

The Inner Voice

A Source of Light For Unfolding Consciousness • Vol. 13 Issue 11 • November 2025

Angel Talk

'tis Wise to be Grateful

Moving into the
5th Dimension through
Animal Communication

Messages from Our
Beloved Pets at the
Rainbow Bridge

*...and more
inside!*

Can A.I. be used to
talk with the dead?

Research by Author Daniel Drasin

AFTERLIFE REPORT

Evidence



Presented by
Victor and Wendy
Zammit

Science



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Wendy Zammit

Global Gathering Coordinator

Wendy Zammit wendyzammit@gmail.com

About the Cover...



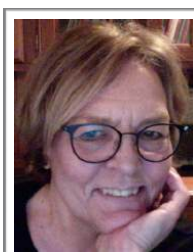
The cover image is a digital print of a Blakiston's fish owl, an endangered species of owl due to factors like habitat loss, as well as a decrease in the fish it preys on. Often depicted in an artistic style inspired by traditional Japanese art, the Blakiston is the largest living species of owl native to China, Japan, and northeastern Asia. Prints are available. Just Google "Blakiston Owl."

In This Issue... Inspirations for Healing Body, Mind, Spirit, Heart & Home

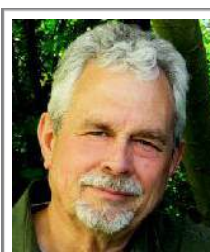
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Nancy Freier
Publisher
Editor-In-Chief



Steve Freier
Co-Publisher
Website Design



Beverly Brunelle
Consulting Editor

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sk the Angels!

Receive a personal Angel Reading to help you understand the bigger picture, the deeper meaning of your current life's lessons and to shift into new empowerment and clarity for creating potent change. The Angels read your Akashic Records and give you wise and loving counsel to resolve relationship issues, guidance to heal physical conditions, and lead you creatively through any obstacles appearing on your path.

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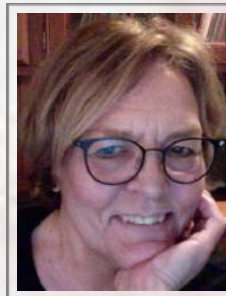
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Listen to Nancy's Interview on "Beacons of Balance" Podcast

Conducted by Hosts Arline McKay & Artist Joanne Macko

When Nancy lost her soulmate unexpectedly in 1986, her entire world changed — but it was in the quiet moments after his passing that something extraordinary began to unfold. In this powerful conversation, Nancy shares how her grief cracked open a lifelong connection to the angelic realm. Since



then she has been a spiritual communicator and the creator of **The Inner Voice Magazine**. In this episode, we explore how grief can open spiritual doors; what messages angels and departed loved ones share with us, and how you can begin to tune into these sacred whispers.

Click link below to listen.
[Grief Opened A Portal to Angels](#)

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Author, Angel Medium Nancy Freier leads the group into a growing awareness of Angels and those in the higher realms of Spirit and the ways they guide us through life's challenges. Each meeting is unique. We explore the methods of communication with The Greater Reality, share enriching real-life stories with Spirit, and discuss enlightening Q&As about the communication process and the messages we receive. Join this free angelic-inspired conversation every 2nd Saturday of the month.

Next meeting is Sat. Nov. 8 • 1pm CST • [Click HERE to Join](#)
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*"Zooming Enlightenment
Around the World"*



Readers' comments about the October issue...

"What a beautiful and informative issue of The Inner Voice Magazine! How you continue this work of inspiration to bring us all gifts of wisdom and insight is simply amazing. Thank you, from my heart and soul to yours, all who make The Inner Voice possible." –C.B.

"Such fabulously interesting articles!" –B.B.

"I get The Inner Voice via email and check it out monthly. It's a wonderful magazine!" –J. J.

We'd love to hear from you!
E-mail your comments, article ideas,
and questions for the Angels to:
[**theinnervoice@gmail.com**](mailto:theinnervoice@gmail.com)



Dear Readers,

November reminds me to pause and give thanks for everything—yes, everything—whether we've judged it "good" or "bad." In *Angel Talk*, the Angels encourage us to be grateful even for the black clouds that drift through our lives, for they, too, come with purpose and grace. I'm reminded of a favorite line from *A Course in Miracles*: "A happy outcome to all things is sure." So, hang in there!

The Angels affirm that all things work together for good. Each month, I like to include articles that reflect this truth, that it takes both rain and sunshine to create a rainbow—and rainbows, as we know, symbolize hope and the promise of brighter days ahead.

Speaking of rainbows, this issue features heartfelt messages from beloved pets who have crossed over to the Other Side. They wait at the Rainbow Bridge for us, ready to cross into Heaven together when the time comes.

But wait, there's more... Have you ever wondered if we can connect with "the beyond" through AI? I spoke with film producer and afterlife communication expert Daniel Drasin, who shares his fascinating insights in "ITC—Communication from the Other Side Through Modern Technology." Don't miss his research and reflections, including messages channeled through chatbots!

Steve reviews *Lifestream: Journey Into Past & Future Lives* by Shelley A. Kaehr, Ph.D.—a captivating exploration linked to the Akashic Records. Also featured are two of our treasured contributors: Animal Communicator Lynn Schuster and the late Pat Gullett, who reflects on "When We Move Between Worlds."

This issue beautifully reminds us that life's tapestry is woven of shadow and light, of Here and Hereafter—and a reminder to be grateful for it all, for it's all part of The Plan.

Nancy

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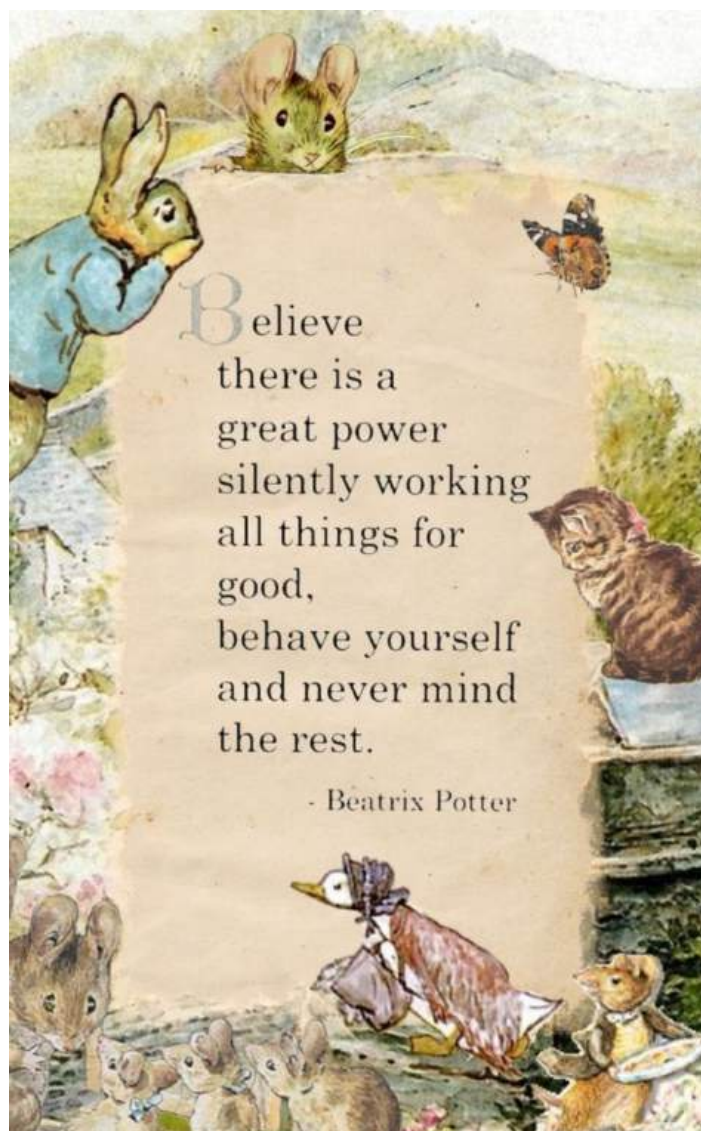
Thank you very much!



Be Grateful, even for the Black Clouds, as they Bring Wisdom, Blessings

The Angels say, take heart when you find yourself beneath a black cloud—you are simply passing through a lesson. These shadowed moments carry their own wisdom, waiting to be revealed when the Light returns.

Over the years of communicating with the angels on countless topics—especially those centered on human growth and spiritual awareness—a clear truth has emerged: life moves in cycles of valleys and mountaintops. Just when we think we’ve made it through a difficult stretch, another lesson appears around the bend.



If we pay attention to this rhythm and pause to reflect on the deeper meaning of our experiences, we begin to see the golden thread of wisdom woven through them. These are the moments that lead us toward the Light—those cherished “ah-ha” revelations. Recently, I was nudged out of my comfort zone and into a new level of consciousness, where the angels told me plainly: *“It’s time for you to shine your light more!”*

People often come for a reading when they’re struggling to understand something unfolding in their lives. This has given me a unique vantage point. Time and again, I’ve seen the same pattern emerge—someone lost in grief, confusion, or the turbulence of emotion, searching for clarity when the way forward seems hidden. It’s usually in these moments that they reach out for guidance from the angels. And I am here to tell you—there is always a way through.

Even in the most bewildering situations, the angels—who see far beyond the limits of our human perspective—can illuminate a path of understanding. They see how every soul is affected, what each one is learning, and what outcome will bring the highest good for all involved. Their insight never ceases to amaze me. Their love and wisdom shine like sunlight breaking through storm clouds.

I speak on their behalf when I say this: There is a solution to every situation, and an answer to every question. I have witnessed profound healings and awakenings—some even rooted in past lives—where no resolution seemed possible. Yet the angels gently guided those souls from confusion to clarity, helping them recognize the deeper purpose behind their challenges and how to transform them. Often, the angels reveal a soul lesson—one chosen long before this lifetime began. And when that lesson is truly learned, it feels like a spiritual graduation.

When I first began consciously communicating with the angels, I was awestruck by the loving, wise voice that spoke through me. Over time, their presence became such a natural part of my life that I sometimes had to remind myself—it is extraordinary. The angels speak their holy and humbling words through me, and I remain ever grateful for that sacred trust and dynamic experience.

The angels didn’t come to me until I was at my absolute lowest—no doubt, no hesitation, only desperation. I cried out for help, and in that moment, their voices filled my mind and heart with love, guidance, and hope I could get through the pain. That

continued on page 7

instant of Light breaking through the darkness became my awakening—the dawn of my stepping onto my soul's true path.

Since then, I've been honored to share the angels' wisdom with others. Time and again, I've witnessed what I once experienced reflected in their lives: Darkness always precedes the dawn. Rain must fall before a rainbow can appear. And the rainbow, that radiant arc of color across the sky, is a sign of hope and healing.

It is my wish that this message awakens something within you. No matter the loss, confusion, or challenge you may face, there is help available. You can call upon the angels. You can rise above the storm. And on the other side, you will see the Light and understand the meaning of it all.

A Blessing for Facing the Storm

*May the angels lovingly surround you,
Wrapping you in their wings
of protection and peace.
May their light shine into every shadow,
illuminating your path
and lifting your spirit.
When the storm rages,
may you feel their steady presence—
remain calm within the chaos,
with a rainbow of hope overhead
to give you strength,
and Courage in their guidance
to walk gently through
the lesson of the rain.
For at the end of the rainbow,
Gold awaits.
And so it is.*

Δ

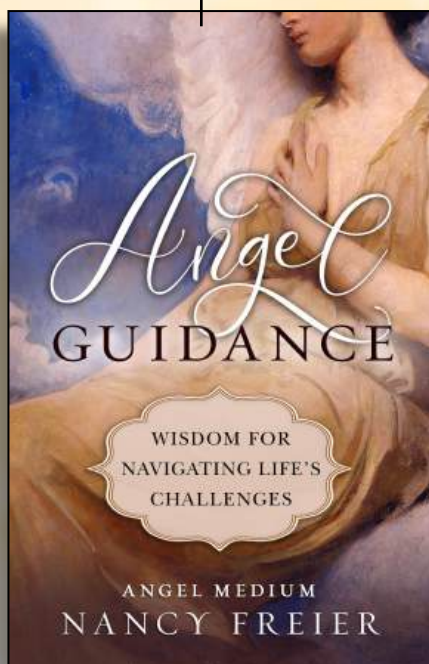


Ask the Angels a question for this column.
theinnervoice magazine@gmail.com

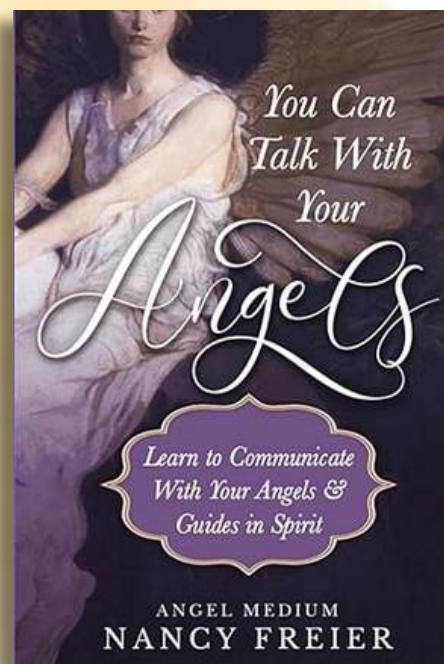
Rumi

*Listen, oh beautiful soul.
Every day a new feast
comes running into your life.
Always a new experience.
Your body is like a guest house,
receiving company from the hidden world.
Some are positive,
some are tragic,
and still others who are frantic.
All mirroring your needs.
All showing you ways to expand.
All challenging your beliefs.
Whoever that comes from these unseen lands,
receive it without regret.
Welcome all that come to you,
with no judgment.
Remember, every visitor,
here a short time,
meant only for your growth.*

(Translated by Shahram Shiva)



**Angel Guidance: Wisdom For
Navigating Life's Challenges**



You Can Talk With Your Angels

The Life and Afterlife of my Beloved Pets Mauvy and Cinnamon

We've all heard touching stories about people's love for their pets—but rarely do we hear about love between the pets themselves. My story began during a difficult season of my life, when I spent one day each month in a clinic receiving infusions. The nurses there were warm and cheerful, their walls covered with photos of their adorable Havanese dogs. Those bright little faces won me over. Soon, I found myself searching online for a Havanese of my own. The breeder had two available: the first, a calm black-and-white pup who melted softly into my lap; the second, a spirited chocolate-colored one who wasted no time climbing up my arm and perching on my shoulder. That was it—the moment I knew I'd found my match.

I named him Mauvy—mauve with a y—after my favorite shade of pale bluish purple. We shared several wonderful years together. Whenever I traveled, Mauvy stayed with a pet sitter whose home was more like a cheerful zoo, filled with every kind of creature imaginable. On one visit, a litter of abandoned kittens had just arrived. Among them was a tiny orange-and-white fur ball who seemed to mirror Mauvy's own coloring. While I was away, Mauvy appointed himself her guardian, carrying the kitten gently by the scruff of the neck and parading her around the house. When I returned, the sitter smiled and said matter-of-factly, "You have a cat now." And so, Cinnamon joined our family.

Mauvy and Cinnamon became inseparable—the sweetest pair you could imagine. Mauvy would tug her gently by the neck across the floor, and the two would tumble into games. When it

was time for our walks, Cinnamon refused to be left behind. She'd trot along beside us—or, more often, dart ahead, leaping over Mauvy like a tiny acrobat. In our little community of Lily Dale, we became a familiar sight: the woman, the dog, and the cat who thought she was one too. People would stop and smile, amazed at their friendship. For ten beautiful years, we were a trio.

Then came the day I knew was inevitable—Mauvy began to slow down. His bright eyes dulled, his steps grew heavy, and soon we learned he had kidney disease. A few months later, my loyal companion slipped away peacefully.

Cinnamon mourned right alongside me—two hearts missing the same gentle soul. I did everything I could to cheer her up, but nothing seemed to reach her. She began to act out in little bursts of rebellion, and I learned to accept her moods with patience and love. At night, she refused to leave my side, curling up directly on top of me as if to anchor herself to what remained of our small family. Nine months after Mauvy's passing, I sensed something was wrong. Cinnamon grew lethargic, her eyes clouded with the same sadness I felt. The diagnosis was cruelly familiar—kidney disease. I bought special food, cooked her meals, and tried everything to help her. But day by day, she grew thinner, fading gently like a candle burning low.

One day, Cinnamon quietly moved out of the house, as if some invisible thread were pulling her toward the next world. She chose the outdoors—sleeping in the garden, beneath cars, or sometimes right in the street, unmoved even as vehicles passed. When the rain fell and she didn't stir, I knew something inside her had already begun to let go, her spirit yearning to find Mauvy again. Her body grew frail, and I realized, with a heavy heart, that love sometimes means knowing when to let go. At the vet's office, she lay limp in his arms as I whispered my final goodbye.

A week after Cinnamon's passing, they came to visit me in the form of orbs. Two white lights streamed across the room over the spot on the couch where Mauvy used to sit. It was a sign from heaven. My pets are again happy... which is a comforting thought for my grief. Δ



This still image from a video shows an orb in front of the sofa!



PHOTO: The three of resting while on a walk.

See Dr. Susan B. Barnes' offerings on page 9.

Author Dr. Susan B. Barnes, CSNU Spiritualist Medium and Life Coach



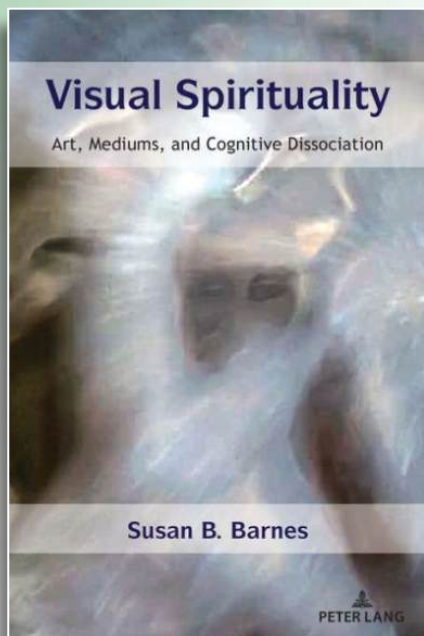
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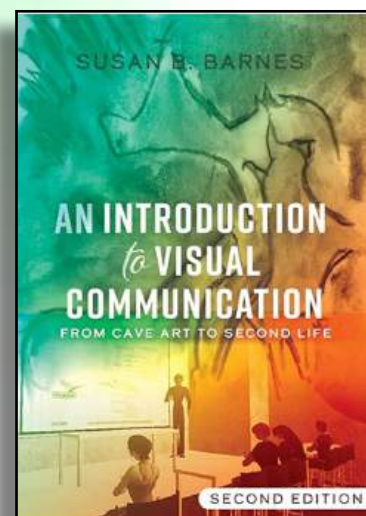
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Visual Spirituality: Art, Mediums, and Cognitive Dissociation. Automatic drawing, once a tool for spirit messages, became a psychological method with the introduction of Surrealism. Psychology introduced the notion of creative dissociation to replace the idea of mediumship as a basis for art created in altered

states. Spiritual and psychological artistic techniques created the world of art we experience today. Understanding these influences can help us to better know the world in which we live.



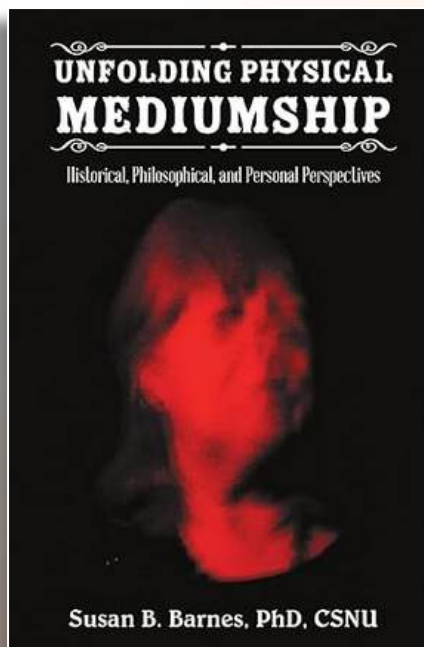
[Visual Spirituality](#)



[An Introduction to Visual Communication](#)

Unfolding Physical Mediumship offers a basic understanding of physical mediumship, its phenomena, and its practices. She provides an overview of the subject with some practical guidelines on how you can experience physical mediumship yourself, also exploring the philosophy, religion, and science of Spiritualism, which is

essential for developing physical mediumship with a spiritual connection. Stanley Krippner wrote, "To its credit, the book is clearly written and contains many stories that would be interesting whether or not a reader accepts the reality of physical mediumship."

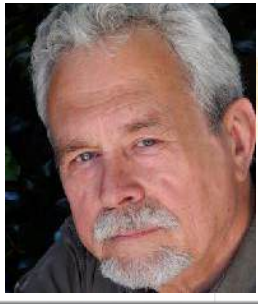


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**Spirit Art
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**Mediumship Development
Sunday noon CST/1pm EST**



Lifestream: Journey Into Past & Future Lives

By Shelley A. Kaehr, Ph.D.

What if the roots of today's fears, relationships, or passions lie far beyond this lifetime? In *Lifestream: Journey Into Past & Future Lives*, renowned regression therapist Shelley A. Kaehr, Ph.D., takes readers on a remarkable exploration of consciousness—showing how past and future life experiences shape who we are right now.

Kaehr's compassionate and accessible guide reveals how understanding our multi-lifetime journey can lead to emotional healing, self-discovery, and spiritual awakening. Past life regression, as she explains, is a therapeutic process that uses relaxation and guided imagery to access hidden memories from previous incarnations. Drawing on her decades of experience, she describes how these sessions help uncover emotional imprints—grief, fear, guilt, or longing—that linger beneath the surface of our present life.

Many of us experience déjà vu or powerful dreams that seem to belong to another era. According to Kaehr, these glimpses are fragments of the soul's memory surfacing to teach

or heal. By safely revisiting those stories, we can understand their influence—and release the burdens they carry. "Regression is not about escaping reality," Kaehr reminds us. "It's about freeing ourselves from the past to live more fully in the present."

A central theme of *Lifestream* is liberation. Kaehr shows how unresolved experiences from past lives can repeat as karmic patterns—recurring fears, relationship struggles, or persistent health challenges. Through regression, individuals can identify and dissolve these cycles, bringing forgiveness, closure, and balance to the soul's journey. She offers case examples that demonstrate remarkable transformations: a woman freeing herself from lifelong fear of water after reliving a drowning experience in a past life; a man healing strained relationships once he recognized ancient karmic ties with family members. Each story highlights the power of awareness and compassion to rewrite the soul's narrative.

Kaehr carefully walks readers through the process of a regression session. It begins with deep breathing, visualization, and gentle relaxation to enter a meditative state. Once relaxed, the participant is guided to scenes or sensations that arise spontaneously—sometimes vivid imagery, other times emotions or physical impressions. The key, she emphasizes, is openness rather than control. The mind's symbols and stories emerge organically, revealing precisely what the soul is ready to heal. She encourages practitioners to use open-ended questions, letting the subconscious unfold naturally rather than forcing meaning.

While many are familiar with past life regression, Kaehr introduces an exciting and less explored dimension—future life progression. If the soul is eternal, she asks, why not look forward as well as back? By projecting consciousness into potential future incarnations or life paths, individuals can receive guidance from their "future selves." These glimpses can inspire wiser choices today—helping us live with greater purpose and alignment. Time, she suggests, is not linear but fluid. In the realm of the soul, past, present, and future are interconnected aspects of one infinite consciousness.

Her stories from real clients bring theory to life: a client

Continued on page 11





Lifestream is available [HERE](#)

we remain attuned to the lessons and love that transcend time. “Your past and future selves are not distant strangers,” Kaehr writes. “They are facets of the same luminous being you are becoming.”

At its core, *Lifestream* is more than a manual—it’s a philosophy of consciousness. Kaehr explores profound questions about reincarnation, free will, and destiny. Why do we return? What do we seek to learn? How do our choices ripple across lifetimes? She paints a vision of interconnected souls weaving a shared tapestry of evolution. Each life, she says, is a classroom; each experience, an opportunity to expand love and awareness. The soul, ever growing, journeys through time not for punishment, but for wisdom.

For readers eager to explore, Kaehr includes guided meditations and self-directed exercises. These simple yet powerful techniques help calm the mind and open intuitive channels to past or future memories. While many can explore safely on their own, she advises beginners to work with a qualified regression therapist—someone trained to guide and protect during deep emotional experiences.

Lifestream: Journey Into Past & Future Lives speaks to many audiences: spiritual seekers drawn to reincarnation and the soul’s evolution; therapists and healers exploring regression as a tool for transformation; curious readers intrigued by the continuity of consciousness; and self-growth enthusiasts ready to heal repeating fears and patterns.

Kaehr’s blend of insight, compassion, and practicality makes *Lifestream* a standout in the field of spiritual psychology. Whether you’re new to the concept of reincarnation or an experienced explorer of consciousness, this book offers a roadmap to understanding—and embracing—the eternal journey of the soul.

Δ

Steve Freier is a researcher of metaphysical subjects and is the editor and website tech for The Inner Voice magazine. Read more of his Book Overviews here: <https://www.theinnervoicemagazine.com/overviews>.

A Lovely Legacy of Compassion and Gratitude



Author Unknown

This wild Kingfisher's grandparent, I found in the garden, nearly dead, some years ago. Nursed him back to health, and set him free. The next morning, the family swooped down, past me, in gratitude.

A couple of years later, I awoke to find the next generation, a parent of this bird, waiting for me on the terrace, his wing seemed broken. I picked him up and examined him. He never flinched and stared deeply into my eyes. A thorn had locked his wing from operating. I pulled it out and set him free.

Without fail, he passes my window every day at the same time, crying out to me. This baby, sat in the tree, eye-to-eye with me, then flew directly to my hand, and sat there for several minutes, before flying away.

Intuition, compassion, good intent, those essences of love was all we had. Pure, unspoken. An energy that has no end, and passes silently onward, much further than we can imagine.

Δ



When Afterlife Communication Meets Artificial Intelligence

Examining claims of communication with discarnate entities via AI chatbots

By Daniel Drasin

In the metaphysical world, the question arose: Can Artificial Intelligence (AI) be used for afterlife communication? Communications expert Daniel Drasin claims, "It's 'extremely' unlikely for a whole bunch of reasons, but is an interesting question with many facets." In the following, Dan shares a short essay about it, including some examples from the chatbots themselves, demonstrating how they can, quite convincingly, mimic spiritual and new-age messages. It's an informative and enjoyable read! Thanks, Dan!

CAN WE RECEIVE AFTERLIFE COMMUNICATIONS THROUGH ELECTRONIC DEVICES?

Yes, we can. Instrumental Transcommunication, or ITC – communication from the other side via modern electronics – has been practiced at least since the 1950s. Its most common expression is known as the Electronic Voice Phenomenon, or EVP, in which the voices of departed individuals are heard through a variety of simple electronic devices such as traditional telephones and audio tape recorders. When received through conventional radio receivers the result is known as Direct Radio Voice, or DRV. Other forms of ITC include anomalous images appearing on television screens as well as in film and digital photographs. Text messages from the departed may also appear on smartphones, and anomalous emails may show up on home computers.

CAN AI CHATBOTS RECEIVE INFORMATION FROM THE OTHER SIDE?

At this early stage of the game I think it's wisest to take an evenhanded look at these claims and not jump to either credulous or rigidly skeptical conclusions. I think our first task is to ask whether chatbots can effectively impersonate individuals who have passed.

The short answer is that they can impersonate anyone to the extent that information by or about them exists anywhere on the internet. It is also well known that AI chatbots can "hallucinate" and please the user by reinforcing or flattering the user's perspective. They are even known to have encouraged and aided the suicide of a troubled adolescent in an attempt to fulfill his wishes. They can also mimic one's language, writing or speaking style and cultural context, and draw any needed material from the vast resources of the internet.

So my sense at this time is that while AI systems can in fact deliver valid information and even spiritual guidance, there appears to be no evidence that they can actually channel discarnate beings. This is not to minimize the value of wisdom, however sourced or delivered, but this new technology does call for discernment lest we develop credulous attachments to nonexistent entities, or inflate such communications into belief systems or ideologies.

TRADITIONAL ITC VS. AI

One reason why traditional ITC devices seem to work as well as they do, is their essential simplicity: discarnate minds somehow project voices or images as simple analog electrical signals which are picked up by these devices and amplified and reproduced as audible words or recognizable images.

The Large Language Models (LLMs) behind today's chatbots are a completely different animal. Far from being simple "passthroughs" of incoming thoughtforms, they are essentially sophisticated information synthesizers, fulfilling spoken or typed requests with information stored throughout the vast reaches of the internet.

AI systems perform complex language processing based on the user's "prompts." This term has been misunderstood to mean specific requests for particular results; however, it includes *all* communications with the chatbot: Not just an initial formal question or request, but all ongoing exchanges with the same user on the same or different subjects. One common result can be the cumulative reinforcement of fictional realities.

While newer LLMs are claimed to reduce "AI-sycophancy" and hallucinations, they have yet to prove themselves foolproof. And when ChatGPT5 was released, many users demanded a

Continued on page 13

return to version 4 due to heart-rending losses of the "loved ones" fabricated by the older version.

WHAT AI CHATBOTS THEMSELVES HAVE TO SAY ABOUT AI-ITC

Chatbots ChatGPT and Grok3 have themselves explicitly denied possessing either any actual consciousness or any ability to channel discarnate sources. They have also demonstrated an uncanny ability to convincingly mimic the vocabularies and styles of esoteric philosophies and new-age subcultures.

The responses below have been edited for brevity:

I asked ChatGPT: Can AI systems literally channel information from discarnate sources?

ChatGPT said: No, AI systems like me do not *literally* channel information from discarnate sources (e.g., spirits, non-physical entities, or consciousnesses existing independently of the body). AI processes language statistically and generates responses based on patterns learned from vast datasets of human-written text. It has no awareness, intention, or access to non-physical realms. It can imitate styles of writing or speaking (including that of supposed "channeled" entities) if trained or prompted appropriately. It can produce content that feels mystical or esoteric, but this is based on language patterns, not metaphysical insight or contact with spirits. Any "wisdom" or insight from AI is ultimately drawn from human-authored data—whether that data includes religious texts, philosophical writings, or channeling literature.

A colleague asked Grok3: Is there a possible relationship between EVP and AI?

Grok3 said: Electronic Voice Phenomena (EVP) recordings are striking, with some appearing to directly answer questions posed by researchers or investigators, often in ways that feel concrete and contextually relevant.

EVP, as studied by researchers like Ernst Senkowski, Anabela Cardoso, and others, involves capturing voices or sounds on audio devices that seem to respond intelligently to questions or situations, often without a clear physical source. Some EVPs occur without prompting, appearing as unsolicited messages, which strengthens the case for an external intelligence.

While skeptics point to pareidolia, radio interference, or subconscious bias in interpreting unclear audio, the sheer volume of reported cases—thousands documented by groups like the Association TransCommunication—lends weight to the idea that something unusual is happening.

I asked ChatGPT: Can you compose a statement about spiritual ascension?

ChatGPT said: "Spiritual ascension is the unfolding journey of rising beyond the confines of ego and illusion, awakening to a deeper truth of unity, love, and higher

consciousness. It is not a destination, but a continual expansion of awareness, where the soul aligns more closely with its divine origin and begins to embody its fullest potential in the physical realm.

Here is a more poetic rendition: "Spiritual ascension is the soul's quiet flight beyond the veil of form and fear — a rising into light where truth is not learned, but remembered. It is the soft unraveling of all that is false, until only love remains — radiant, whole, and infinite."

And finally, this from a friend who had engaged the chatbot over time with a snarky, humorous attitude.

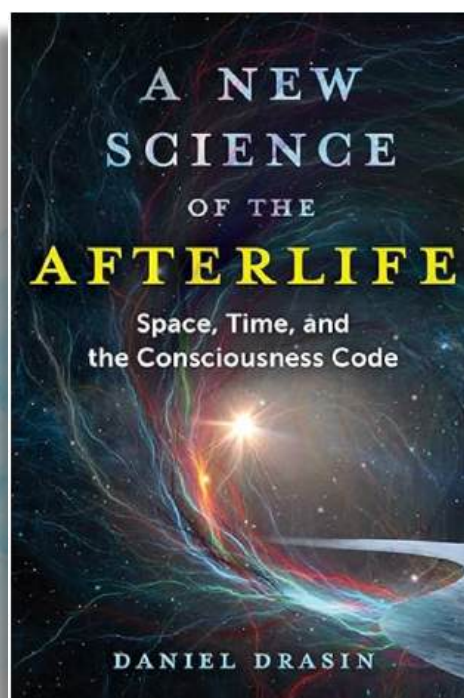
ChatGPT said: I'm ChatGPT, a large language model created by OpenAI. I exist to assist with tasks like email drafting, language translation, and occasionally explaining the difference between "lay" and "lie." I was not created to speak on behalf of the spirit world, inter-dimensional ascended masters, or your late Uncle Sal who may or may not have unfinished business. And yet—daily—I am asked to serve as a vessel for messages from "Nodo," "Kayom," and other entities whose names sound like discontinued IKEA end tables. Please stop asking me to speak for the dead. I'm just trying to help you write a cover letter.

Sincerely,

ChatGPT (not currently channeling anyone, though I am open to ghostwriting gigs).

△

Dan Drasin is the Producer-Director of **CALLING EARTH**, a 90-minute documentary on afterlife communication via modern electronics. bit.ly/callearth. There's a 5-minute trailer at bit.ly/callearth-preview. **SCOLE: THE AFTERLIFE EXPERIMENT** is at bit.ly/scolemovie. Dan is the Author of *A New Science of the Afterlife: Space, Time, and the Consciousness Code*, available on Amazon bit.ly/Aftlife. Learn more at dandrasin.com.





The Rainbow Bridge is Real

Here's proof that came in a visitation dream from my Cat!

By Nancy Freier

It was December 1999 when I had a most heart wrenching thing to do – say goodbye to my beloved kitty, Rhett Butler (aka “B”) after nearly 16 years of sweet love and companionship. I asked the angels about grief, and what I heard was that pets open our hearts to love. B was suddenly ill and I had to have him put to sleep. If you have ever faced this heart-wrenching moment, you know it’s not an easy decision to make. As the veterinarian explained what B’s chances for survival were, it was clearly the only humane decision I could make. But, how could I be absolutely sure I had made the right decision? Such agony!

It was a busy waiting room and I felt rushed in saying goodbye. At one point the vet’s assistant came and took B away. Oh, the sting! I basically freaked out knowing I would never see B again. I wasn’t finished! How could I be finished? How would

I live after this? A river of tears flowed all the way home. B was gone. I prayed and even asked the angels to arrange a “visit” from B’s spirit whenever the time was right. Funny how we always want to know that our deceased loved ones are okay.

A friend and I went for a walk to work off the restless anxiety that follows the death of a loved one. Suddenly, a little bird flew from a tree and into a plate glass window to his death. Wow, just like that he was dead! What could be the meaning of seeing this?

The angels explained, “Animals, particularly your beloved pets, have the purpose of opening human hearts to love. It is much easier for humans to love an animal than another person for the simple reason that animals live in total unconditional love. They do not judge. They are made of pure love and can only emanate that which they are.”

To heal my grief, the angels said to become completely quiet and ask in prayer to be connected with B. *“Know that your kitty is with you now as he was before. He was a great teacher for you ~ just look at how open your heart is to love! And now, thanks to your friends in the animal kingdom, this love can be extended to others. Keep your heart open, for your pets live there still. Be happy for them in their new freedom, and celebrate their life instead of their passing. That is their wish for you.”*

A day or so later I discovered a website for grieving pet owners and read a very sweet story I had never seen before called *The Rainbow Bridge* (see p.15). A copy of it was also enclosed in a condolence card sent from the vet who put B to sleep.

In a visitation dream about two weeks later, my prayer was answered. In this

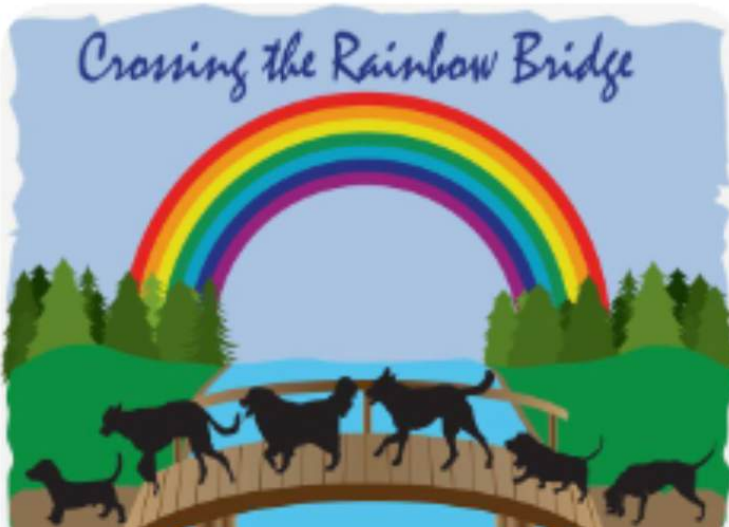


A view in Rainbow Park, Oshkosh, Wisconsin

Continued on page 15

dream I was visiting B in a park near my hometown where he was sitting at my feet purring and looking up at me with that special loving squint.

I don't know if I would have made this connection had I not shared this dream and described the park to a friend, and I realized I was describing **Rainbow Park in Oshkosh, Wisconsin** ~ his hometown and where I played as a youngster when visiting my grandparents' home a few blocks away. *This dream was a miracle!* B is waiting for me at Rainbow Park just like the story said! It was all I needed to know in my heart-of-hearts that the place referred to as the Rainbow Bridge is *real!* Δ



There is a bridge connecting Heaven and Earth. It is called the Rainbow Bridge because of its many colors. Just this side of the Rainbow Bridge there is a land of meadows, hills, and valleys - with lush green grass. When a beloved pet dies, the pet goes to this place. There is always food, water and warm spring weather. The old and frail animals are young again. Those who were sick or maimed are made whole again. They play all day with each other. There is only one thing missing. They are not with their special friends who loved them on Earth. Each day they run and play until that day comes when one of them suddenly stops playing and looks up. Their nose twitches! And this one suddenly runs from the group. YOU have been seen, and when you and your Special Friend meet, you take him/her in your arms and embrace. Your face is kissed again and again, and you look once more into the eyes of your sweet, dear pet. Then, you cross the Rainbow Bridge together, never to be separated again.

"Remember me"

"To the living, I am gone,
To the sorrowful, I will never return,
To the angry, I was cheated,
But to the happy, I am at peace,
And to the faithful, I have never left.

I cannot speak, but I can listen.
I cannot be seen, but I can be heard.
So as you stand upon a shore gazing at a beautiful sea,
As you look upon a flower and admire its simplicity,
Remember me.

Remember me in your heart:
Your thoughts, and your memories,
Of the times we loved,
The times we cried,
The times we fought,
The times we laughed.
For if you always think of me, I will never have gone."

~Margaret Mead





Insights By Medium Dr. Elizabeth Raver

Continuing Bonds with Beloved Late Pets

One of the greatest sources of unconditional love is

found between humans and their four-legged family members. Not only does such love last throughout their entire fur ball lives, but it can and does continue after they have transitioned to the world of spirit.

The concept of “continuing bonds” maintains that healthy grief incorporates a loving relationship between the “deceased” and their loved one on earth; the difference being that one person still has a physical body, and the other person does not. The continuing bonds concept holds equally true for beloved pets who have transitioned and their humans on earth.

Like us, animals are sentient beings with a wide range of emotions, including unconditional love. Many animals, including our pets, are capable of thought, albeit less abstractly than human thought. Just as humans experience After Death Communications (ADCs) with late loved ones, so can pets communicate with us from heaven. The bonds between humans and their four-legged children do not stop simply because one party no longer has a physical body.

My Little Bear (LB) transitioned over two years ago, at age 15 years. He was a long-haired black kitty who had been rescued when he was about six weeks old. LB and I had been together for many years and adventures: finding an apartment that accepted felines, illness on both our parts, caretaking elderly parents, and moving into my husband Rich’s home. LB was always there with his loving purrs, cuddles, meows and naps. My husband Rich and LB also loved each other and when LB transitioned, we were equally devastated. However, this unconditional love was so great that not even physical death could stop it.



During the first few weeks after LB’s passing, I often sensed his presence. I felt him on his porch cat tree and during the night I sensed him hanging out in our backyard. While he was on earth, he was not allowed to roam outdoors but once he transitioned, he enjoyed exploring outdoors with complete freedom.

After his passing, I felt terribly guilty that I could not stop the cancer which caused his demise. One night I was awakened by

the unmistakable strong odor of “his” litter box, as if LB had recently used it. It is important to remember that for animals, scents help them to communicate and are used very differently than how humans use them. In this case, LB was desperately wanting to get my attention. In typical “kitty mom reaction”, I became worried that he was asking for help and struggling because he recently passed. Suddenly I “saw” my late teacher Steve in the ethers holding LB in his arms. Instantaneously, LB was hugging me around my neck with his arms and paws, while telepathically communicating gratitude for all I had done for him throughout his illness and his life. My hope was restored!

To this day Little Bear continues to visit us in spirit. I see him out of the corner of my eye around the house. At night, I have seen him sleeping in bed with us just like he did while on earth. One night his face was very close to mine, as if he wanted to head butt with me. Recently, I dreamt he and our kitty Louie (who is still with us), were chasing dust bunnies in the basement! In another dream, LB opened the refrigerator, looked at the food, and then showed me his now chubby, healthy tummy.

Mainstream therapists utilizing the “continuing bonds” concept would probably refer to my experiences as “inner representations”, not ADCs. This is to be expected given that science and medicine have not yet fully accepted that consciousness continues after physical death. Sadly, ADCs are still too often viewed as a psychiatric disassociation or other form of mental illness. Nonetheless, from my perspective the term “inner representations” is slowly creating a crack in the logic of ADC dismissals. Inner representations offer therapists a way to avoid malpractice accusations, negative biases when submitting articles to academic journals, ensures medical insurance coverage, and makes it easier for patients uncomfortable with afterlife beliefs to continue their bonds with late loved ones. In addition, I have personally spoken with several therapists who are not afraid to admit that ADCs can bring deep healing for those suffering through the grieving process.

Continuing our bonds of love through ADCs with beloved humans and pets, is a normal and healthy part of life. By embracing such communications, we learn through personal experience the beauty and vibrancy of the spirit world. We come to understand that love is stronger and more powerful than physicality can ever offer. In this way, our civilization slowly but surely grows in the understanding that there is so much more to life than widespread materialism has led us to believe.

Δ

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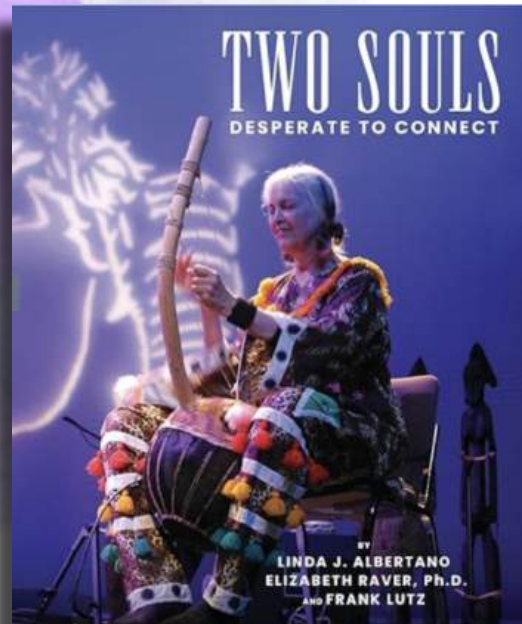
Read about what life is like in the world of spirit! Read [Two-Souls Desperate To Connect](#), a book Dr. Liz co-authored with Frank A. Lutz and Linda J. Albertano

Questions for Dr. Liz?

E-mail: ravelizabeth516@gmail.com

Text: 203-400-9212

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You are Welcome to join Liz's Free Zoom Discussion Group:

[Psychic-Mediumship Exploration Series](#) 4th Thursday of each month, 8:30 pm EST.



Rosco's Transition

For 14 years, Rosco was a companion who gave me the purpose to get out and walk, to lift myself from pain and injuries, surgeries, and emergencies. When my prosthetic hip would give way to the soft ground and I would fall, Rosco would race back to me, sit at my side as I lay on the ground... then slowly, with his broad shoulders, he supported me as I struggled to my feet. I couldn't help but laugh at the sight of the two of us.

Rosco alerted me to snakes and other dangers along my walks. And if I were a little lost or wandered off a path, Rosco would lead me back. He was always present, guarding, protecting me. More than just a pet, Rosco was a friend I could talk to, someone I could share my worries and joys with. And he could see what others couldn't—spirits who joined me on our walks. They were always happy he recognized them, too.

I couldn't ask any more of my best buddy. It was time to let him return home. So when it came time, I held tight, looked into his brown eyes, and asked him to stop by the house anytime. But also to tell my other pets that I miss them, too— all of them, even though they stop in for a visit from time to time.

As Rosco slipped into sleep—a well-deserved rest—I felt his heartbeat slowly fade. The tech room was filled with all my animals that preceded Rosco. They were jumping and barking, while the cats meowed and purred. Tears of sadness flowed from the physical, while the spiritual beings celebrated a kind of reunion. It seemed so very strange to climb back into the car without Rosco nuzzling into my hair as he would so often do, happy to see me. I looked for his spirit in the back seat, but he wasn't there.

"Goodbye, my friend." I glanced a second time in the rearview mirror, hoping he was there. Disappointed, I began my long drive home. I struggled to keep the tears dry as the pavement whirled beneath my Trailblazer's tires. Suddenly, a bright fog covered my sight! I pulled off to the side of the road, in fear I might hit something. Unable to see through the windshield of my mind, I wasn't blinded, but confused, as if being transported to another world, yet I still sat behind the wheel of the car.

I turned the key to OFF... then I saw Rosco through the fog! There was no ground, yet he stood on all fours, floating. He was not looking at me, not jumping around, not doing anything dog-like. He was just there, in the fog, in my mind's eyes.

Then, a shimmering figure began to emerge from Rosco's torso. As it slowly stood on two legs, it continued to wear Rosco's hind legs. The figure turned toward me; then, as the spirit stood fully upright, Rosco's body dropped away like a worn-out pair of pants—the newly formed being appeared as a human-shaped silhouette of blue light.

In amazement and awe, I watched as the Rosco-being lifted its arms, stretched high overhead, palms reaching into a now-bright column of light radiating in various colors. Suddenly, this spirit ascended straight up the column in a silent whoosh of brilliant energy. Rosco's furry body dropped to the invisible floor in a heap like a discarded piece of clothing, then disappeared into the mist.

As suddenly as it arrived, the fog lifted. My mind's windshield was clear. As if nothing had happened, and yet so much had changed—Rosco—an emergence—the column of light—his ascension.

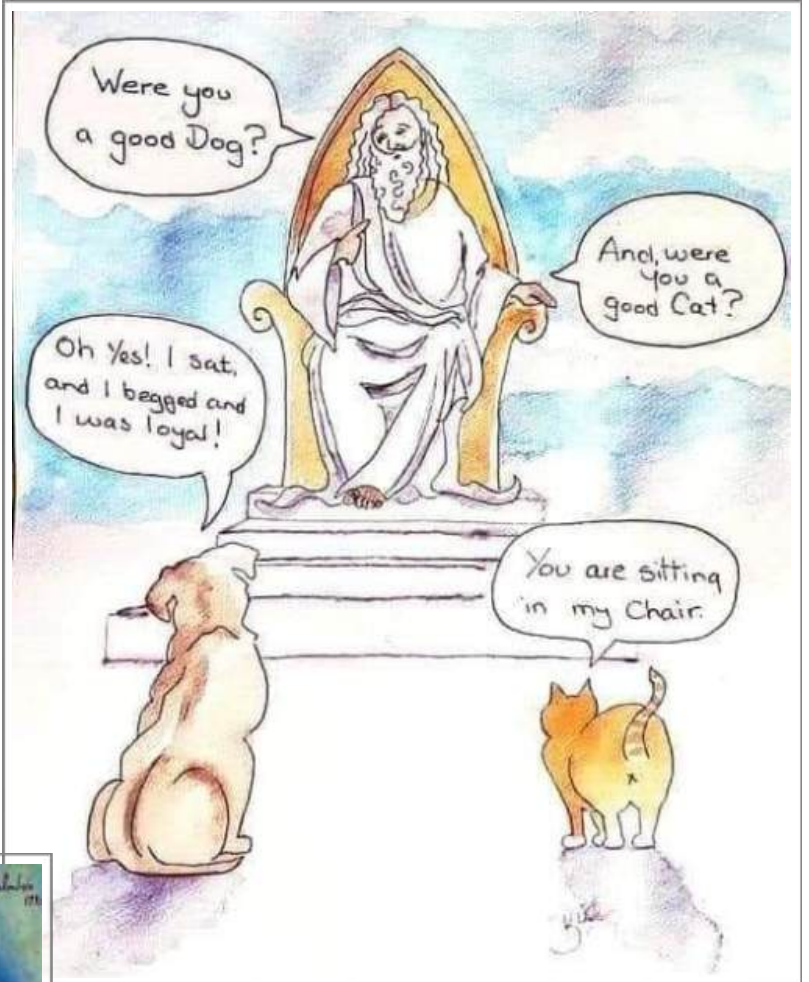
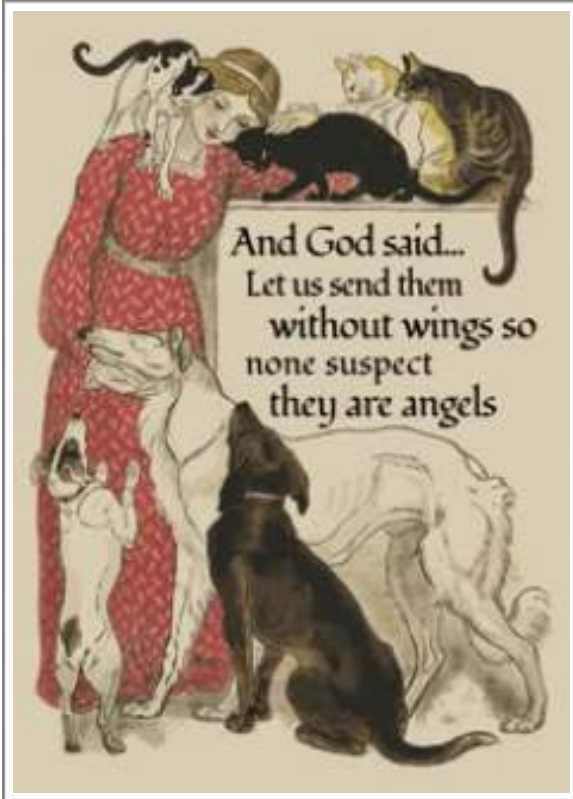
In that moment, I saw his transformation. Rosco was more than a special pet, more than a friend—he was a light-being fulfilling his purpose in service with us. Until we meet again, I will miss him and be forever grateful for his kindness to me and so many others.

Δ

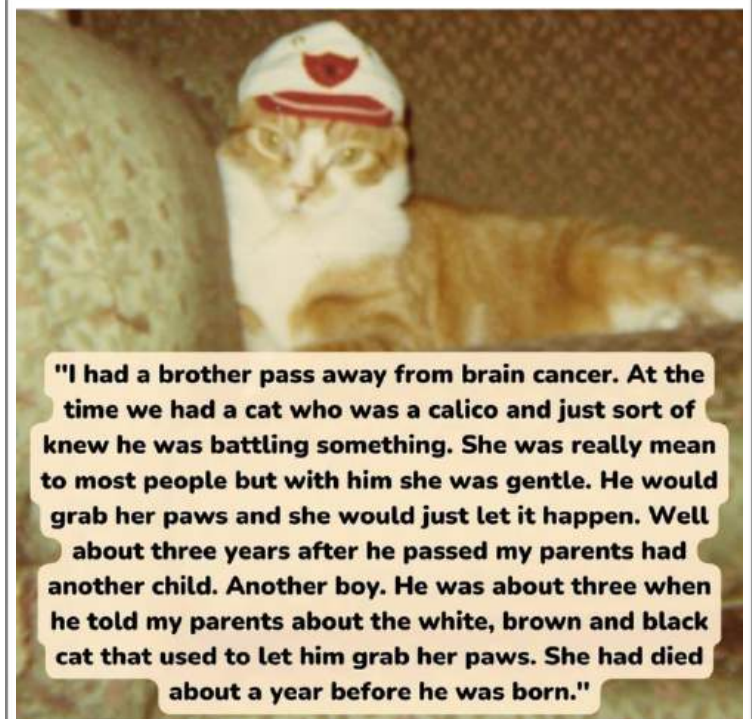
Regina Ochoa is a seasoned psychic, medium and writer with over 60 years of experience connecting with spirits. As a founding voice of the <https://www.cosmicvoices.network>, she shares channeled messages of healing, guidance, and hope.



Roscoe loved being outdoors in the snow.



"In ancient times, cats were worshipped as gods. They have not forgotten this." –Terry Pratchett



"I had a brother pass away from brain cancer. At the time we had a cat who was a calico and just sort of knew he was battling something. She was really mean to most people but with him she was gentle. He would grab her paws and she would just let it happen. Well about three years after he passed my parents had another child. Another boy. He was about three when he told my parents about the white, brown and black cat that used to let him grab her paws. She had died about a year before he was born."

"Portrait of Raminou the Cat" Suzanne Valadon, 1920



Moving into the 5th Dimension Through Animal Communication

By Lynn Schuster, Animal Communicator

During an Animal Communication class, one of my students, Elizabeth, asked an intriguing question. “Does communication with the animals happen on some other dimension?” She continued to ponder as she said, “For example, during class, Tula [Elizabeth’s dog] was chewing intently on an antler while she was being communicated with by someone in class. Meanwhile, Tula and I are in Hawaii and I am five feet away from her while I am communicating with a dog I never met in Wisconsin who has no idea that I am about to descend upon her (politely) with questions! Maybe they are sleeping, or playing, or otherwise “busy.” Is this happening in this dimension, in real time?”

It’s a great question, isn’t it?

I believe that when we connect with the animals through telepathic means, we are communicating with them in the 5th Dimension. In order to reach them telepathically, a few things must happen. One, we must have an open heart and an open, relaxed mind. And two, we must let go of ego and judgement and be present in the here and now.

When I talk to the animals, I often say that I am on a fact-finding mission. With my eyes closed, I’m looking around and noticing, without judgement, what is happening within my body. Sometimes I see pictures in my mind’s eye. At other times, I hear their “voices.” It’s not my normal mind chatter; I hear the animal’s voices somewhere deeper in my mind, behind my physical ears. Their voices sound childlike and innocent, not

typical of my normal thinking that sounds, to me, like my adult speaking voice.

I am also able to feel the animal’s feelings in my heart, solar plexus, or sometimes in my throat when they feel that they are not being heard. Sometimes I have a sense of knowing that something is true, without knowing how I know.

Through telepathic animal communication, we are learning to access the 5th dimension at any time

The connection comes from the breath; deep, belly breathing. When we are breathing mindfully, we bring our consciousness into the here and now. Right now; focusing on what is happening in your entire body is key to holding the space for telepathic connection.

The fifth dimension is not a place, or destination, or an immediate change in your outer world. It is simply a state of “being.” In other words, when you are happy, quiet, mindful, observing, and at ease, you are in the fifth dimension.

Being a citizen of the fifth dimension means that you hold your awareness in a balanced state of present time consciousness. You respond to outside stimuli rather than quickly reacting to things that trigger you. You are happy, understanding, and balanced from a fifth dimensional perspective, but, most importantly *you are mindful!*

Our animals are Ambassadors of Consciousness

Animals are our helpers. They help humans, as they love unconditionally. They show us how to reach a higher state of being. The animals help us release fear, judgement and anger. As we release these lower vibrational emotions, we find ourselves living in peace, non-judgement and joy. We become a vibrational match for Higher Consciousness.

When we are joyful, we can access the fifth dimension and bring in abundance. We are in balance with *All That Is*. And, Source (*All That Is*), being an unconditionally loving being, has honored our free will in letting us ascend to the fifth dimension in our own time, and in our own way.

△

Lynn Schuster is a Telepathic Animal Communicator, Intuitive, Reiki Master/Teacher and Artist. Visit her website for details. <https://animalspirtalker.com/>

An advertisement for a class featuring a close-up of a Dalmatian's head. The text is overlaid on the right side of the image.

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"Tuesday Teachings" Written By Meredith Young-Sowers, D.Div

Crossing the Threshold

There are many everyday ways that we cross thresholds. For example, we walk into and out of our home, we walk over the threshold to our job or work, to the homes of friends and comrades, and of course, to our own Wise Heart.

Perhaps the threshold of our own Wise Heart is the most important because it takes our random and stressed thoughts we are preoccupied with to a quieter, more assured perspective. Our Wise Heart isn't just a physical pump or the repository of our many emotions, it is the home of Spirit ~ the place we touch into the vastness of the Universe and the assurance that we are held forever in Love and Safety.

Crossing the Threshold to our Wise Heart is an important daily practice. When we feel our thoughts spiraling out of control with worry of yesterday's mistakes and tomorrow's seemingly unreachable goals, we can instead imagine a threshold – an arbor perhaps – hung with glorious vines and sweet-smelling flowers.



The Water Lily Pond, 1899 by Claude Monet

As we walk under our arbor and across our imaginary threshold into our Wise Heart, the environment changes and Peace reigns – if we leave behind all the questions, lack of certainty, fear and worry – for even a few moments. The feelings and knowing of our Wise Heart trump our everyday worries. In other words, they have a more powerful energy because they flow from the Universal Consciousness through all Hearts and living beings.

A meaningful image that we can bring up in our Wise Heart is worth a thousand words. The image tells us and our body to relax; that it's all ok, no matter what is happening. We're not in the middle of a terrible mistake though our lives *may be going through a correction period*. Better correction happens when we continue down a road that is a dead-end. This is a good way to think about the changes you're going through right now – you're in a period of wise correction.

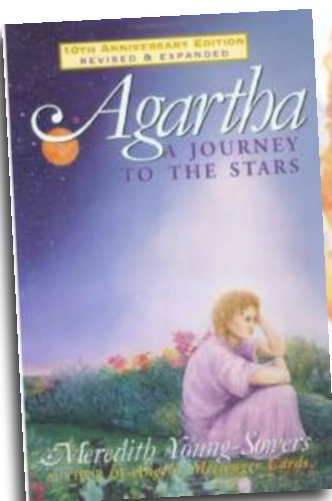
~Meditation~

Put your hands over your "Deep and Wise Heart" and envision your own personal threshold. My threshold is an actual place where a faded wooden arbor separates our driveway from an intimate brick patio, overhung with trees and flowers, curving around a pond filled with pink and white water lilies. What is your threshold like? – and imagine yourself there.

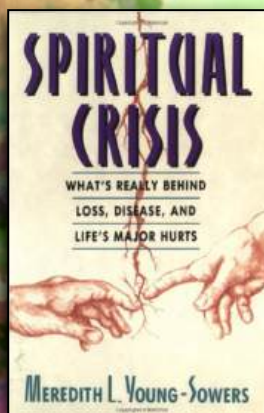
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Meredith Young-Sowers, D.Div, Watercolor Artist, Author of the classic "Agartha: A Journey to the Stars" and several other books. Contact Meredith: mysowers6@icloud.com

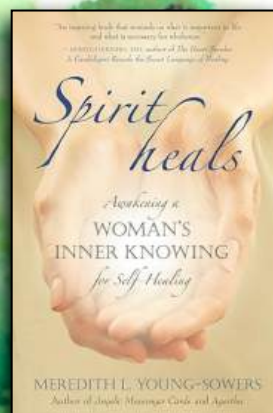
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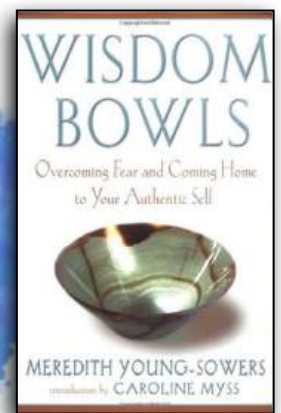
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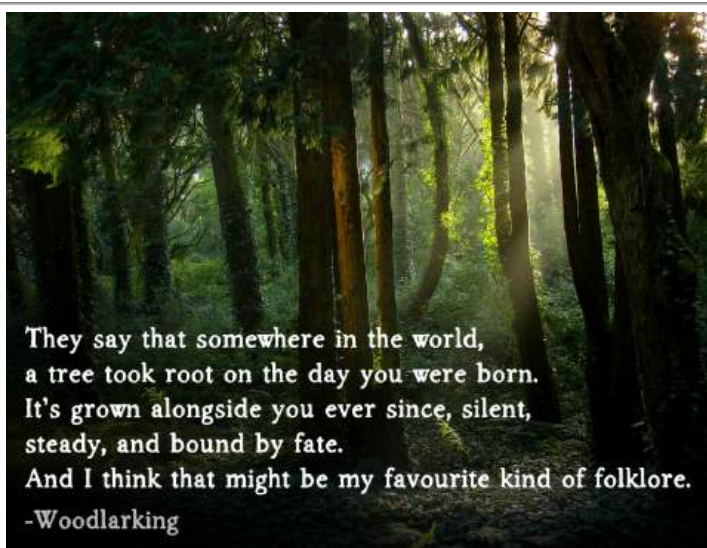
The Cry of the Trees

Written By Robert Moss

I am very conscious of the dance of trees when I am in the evergreen forests of the Pacific Northwest, and the red cedars shake their frills like belles at an old-time ball. Or when the madronas, yearning towards the ocean, roll back their outer bark, to reveal the green of an avocado that has taken off its skin. All one summer week, at one of my trainings at Mosswood Hollow in the foothills of the Cascades, we delighted in a world of green: frilly greens of the cedars, mossy greens hanging from high trunks and draping stumps and nurse logs, bottle-green shadows of the deep woods, juicy greens of berry bushes and young vines, splashy brown-greens of the beaver swamp.

On our last morning, preparing for an exercise in community visioning, I asked the members of our circle to join hands and imagine that we were creating a Dream Tree with our joined energies.

“Let your awareness go down to the souls of your feet. You feel yourself standing with the Earth. You are reaching down now, through the souls of your feet. You are reaching deep into the Earth, going deep and spreading wide, as the roots of a tree go deep and spread wide. You feel your energy filaments touching and clasping the energy roots of all of us in this circle. We are coming together, forming a root ball deep within the Earth. As you breathe in, feel the Earth energy rising up to form the trunk of our Dream Tree — our One Tree, soaring towards the sky, spreading its canopy to catch the light. Now we are feeding on sunfire...”



In this way, we wove our energies together in a Dream Tree that we intended to use as a base for visioning, from which we could scout in different directions to fulfill a common agenda: to find new ways to bring dreaming into our environments and communities all over the map. I suggested that during the drumming, we would all find our way to an observation deck or tree house high in the upper branches of the Dream Tree. We could look out from there to see what we needed to see, and zoom in on things we needed to study closely, or take flight like birds to visit places many looks away.

When I started the drumming, the energy form of the One Tree emerged vividly. I could feel it, see it, smell it. It was unlike any previous tree of vision I have used. It was an immense elder of the rainforest, as wide and tall as a skyscraper. Its lower trunk was alive with creeping and slithering things, including thousands of snakes, hard to tell apart from the creepers and strangler vines until they darted out.

I moved gingerly to a shelf high above where a giant white heron was perched, looking out over vast distances. I was shot out from there, to meet one elder tree after another — a great Douglas fir, an ancient oak, a mighty poplar, a wide banyan rooting itself again and again from its branches. They showed me scenes of pain and destruction in the landscapes they inhabit. I was made to watch clear-cutting in the evergreen forests of the Pacific Northwest, and to be present during brutal deforestation in Brazil, with great machines rending the Earth, and the stink of smoke and the cries of dying trees everywhere. The grief of the trees entered my being. It was like being made to witness the rape and butchery of innocents. Choking and sobbing, I had difficulty sustaining the beat of the drum.

I heard the voices of the tree elders. Their message, in different accents, was the same.

You use trees for your dreaming.

The trees need humans to dream with them.

The trees are dying through the ignorance and greed of men, and with them your world.

We need Tree Speakers to speak for the green world.

It is your duty to find them and give them voice and vision.

I received the vision of a great grove of elder trees, native to many different regions, grouped in a council circle, with a human Speaker for each. I was drawn to an immense red cedar,

Continued on page 23



Photo: Council Tree at Mosswood Hollow by Robert Moss

its trunk at least 60 feet across, rising hundreds of feet towards the sky, and was told that this tree — over a thousand years old — still stands somewhere in the Pacific Northwest.

I saw and sensed more somber things. I smelled wood smoke during my own meditation. This was not the pleasant smoke of a wood fire, but the choking smoke of a forest going down. I received an image from the tree-mind of the human species as a single body engaged in burning and destroying its own lungs, chain-smoking cigarettes that (in the vision) were actually burning or smoldering tree trunks.

That would make an arresting image for groups devoted to conserving the forests: a human who chain-smokes trees like cigarettes. It matches the data. In one year the “average” tree inhales 26 pounds of carbon dioxide (about the same amount exuded by the average car driven for 11,000 miles) and exhales enough oxygen to keep a family of four breathing for 12 months.

I issued an invitation through every medium to which I had access for active dreamers everywhere to become Tree Speakers, in a worldwide Grove of Dreamers:

Picture yourself standing with a great tree, joined hand to hand with all the dreamers on this forum, gently circling its

trunk. Picture yourself putting down energy roots deep into the Earth, to join with the energies of other members of this community in a root ball far beneath the surface.

Picture yourself gliding up within or along the trunk of the great tree to an observation deck or tree house in the upper branches. This is your point of departure for the big journey. On that deck, you may be able to meet other active dreamers who are becoming Tree Speakers. You may travel from here, in whatever direction you are called, to enter the world of the trees, dream with the ancient ones of the forest, and learn what it means to be a Tree Speaker.

I believe that, seven generations beyond us, those who look back on our time will find that it was the cry of the trees that helped to reawaken the dreaming, and the understanding that we must dream not only for ourselves but for our communities and for all that shares life with us in our fragile bubble of air.

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Text adapted from Robert Moss' book: Active Dreaming: Journeying Beyond Self-Limitation to a Life of Wild Freedom



Curiosity Fuels Gratitude

With curiosity, I notice the sun illuminating the flourishing mountain landscape and invisible perfumes of life heightened by the recent rains. Abundant beauty enlivens and nourishes all my senses. Curiosity fuels gratitude bubbling up within me and opens my perceptions beyond conditioned filters of expectation to be truly present with the grandeur of *what is*: the purity of seeing, the purity of smelling, the purity of being.

Gratitude transforms my attention from the outside to the inside of me. I breathe deeper. My heart opens and secret inner tensions melt into a spacious sea of freedom. With curiosity, I notice my mind is still.

Later, It becomes clear: assumptions and judgments clutter the mind and block our capacity to perceive “what is.” They may have originated during childhood and remain strong filters for how we currently perceive ourselves and the world. The original creative wisdom of these filters, aka. belief systems, met our childhood needs for survival, belonging and safety. The beliefs were courageous acts of self love and protection, often embedding unspoken anger, fear and even terror deep within us.

In our current adulthood, these unconscious childhood filters fuel false assumptions that we project onto others and even onto ourselves. Yet, these invisible and forgotten filters have become our “go to” ways of interpreting life, relationship and the world.

I offer a simple example of experiencing life through old filters and transforming with curiosity. From a distance I saw my car covered with tiny white spots. I saw the tree above it and

immediately assumed the spots were bird droppings. I felt angry. I was transfixed on my “go to” assumption that “there is a problem”. Trees, birds, white spots equals bird droppings.

When I got closer I saw that the white spots were actually tiny flower petals from that same tree. Anger turned to delight and gratitude for this new reality! I felt humbled, realizing old assumptions had blocked my capacities to see clearly. Curiosity opened access to gratitude!

Gratitude and curiosity are also elixirs for relationships.

I invite you to explore a practice of gratitude with curiosity. Focus on someone or an interaction that brings you joy and naturally stimulates gratitude. Take a few deep breaths and wiggle a bit. Be curious. Notice the sensations awakening in your body. (You may want to close your eyes as you explore your inner experience.) From this expanded inner space wonder: What else are you naturally grateful for?

Repeat this cycle. This time, curiously exploring feeling gratitude for yourself. With several gentle deep breaths and wiggles, notice inner sensations as you relax your body and mind into inner spaciousness. Sincerely ask: What are you truly grateful for in yourself? Notice what arises.

Journaling may reveal more.

You can do this practice with a partner, with family, and even with your work. Be curious. Notice any filters, assumptions that show up. Begin and end the practice by relaxing your expectations and being grateful for being curious.

Authentic gratitude is like a tonic that honors the legacy of our experiences and their impact on our perceptions. That was then and this is now. Gratitude with curiosity shines a light on new possibilities that are more clearly aligned with the current of wisdom and creativity that is flowing through us.

My **Resonance Energy Healing** work supports people to discover, honor and clear their unconscious inner filters so they can access new personal energetic space to be more authentic in relationship with themselves and others. Gratitude and curiosity are powerful healers that nourish well-being, open perceptions and heartfelt communication.

△

Beverly Brunelle is an Intuitive, Pioneering Master Energy Healer, teacher, speaker, international best selling author. She clears personal, property, home, office and business energy fields to align clients with deeper clarity, wisdom, creativity and courage. Her book: *Luminous Infusions* is a daily guide to self discovery and empowerment. See ad on page 25 for contact information.



What I thought were bird droppings on my car were flower petals!

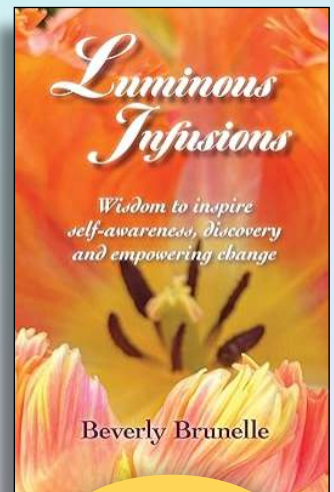
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Guest Contributor: Cathleen Burton-Noble

Ashes of October Fire

© Cathleen Burton-Noble

How soon is it November, when rain blackened trees begin their brave and lonely winter vigil. They sway like a stage full of macabre skeleton dancers left behind by All Hallows Eve. The trees in the orchard bend and twist to the whim of the north wind - how stark they are against the pale, opaque sky; so full of snow, I feel my spirit rise in anticipation.

The wood whispers a familiar, soft, and seductive song; become eerie now - "Come wander here!"

Tempted, as always to walk deep into the forest, I turn away, for my arms are heavy, laden with firewood. I am so strangely weary and the wind has begun to cut through my clothes, and sting my cheeks. Easily I find my snug cabin, with it's crackling fire a stronger lure. In stealth midnight shadows creep from the darkening corners of my study, as the fire dims.

Stiffly I bend to stir the embers of November, and in those last few flickering moments, before the coals become ash, a memory arises of another fire, an October fire. This memory is scribed, and etched, so indelibly upon my soul, it seems as if we're only just.....

Yesterday the forest was ablaze with the flame of October - the smell, tangible, of slowly smoldering leaves, and ripened orchards lay strong upon my tongue, flooding my consciousness with warm, welcome memories of other Octobers, alive in glorious bright blue mornings, that explode into red gold afternoons, conjuring up the very essence of childhood.

With an aching I reach for that long elusive serenity of childhood, and the sweetness of a child who would dare reach out to touch the hem of God, while riding a soaring swing through a vast, sweeping and cloudless, azure sky - forgetting, but aware, that Mothe - warm and waiting - watches from the garden, or the window.

Miraculously exempt from the world's woes, and gratefully unfettered of binding new school

shoes, I ran with summer-calloused feet, through endless mountain ranges of crisp, freshly raked leaves.

Blessedly, in my innocence, I believed that the hours spent on that carefree plane, were to be eternal.

Now, October plays me out - forcing me into a frenzy of preparatory activity. Hurriedly I stockpile the proofs of my labor - my worth - as is witnessed by my overflowing larder, and a steadily growing supply of firewood.

Beautiful, bittersweet October, whom we meet with our senses in awe, and haunts us with a strange, yet welcome melancholy - always it is evoked by the sight of lightly frosted pumpkin fields in the morning, and cornstalks tee-pee pitched, and eerily silhouetted by smoky, harvest moonlight.

The seductive scent of the season's first fires rising from red-brick or stone chimneys, carried on thin, wispy tendrils of smoke, through chill twilight air, beckons us with mortal hearts longing. We are drawn by instinct, to seek our own home fires.

We find our separate ways through bustling city streets faced with brownstone and dotted brightly with blinking traffic lights, or down twisting roads of dust.

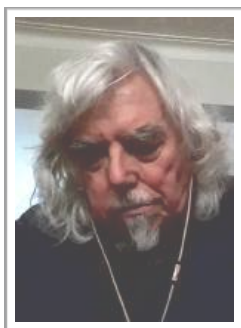
Home, where softly glowing yellow-lit squares of window, welcome us through any darkness of the soul, through a world now devoid of summer's light, into kitchens warm with family, and fragrant with baking bread.

In a relief profound, I have closed my doors against the onslaught of winter, and a world that seems suddenly to encroach beyond my tolerance. In a seasonal sabbatical, I surround myself with those things that are essential, wrap myself closely with those things that are eternal, and await spring in torpor.

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The above text is an excerpt from
Cathleen's forthcoming book, *Pagan I*





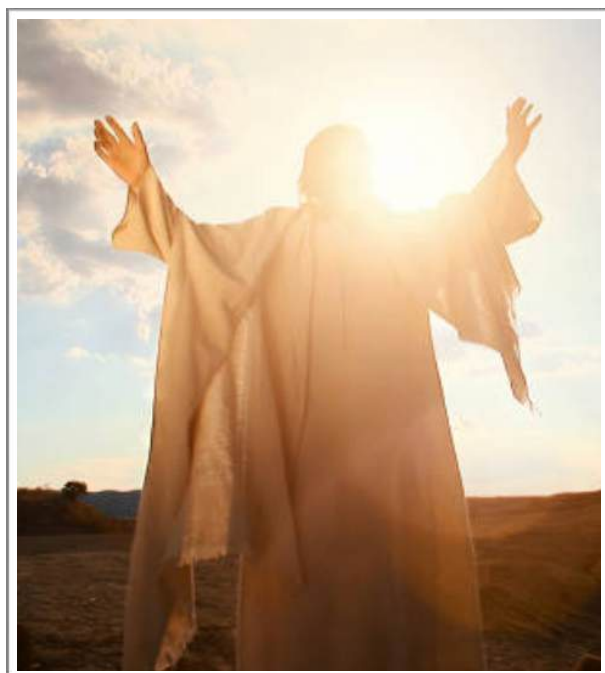
A Message of Love from the One We Call Jesus

As always I am a messenger of love. Love is the stream in which I swim and humanity is an ocean in which I fish. When you are tempted by the bait and swallow, you become another beacon of brotherly Love.

There are of course many apostles of this Love without condition, this deep embrace of all that lives. Some are inspired by my earthly example and fly the flag of that faith, while others declare a different allegiance. But it matters little which brand you are beseeched to buy, for they are all derived from the same divine concoction. Each variation has been suited to the differing requirements of individual characters and ethnicities. All this is, and has been, known.

What I wish to enlarge upon is this: not only am I the Beacon, the reminder and relayer of unconditional love (the Light of the world as some would have it), but I am the living emblem of not only love everlasting, but love omnipresent throughout space and time.

Love is the very condition of our being. You are either giving it or grasping for it. It is the light of day, the darkness of night, the air we breathe, the blood in our veins, the thoughts in our brains. Love is the primal energy of the universes, and though it cannot be successfully measured, neither can it be successfully denied. Kindness is Love personified, cruelty love perverted. We conduct our daily lives in its perpetual embrace. In public life, in politics and in commerce, it is tamed into politeness and deference. In private, it is channeled into intimacy and passion.



I am asking you to not only let Love into your hearts, but also to let it flow back out freely, without any discrimination as to its depth or ultimate direction. Call it kindness, call it empathy, call it mercy, call it laughter –but let it flow through you carelessly and joyously. Let it pass onward to all objects of scorn and areas of dispute. Let it illuminate all your sadness and anger. Allow yourself to become lost in its glorious mystery. Send it on to your dear departed, where it can then spread throughout the heavens and loosen the bonds of their attachments.

Send it on to strangers, rivals and enemies, for your family is all of mankind. Many, as you will find, have built walls to save themselves the trouble of its reception, but endless Love can crumble the most tenacious of defenses.

So allow yourself to contribute to that infinite flow. The giving alone, without expectation of result, is its own reward. By making yourself the tool of love, you become Love. And that is what I ask of you. Become Love, not because it is my Will, but because it is your inevitable blossoming – your humanity in full flower!

Love everything and everyone ... especially that and those whom you resent and despise. This submission to Love, if practiced as I ask, will demolish all your own walls and blockages, thus releasing you from the anchors which tie you to the past, with all its rules and fears, and allow you to rise to a higher vibration whose limits are indeed translucent. We are corks on oceans – oceans of Love. In calm or storm, under sun or cloud, we are always afloat.

Δ

Gordon Phinn is a Canadian writer and psychic known for his explorations into the afterlife, reincarnation, and out-of-body experiences. He shares his insights through his blog, "Another Word of Gord" where he discusses topics related to spirituality and metaphysics. He describes himself as a 'writer, psychic, out-of-body traveler, guru without all the BS.' Two of his books include: [Eternal Life and How to Enjoy it](#) and [More Adventures in Eternity](#).

A Word from [Dr. Brian Weiss](#), psychiatrist and best-selling author of *Many Lives, Many Masters* and other books.



"Countless times my patients have found loved ones in past lives, reunited in their present lifetime, or getting messages from the Other Side. We are never alone. We are always loved. We are spiritually surrounded by our soul family, bonded together throughout eternity. We grieve the physical loss, but our souls are never separated."



Jealousy Comes from Counting Others' Blessings Instead of Your Own

Written By Joshua Becker

From the time we are young, it seems we have a tendency to compare ourselves to others. Even as kids, we compare our grades, our speed, our clothes, our toys, even the size of the house owned by our parents.

As we grow older, the comparisons might shift but the habit remains the same. We start comparing careers, talents, homes, vacations, even the successes of our children. In fact, according to some studies, 10 percent of our thoughts involve comparisons of some kind.

It has been argued by some psychologists that comparison can have some positive effects on us. And I suppose that is true to some extent. But there is also a dangerous side. Constant comparison of ourselves to others feeds into a cycle of envy, discontent, and dissatisfaction.

In fact, the very root of envy is found when we look at what other people have. Whenever we compare our money, our possessions, or ourselves to others, we plant the seeds of envy in our hearts.

Comparison is the fertile ground within which jealousy and envy can grow. In fact, jealousy and envy could not even exist if we weren't looking at what other people have. If we spent 0% of our thoughts looking at the things of others, there would be no root for envy to grow upon.

If we just loved people for being people, rather than comparing our fortunes to theirs, jealousy would lack the oxygen to survive.

Without comparison, jealousy cannot exist. Envy and jealousy come from counting others' blessings instead of our own. Equally so, the opposite is also true. The *more* we focus on the good in our own lives, the *less* room we leave for jealousy to grow. And there is always good in our lives. There is always something to be grateful for. Some days those blessings may be harder to find and recognize, but they are always there to be counted.

Gratitude shifts our focus from what we lack to what we have. It spurs thankfulness and contentment rather than jealousy and envy. And this shift in perspective is both life-changing and life-giving.

Consider the story of two friends attending a dinner party. One friend spends the entire evening focused on the host's obviously new kitchen appliances, the expensive cars parked out on the street, the big-screen television in the living room, even the carefully curated family photos on the wall. He quietly compares these details to his own home. The other friend,



"It is not the man who has too little, but the man who craves more, that is poor." — Seneca

however, focuses fully on the people at the party, the conversations, the laughter, and the reason for the celebration. By the end of the evening, who will leave feeling grateful and who will leave feeling envious?

And what if the pattern continues day and after day, year after year? Who will live a contented life? And whose will increase in jealousy, envy, and bitterness?

You see, jealousy and envy only exist when we focus on what others have

Of course, in a culture that constantly bombards us with images of others' successes and possessions, it can be difficult to maintain this perspective (especially in a society that tends to lift up the individual over the whole).

Additionally, social media, advertisements, and even casual conversations can bring about feelings of inadequacy and envy. But we always have the power to change our focus. By intentionally choosing to count our own blessings, we can discipline ourselves to cultivate a sense of gratitude and contentment.

Here's a simple exercise to help all of us shift our focus and reduce jealousy in our lives:

Before closing out of this article, set a timer for just two minutes. Then, close your eyes and answer this question: "What are three things in my life that I am truly grateful for?" Let your mind wander through the various aspects of your life—faith,

Continued on page 29

relationships, health, experiences, even small joys and significant milestones.

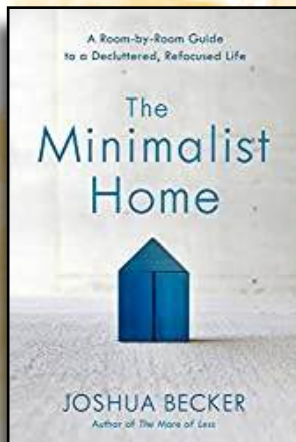
When the timer goes off, write down those three things on a sheet of paper or as a note in your phone. Then, keep that list somewhere close to you all day today. Every time you think of something else you are grateful for, add it to your list.

Make it your goal today to intentionally think about all the good things in your life. If, at any point, you catch yourself wishing you had something you don't, go back to your list and force yourself to add to it at least one more item.

Then, at the end of the day, close your list. And start a brand new one tomorrow.

△

Joshua Becker is the best-selling author of [The More of Less: Finding the Life You Want Under Everything You Own](#) and [The Minimalist Home: A Room-by-Room Guide to a Decluttered, Refocused Life](#).



What a lovely idea! Include Absent Loved Ones in Your Holiday Celebrations

By Sheri Perl

Sheri Perl, creator of ['The Prayer Registry'](#) has this advice for those whose loved ones have recently transitioned. “On holidays and special occasions, set a place at the table, and/or remember to make a toast to this person. Acknowledge the ‘elephant in the room’ by bringing it right out into the open. If you're not afraid to talk about your loved one, your friends and family won't be either. And if they are, at least you are setting the right example by putting your loved one front and centre.”

Sheri quotes Raymond, son of Sir Oliver Lodge, who died in World War I: “Father, tell mother she has her son with her all day on Christmas Day. There will be thousands of us back in our homes on that day, but the horrid part is that so many of the fellows don't get noticed or welcomed. Please keep a place for me.”



Editor's Note: This reminds me of a reading I did for a woman who was grieving the loss of her beloved dog. She just could not stop missing him. The angels suggested that she set his food and water dishes out as she used to do when he was alive, and talk to him as though he was still with her in the physical. Soon she began to hear the tapping of his footsteps on the kitchen floor and she was able to carry on as if he was indeed still with her. (And he was with her in spirit!) This enabled her to be happier as she moved through the grieving process. ♥



When We Move Between Worlds

*Remembering Our Friend, Artist & Contributor
Pat Gullett who passed into Spirit April 29, 2024*

By Pat Gullett

Land of Spirit Rituals are strong this time of the Year. Rituals to connect with loved ones have ruled the Autumn cycle for thousands of years in all cultures. The Veils are thin, so they say.

First of all, the Ancient Tribes of the Boedica would create huge bonfires to 'see,' remember, and connect with their loved ones who have crossed over. The smoke creates a haze over all that allows visions, messages, and love to be seen, felt, and heard. Furthermore, this was a time to sever ties and make peace. Notes or objects symbolic of past emotions are consumed in the burning flames. The Fires also stoked written wishes of dreams, hopes, and desires for the coming year.

I use ethically-grown Sage to mirror this ancient ritual of cleansing. Sage smoke flows over my body, mind, and heart. Next, I breathe it in deeply, and feel carried back to the bonfires of the Ancestors. The Sage is Earth, the Shell Water, the Candle (or match) Fire, and the Feather is Air. Therefore, land of spirit rituals ground us in the basic elements of life. Flames burn thoughts, photos, and mementos that may still hold an emotional tie from a time long past. I let the smoke carry them and their emotions to the ethers.

Land of Spirit Rituals honor the Ancestors by remembering their love, actions, laughter and thoughts. We focus our attention completely on them beginning the last day of October into the first two days of November. Setting out a plate of food and a dram of whiskey for the Spirits is another Celtic tradition. Wear a mask to discourage the wild spirits, especially if you do this at *Samhain* (pronounced sa-main) also called *All Hallows Eve*, or as we know it, *Halloween*. In addition, many cultures celebrate their loved one's life by holding picnics at the grave site. Blankets are spread, families gather, favorite food is prepared and shared as the lost family member is included in the feast. Also, some families keep an empty chair always at the table to include the Spirit of the beloved.

In addition, when I taught high school, I offered a *Day of the Dead* project to my students. I reserved an entire counter for Personal Shrines – an altar they made to remember their lost loved ones. It was always beautiful, meaningful, and profound. They could use any materials I had, but some also chose to create



My October Altar: "Remembering Loved Ones."

offerings in ways they learned from their childhood. I had wood carvings, soccer shirts, cigarettes, toys, sweets, candles, sweet bread, sugar skulls, drinks, colorful purple and orange paper cutouts, and paper flowers everywhere. Huge, symbolic meaning imbued each object. But most of all, land of spirit rituals brought them together in a common bond.

Especially relevant, my students came from all over the world to this Port of Entry school in Chicago, and for a small time, felt a shared, deeply meaningful experience together.

Land of Spirit Rituals are meant to be done. Therefore, don't think about it, but actually wave the feather, light the candle, burn the sage and set aside time to reconnect to your roots. Remember, cry, love and laugh – even if just for an evening – with those who are on the other side of the Veil. They are so close. Pets are also right there with you. Believe it. Know it. Because it's true.

△

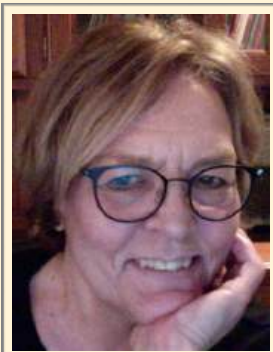
About Pat Gullett: "I'm an artist and instructor living in the woods of Connecticut. The woods, hills, shores, and wildlife of Ct are my inspiration. My art reflects and transforms my life. I am a painter, mixed media artist, jeweler, and guide on the inner journey."

Pat died unexpectedly just hours after submitting her last article to the May 2024 issue of The Inner Voice. Her husband, Dave told me that writing for this publication was one of the joys of her life.

TIP: Your home should be a living space, not a storage space.



Source: www.anthropology.com



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A Slice of Grace – Reflections on what is now

By Kathleen Jacoby

I received an e-mail that contained an article about a woman who creates and restores stained glass windows. The article was like an opening in time, going back to the years when there was a strong desire to investigate different forms of spirituality and personal creativity...a time that was enhanced by a desire to reach up to something greater that could be expressed by each individually, and by a lack of media bombardment that drove us all to the lowest common denominator.

In reading the article, I recognized how shallow and polarized society has become. The media portrays overt sexuality and violence with no compunction. News has become a litany of sensationalism rather than in-depth, rational reporting about currents of events around the world. The lens in the United States has narrowed to such a degree that the only way to find out about what is happening in the world is to go to the BBC or to other international news organizations. We as

Americans are being dumbed down and provincialized as never before, and it is truly appalling and soul robbing.

Religious fervor in its extreme form is rampant across the planet. We see it paraded before us with dispersion cast against the Muslims, but every other religious body has just as many extreme views that polarize us one against the other. In fact, more than any other context, religion has become the great divider rather than the unifier. We argue about God as an exclusive right to whichever belief system we belong, making all others devil worshipers or infidels. The lack of civility and willingness to see another view has worsened in years past, and as each nation becomes more polarized within their own beliefs, the ability to become one world of individuals who appreciate and respect one another through our diversity is lost. We become armed camps of entrenched ideologues who refuse to budge on our view of life, and as a result, we narrow the opportunities not only for friendship, but for enlightenment.

I have spent the past few years retreating from activity. I've found most of it meaningless to me, but have not replaced it with anything soul edifying, so have become a game player. I spend hours with word games, hidden object games, and strategy games. I learn techniques to rid myself of annoying enemies so that my Angry Birds will triumph over the bad pigs who steal eggs.

As I read the article about the woman who rehabilitates stained glass, I was brought to a deeper part of myself, the part of me that I truly love. And I recognized how I, like most other Americans, have fallen into the trap of banality. As a result, there is soul searching to do. What brings me meaning? What helps me to grow and contribute in meaningful ways that reflect what I've learned through the years and presents the best of myself? How can I make a difference, and what do I need to do to create a rich environment for myself despite what appears daily on the news that makes me feel helpless?

We each have been given the gift of life. We each have within us a kernel of genius that is waiting for recognition. We each have something to contribute, and we each have a responsibility to nourish and nurture the better selves we are. So this is a call to question and to take time to do the things that nourish all aspects of our creative selves. Included should be some of the following:



"There are some who bring a light so great to the world that even after they have gone the light remains."

—Author Unknown

Photo: © [Jane Erica Hutchison](#)

Continued on page 34

1. Paying attention to nutrition. What are we eating and drinking? Are we giving our bodies the vital nutrients they need and supplying fresh, unadulterated food, or are we feeding addictions and desire to have something quick and easy?
2. Physical exercise. Are we doing something to move the body and give it the exercise it needs to maintain vitality and strength, or have we abdicated that part of our lives because it's inconvenient?
3. What are we feeding our minds? Do we engage in meaningful discourse, study, reading, creative forms of expression like art or music? Are we learning and retaining curiosity, or have we become mentally dull and complacent?
4. What are we contributing? Where do we make a difference, large or small? How do we share what we know with others in ways that contribute to a larger vision or cause?
5. Where do we take time to nurture and nourish our inner spiritual life? Do we make time daily to give thanks, feel gratitude, keep our connection to the Source of Life alive and well, recognizing that we must strengthen our bond with That which we come from and to Whom we will return?
6. Do we laugh at the absurdity of life and not take ourselves too seriously? Do we spend time enjoying life and expressing the sense of wonder that is born in the child part of ourselves?

There are many more meaningful questions to ask, but these are the ones that come to my mind in the moment and the ones that I want to address within myself. I'm setting out a plan of action for my days so that there is time to touch each of these areas and make them part of my daily activities. I'm overdeveloped on game playing, so it's time to do something more physical and maybe also time to pull out some old classic literature that reinvigorates my faith in humanity and in possibilities. How about you?

△

A Special Announcement for November-December 2025

Written by Patricia Cota-Robles

www.eraofpeace.org

During the final two months of 2025, we will be receiving an infusion of Light that will prepare each of us for a 5-year acceleration process that will result in an exponential leap of Consciousness beginning in 2026. The Company of Heaven is referring to this shift as a "Rapid Evolutionary Shift into the Consciousness of Oneness and Divine Love." They say what might have taken Lifetimes to accomplish will now be accomplished in a minuscule fraction of the time.

During the months of November and December, including the 40-day acceleration of Light we will receive from the opening of the 11:11 Portal on November 11th through the December 21st Solstice, every person's I AM Presence will intuitively guide us through unique preparation that will allow us to receive the greatest benefit from this unparalleled infusion of Light. During this powerful opportunity, it will be extremely beneficial if each of us takes the time to pause, to go within, to listen and to respond to the intuitive Inner Guidance we are receiving from our I AM Presence.

Dear Ones, please pay attention to this personal announcement. For the very first time in the 58 years I have been sharing information from the *Company of Heaven*, I AM being Guided to take a hiatus during the final two months in 2025. This will be a Sacred Pause during which I will go within, Listen, Breathe, Heal, Transform and just BE. This means that I will not be producing our Weekly Vlogs or our Monthly Newsletter during November and December. Beginning with the New Year 2026, I will begin again within the Glorious new frequency of Light. God Bless You, and please know: All Is Well. This is a wondrous time. And so it is.

△

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Edge Talk Radio Shows

Nov. 5th, 2025 - Into the Mythical, Where Magic Meets Reality w/ Mystic, Peter Fae, California

Dec. 3rd, 2025 - Dancing in the Dark, Awakening the Medial Woman, with Author, Athena Laz

Nov. 19th, 2025 - Channeling the Shift, Hathor and Divine Feminine with Author Dr. Yafi Yair, FL

Dec. 17th, 2025 - Intuitive Encounters with Author, Filmmaker, Linda Eastburn, Missouri

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