought laughter to both of you every time you’ve gotten into the truck - and made you smile every time the garage door is opened.

Laughter and smiling are miracles. Driving through a small manure pond was truly a miraculous event and your grandpa considers him to be fully initiated into the family now.

Each of you reading this, see the perfection in the miracles that are around you - even though at first, they may not appear to be miracles. Laugh. Experience Joy. Smile. Shake off the oppression of the grind of daily life and LAUGH! Life will be easier if you’ll just laugh.”

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When the "event" happened in Fred's truck I asked him if he had been the main source of entertainment for all the dead relatives - sounds like he was... But Big Jim is right, some would be too horrified for words if this happened to them. Fred and I have, indeed, laughed a LOT about the incident and EVERY time I go into the garage I do feel the loving comfort and joy of Grandma's house. Did the relatives on the other side orchestrate such an event? Hmmm....
Comfort from Daddy

My daughter, Jesse, no longer lives with me. I had hoped that by the time she moved out our relationship would have reached a peacefulness of respect and okay-ness. For those of you who are mothers and have experienced your daughters moving out, you know that I was dreaming of a "la-la" world.

Cutting that cord can be very painful - in my case, it has been. Big Jim has been with me every step of the way giving me wonderful Fatherly advice. He consoled me with the fact that he, Jesus and of course Jesse’s guides and teachers, along with the angels I specifically asked for are all with her. He asked me to be nonresistant of the situation and focus on that for which I am grateful instead of focusing on what I cannot change.

One of my most painful days, he comforted me in a most surprising way. I had driven to the city where she lived to take her to a doctor's appointment. It got late so I decided to spend the night, plus it gave us more time together. When I dropped her off at work, it was very difficult, knowing she would walk into the building and I would drive away and leave her there and go home without her.

As we sat there in the car, she didn't get out... and she didn't get out. Finally she told me she didn't want to, that she wanted to go home with me, but she had responsibilities and she had to go in to work. When she got out of the car I hugged her and tried hard not to cry. I
managed to get back in the car and out of the parking lot before the flood started. I cried half way back to Denver.

Between Colorado Springs and Castle Rock, I realized my dad was sitting in the car with me. He just sat there, finally he said with the inflection on syllables that only he has, "it'll be alright. She'll be fine." Then I looked over to my left. Up in the sky a cloud was shaped as a silhouette of my dad with his cowboy hat on! I had to laugh - he gave me something else to think about. I wanted to pull over and take a picture, but the camera was in the trunk and I knew between traffic and the wind, the cloud would be gone before I could. So I snapped the picture with my mind - to cherish it always.

When a child leaving home is painful, there is a grieving process. As a result of my being nonresistant to the situation and focusing on that which I was grateful instead of what I could not control, I managed to continue to live my life. During this time I was working on The Keys to Unlocking the Secrets ~ The Game of Life Unleashed!, based on The Game of Life by Florence Scovel Shinn. I used the tools and principles of the e-course to get up each day and maintain. In utilizing the teachings of Florence Scovel Shinn I was able to reach deep within myself to connect with the God Part within. Life became more than maintaining, it became good AND my relationship with my daughter has renewed, blossomed and become based on respect and honor. I see the results of the influence her grandfather, Big Jim, and her angelic entourage have had on her and on me.

Faith and trust in God to help us doesn't come easily, it requires effort, determination and commitment. Asking for and allowing the help of our angelic entourage of angels, teachers, guides, as well as loved ones who have crossed over, is critical to giving us the freedom, supply
and confidence to fulfill our individual missions. They are with us, all we need do is use our free will wisely and ask, then allow.

We must remember, we are profoundly loved spiritual beings and love never, ever dies.

Thanks, Daddy...

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An Escort from Big Jim, March 27, 2008

I write this in gratitude. I am so very grateful for the tools I have acquired in my spiritual journey. The more important one for me today, is "seeing the perfection" in all life situations. Do I "see" the perfection? Most of the time - No! To date my human-ness blocks actually "seeing" the perfection, but I've reached a level of "Faith" that there IS perfection in all life situations. This "Faith" reduces... well, actually eliminates (for me) the panic emotion - in this case the Mother Panic emotion.

My daughter, Jesse, received a head injury at work yesterday (March 26, 2008). The incident occurred at the end of her shift, and then she drove home. Her head hurt, but she did not realize that she was seriously injured. Upon arriving home, she lay down and went to sleep. A couple of hours later, she woke with a terrible headache, nausea, dizziness and blurred vision.

Fred and I took her to the Emergency Room. There were police everywhere, but as Fred drove "quickly" (bookoo miles over the speed limit) to the hospital, no one stopped us. Then I saw why - we were not alone. Big Jim and two of my guides pulled into the lane in front of us on motorcycles and led the way. At first, I was apprehensive as to why
they were with us, and then I heard a soft firm voice say, "We just want you to know we are with you." Then I was calm.

After a CAT scan and intravenous drugs for pain and nausea, Jesse was admitted about 2:30am. By this time she was hallucinating, we believe from the pain medication. I stayed with her. Thank goodness I did. Right after she got settled in her room, she decided she was going to Taco Bell, with no thought to the oxygen or IV she was hooked up to. She couldn't even stand up, much less walk - I stopped her before she fell out of the bed - she was so confused. At her most anxious, disoriented time, Jesus visited. He placed His hands on her head. Glowing light began to emanate from them as he touched her. Jesus then leaned over, kissed the top of her head, nodded to me and was gone. Jesse finally seemed to relax and rest.

It is 9:30am.

She is sleeping. The doctor has assured me she will be okay - she has a concussion.

The time seems to go by so quickly - one day we're rocking our babies to sleep, then in the blink of an eye, they don't even live with us anymore. It is then the "Mother Care Angels" we mother's have sent to watch over our children are watching them sleep and monitoring them in their waking moments while they are without parental supervision.

Now... once again... the angels and I are together, watching my baby sleep. In looking back at the past fifteen hours, there have been so many moments my pre-enlightened Mother Self of as little as six months ago would have experienced that Mother Panic. But instead, since having shifted to a level of "faith in the perfection of all life situations" I remained, not only calm, but I was open to "see" Big Jim and the entourage escort, "heard" the soft, firm angelic voice tell me they were with us,
"saw" Jesus as well as others visit the ER room. I remained open to the support of our angelic entourage as well as being a clearer vessel to share Reiki healing energies with Jesse.

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March 30, 2008

Jesse is home now - she was released March 30, Saturday, after an MRI showed no issues. She will be fine, but must, of course, take it easy.

Holding fast to the faith that there was perfection in this situation truly helped me to remain open to the connection with the angelic realm and provided blessing after blessing. Barbara Mark, deceased July 23, 2006, popped in while I was quietly watching Jesse sleep in her hospital bed. She told me Jesse would be fine. Then the nurse came in to take vitals. As she worked on Jesse, Barbara went over to the bed and hugged the nurse. I thought this odd, but then found out that Jesse looks like the nurse's daughter and it was hard for her to see Jesse lying there injured.

Big Jim came and sat with me too. He also assured me that Jesse would be fine.

I did have my physical "Mom" moments and allowed physical world-ness to interfere, but I didn't go into panic. I know that because of this I missed "seeing" many who were with us. But just because I didn't see all of them, does not mean they weren't there - they were.

Our loved ones and angels are always with us. Times of physical world crisis are no exception. Their comfort is available if we will just
allow ourselves to take it in and experience it. Know this when anxiety enters your life for whatever reason.

Now is the time to work at "seeing" the perfection in all life situations. Then when the physical world seems to tilt and chaos attempts to take control, it will fail, for you will be fully connected with the Life Force Energy of God and the Angelic Realm. You too, can do this.
Love from Big Jim 
by Way of Morning Glory

Spring 2007 – Permission

Big Jim worked hard to keep morning glories from choking his cotton. I love morning glories. It felt wrong to plant them in my yard, given his feelings about them, so I asked him if he would mind if I planted them. Of course, he didn’t mind. He watched as I picked out the packages of seeds - he didn’t help - he just watched - standing there with me in Home Depot.

I’ve been waiting and waiting for a bloom to appear. Then as I was standing at the kitchen window I looked across the deck to one of the planters and received a wonderful, gift. The flowers had not bloomed yet, but the vine had grown up around the plant hanger. The
package only showed the flowers – not the leaves of the vine. Clear as day the leaves were *hearts* strewn across the hanger – love from Big Jim.

Then the first bloom arrived and it was blue, my favorite color, beautiful and perfect surrounded by hearts!

Thank you, Daddy... And I heard from a voice that was smiling... "You’re welcome..." Big Jim is always smiling now...

When we have the "eyes to see" and the "ears to hear" we will receive confirmation that our loved ones in spirit are still with us, still love us and are fine. The information may come through someone else, an image, a flower, a billboard, a sign on a truck, but it will come, if we allow ourselves to accept it. Acknowledge these communications and they will *communicate* with you more!

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**Volunteer Love – Morning Glories – Summer 2008**

This physical world life has been quite the challenge from my human view point over the past year. At the same time, my entourage or Angelic crowd has given me some wonderfully exciting projects. One being this book that Big Jim and I are writing together to help us humans to find peace and comfort in the fact that our deceased loved ones are still with us. Of course it is being written with Big Jim's sometimes warped sense of humor. Sorry, Daddy, would you prefer, off the wall sense of humor? But I digress...

I had been anxiously anticipating the arrival of summer this year. It finally arrived and due to "startling and unexpected life events" I did not plant any flowers in my backyard.

None.
Waiting in the Other Room

Not one...
This in itself is so very sad on so many levels.

But I clearly have connections. The gorgeous morning glories Big Jim and I planted from seed last year - in pots, mind you - struggled forth from the soil I left in the pots and stretched themselves up and around the hangers of the pots, sprouting heart shaped leaves, growing larger and larger. Then from the slender young vine burst forth...

Perfect blue morning glories!

See the image in color online: SoulKisses.com/waiting

Life has its ins and outs. As humans we forget special dates some times like birthdays or we forget to call, having become buried in the physical world "to do's", but the loved ones who have transitioned - they don't forget... they don't get caught up anymore. The Angelic entourage, they are always, always available - no matter what.
Kathryn Speakes-Large

Some women wish for a dozen roses in a vase. I've been profoundly blessed with volunteer morning glories - a dozen of them budding on the vine to be enjoyed one or two at a time - how much more blessed could I be?

Thank you, Daddy, you really know how to touch a girl's heart...

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Losing a loved one is so hard. The grief is just unbearable at times. Then they connect with us and we feel it - we know it - we experience them being with us and we are comforted. Life will never, ever, be the same - life is forever to be different and we must continue our lives without them in this physical realm, yet... with them... in another form. When we are open to their love, we receive messages in amazing ways that validate that they are still with us.
Big Jim and Barbara Mark
of Angelspeake

My dear friend Barbara Mark, of Angelspeake, transitioned in July of 2006. Such a light the physical world has missed... I often hear her when I finally "get" something, saying in the tone of voice that only Barbara could get away with, "It's about time!" Then she laughs...

When Big Jim transitioned, she told me he was cute and now that they are both in the spiritual realm, she's confirmed he's even cuter now - and she laughs. The laughter of a loved one who has transitioned initiates a tingling ripple of joy that will last for days.

Big Jim was here yesterday leaving his imprint - Fred discovered a tiny spider hanging by his web from the ceiling in the dining room - right at eye level in the doorway to the kitchen. It always amazes me that we even see these things. Plus there were flying cobwebs in the backyard - too funny - wrong time of year for flying cobwebs...

Daddy, do you have something to say for yourself?

Laughing... You've always provided such great entertainment where spiders are concerned... The one in the dining room was so small even you would have been able to deal with it easily.

Yes, Barbara's here, she's been a busy woman. Lots of Angelspeakers talking with her and she's always recruiting more!

You talked about setting intention and releasing control. It is so easy to do if you just set your mind to it. You are all so powerful - work together as the
One that you all are. The light is here to help you see. Move into that place of "oneness" with The Big Man.

Don’t fret about us here - we’re all fine, (Fine as Frog’s hair, Barbara says). You’ve all got free will - ask for the help of your entourage - of God, then step back out of the way. Know that all is in divine order - see the perfection in all people and situations. I know it is a tall request, but you can do this...

~Big Jim

If you are in the midst of grieving for a loved one who has transitioned, you aren't alone - no matter how alone you feel - your entourage of angelic beings are with you... Now seems like a time of pain without end. It will get better. Know, in the shadows of your heart, that they are truly "fine" in the spiritual realm, and that they feel your love for them and they will continue to love you. Allow yourself all the time and emotions that you need to grieve, knowing that this time of pain and longing will ease and you will be able to continue living.

Hang on... Barbara’s here...

If you’re not Angelspeaking yet, get your copy of Angelspeake: How to talk with your Angels today!

Barbara, are you plugging your book?

Roaring with laughter... Yes... your dad told you I’m still recruiting Angelspeakers! You all have to know how truly limitless you all are - each and every one of you. You worry and fret over things that don’t matter - let go of it! Look within your hearts to who you truly are and embrace that knowledge - connect with that knowledge and set your spiritual path. Angelspeake with
Waiting in the Other Room

your angels to guide you along the way. I’m here, ready, willing and able to help you myself!

Live your lives in peace, joy and love - Laugh! Laugh every chance you get - see the humor in life - it will change you and you’ll like it!

Love,
BBSoo - Barbara Mark, www.Angelspeake.com

Hmmm... Yes, they are fine... They crack me up...
The “cotton” of the cottonwood tree is everywhere. This morning I drove through a patch of it swirling around the street as if it were snowflakes. What a pleasant surprise, except then I started sneezing. Hmm… what else was in that patch of air that my physical eyes could not see?

What else is around us that our physical eyes do not see?

Now, I’m sitting outside in the backyard using a lap top computer to write this when a HUGE cottonwood seed fluff floated from behind my head past my left eye, swirled between me and the screen of the computer, then back out and poof, gone behind the monitor.

Right next to my left ear, I hear, “Whatcha workin’ on?” Big Jim is here! I should have known - cotton. When I was a kid, Daddy would get me up at the crack of dawn in the summer to chop the weeds out of the cotton field.

The conversation:

Kate: "Happy Father’s Day!"

Big Jim: "Thank you."

Kate: "Are you having a good day?"

Big Jim: "The Best!"

Kate: "Are all your days good there?

Big Jim: "They’re not really days, but to keep it simple, yes, all the days are good here. No pain – no joints hurtin’, I can see all the colors and smell all
the flowers and best of all, I can ride my motorcycle as fast as I want to and not worry at ALL about fallin’ over or crashin’ or any of those worldly things. And those little bugs that are annoying you don’t bother me either - or the heat...” laughing...

Kate: "Yup, sounds like a good day. So, what is a day like where you are in the spirit world?"

Big Jim: "I’d say relaxed fulfillment, but the phrase really doesn’t do it justice. Everyone gets along here – no jealousy or gossip or anything like that. Just love. We have opportunities to learn new things or understand old things. Why we did things we did while we lived on earth and how we can help now to aid those still living on earth.

Ya’ll are brave – no doubt about it, but at the same time, you’re in this vast, enormous period of ascension that is very exciting from here and to be a part of it with you - from here, well… I can’t wait to see how it all unfolds.

The lightning of prayers is phenomenal. If all you lightworkers get busy, you’ll see a huge shift in the collective consciousness of the planet by the time the New Year is rung in."

Kate: What would you like to share with us humanoids?

Big Jim: "Don’t fret about your loved ones who have transitioned. We are all doing well. Even those of us who had problems mentally are cared for by angels so full of love that I can’t even describe it. Those of us whose bodies were riddled with pain before we expired, have no pain now. Do not worry about us. Of course, prayers are welcome and talking to us is like a breath of fresh air. We love hearing from you and come to you often. I know I’ve said this before, but acknowledging us when we’re with you, talking to you is like applause and we just can’t get enough of it. The love we felt for you when we transitioned is nothing compared to what we experience for you here in the spirit realm.
Waiting in the Other Room

Oh, and those you feel crossed over before their time – such as children. It was the time. All is in divine order. There are no “accidents.” Allow yourself the trust to know there is perfection in all things, even when you see no perfection.”

I was really hoping Daddy, Big Jim, would stop by today. I must admit there are times that the grief of his transition overcomes me and it is as if I was just told that he died and I feel very sad and cry - grieve. Then he'll pop in here and get Majik to do something wacko and make me laugh.
Change
Help and Celebration from Spirit

Article from the Soul Kisses Spiritual Whispers Newsletter

The March sky is bright blue, with only a few clouds here and there. Spring can be inhaled in the fresh morning air - I love it - the shift from one season to another - I always strive to experience completely the shift from winter to spring - I find it truly glorious!

Change of the season is magical...
Change...
The word change rolls easy enough from the tongue - change...
Some times change can feel good - even great. Other times the thought of it engulfs us in fear.

Fred and I have been talking about remodeling the kitchen for years... Of course, remodeling requires change - and change requires decisions - and in this case, consensus between two people - Fred and me. How hard can that be? Yeah, right...

Deep within I knew that involving the house in a TLC project (Tender Loving Care) would be of huge benefit for all concerned - including the house. So after weeks of talking colors and processes, we finally purchased paint for the walls and cabinets. All we were going to do is paint the walls and cabinets – that is ALL.

Of course painting the walls and cabinets required removing things and creating a somewhat organized chaos. This said the goal was to complete the painting in one weekend. The completed effort of
painting the walls and cabinets is beautiful! Then Fred decided we should replace the countertops too. Well... if the countertops were to be replaced, I requested an island off the end of the counter with bar stools to replace the kitchen table. Fred felt if an island were installed, then it would be best to include new cabinets under it to utilize the space in the best way. But, if cabinets were under the island, then the floor vent would be in the way... Are you seeing more work here?

We made a decision - together - and it wasn't nearly as challenging as deciding to paint the cabinets and walls. It was decided to use upper cabinets under the island to maintain the space for stools and proper movement, so Fred had to build the base for them, hence, the garage was transformed into a working shop.

In the mean time, the vent in the floor had to be moved. When Fred went to move it, it didn't want to cooperate - at least that is what it sounded like... (Ever been on the receiving end of that kind of sound?) Since Fred clearly didn’t want me to help him, I asked for angelic help. Next thing I knew I heard the sounds of mission accomplished. I asked Fred if he asked for help, he said no. I told him I did. He thanked me and I heard my dad, Big Jim, say, "You’re welcome." So I reminded Fred to thank the helper... He did.

It was about this time that Majik began to really enjoy himself. He was playing and kept insisting he had to go out - in and out - in and out. Then I realized "they - Big Jim and friends" were going through the dining room door and Majik couldn’t. I had to open the door for Majik’s physical body to go out. I got my camera and took pictures.
We had guests - and lots of them! I wandered throughout the house taking pictures and captured many orbs. Alvin, Big Jim’s skunk, had joined us - I captured his "zero orb" in Majik’s bed waiting for him to come back and play!

The energy from the orbs was... electric! Excitement and joy! There was great celebration of home improvement - showing the house our commitment to living here and truly embracing it as our sanctuary. Plus the experience Fred and I were receiving of producing the project together. The act of creating something beautiful that we would love and enjoy together, was indeed, cause for celebration! Not to mention great entertainment for Big Jim and other deceased family members. From where they are, they see the ins and outs of all projects and do what they can to help us to reach completion. It is in times of distracted concentration that they can speak to us and enhance our creativity.
The countertop, island and new cabinets are installed and the organized chaos has been reorganized back into the cabinets - there is even running water from the faucet!

Our remodel project was a definite form of "change." Change can be intimidating, scary and painful as well as/OR exciting and result in great joy. One thing that is constant is that nothing remains the same - change is always in play in our lives. Another thing that is a "truth" is that we may choose whether change is experienced in love or fear - we may choose!

As with any kind of change, we ran into hiccups. At one point, I remember making the choice between Oh My God, what are we doing and opening my heart with love to envision the completed project. I chose love over the panic and allowed myself to experience the process of creation and the gift of the angelic support team joining us! The project was actually fun!

If you are looking at a change in your life, know that you aren't alone in your contemplation and you won't be alone in implementing the change should you decide to do it. At every given moment of your life, you are, indeed a crowd of angelic supporters in the form of angels, guides and deceased loved ones! Ask them for their guidance in making the decision that is for your highest good - they see the bigger picture of everything and won't steer you wrong!
**Big Jim and John Wayne**

*Remind Me of My Work*

This week the clutter in my office really began to wear on me. Rule of Thumb: Cleaning office space always takes longer than you think! At least it does with me because I feel it is necessary to touch everything.

The day was beautiful, the sun was shining and there was a slight breeze, at least when I began... So I opened the windows and began to clean.

Next thing I knew the breeze had turned into a "wind" and everything I had cleaned now had "wind dust" on it. When I turned around from closing the window to the right of my desk, I noticed Big Jim's picture (on his old bike) had been blown off the shelf above it. Now it was laying face up, right side up, just above my keyboard.
It looked to me as if he was trying to tell me something... So when I finished cleaning, I added him to my inspirational view while working. He has suggested that his picture placed here will remind me to maintain my focus on my mission with Soul Kisses. Working on the website regularly to update and add information will not only bring fulfillment to me, but will bring comfort to others.

It is easy, so easy, to get caught up in the day to day illusion of the needs of the physical world. What is really important to me is fulfilling to the best of my ability, my work for The Creator. Big Jim has been riding through here often to remind me.

Shortly before Easter, 2008, I was sitting at the counter in the kitchen eating breakfast when Big Jim stopped by. He was grinning from ear to ear. He brought a guest... He knew I am a huge fan of John Wayne. They both sat down at the counter with me. I was so excited, my breakfast got cold... Of course I had to gush about how much I enjoy his movies. He thanked me in that slow drawl that he has. We all chatted about adjusting to spirit form and what it was like. Then John fuzzed at me, yes, fuzzed at me about neglecting the Soul Kisses website. He, like Big Jim, talked about the fear that runs rampant throughout our "human" race here on Mother Earth and how each one of us has a mission to fulfill - some being more complicated than others.

All I could muster was, "Yes, Sir."

Big Jim grinned and told me he knew I’d see it their way...

I got a little side tracked by life - and the wind blew the picture to the keyboard - or was the wind even involved?

Now, Big Jim’s smiling face is reminding me daily to stay focused.
Waiting in the Other Room

Are you discovering that perhaps your work for God is not being fulfilled? Do you know what it is? Or do you feel like there is a part of you that is missing, but you just can't put your finger on what it is? Look within.... Ask God, your angels, guides, teachers and deceased loved ones to help you. They will.

Message from Big Jim:

You people there on Earth worry too much. I did it too while I lived there, so I know how it becomes a “way of life.” It all is what it is and worry doesn’t change anything, it only makes you ill... and robs you of the gift of the moment. From the spiritual realm, we are doing all we can to get your attention and to work with you to help you to be fearless.

It takes effort for us to show up in pictures as the orbs and to make things move and to sing loud enough for you to hear us. We love you and we’re not leaving! (Laughing)

If you could see what we see from here, the bigger picture... The lights of the spirits as they evolve are just beautiful. The evolution of the planet and the spiritual beings is a grand thing to witness. The experience from this side is fraught with love and grace.

Know that your loved ones who have crossed over are still with you, working now with your angels and guides to help you grow closer to the God Part within each one of you. If each one of you would allow yourselves to experience the love that is you, the shift of the planet would be beyond belief!

Look for us, listen for us, and accept the fact that as deceased loved ones, we didn’t go anywhere!

We’re only a thought away...”

~Big Jim
Big Jim's Thoughts About Change

Recently I was emailing with a friend about the coming Presidential election here in the US - specifically the nagging soul cough of negative energy associated with it. She referred to it as the media's flotsam and jetsam. Then she mentioned the movie, *Stop the World, I want to Get Off*. Some times we do get that feeling - of wanting to "slow" things down and get a grip on what is happening around us.

While pondering this, Big Jim came by and shared his thoughts:

You people are not as powerless as you believe yourselves to be. Stopping the world and getting off sounds good at times - I understand that. I’ve been there. But you people have work to do - especially you Lightworkers!

The energies swirling around Mother Earth at this time are so much bigger than one person or party. It is an energetic wakening of the soul, the spirit of the peoples who are allowing themselves to "tune in."

The people are calling for “Change” - Change begins within and spreads out, touching others like a domino affect. The healing of America, of Mother Earth, begins within. Each one of you has the power. Initiate the change from fear to love within and the healing begins instantly - the connection is made, the shift is experienced and you’ll never want to go back to the life lived in fear.

The spirits are wakening to the truth of fear and love being a choice. It is time to release the fear based ego and connect with the love of the Big Man - it is time to allow it to be.
Kathryn Speakes-Large

When ya’ll get along, forgive one another, and LOVE one another you will experience change. The change begins at home within your own spirit, as a collective consciousness of love, it will spread to the big white house in Washington and the governments of other countries.

When the inside world changes - the outside world has no choice, but to change too.

~Big Jim

It is normal to get caught up in the "to do's" of our every day lives. As I have mentioned - I find myself doing this too - I am SO human... Can you imagine what it must be like for our loved ones who have transitioned, our angels and our guides to communicate with us, to guide us, to help us, and we obliviously continue on as if they hadn’t said a word - as if they weren't even there?

Today, do something special for yourself. Sit quietly, breathe deeply and ask that only those of the Light of The Creator be allowed to communicate with you. When you are comfortable ask who is standing behind your left shoulder. Write down what you get. It may be a feeling, a knowing, an image or a voice telling you a name. Then ask who is standing behind your right shoulder and write down what you get. Chat with them and ask who they are and why they are with you. They may be a deceased relative, an ascended master, an angel, teacher or guide. This experience is your gift to you.

I encourage you to experience this exercise daily if you can - at least once per week. Before you know it, you’ll know your entourage well and be able to work with them to bring forth your highest good in all things.
Waiting in the Other Room

You will initiate the change - you ARE a part of the shift of the collective consciousness of the planet. Experience it in love - not in fear. It is a choice.
It is October and Big Jim is definitely hanging out with me... While at Walmart the man behind me put targets on the counter - as children, my brothers and I would practice our aim shooting targets with Big Jim - those days are SO long gone... I cried when I got into the car. I heard daddy say I wasn't supposed to get so 
emotional... That night I opened the freezer door to reveal a black fuzzy spider between the side by side doors of my 
white refrigerator - right at eye level. Oh my God, how brazen! Of course, this bad boy had to die, but not before he 
crawled between the folds of the door seal - PLUS he was almost too big to crawl in there. I could hear daddy laughing...

The next day I was typing away at my computer on my black keyboard when a pale yellow spider crawled onto the keyboard – again... he had to die. At lunch time I turned on the TV while I was preparing lunch. I couldn’t see it, but I heard someone on it say, “It is I.” When Daddy would call my mom, while he was living, he would say, “It is I,” when she answered.

Oy vey… Okay, okay, okay… I finally got the message. I spent the rest of the afternoon working on this book – finally!

I’ve been too caught up in my physical world and have been ignoring him - sorry daddy - not intentionally just so distracted.

What Big Jim had to say:
Don’t worry, Kid, the physical world is a harsh place and like the others, you’ve had a lot on your plate. But you’ve got to understand worry does nothing to enhance your life... {Laughter from Big Jim...}

You’re right about calm assertiveness - I like that word, assertiveness...
The calmer you can be about the rough housing of the world, the clearer you can think - the clearer you will connect with us - me and your crowd here on the spiritual side of things. This is true for everyone.

You liked the book by Cesar Milan, “Be the Pack Leader” - he’s got a lot on the ball. You should recommend it to others; it has a lot of insight into why people behave the way they do. His way of thinking takes aggression out of the equation.

I can’t emphasize enough how powerful each one of you are - you have the power to live the life you really want to live by creating - the - life - you - want - to - live. Looking within will help people find their power. Journaling will help people find their power. I probably wouldn’t have journaled - seemed I always did things the hard way. But I can sure see the bigger picture now and you people really need to understand how powerful you truly are.

Tools to aid in the ascension are falling in your laps - use them!

As for the spiders, you know you really don’t have to kill them; you can put them outside...

Love to all...

~Big Jim

The book Big Jim references is Be the Pack Leader by Cesar Millan. I read it to help with young Majik and was delightfully surprised by the gifts within the pages.

Daddy always reminds me of how truly powerful we are. This is something I forget on a regular basis. We are the Masters of our lives. It
Waiting in the Other Room

is up to us as to the life we live. Why wait? Why suffer needlessly? As he said, tools are falling in our laps - often from our Crowd in the Spirit Realm - we need to use them! Always remember, you are, indeed, a crowd of angels, guides, teachers and deceased loved ones. Embrace this concept and revel in the power of being an entity of love, a limitless spiritual being that can Be Have, and Do anything...
The years of 2007/2008 for me were filled with “Startling and Unexpected Life Events.” Some of which were very painful, however; it was a most excellent time for experiences of spiritual growth opportunities. Spiritual growth typically involves dealing with fear and some form of pain whether it be spiritual, emotional or physical. I did my best to make the most of these experiences. I didn’t always “see” the perfection of these situations, but when I learned to acknowledge that the perfection exists, I discovered a calmness and peacefulness that had previously eluded me.

During these times of startling and unexpected life events I often found myself “caught up” in the emotions of the events and failed to work with my angelic entourage to receive balance, guidance and clarity. Then in times of distracted concentration, Big Jim would help me in his own “special” way...

**Banking:** I was standing at the counter at the bank speaking to the teller, when I noticed Big Jim leaning on the counter. He told me everything Is Fine - not that everything will be alright, but that it IS – right now. Of course, I’m grateful to "hear" that, but can’t respond verbally due to causing a ruckus at the bank...

**Walking Majik Poodle:** I was walking young Majik when Big Jim silently roared up on his Harley and asked me, "hey, cutie, would you
like a ride?" Quite the sense of humor... The answer was, "yes, but I really need to stay here in my physical body, Majik is counting on me giving him a drink when we get home."

Of course I totally cracked up at both his "appearances." The question is, how many times has he tried to "comfort me" and I was so wrapped up in the physical world that I ignored him. Oh... I just heard the answer is "a whole bunch" of times.

Sorry, Daddy...

No matter what is going on in our lives, they are with us. They join us to celebrate the good as well as support and comfort us during the challenging moments. Always, always, here... with us... right here, right now.

The love we experience as spiritual beings is so very powerful. Know that during moments of "startling and unexpected life events" your entourage is there with you, whether you see them or feel them or not, they are there. They are always with you, loving you, comforting you and sending you guidance as best they can. Acknowledge them - your mind will clear to understand the guidance.

When we remain open to the possibility of the continued communication with our deceased loved ones not only do we experience comfort, but we also open the way to gain greater understanding and wisdom of All That Is...

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Big Jim and Spirit Lights...

When I wish to visit with my guides and teachers, I first set the intention. When I visit with my Master Teacher, Ezra, I typically find
him sitting on the edge of a high plateau overlooking a beautiful green valley. There are two chairs, one for me and one for him. On this day, as I hiked to where he was sitting, I was surprised to find that there were three chairs. My hair was braided and so was his. Then I noticed my Protector Guide, Chief Running Bear to my left - his hair was braided too. I sat down between them and asked why my hair was braided. Ezra told me they had a surprise for me.

Next thing I knew my dad, Big Jim, roared up on his Harley and stopped right in front of me. We were all going to go for a ride. Daddy's skunk, Alvin was riding on the gas tank and was ready. Snuggles, his dog, got off the bike and sat in my chair (she doesn't like to share, so she wasn't going with us). I briefly gave thought to how Daddy likes to ride really fast and how I don't, but decided they wouldn't kill me, so I climbed on the bike, daddy revved the engine, and we were off!

As we roared into the sky, the day shifted into early evening - twilight. Below us I could see points of light - but they were not like city lights - these lights were projecting up into the sky, as beacons, and were of rainbow colors. Daddy explained to me that the lights were the spiritual element of humans. We are seen as beacons of light from the other side by our deceased loved ones and our angels. The graduated intensities of the lights show the level of spiritual development.

As we watched the lights below, the lights would grow brighter when they connected with another light. This was the sharing of love. As one light touched another, then another, then another, all the lights began to grow brighter - it was a Domino Effect. The sight was truly breathtaking and filled me with awe.

I could see the turmoil of Mother Earth and of the people. I could also see great patches of vibrant, loving energy. Yet where we were,
above everything traveling through the fourth dimensional realm of divine mind, the feeling was one of peace, joy and an all encompassing blend of opulence and love.

The meaning of the word "surprise" doesn't come close to describing the experience of my connection that day. Know that you too, can connect with those you love who have transitioned as well as your guides, teachers and angels.

This is shared with permission of Ezra, Chief Running Bear and Big Jim.
Big Jim, Archangel Azriel and Grief

My parents raised me to experience life my own way – to explore it myself and figure things out on my own. Daddy always said if he gave me enough rope I’d eventually come to my senses – not hang myself (as Fred suggested), but come to my senses. As the years have passed, I’ve often looked back and thought how much easier it would have been if they had just told me that what I was doing was not in my highest good. Instead they allowed me to reach that conclusion myself.

In my early teen years I dreamed of writing a manuscript – publishing a book – being an author. When I was fourteen experiencing this dream, I never imagined the book would be about the continued connection with “dead people” as Daddy calls them and himself, and that one of the co-authors would be Daddy – after he died.

Archangel Azriel, the Angel of Death, had come to me in the summer of 2008 and told me that he was going to help us complete the book. It is now January, 2009. The manuscript is nearing completion and I had not yet “seen” him, but knew he was with us, guiding and supporting the work. Yet, I still wasn’t sure what “he” or “they” were going to give me to pull all the work together. As exciting as the writing experience of this manuscript has been, the new territory revealed, it was still a very sad experience because Daddy is dead. I knew in my heart that there was still more for me to experience personally before the manuscript would be fulfilled.
When Big Jim transitioned, I moved back and forth from grief and sadness to love and celebration. While in the higher frequency of love, I more closely matched Daddy’s spiritual love vibration so I was able to feel his presence and hear his communications. Many times when a loved one dies, we no longer “feel them.” The grief and sadness effectively blocks our ability to feel their presence. When we shift our grief and loss to the vibration of love in celebration of the love we experienced with them, we elevate our vibration to more closely match the vibration of our deceased loved one and we once again can “feel” them.

However, grief must be experienced. We are human and humans must experience the stages of grief otherwise we suppress it. Suppression of grief is highly destructive emotionally, mentally and physically.

I knew daddy was okay in the spiritual realm – much more okay than we were here in the physical world. I suppressed my grief and began to truly suffer for it. By January of 2006 I was in bad shape. I felt as if I were being pushed backward continually. While standing I needed to hold on to something or I felt like I was being pushed over. I needed to release what I suppressed.

My dear friend, Barbara Mark, recommended I call her daughter Suzanne to help me release my suppressed grief using a method of release in which Suzanne specialized. I didn’t do it, thinking I could handle it, but the feeling of being pushed got worse and worse. Finally Barbara threatened to call Suzanne and make it a conference call between us! I called her myself.

Suzanne was able to help me release the suppressed grief of not only daddy’s transition, but other baggage as well. I was quite amazed.
After just one session the continual pushing stopped and I could stand up straight and breathe!

Grief has its own process. Everyone is an individual. And… *grief never fully resolves, it only gets easier.* I get this, but still, as the manuscript neared completion, I knew there was more yet to be experienced and shared.

It had been three years; my grief process had become to experience the sadness briefly, then I would shoo it away to get on with my busy-ness. In my case, I believe one could say I’ve lived in a form of denial. Big Jim comes through here often - I see him in my minds eye. He's okay. He chats with me - often times even exhibiting that "Daddy tone" with me.

So…. perhaps in my human mind… he isn't dead. I deal with him, chat with him, laugh with him, fuss with him, and “see” him in the spirit world. But his physical body is dead and I am still a human. Even though he is still with me in another form, I must still experience the human grief no matter how much I don't want to. When I went back to visit my mom in November of 2006 Fred and I stopped at the cemetery first on the way to her house. There was a tombstone with Daddy’s name on it – yes, his physical body is really buried in the ground – it sounds silly, but it was somewhat of a shock. Daddy is not of the living as we humans know it, yet more alive than the human mind can take in. As I stood there looking at the tombstone covered with cobwebs that were blowing in the breeze, as any respectable cemetery should be, life in all its aspects was surreal.

This was the time – the opportunity to discern within what I was truly feeling. Fred would have allowed me the time to take it all in and
get my mind around it, but no..... I pushed on, ready to get to mom’s house – and then the moment was lost.

It is a challenge living with one foot in the physical world and the other foot in the spiritual world. However, my body lives in the physical world and my human brain tells me, albeit subconsciously, I don’t have time to cry - I’ve got exciting things to do. There is urgency within to be doing something, of course, anything but grieving.

I keep reminding Fred to call his dad, call his dad, call his dad. I even told him, “Call your dad - he’ll answer the phone and talk to you in a human voice.” I didn’t dare express my continued thoughts of, “I can’t do that anymore.” I might start to cry and then I’d be experiencing the grief again and I’ve got things to do...

Recently, a friend whose husband passed two years ago was surprised to learn of how much grief she still had “bottled within her.” During a challenging day she dropped a quiche as she went to put it into the oven - eggs and goodies all over the inside of the stove, the floor and inside the drawers under the oven. This was one of those "last straw" incidents. She collapsed into the puddle of eggs and let it all out crying (howling is what she really said) till she was drained. Then a “calm” came over her and she felt at peace within herself.

Death of a loved one creates such an empty place in our hearts - a place that the physical world teachings and conditioning teaches us to feel. It is as if I skipped that part and went directly to knowing Big Jim was okay effectively moving into my form of denial.

Big Jim came to me this past week on a cloud - sitting on a tuft of angelic clouds. Why? Because he’s dead and he wanted me to "see" that he is dead – so he was sitting on an angelic cloud surrounded by more angelic clouds. He talked to me about the human grief process and how
it is so much more than sadness - so much more than defining our own mortality.

He says grief is an open doorway to the angelic realm. It is a pas-
sageway to understanding the oneness that we are with God. When we
fully open our hearts to the light, as our loved ones who have transitioned have done, the separateness that the physical world teaches
dissipates. It is in this passage, this shift from physical world-ness and
alone-ness to that of One with The Creator that our heart is truly opened,
our truth is revealed and we experience the true peace of our Oneness
with God.

Then we were joined by Archangel Azriel. He was strikingly
captivating standing there in the most beautiful cobalt blue garment
with gold trim. He had a clipboard in his hand as he joined our conver-
sation. He spoke of the collective consciousness of the planet of how our
human lives and evolvement matter. He told me and showed me the
place we have in the universal scheme of things.

The evolvement of Mother Earth matters not only to our own so-
lar system but to other galaxies, parallel universes – all that is. What we
do matters.

Daddy says it is not necessary to be experiencing grief to find this
heavenly knowing, but this is how most of us discover it. He says some
don't make it past the anger stage of grief - they are still looking and
don't even know they are.

The physical world teaches us we are alone – collectively – no
angels watching over our shoulders, no life on other planets, and what is
God? The physical world teaches that He punishes and takes babies
before their time – it is “His Will.”
Archangel Azriel assures me there are no “accidental deaths.” The expiration of the human body is divinely orchestrated at the appointed time and is for the highest good of the loved one who is transitioning as well as all who are connected and touched by the person’s life. Archangel Azriel participates in all transitions to the spiritual realm; clipboard in hand making sure everyone is where they are supposed to be for the transition of the spirit from the body. He says this is the simplest way to explain it for our human minds to take in.

My friend who found a peace and calmness in the puddle of quiche then wrote to me opening her heart where her grief was concerned. As she wrote the words out she realized she was claiming ownership for the feelings and thoughts within her heart and a great weight was lifted. Crying her heart out began her shift, then as she journaled out the pain of words unspoken, she experienced healing as her grief dissipated.

Often times we are unable to move forward with our own lives due to suppressing grief in some form. Our creativity is stifled and our motivation is hampered. We still experience physical longing for the loved one who has transitioned, but we find as we work through the grief as we look within and make the God connection as One, joy returns to us.

As humans that have experienced the physical loss of a loved one, we must allow ourselves to grieve even though we know they are okay. In the processes of grief is healing. In the celebration of love for a deceased loved one is healing. Combining grief and celebration is profound healing...

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Another Visit in the Clouds

This morning I visited again with Daddy and Archangel Azriel. There they were sitting in that field of clouds... chatting. It had been a few days since I saw them last and yet they were in the same place. I looked around at the same scenery as before and stated, “You’re still here.”

Daddy laughed and said, “There’s no time here.”

I looked at Azriel and he simply said, “Omnipresent.”

(Om-ni-pres-ent, adjective, 2. Found everywhere – present or seemingly present all the time or everywhere. Encarta Dictionary: English)

They told me that as we humans evolve and move more fully into the energetic vibration of unconditional love, the balance between the physical world and the spiritual world will be easier. We will be able to experience both simultaneously as a natural state.

The continued state of unconditional love as the human state of existence here in the physical world will truly be Heaven On Earth.

Each one of us is experiencing our own individual spiritual journey. We discern at our own rate, wisdom is revealed in due time, all is in Divine Order. Looking within and discovering “The Passageway” as Daddy calls it before a loved one transitions will make the grief easier so long as we physically work through it without suppression.

My personal experience has been the way of my spiritual journey. The unfoldment has been a pathway of discovery to share with others to make their spiritual paths easier. However, we all have free will and will experience it as we so choose.
The past few days I’ve come to a level of comfort and peace as my friend who dropped the quiche. As I have discerned and dissected all these thoughts, feelings and knowings, I have been surprised to learn that I knew Daddy was dead, but had not yet truly accepted it. Visiting with him in the clouds (instead of in the kitchen) has revealed this to me. I was also reminded that I had not physically seen him in the twelve years preceding his death – I had talked to him, but had not seen him. In the full scheme of things, I’ve “seen” more of him in the past three years since his death than I did in the previous twelve. No wonder my brain was in turmoil with acceptance.

Note: This book has been a way of journaling my grief. Journaling is the best kept secret next to the truth about what the Holy Grail really is. (shhh Jesus is working with us to share *The Best Kept Secret of the Holy Grail* - Revealed in the fall of 2009.)

Now I truly do feel a comfort and peace within. But of course, there is always more... I wonder... if deep within our knowing, perhaps not consciously, but deep within, we know that our loved ones have transitioned home to the unconditional love of the spirit realm. Perhaps on some level their death subconsciously stirs that longing within us to return there ourselves – not to die, per se, but to experience the love. If this is truly the case, then that adds even more to the mix of the confusion, chaos and lack of comprehension in our physical minds.

I keep my heart open as I ponder and embrace the grief I have suppressed. It is a sad process yet has revealed a rich knowing within of how powerful we truly are. The doors are opening even wider for me to the understanding of the spiritual realm - not so much in words, but in energy and knowing. My perspective and beliefs of life situations are
changing, shifting from chaos to that of quiet empowerment of the infinite possibility of All That Is.

Note: “Thanks, Daddy, for all the rope...”
Their Communication with Us

Barbara Mark transitioned July 23, 2006. Her sister, Trudy, forgot I’m two hours behind her time in Florida when she called me at 7am to tell me Barbara had transitioned. She woke me up. Trudy could hear the birds singing outside my bedroom window. She knew they were a sign from Barbara that she was okay – clearly she called me at the “appointed” time.

I got up, dressed, and wandered into my office. I stood there looking at my desk and thought, “I should get some work done.” But then clearly I heard Barbara say, “If you can’t take the day off when your best friend dies, then when can you?” And she was laughing.

Of course I started laughing, too, because that is JUST what Barbara would say! I quickly got a journal and a pen and frantically wrote down everything she said. Before she got sick Barbara told me of a message she received from a girlfriend after the girlfriend died. The lady told Barbara that her physical body “dying” was just a breath – simply an exhale, if you will, and her spirit was out of her body.

Barbara wanted me to know that this is true – transitioning from the physical body is just a breath. No pain – only joy. She said the love there in the spiritual realm was more than could be described – more than my human mind would be able to grasp.

But alas… Back in the physical world of Mother Earth…

Grief is unbearable at times in its intense soul wrenching sadness. Our spiritual vibration lowers with this emotional pain. The joy and
celebration of our love for the loved one who has crossed raises our vibration to match more closely that of the Spirit Realm. It is in these moments of higher vibration that the connection for communication is more easily achieved.

The fact is that love is ALL Powerful. Love transcends the physical death of the human body. The spirit moves from the body, cutting the etheric cord, but the love cords remain intact to loved ones. The connection to our loved one through love lives on forever.

Our experiences here in *Waiting in the Other Room* are shared as examples to continued communication. Listed below are but a few:

* Songs the deceased loved one enjoyed getting stuck in your head
* Pets watching something you cannot see
* The smell of a fragrance that reminds you of the deceased loved one
* Unexpectedly hearing and/or seeing phrases the deceased loved one used
* Something special between you and your deceased loved one coming to you repeatedly in unexpected ways
* My neighbor’s clock chimes when her deceased father is around
* Unexpectedly “seeing” the deceased loved one in your minds eye
* Unexpectedly “hearing” the deceased loved one talking to you
* Unexpectedly “knowing” the deceased loved one is near
* Family pictures moving
* The TV turns on or off when no one is near the remote or the TV
* The lights turning on or off by themselves
* Coins miraculously appear on a newly vacuumed carpet
* And… our newest sign at my house, the vacuum turns on by itself
waiting in the other room

when no one is in the room with it.

* the list is truly endless...

Do not take my word for the continued communication with the deceased. Look within; discern what is true for you. Do not be fearful of the knowledge you will experience. Allow God’s light to illuminate your path and guide the way. There is no need to endure your physical days in loss and sadness “wondering” if the deceased loved one is okay. Establish your connection of communication with the exercise included next: Sacred Space ~ Build It and They Will Come. If you prefer a guided meditation, Sacred Space ~ Build it and They Will Come is available as an MP3 download or on CD at the Soul Kisses or Waiting in the Other Room websites.

Note: As I mentioned before, journaling is one of the best kept secrets. A journal can be anything – Big Jim once hand wrote a letter to me on a 3x6 notepad – no, it wasn’t a journal, but you get the idea. A journal can be a notepad, a file in your computer, a leather bound book, or a spiral from a dollar store. What is important is to express our deepest thoughts and feelings in a tangible way. Let’s face it, our friends often times get tired of hearing us talk about the same thing over and over, but our journal never does. Plus, journaling opens the way for our angelic entourage, our crowd of angels, guides, teachers and deceased loved ones to help us because we are in a state of “Distracted Concentration.”

Journaling brings insights and steps to enlightenment, peace and joy in ways that are amazing.
Sacred Space ~ Build It 
and They Will Come 

Each one of us humans living here in the physical world of Mother Earth are powerful spiritual beings who have incarnated here many times. The ascension of the planet is gaining momentum at an exciting rate. The energies are reaching higher vibrational frequencies and each one of us is wakening to the knowledge from deep within that there is more.

We feel incomplete - as if there is something we need to do. As we search for a resolution to this longing, we discover the knowing within us to be true and the teachings of the physical world to be false. In the early moments of our wakening we discern that we are experiencing the fulfillment of a deep previously unfulfilled longing.

We are told and taught that we come into this world alone and that we will go out – alone. This simply is not true. We are indeed, each one of us, a crowd of guides, angels, teachers and deceased loved ones – in every moment of our existence on Mother Earth. We came in with a crowd, live with a crowd and will go out with a crowd! With practice and patience, we can and will connect with this entourage of helpers from the angelic realm.

This entourage of ours, the angels, guides, teachers and loved ones who have transitioned home connect with us at will, daily, all the time. It is up to us to discern between "their connection" and our own
mind chatter. In the beginning I often wondered if "their connection" was my imagination, but again, what is imagination?

My guides have become quite insistent to share how to connect with The Creator of All That Is. To share guidelines to help us not only connect, but to meld together as one so that we may work and live seamlessly in tandem with each guide, angel and teacher that are ours as well as deceased loved ones. In doing so we will be able to more quickly achieve our highest good and be able to help and love others more fully and completely.

It is through our breath, the essence of God that we most easily connect with our entourage. The angels tell us to breathe deeply and to focus on that breath. As we focus, we move past the physical-ness of the physical world and reconnect to our spiritual selves. It is not necessary to block out physical world thoughts – the act of blocking them, will remove the focus from the breathing to the thoughts. What one must do is simply acknowledge the thought, bless it and return to the focus of breathing.

Begin your connection by setting the intention to do so. You may request the presence of a specific guide, loved one that has transitioned, an angel, teacher or Master Teacher - or The Creator of All That Is. By setting the intention to meet with a member of your angelic entourage, you fill your space with the love of The Creator.

Choose a quiet place – in nature if you can to build your Sacred Space. Sit quietly and comfortably. You may play soft music and/or burn incense. The soft music and incense notify your spiritual self that you are preparing to connect – you are building a place.

Take all the time you need to fulfill the following journey.
Close your eyes and focus on your breathing and ask your entourage to join you. Visualize grounding yourself through strong, powerful roots extending out from your feet down into and through Mother Earth to her core... allow yourself to see the brilliant light of the core of Mother Earth... Identify the color of the light... Connect with Mother Earth's energy through these roots and pull that energy back up... through Mother Earth... up through your feet... up through your chakras... to your crown chakra. You may feel the energy flowing up through your spine.

In your minds eye begin to visualize your most magical, healing, peaceful, safe and serene space. What would that look like?

An example: You may find yourself in a beautiful garden filled with lush vegetation and beautiful fragrant flowers. There may be water flowing through this garden. You may wish to remain outside in the garden or you may wish to build a structure of architectural brilliance to house the room in which to rendezvous with your guest.

This Sacred Space is of your creation and may be anything you wish it to be - inside or out. It will only take moments to create this space that you wish to share with those of the angelic realm who will join you.

Envision a place to sit and relax for you and one for your guest. Sit down and again focus on your breathing, then allow your eyes to take in what is around you. As you come back to the seat beside you, allow your guest to join you. They may hug you before sitting down beside you. Take in how the guest appears to you – what is he or she wearing? Do you see the huge smile on their face?

Breathe deeply and begin chatting with them. Ask them anything you desire to know. Allow the exchange to BE.
Kathryn Speakes-Large

When this meeting is finished, thank your visitor and perhaps schedule a time to meet again. If you are in a building, leave by the door. If you have remained in the garden, walk back to the entrance of your Sacred Space. Breathe deeply and firmly for a few minutes. Move back into your physical world space.

Write in a journal, your experiences. Each time you set the intention to meet with one of your entourage, you will get better and better at the connection till you will no longer “need” the Sacred Space; for you will be living in your Sacred Space connecting freely and completely.

Practice this as often as you can. Practice will help to release the need to “control” and open the way by simply “allowing” the spiritual experience. As humans we feel there is a need to "control" everything. In allowing the experience to "be," we release the need to "control" not only our spiritual connection, but the physical world around us as well.

Whether we acknowledge “them” or not, they are here, with us in all moments, our entourage of angels, guides, teachers and deceased loved ones – The Creator of All That Is. We are one. As babies we communicate with Spirit, then our bodies grow and we move more fully into the physical world through teachings and practicing the functions of the physical body, such as walking and talking. Now we have returned full circle and wish to re-connect with Spirit. Practice the connection - breathe into the connection - it Will Be.

Ask your visitors to validate your conversations, and then be open to “how” they validate. If you talked about growing tomatoes in your garden, a fat red robin may visit you and you notice how much it looks like a tomato, or the special at your local restaurant may be a “tomato” salad. The validation could be anything – with practice, you
Waiting in the Other Room

will have the “eyes to see, the ears to hear and the wisdom of allowing the knowing within” to bring you messages from Spirit.

_Sacred Space ~ Build it and They Will Come_ is available as a CD or MP3 download online from WaitinginTheOtherRoom.com or the SoulKisses.com websites.
In Conclusion

Who is Big Jim?

When he walked the soils of Mother Earth in physical form he was just like you and me – a spiritual being experiencing a human existence.

Now his spiritual essence is aiding in the ascension and evolution of the human spirits of Mother Earth – helping them to connect with the God Part within – helping the human spirits to “know” that they are indeed, one with God – not separate. He is a deceased loved one (dead person to hear him tell it) sharing his insight through this writing of Waiting in the Other Room and the Soul Kisses Spiritual Whispers website.

Big Jim is my dad.

I celebrate our continued relationship with great gratitude and reverence – to be blessed so abundantly with his continued guidance is more than a daughter could even think to ask for.

It is hard to experience joy and gratitude while we are experiencing the dark recesses of grief. Yet when we are able to embrace love and gratitude we raise our spiritual vibration to that of joy, more closely matching the vibration of the spiritual realm effectively opening the way for communication.

Originally this book was to be written to share examples of continued communication with the loved ones who have transitioned as a
form of validation to those who question, “Is my loved one still here? Because I keep getting what I think are ‘signs’.”

In the writing processes, Archangel Azriel brought in more, showing us the bigger picture of opening the passageway to reconnecting as One with The Creator, with God. He has shown us the importance of the part that each one of us has in the ascension of the collective consciousness of the planet to that of love. He has pointed out to us the domino affect we have on each other in sharing love – and fear. We have a choice, and it is a choice, as to whether we live our lives in fear, or in love.

The light of God is around us. The light of God is within us. Our loved ones who have transitioned are the light of God. Our continued love, connection and communication with them are of the light of God’s love. As we shift and embrace this evolvement of enlightenment, the collective consciousness of the planet also shifts.

We are each one of us spiritual beings of infinite possibility. As we embrace the true light of God within us and shift into the higher energetic vibration of love we open the way of clearer understanding of action steps to receive the highest good that is ours under grace. Receiving and fulfilling our highest good is our divine right.

Remember, you are Infinite Possibility. You are a powerful spiritual being of love that is limitless beyond measure. Embrace that power without ego and touch all you connect with the love of God within you.

Love and healing to you as you move through the stages of grief and adjust to life with your loved one(s) in spirit form.

May you be profoundly blessed in this moment and in every moment after...

In love and light, Kate and Big Jim
About the Cover Photograph

The original photograph used for the cover of *Waiting in the Other Room* was taken by Kate in the fall of 2003 on the highest paved road in the US – Trail Ridge Road in the Rocky Mountain National Forest in Colorado. It had been raining and it was chilly. Kate doesn’t like the cold so she took the photograph through the windshield as Fred was driving.

She used a 35MM camera.

Discovering the angels and other images in the photograph was what one might call a “happy accident.”

Kate scanned the original photograph into her computer and was trying to make the photograph more transparent in PaintShop Pro 7. Needless to say she really did not know what she was doing and clicked the wrong thing. Instead of the image becoming more transparent it cut itself where the mouse was and mirrored itself.

In the beginning she was frustrated it didn’t work, but when she looked back at the photograph she started to “see” things in the image that she didn’t see before. Then she printed out the mirrored image and discovered animals, faces, crosses, angel wings, cherubs and of course, the image of the person at the top with his hands outstretched palms up.

On June 14, 2004, she connected with the angels to ask why…

Kate: Dearest Angels, This photo is amazing. Why did you show me this?
Good morning, Dear One, We want to show you that we are here – validation.

Kate: What does it mean? With all the images?

We are always here, we are everywhere – even in the clouds – clouds are taken for granted, as you do with us – wanting to do everything on your own, “making things happen.” As the clouds overhead, we are here waiting to help you, all you have to do is ask and the doors will be opened to help you.

The world is changing – shifting. The spiritual perception of us as God’s messengers and God is in a shifting of consciousness – an opening of the mind to the possibility of and you lightworkers who feel the need – the unfulfilled need to be doing something will be guided to teach how easy it is to connect with us – how easy, EASY it is to make the connection and get 24/7 guidance.

We’re here to help you make this transition from every day physical world expectations – to working for God spiritually – teaching others how easy it is to connect with us and understand our guidance, understand their path, feel the absolute resonating love of God permeating their lives, touching other people – always touching other people.

Dear one, ask for our help, ask for our help in EVERY LITTLE THING – you must – you want to feel completely centered in what we are doing together – our mission together to help others open the door and ask us in. When you ask us to help with every little thing, then you won’t be worrying and fretting – because you do fret, and you lose your feelings of peace, joy, harmony and LOVE – so ask, ask for help with every thing. Give the worries to us.

Your loving angels...
Waiting in the Other Room

You may view the original image in color on the internet by pointing your browser to: www.WaitingInTheOtherRoom.com

Original image in black and white

Image cut and mirrored in black and white
Summary of Images and Glossary

Summary of Images

All images in Waiting in the Other Room may be viewed in color on the following websites:

Soul Kisses (www.SoulKisses.com)

Waiting in the Other Room (www.WaitingInTheOtherRoom.com)

Glossary

Angelic Crowd: angels, guides, teachers and loved ones in spirit

Angelic Entourage: angels, guides, teachers and loved ones in spirit

Ascended Masters: a being whose vibrational frequency has risen to the complete awareness of One with God. Examples: Jesus, Mother Mary, Saint Germaine, Kwan Yin, Mary Magdalene

Cross Over: the spirit leaves the human body upon death to return to the spirit realm
Distracted Concentration: a period of time that a human is distract-edly concentrating or without full attention focusing on a physical world event such as showering, washing dishes, painting a wall or raking the yard. Focused concentration would be brain surgery, adding numbers or driving.

Incarnate to Mother Earth: a spirit leaves the spirit realm to be embodied in flesh as a human to live on planet Earth

Meditation: a mental state of higher consciousness

Medium: one who receives information from the spirit realm

Psychic: one who perceives information from the spirit realm

Reiki: spiritual complimentary healing practice using universal life energy

Spirit Guide: a spirit entity who has contracted with a human spirit to guide them through the lifetime journey on Mother Earth

Transition: the spirit leaves the human body upon death to return to the spirit realm
The following tools and goodies may be purchased or are free on the Soul Kisses Spiritual Whispers website (www.SoulKisses.com):

**Love Never Dies Screen Saver:** Love, never... dies... Our Physical body expires... but the love within us crosses over and continues to grow sweetly within. Touching those who are left in the physical world... soft angel kisses... to their hearts. As close as a thought, because... love... never... dies... This is a free download.

**Daily Soul Kiss**
The daily Soul Kiss is delivered to your email inbox each day. These blessed whispers from the angels are positive affirmations designed to inspire and empower you. This is a free service at this time.

**Soul Kisses Spiritual Whispers Newsletter**
The newsletter offers hope and inspiration from Kate, Big Jim and the angels. Often recommendations are included or new orb photographs or questions from other readers. This is a free service at this time.

**Rainbow of Hope Journal, Cards and Hope Box:** The photograph A Rainbow of Hope in Unexpected Places was taken at the George
Washington Carver National Monument in Diamond Missouri. The journal, card and Hope box may be purchased from the Soul Kiss Bazaar on the Soul Kisses website.

**Waiting in the Other Room Journal**
This journal is a support tool with guidance and support embedded in the pages to aid the writer in connecting with those of the angelic realm. This journal may be purchased from the Soul Kisses website.

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**Guided Meditation CD and MP3 downloads**

**Communicating Through Dementia:**
Guided Journey to connect with the higher self of those who are unable to physically communicate – an intro is included.

**Sacred Space ~ Build it and They Will Come**
Guided Journey to connect with those who have transitioned to the Spiritual Realms – an intro is included.

**Communicating with Orbs**
Discover who the orbs are in your photographs with this guided journey – an intro is included.

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**Coming Soon: Holy Grail Oracle Cards**
E-Courses:

Worry and Stress Got Your Power? Change it!
This is an experiential E-Course that holds the tools to dissolve fear - all the fears that you experience - all you must do is use the tools.
You will:
* Learn how to identify the source of your stress, anxiety, anger, frustration, angst; thereby learning how to identify the source of your fear
* Learn how to know you are in a fear base
* Learn the most important thing you need to know to shift from a source of fear to a source of love
* Learn the most powerful tool available today to shift your reality from fear to love

The Keys to Unlocking the Secrets ~ The Game of Life Unleashed!
Based on The Game of Life by Florence Scovel Shinn. This is an eleven session E-Course based on Florence's teachings. It is both experiential and interactive with exercises designed as catalysts to catapult your spiritual journey to ascension. It includes a support questionnaire after each session to help you discern within yourself the truth of the information you are gathering. After completing the course, you will receive a Certificate of Completion specially designed by Kate’s Protector Guide, Chief Running Bear.

Abundance in All Things E-Course
Are you ready for some GOOD changes in your life? This e-course
holds tools to create abundance and opportunity in your life – it explains in detail how to manifest or create the life you desire and includes many support tools to help you maintain and REMEMBER to use your personal power.

**Law of Attraction in Practical Application Form**
This is an experiential one session E-Course based on The Law of Attraction providing practical, useful ways to implement the Law of Attraction in your life to attract the life you desire. You will learn:
* What the Law of Attraction is
* How to redirect your fear based thoughts to love based thoughts
* How to implement love based thoughts into your daily life
* How to become a magnet for what you truly desire
* How to change your life through gratitude (gratitude is easy and it’s free!)
* How to use affirmations powerfully
* How to place your order with the Universe to receive what you truly desire

E-Courses may be purchased and downloaded from the Soul Kisses Spiritual Whispers website – www.SoulKisses.com.
About the Author

Kathryn (Kate) Speakes-Large is an author, medium, teacher, photographer and communicator with orbs and spiritual webmaster. She is a healer of the light with human words and a conduit for the comfort of God’s healing love. She is certified and a master of several healing modalities that she uses to infuse love into all her work.

Kate works directly with her angelic entourage to bring tools, messages, comfort and love to the world through Soul Kisses Spiritual Whispers. She works closely with Jesus to share the Soul Kisses website as a healing tool to help others find the light within them as well as their truth, peace, comfort and love. It is a place for those who are searching for more to begin or continue their connection with their angels, guides, teachers, deceased loved ones and God. A place to discover, acknowledge and accept that we are never alone - we are indeed a crowd...

Kate’s work is always changing, ascending and gifting her with enlightenment, peace and love. Jesus has shared with her that the website will provide light for the spiritual paths of multitudes. The ascension of the collective consciousness of the planet is shifting at great speed. The human spirits are recognizing there are messages within them they have forgotten – messages that must be pulled forth to remember and to experience the connection with The Creator. Kate’s work with Jesus through the websites provides tools to aid the human spirits in this ascension.

Kate is also a spiritual webmaster. She has over 20 years of administrative and secretarial experience and has been designing websites since 1999. In 2001 she left the corporate world to work in her private office offering virtual assistance to clients throughout the US,
Canada and China. Almost immediately the work took an unexpected, but exciting turn from virtual assistance to spiritual web design. To create the spiritually based websites she infuses the energy and essence of the client and their work into the site so the world clicking in will feel the quintessence of the work of the client.

You may learn more about Kate's work by clicking into the SoulKisses.com, SpiritOrbPhotoOp.com, WebDesignsByKate.com, and WaitingInTheOtherRoom.com websites. Here you will discover e-courses, meditations available as MP3 downloads and CDs, photographs of orbs with faces in them as well as information about the essence of the orb, web sites Kate has created for clients, the amazing photograph taken on Trail Ridge Road, and see the color photographs from this book respectively.

Kate currently resides in Colorado with her family and entourage, her crowd of angels, guides, teachers and deceased loved ones.