



MESSAGES
from HEAVEN

Amazing Insights on
Life After Death, Life's Purpose
and Earth's Future

PATRICIA KIRMOND

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SUMMIT UNIVERSITY  PRESS®

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by Patricia Kirmond

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Introduction

THIS IS THE STORY of my husband's extraordinary and unexpected communications with us, his family, since he passed into the heaven-world in April 1995. Over a three-year period, our family witnessed the growth of my husband's soul as he studied with ascended masters in their universities of the spirit and heavenly cities. During this time, he imparted to us many of the truths he is learning there. What is amazing—and thrilling—is that the spiritual teachings he has shared with us surpass anything he understood while on this earth plane and give us a glimpse of heaven we've never had before.

By God's grace, my husband was permitted to answer many of our questions and give us valuable insights into the life beyond. He also taught us how to live life while we are on earth in order to achieve higher levels of spirituality as we continue on our heavenward journey. He warned us about what is coming upon the earth and about how little time we have left to try to prevent the worst portents of prophecy from happening. He told us how important service is and how his heartfelt desire to be of service to his fellow men and women in his life helped him to balance some of what he had done that was not correct. This dedication to service is what made it possible for him to study in the etheric retreat,¹ where he is at the time of this writing.

In spite of the thrill of receiving these messages, this has not

been an easy book for me to compile. It involves the memories of the unhappiest time in my life when my husband of over fifty years unexpectedly made his transition into a higher realm. I thought I was pretty well through the grieving process, but as I started to relive the days and hours before he died in preparation for writing the first part of this book, a great sadness welled up within me. Tears flowed as I brought up those memories that even today are difficult for me to contemplate. Even so, I am grateful for the opportunity to share these messages with those of you who may be led to read this book.

It was exciting for us to receive these communications—such as when a relative goes on a trip to exotic parts of the world and you look forward to the cards and letters telling you all about it. But since this was a two-way communication, it was more like receiving long-distance telephone calls from a traveler or like having a device in your ear that allows you to hear someone giving you instructions that no one else can hear.

During this period, our family was allowed to ask questions, some of which my husband answered and others he said he was not allowed to comment on. Occasionally the answer was just silence. Often he would open by saying something like, “Today I want to talk about the rosebud.” Then would come a whole teaching on the opening and expansion of the heart, which he likened to a rose, or some other exposition on an equally profound subject.

My husband often spoke to us about world conditions and his concern for the earth. He was a little sad that some people seemed more interested in having him describe what it was like where he was than in trying to save the planet or in receiving teachings that might help them to grow spiritually.

Messages from Heaven is the distillation of these messages. They started immediately after my husband's death in April 1995 and continued through April 1998. Summit University Press originally published them as a series of three small books entitled *A Special Dispensation*. A wealth of spiritual knowledge was given forth throughout those three years, much to our amazement, for, while my husband had been religious and had a great love for God, he had been a very practical and down-to-earth man—not at all someone we would expect to be giving us advanced teachings once he had left this plane. In his life on earth he had a wonderful sense of humor and would often make jokes about what he considered to be a far-out spiritual idea or belief we had.

In the beginning, we usually received brief messages and comments. We believed that our communication would only continue for a short time, while my husband was in transition, so to speak. We never doubted it was he, as his personality was evident in everything he said. But, even though we were excited to hear from him, we had some concerns about whether it was lawful for him to communicate with us in this way. On several occasions, our daughter, who has always been very protective of her father, said to him, “Dad, are you sure it’s all right for you to speak to us like this?”

My husband was a Roman Catholic, though he was open to the idea of reincarnation. He also belonged to the Keepers of the Flame Fraternity, an organization of people who vow to keep the flame of life on earth. I am a member of a nondenominational church that embraces the mystical teachings of the world's major religions. It was founded by the saints of East and West known as the ascended masters, who, like Jesus and Elijah, have become one with God and dwell in higher realms forever. As a group, they are

called the Great White Brotherhood, not with any racial implication but because their purified auras are white. Their teachings are given to the world through a specially trained person called a 'messenger.'

As we kept getting more and more information from my husband, I asked the Messenger about it. She was also surprised that the communication was continuing, so she consulted with the ascended masters. The masters told her that my husband was being given a special dispensation to speak to us from the heaven-world because of the serious challenges to the planet through the year 2002 and beyond and the grave situations we face.

Permission for this type of communication is rarely given for an unascended soul, because until a soul is fully ascended it is very easy for error to creep in to what he or she is trying to say. Most "messages" we hear about are from the astral (or lower) plane or from the lower levels of the heaven-worlds. Scripture warns us to beware of this kind of communication, because it usually comes from a level where all is not yet perfected and error still exists. Once a soul has ascended, his or her consciousness, while still individual, participates fully in the consciousness of God and communicates from that level.

Our family will probably never know the full purpose of this dispensation until we are in the higher planes ourselves. But we feel, from the little we have been told, that one reason it has been allowed is that, we who have been the receivers on this side, have always prayed for discernment of spirits and have never been involved in the psychic or astral level of communication. Also, a strong bond has always existed among our souls.

From the point of view of the ascended masters, I imagine

that this was a chance worth taking. They hoped that someone who had so recently been among us could reach the people with the practical truth of the desperate situation of the planet.

While this communication is very exciting, and friends often think it must be wonderful to have this experience and that I shouldn't feel so lonely, I must confess that I do miss my husband as much as anyone would miss a husband or wife. As long as we live in the physical plane, nothing can take the place of the physical presence of someone we love. All who have lost someone very close to them know this.

Nevertheless, this dispensation has been such a wonderful and uplifting experience for our family. To learn more about the heaven-world than we have ever known before, and to have the facts we already knew validated, is a great reward. But to know that my husband's soul is learning and growing at such an accelerated rate is the greatest reward of all. Our cup truly runneth over and our gratitude to our Father/Mother God is endless.

CHAPTER ONE



Our Story

SPRING WAS STARTING to poke its head out from under the heavy blanket of a Rocky Mountain winter as we rushed my husband to the hospital that day—a two-and-a-half hour drive from our home. We had gone to see his doctor that morning, a visit we'd looked forward to because the doctor had been out of town for two weeks and we'd become a little concerned about my husband's condition.

Earlier that month, he'd been in the hospital for five days with pneumonia. He was finally sent home with oxygen, which he was told to use for ten days or so while he recuperated. But three weeks had gone by and he still needed the oxygen. We were beginning to wonder if the doctor might put him back in the hospital but hoped that wouldn't be necessary.

Amidst all of this distraction, it was my husband's birthday

and our daughter was flying in to celebrate with us. Eighty years young! Even the doctor couldn't believe my husband was that age, as he was a very active, mentally sharp, in-charge man who looked much younger than his years.

After studying the new chest x-rays, the doctor became extremely alarmed. He directed us to drive immediately to a hospital that has the best medical care in the state. We made a detour, picked up our daughter at the airport and headed out of town.

Once my husband was settled into his hospital room, the doctors assured him that this was something they could handle, and we all began to relax. They just needed to discover what virus or bacteria was causing the lung infection and then find the right antibiotic. And since there were three pulmonary specialists on the case, we felt reassured and confident that all would be well. In fact, my husband felt so much better that when our daughter told him about the small birthday cake she had baked and brought with her on the plane, he decided to have a piece. We had a little celebration in his room. He even had gifts to open, for she had done my gift shopping as well as her own, since with his illness I hadn't been able to get out much.

After the birthday party, my husband was doing so well that, with the doctor's approval, my daughter and I returned to my home for the night so I could secure the house and pack some clothes in preparation for a stay in a motel near the hospital.

When we returned the next day, my husband was complaining about all the tests that they were giving him. He'd also been disturbed by a strange dream he'd had the night before. He dreamt that he had died and that when he tried to contact us we

didn't seem to be able to hear him. This made him very frustrated, as there were things he needed to tell us. We made light of his dream, determined not to allow any negative thoughts to influence us. Also, we felt reassured by the doctor's optimism. In the midst of all that was happening, we forgot about the dream. It wasn't until I started to work on this book that I remembered it and understood its significance.

We settled into the motel and hospital routine. The doctors seemed very optimistic. After several days, our daughter returned to her home and job, as she had important commitments and it didn't seem necessary for her to miss them. Ten days later, I again returned home briefly to pick up mail and some other things. When I got back to the hospital, I found my husband sitting up in a chair a little annoyed that I had taken so long to get back. I gave him the mail; he went through it, asked for the checkbook and began paying bills. Then we went for a walk in the halls. He seemed cheerful, waving to the nurses as we went by. By then his oxygen had been turned down to the lowest setting, so he thought he'd soon be off of it entirely. We talked about when he might be allowed to return to our home, and he decided it would probably be a few more days.

This was on a Friday—our most optimistic day since my husband entered the hospital. But by Friday night he started having extreme chills and a fever. His condition went downhill from there. I was shocked to see the change in him, just when he had been doing so well. I wondered if he could have picked up a new infection from something in the hospital. I phoned our daughter and she flew back the next day. I stayed all night in my husband's hospital room, hoping I could be of some help, as his

body alternated between burning up with fever and shaking with chills. For the first time, he began to get worried and to wonder if he was going to make it. The doctors busied themselves trying to find the right antibiotic for this new infection.

By Saturday night, my husband seemed a little better. The chills and fever had gone down, and we were encouraged. Around midnight, we went back to our motel room, hoping to get a good night's rest. My daughter fell asleep within a few minutes. But I felt that, as tired as I was, I needed to do some healing prayers for my husband before I could go to sleep.

I went into the bathroom so I wouldn't disturb my daughter. I took my book (I have a large binder filled with prayers for every situation) and let myself be guided as to which prayers to give. When I saw the pattern emerging from the prayers, I suddenly remembered that a friend had told me about a new ritual called "soul retrieval" that had recently been given in our church. I realized that I had been giving the very prayers that were used in that service. All I knew about soul retrieval was that it was important for the healing of the soul because, when our souls go through traumatic experiences, they become shattered and fragmented. This fragmentation causes some of the pieces to be lost. To regain our wholeness we need to gather these lost pieces back to our soul. The process of soul retrieval can act like a magnet to draw back these lost fragments.

I had no idea whether this would work for my husband or not. But I had such a strong feeling that God wanted me to do this that I had to proceed. I let myself be guided as to which prayers I should give, and I asked God to heal him.

These prayers went on for two hours. As I got into it,

I started to feel a burning sensation in the center of my chest. This burning gradually extended throughout my body and intensified until it felt like my whole body was on fire. It began to frighten me, and I wondered for a minute if I were going to burst into flames like those strange cases of spontaneous combustion I had occasionally read about. At the same time, I laughed at myself for thinking such a thing.

Around 2:00 a.m., I finished the service and returned to my bed. It was warmed by the heat from my body, as if I had an electric blanket turned on high. I decided that this must surely mean that my husband was being healed, so I relaxed and went to sleep.

Two hours later, we were awakened by a phone call saying that my husband's lungs were failing and he was being taken to intensive care. We dressed and rushed to the hospital.

When we were finally allowed to see my husband in ICU, he seemed to be doing pretty well with the various medical procedures that were being administered to him. And he was so much better the next morning that he thought they might not keep him in ICU. It was very expensive, and since he was doing so much better, he reasoned, they couldn't justify keeping him there.

Toward the end of the day, his condition started deteriorating again. The doctors decided to put him on life support, as they were still hopeful that some of the medication they were giving him might work, given a little more time. However, from that moment on he never regained consciousness. My son-in-law and another family member arrived too late to communicate with my husband, though they were there to support us when we really needed it. A priest came and gave him the last rites. A minister from my church also came to help in any way he could. After

exhausting every effort to help my husband, we all went out to get something to eat.

While I was sitting in the restaurant I felt a cold chill run through my body. I didn't tell anyone, but I wondered what it meant. I guess I really knew what it meant. When we made a brief stop at the motel before returning to the hospital, there was a message for us to come to ICU right away. Then I knew for sure what the chill had meant.

We wanted to say some prayers out loud to help my husband through his transition from this world to the next, but we didn't see how we could do it in his ICU cubical without bothering other people. When we arrived, a very kind young man informed us that the other two patients had been moved to a different section of ICU and there was no one but my husband left in the wing. We were thus free to be with him as long as we needed.

As we entered my husband's cubicle, I smelled a lovely scent like perfume or flowers. A thought came to my mind that maybe the nurse had sprayed something into the atmosphere, and wasn't that thoughtful of her. Then I suddenly wondered if the aroma could have been left by Mother Mary. I had heard that sometimes people smell roses when she enters a room. When we conferred about this afterward, my daughter said she had smelled the perfume too, but our other two companions had not.

My husband had been devoted to the Blessed Virgin. In fact, he had given a rosary novena to her the whole time he was in the hospital. The image of his rosary beads still on his bedside table stayed with me for a long time. It was not a fancy rosary, but a brown utilitarian one that had been given to him in the armed

forces—the kind a soldier would carry into battle.

We all stood around his bed for about forty minutes and did a prayer service to free him from his no-longer-useful body. As we finished our service and were singing a song to Mother Mary, we heard my husband speak. “That was quite a send-off you gave me,” he said. We were very excited that he could speak to us, and it brought tears to our eyes.

Then the nurses came back to ICU bringing new patients. We said our good-byes and left. We thought that my husband had probably just been allowed to speak to us as he was leaving the physical plane and that would be the end of it. We were grateful to have this communication and to be assured that our loved one still existed though his body was dead.

We didn’t hear from my husband again until we were driving to the town where his cremation service would take place. He said, “I don’t think it will take you more than an hour to cut me free, as I’m pretty free already.”

This made us cry, but also laugh, as it was so typical of my husband. He was extremely time-oriented. In fact, our daughter often referred to him as “my father, the clock.” On that day he wanted to be sure we would be finished in time to eat lunch and then pick up relatives at the airport.

The ascended masters teach that the best way to dispose of a body is through cremation. This is because even after death the soul tends to be emotionally attached to the body. And often friends and loved ones hold on to a person after he or she has passed on. Passing the body through the fire is the quickest way to free the soul from its attachments to the physical world.

In our church, cremation is not held until seventy-two hours

after death, in order to give the life force a chance to withdraw before the body is consumed. During the cremation service a few loved ones and a minister usually go to witness the cremation while praying for the soul to be cut free to go to higher levels of existence. This isn't at all macabre, but a wonderful spiritual experience. After witnessing the fire consume the body, you know beyond a shadow of a doubt that the body is not the real person.

My husband had participated in several of these services with me; that's how he decided he might like to be cremated. At one time Catholics weren't allowed to be cremated. But in recent years it has become acceptable, and now a number of Catholics are choosing cremation. For me it has always been the natural way, as I come from a family where everyone on my mother's side has been cremated for three generations. Of course, they didn't witness the cremation the way we do in our church.

Fifteen people attended my husband's cremation—a crowd in that small room. After exactly one hour had passed, we all felt that our work was done and that we could leave. A few days later, two memorial services were held, one at the Catholic Church and another at the chapel in the community where we live. My husband had been helpful to so many people in our community. He was a person who was knowledgeable about many things, so he'd helped people with their real estate problems, small legal matters, financial issues and anything else they needed assistance with. No matter how tired he was, he never turned anyone away. It seemed that many of our neighbors would miss him almost as much as I would.

As I sat in the front row of the chapel during the memorial service in our community, feeling the love and care flowing from

so many people, I suddenly thought I saw my husband standing in front of me. Then he knelt and put his arms around me. He was very shimmery, not solid looking. He seemed to be clothed in blue and white, almost as if he were wearing a uniform. For a minute I thought this was really happening, but then, as he faded away, I decided it was probably just my imagination.

Some months later, when he was communicating with us often, I happened to think to ask my husband about his memorial service. He said that he had indeed attended that service, that he had knelt before me and placed his arms around me.

This confirmation was important to me, as it's so easy to dismiss spiritual visions as being just a figment of one's imagination. I've seen him in the same shimmering form at other times since then, usually when I'm at a spiritual service. At these times he appears as he did when he was in his thirties.

After my husband's life had been sealed by the three services that were held for him, we started to hear from him again. We had been so hopeful that he would live, and so puzzled when he died, that we had an autopsy performed on his body. The cause of death was sepsis, or what used to be called blood poisoning. We asked him if it would have made any difference in his passing if we had taken him to a different hospital. His answer was, "No matter which hospital you would have taken me to, I feel that this was to be the final chapter of my life. I do not have the feeling that I would have lived longer, except by divine intervention."

What is heaven really like?

A recently departed soul speaks from heaven about his amazing experiences on the other side. The unseen author of this book tells us of life's true purpose and urges us to make the most of our sojourn on earth. He warns us that we are fast approaching a turning point, which could lead to an age of enlightenment and peace or to a future none of us wants to see. If we act now, we can still turn things around... but we need help from heaven.

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