

# **Why Wait**

**Wisdom for Life from Those  
Who Have Passed Over**

Written by  
Carol Mann  
Jackson Hole, Wyoming

WHY WAIT

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*This book is dedicated to all those on whose shoulders we stand.*

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# PREFACE:

The Inspiration for this book is to bring you the direct transmission of wisdom and advice from the souls of people of all ages, who are no longer alive. When people die, the personality quickly fades, giving the soul center stage. Just as in the current technology world “The Cloud” stores all our computer data, our souls contain the records of all our life experiences and everything we have learned. This treasure trove of information makes souls on the other side an untapped resource for knowledge and wisdom to help us live more fulfilling lives.

For the past decade, I have had the privilege of using my psychic talents to access insight and information about life, death and beyond for clients who’s loved ones have passed over. I have learned how people no longer alive, in our understanding of that word, are very much aware and are truly eager to communicate with us. They want to let us know about the experience of dying to allay our fears, to open our minds, to broaden our horizons, and to heal our hearts.

I have discovered that what we call “the other side” is a far less limited reality than ours, and they have access to more objective and larger perspectives about so many things...not to mention that knowing our consciousness survives the death of our physical bodies is a huge relief from fear and a healing from loss.

Hopefully, like me, you are inspired by what those on the other side have to say. Their wisdom applies to us all. May this serve as an invitation to expand our hearts and minds, to learn from their insight, and apply it to upgrade the quality of our lives.

# PROLOGUE:

## *MY STORY: THE FIRST PHONE CALL*

The phone rings in the middle of the night only when there is something wrong. The phone next to my bed startled me awake. The voice on the other end was my brother Jeremy in California... “Carol, a plane crashed en route to Europe tonight and I think Jonathan and Mary Lou were on that flight....”

I fumbled for the remote on the night table and flipped on the television, squinting as I adjusted my eyes to focus on the harsh lighted screen. CNN was already running reports of the plane crash off the coast of Nova Scotia, and file tape of some of the prominent people aboard the doomed flight. There it was, previous footage of my brother, Jonathan Mann, M.D. addressing the leaders of the world at the United Nations about the HIV/AIDS pandemic.

Somewhere between shock and disbelief, I spent the rest of the night mesmerized by the TV news, watching without seeing, listening without hearing. My hands were icy cold; in some sort of automatic move, I would blow on my fingers periodically to warm them. My mouth was dry from anxiety; it was hard to swallow but it never occurred to me to get a simple glass of water. The night seemed endless. The broadcast had begun showing interviews of witnesses to

the crash, still not confirming if there were survivors or if everyone on Swissair flight #111 perished.

Then I realized to my horror that I had to figure out how best to let my elderly mother know. Since my father's death two years before, she was stubbornly living by herself in the big colonial house where we all grew up in New England. And it was two hours later there. As soon as dawn approached on the east coast, I called a dear friend who I knew was an early riser. Without a moment's hesitation, she agreed to go immediately to my mother's house and be there with my mother when I would call with the sad news.

It was daylight in Wyoming, where I live, when the official announcement came that there were no survivors. My brother and his wife and over two hundred men, women and children from all over the world perished in the sea off the coast of Halifax, Nova Scotia. The date was September 2, 1998.

The aftermath of the tragedy was an extraordinary unfolding of events. I had never experienced so much grief and shock and love at the same time. Knowing that surviving family members needed to be at the crash site, the airlines immediately stepped in and arranged transportation, lodging and escort service for everyone involved. We traveled to Nova Scotia right away and were treated with dignity and human kindness beyond what might have been the required protocol.

A small caravan of chartered busses ferried the hundreds of family members who had hastily flown in from all over the globe, to a military base outside of Halifax where the retrieved wreckage, cargo and scattered personal belongings were arriving in a sad, steady stream. We were asked to file along side all they had thus far collected and to identify anything we recognized. One of the most surreal and eerie items on display was a collection of watches pulled from the ocean,

which were still ticking. I was relieved that nothing there that day belonged to Jonathan or his wife.

After that ordeal, which also included someone from every family giving a blood sample for future DNA identification of the dead, the next destination was the crash site by the ocean.

What touched me most was the love and compassion of total strangers at the crash site in Nova Scotia. School children heaped us with hand drawn cards and teddy bears were handed out to our children. It was damp and cold and the sea was rough. Volunteers handed us blankets to put around our shoulders. Other kind hearts gave us food. Even the ever-present news reporters were quiet and respectful that day.

The Royal Canadian Mounted Police formed an honor guard, a human chain, down the steep rocks to the sea. Each of us was invited to take a rose, hand it to the first man in the chain and tell him the name of our loved one. He then spoke the name out loud and passed the rose to the next person in the honor guard, who did the same, until the man closest to the water recited the name for the last time and tossed the rose in to the sea. Grief is also like waves; it would crash over me and then recede over and over for many months to come.

In the midst of it all, I found myself listening with interest to people's reactions to the crash. Many were going down the path of anger and blaming the accident on the pilots as a way to cope and perhaps to ease their pain. It was clear that everyone who lost someone on that plane, including me, had to make an important choice. I could go down the path of blaming and being angry which would close my heart. Or, I could keep my heart open, feel the pain and the love, and see where that would take me. In that moment of awareness, I chose the latter.

## ***MY STORY: THE SECOND PHONE CALL***

Several weeks later I had a second life changing phone call related to the plane crash. This time it was during the day and not at all an emergency. My friend Tara, who is very intuitive, couldn't wait to give me a simple suggestion. "Carol," she burst out in an excited voice, "You have been working with people doing clairvoyant Soul Readings for decades. You are clairvoyant. Why don't you use your gift to communicate with your brother Jonathan, and who knows, maybe also with other souls no longer with us."

This is what I call a blind flash of the obvious. I had never considered doing this. I tried it right away. Centering myself, I became very still and said Jonathan's name silently in my mind. There was an immediate heart connection. I heard his voice and wrote his words.

For me there was profound comfort in communicating with my brother and knowing he was okay. I was also very excited to learn "first hand" information about life after death, and to experience that souls on the other side are as eager to communicate with us as we are with them.

*“The gory details are disturbing to you...you will learn them all eventually. But I assure you I felt no physical pain at all.”*  
*Jonathan*

## **THE FIRST TRANSMISSION FROM MY BROTHER**

This was the first transmission from my brother Jonathan Mann, M.D. after he perished in the plane crash in 1998. It was later revealed by air traffic control in Halifax, Nova Scotia that there had been fifteen minutes between the time of the first SOS from the passenger jet, to the time it crashed, killing all on board. In addition to this first Transmission from my brother, Chapter Seventeen is devoted to his communications to me from the other side.

Dear Carol,

It is true that I am impatient and eager to be in touch with you. It is so very reassuring and fulfilling for me that you can enable communication between our different realities.

First of all, this was not what I expected... what I mean is, I never expected to die young...( ha, ha, I know I was in my early fifties and “young” is a matter of perspective.)

It was a normal plane flight, and we had settled in for a long trip. There was no indication of any trouble till they took back the dinner trays and made an announcement of some mechanical difficulties. They said we'd be making an unscheduled landing in Halifax.

Here were some of my first thoughts: Concern, but no panic. No unusual noises. The cabin lights turned off...figured the problem is electrical...not life threatening...we could fly all the way to Europe without good lights in the cabin.

Then we started to wonder if it was serious. We could not tell if the plane was flying low or in circles. It was dark out, the weather good, and we were not far from shore. "At least we're not over the mid-Atlantic," I thought or mumbled out-loud.

Mary Lou and I held hands and smiled at each other with mutual attempts at reassuring the other. We have both been on too many planes in our lives to get too upset right away. When we were told to take off our shoes and any sharp objects in case we need to prepare for a water evacuation...we knew. Our hearts sank. Oh God.

I was sad if this is how we exit...not so much the how, but the now. Why now, when things were so good in our lives? Maybe I said these thoughts out loud: "Don't we get to enjoy it, or does one just get to the happiness and then it is gone? Maybe people stave off happiness to keep death at a distance?"

We spoke to each other of our deep love and gratitude for having met each other, and that if worse came to worse, at least we were together. We held each other very tight sitting in

this surreal suspension of time. Our bodies screamed silently in the imminent danger.

My senses scanned for data, still listening for word from the crew, looking out the window, but there was nothing to see. I silently recited a prayer; it was instinctive, a way to ask for help. Where's Halifax already? Suddenly there was calm in the eye of this "storm"...acceptance.

Please know that the moment of dying is not a difficult experience. It occurs in a seamless way. There is no physical pain regardless of what is happening to the body. The gory details are disturbing to you...you will learn them all eventually. But I assure you I felt no pain at all. I witnessed what happened, but not from inside my body.

There was no sensation in the plane of up or down or moving in any direction. The cabin was dark and it was nighttime outside. I don't know that I can separate what I perceived while I was still alive, from what I experienced being out of my body. I do recall the sounds of screaming and an awful bang. And then silence.

And then there we all were. Everyone who had been on the flight was hovering over the ocean looking down at this huge sinking mass of metal and debris. We were observers to the mess...everything bobbing and floating and starting to sink...hot and cold. Somehow we could see it all even though it was dark out.

We all had to conclude, even though it all seemed unreal, that we must be dead. No one was crying anymore or in pain. It was as if we were all shaking ourselves after a fall, making

sure we were all still intact. No one was even talking. It was more like collective disbelief. We were all somehow aware of looking at this chaos below us and trying to comprehend what it all meant.

Thoughts and feelings raced through me with such speed that there was no chance to ponder anything for long. I had passing thoughts of annoyance...okay I was pissed...about a bunch of things. First was that I never expected to die this way or at this time. There were so many unfinished things in my life. I was worried about my three kids. I wouldn't be at their weddings, and I would be cheated out of the chance to enjoy grandchildren.

There was too much loss to comprehend. Thoughts rushed by like the wind. It was impossible to hold on to any single thought or feeling. They would disappear as fast as they came in. Somewhere in there I was upset that I had no preparation for this; I had no opportunity to share final thoughts, feelings, and love with all of you after a lifetime of closeness and shared history. Lastly, I had a bit of self-pity. Here I was, so looking forward to slowing down in my life and working less, and then boom.

It was confusing to try to hold on to the familiar reality of being alive as a way to make sense of everything. Where are we? What are we experiencing? If this is dead, then dead is not what we think. Trying to understand this while my recent life was receding like an echo, was very challenging. I was trying to grasp the new reality and keep hold of my familiar self, so I could figure it out before it changed again.

There were other things going on as well. I was trying to see if Mary Lou was with me and if we looked the same. There were people approaching...at least I assumed they were people, they looked like a blob of light coming toward us...greeting all of us passengers, all at once. Specific individuals seemed to emerge and then approach each of us. It was something like the scene when you arrive at an airport.

“Who is coming for me? Where is Mary Lou?” I wondered. I somehow knew her dad was there. “That’s good,” I noted to myself. Our Aunt Betty differentiated from the collective and manifested before me. I have not seen her in decades, and yet she appeared exactly as I would recognize her. I instantly felt loved and safe.

Like welcomed visitors, we were being offered comfort and enough recognition to feel okay. How does this work? Here is what I began to understand. People’s souls are part of a collective, non-individuated state of consciousness, which also has the ability to individuate in a split second when called by someone they once loved.

I think this is how the undifferentiated “crowd of people” who initially approached us then became distinct individuals when they interacted with us. I suspected that in the timeless experience before the crash, everyone’s mind must have done an automatic, unconscious “internet search”, a “calling out” for deceased friends and relatives.

Some other friends and colleagues of mine, adults and children alike, greeted me. They were all people who had been a part of my life in mutually caring ways. These were not all

relatives or even friends; some were former patients and some were people I had not even been in touch with for decades. Yet, there was the pleasure of mutual recognition. The sensation was that I was part of their lives, and they were part of mine. I figured I had somehow conjured them to me now. And then I felt sure that everyone was being equally taken care of. I relaxed into the experience.

I have so many questions I need answered about life and death. You know how my curious mind works, and I want to share the answers I discover with you. So I will be telling you more next time we “talk”.

As for you, please do have the courage to keep writing letters dictated from the other side. I will be glad to help you in any way that I can. If you are willing, you might make yourself available to others who lost loved ones on this flight. I think you will find there is quite a backlog of messages.

Also, know that even though what you receive is not verifiable, you can trust that the general understandings are all true.

Love,

Jonathan

# CHAPTER ONE:

## *Transmissions from People Who Died Young*

Bearing witness to how young people grow, develop and fulfill themselves creates part of the wonder and richness of life. When someone dies at an early age, they have been deprived of a future. We have been robbed of participating in their life, loves, challenges and delights.

From our earthbound perspective, this is all true and incredibly painful. The expression we often use when a young person dies is, “They were cut down in their prime,” making the loss more poignant and leaving us bereft. Often we are left feeling that dying young is terribly unfair.

It is unjust, and there is also a bigger picture. The transmissions from these young people reveal many uplifting truths. They each concur that dying does not hurt. They are happy on the other side. They are excited to share what they are learning about their recent lives and what truly matters. They would like us to take pleasure in them and to honor them by applying some of what they have discovered to our lives.

Concurrent with the horrific loss and after the initial pain subsides; there are always opportunities to grow in the aftermath of a

tragedy. Whenever possible, turning heart-wrenching grief into heart-opening contribution is the high road to take. Often surviving parents and siblings embark on more fulfilling personal and career directions in their lives. Sometimes family members dedicate themselves to finding a medical cure, to helping other grieving parents, or to championing causes, which honor their child by helping other young people in the world.

At the very least, the shock of losing someone young can be a wake-up call for the living to re-prioritize what matters most in life and to live those values. Above all, there is the chance to live with the daily deep appreciation that the gifts of life and of time are very precious.

*“You would even agree that everyone has a time to go. Why would I, or any young person, be the exception?” Sarah*

## **SARAH FELL OVERBOARD**

Eight-year-old Sarah was on a sailing vacation with her family, when suddenly a storm came up. The winds howled and the ocean became rough with waves as high as tall buildings. The wild rolling of the boat knocked her overboard. Given the weather conditions it was impossible to rescue her. Sarah does not experience her death as a tragedy; she even cajoles her mother for reacting in that way.

Dear Mom,

I want you to know that it did not hurt to die. There wasn't even time to be scared. If I had survived, I might have remembered what happened with a lot of fear, especially after hearing everyone's story about what happened. And I am sure that if I survived, I would also have a ton of injuries and pain to deal with, too. But moving so fast from life to death with no time in between was like flying peacefully in a dream. Don't be mad if I tell you it was sort of a fun feeling. I am really O.K. You are the ones making it into a horror story.

The not fun part is that I am here and you are there. I experience that we are still connected and always communicating no matter what. I wish you would see it that way, too. I can see you and hear you anytime I think of you or when you think of me. That's how I have heard from you how awful it was and continues to be.

You see it all gloomy and that it was your fault. I see it as you love me and I am living in a state of love where I am. Being here, where the world is about love, makes me happy. A world, which is all torn up, where people are mean and hurt each other and animals, does not make me happy. I would have felt that life is harsh in the world even if I lived to be 100 years old! You gave me love and shelter from most of the world storm. But there is no storm here, only where you are living.

You believe that you let me down, and that makes you feel guilty, feeling like you are no better than all the other irresponsible people in the world. That is not true. You are my mother and you gave me and taught me everything, and then it was time for me to go. You would even agree that everyone has a time to go. Why would I, or any young person, be the exception? Being old does not mean anything here. It seems to mean everything where you are.

I am helping so many children who pass over every day to feel at home and welcomed and happy. I am part of the

welcoming committee. They call me the flower girl. I don't really get it, but you know I do love flowers.

Please see the big picture now. Two things are true at the same time. I am sad to not be with you in our life adventures every day. I am also fine where I am. Maybe the message for you is to be happy without any conditions or requirements for happiness.

I love you very much,

Sarah

*“Buy flowers every week when you do the food shopping. Think of them as if they are from me.” Ben Leavitt*

## **BEN LEAVITT ACCIDENTALLY OVERDOSED**

Ben was a recent high school graduate, seduced in to the murky world of drugs and fast money, who accidentally overdosed one night. The letter is to his mother. There is clear insight into the inner world of any addict, plus sage, loving advice to his mother.

Dear Mom,

Easy money, adrenaline rushes, danger, secret meetings...this might sound like espionage work. Add the drugs, alcohol, beating the law, underground connections, and it sounds more like the Mafia. I was not part of either, but I was part of what you could call a small brotherhood dealing in and making drugs for sale on a small scale. It made us feel important.

I got into it like a game, a power game. Then the game became a habit; then the habit ran the game. Then the game

had an ante, which grew and grew. Then one day the stakes were life and death.

I did not mean to overdose; I was not trying to kill myself. I was in a game, which had no exit. I was addicted to the whole scene. That sent me to the next dare, to the next drug, to the next fix and eventually to the false move. When the moves are too hard to figure out the game is over... and you are dead.

What I am doing right now is slowly peeling away layer upon layer of gooey, smoky, film-like stuff, which are layers of addiction. If this were on earth, I would be in enormous pain and also irritable, angry and aggravated going through withdrawal. But this is gentler and less painful. Slowly I am getting back to myself. It feels good.

What do I mean by smoky, film-like layers? Addicts construct frameworks of denial, rationalization and lies. Think of each of these as a smoky film. As each one of these lifts, there is a pure glimpse of the real me which peeks through.

Addicts live in the heart of fear and when you are there, no amount of reason, logic, help or love can penetrate. NOTHING penetrates; it is only fear and survival. Now I am starting to feel again...like who I was before the lies and the rest of the game I already told you about. I am getting un-numb. I am very excited about this.

The big thing for you is to not take my mistakes personally. I was an adult. You did great in raising me. There is no blame and no shame. Your son was a drug addict and he

was also a good person, a good friend and sometimes even very funny. It's complicated and not all black and white. I did my best in the decisions I made, even if they were bad ones. The bad news is that I didn't have to die young. The good news is that I am out of the addiction game.

I am getting free of it all and learning so much. For the first time in forever, I am feeling relaxed. I am not chasing any more highs and I am feeling no fear. There is no fear here.

I know you're driving yourself crazy with wondering why I got into the mess in the first place. I don't know all the reasons yet; I will eventually. The main reason was boredom and the challenge of an interesting game. I should have gotten a job in espionage or something useful with an edge. That'll have to wait for my next life! What I can promise myself is that I will never again be an addict, thanks to the help I have now.

I want to say a few more things about boredom. There are lots of kids like me who are bored in school. Only a few special teachers have any idea of who the kids really are, what makes them tick and how to challenge and coach them. Why? Because many of the teachers are sleeping in their own lives, which makes what they have to offer in school, irrelevant. The kids who get in trouble are not lacking in smarts; they are lacking in finding any meaning in school. The solution is relevant learning offered by teachers who live meaningful lives themselves. Anyway, this subject still gets me upset. I didn't think I could still get stomachaches, but I guess I can.

Here is the absolute most important thing I have to share. I need you to know that I love you. I can see you clearly now. You are an angel. You are a gentle person. You like and need beauty and harmony. I get it that the horrors that go on in the world are almost more than you can bear. I am so sorry that my death has added to your burden. Please, please continue to focus on the beauty, which can be found in all things. There is even beauty in my passing. The exit I took has given me peace and healing. If this is what it took for me to get myself back, so be it.

My advice to you is to keep only the friends who are like you...gentle and loving. Enjoy flowers. I know you love flowers. Buy flowers every week when you do the food shopping. Think of them as if they are from me. I realize I am not buying them, but I am recognizing that you and beautiful flowers go together. Pay attention to your life now. Make it what you want. Keep it simple. Get rid of any ruffraff. You know whom I am talking about.

I will be in touch from time to time. For now my feelings for you will be in flowers...wild flowers, too.

Your son,

Ben

*“It is a misperception to think adding another person, another possession or another job is the missing element to happiness.” Eliza*

## **TORY’S SISTER ELIZA LIVED ONLY THREE DAYS**

“My earliest conscious memory of my sister is of my Mom asking me to sit a few steps up on our stairs so she could tie my shoes. She was very pregnant and couldn’t lean over. As an active two and a half year old, I remember thinking this was very funny. That was 46 years ago.

A few weeks after the shoe tying memory, I remember being in the car with my Dad on a rainy, dark night when he pulled over, started to cry and told me that my little sister, Eliza, who had been born two days earlier, had died due to many complications.

From that day on, my sister’s early death became a buried and unhealed wound in our family. The pain was pushed under the rug, never to be dealt with in the light of day. I was an only child, and another child was never born.

Fast forward many decades, it occurred to me that it would be a great opportunity to ask Carol for a Transmission from my sister’s soul. Over the years, Carol had already done very wonderful Soul Readings for me and for my children, and I thought perhaps a message from my sister might have some helpful insight and words of wisdom for me. Maybe it would help heal my own long-standing sadness surrounding

her death. And I was also curious to learn more about the purpose of her short life.

When I read the Transmission from my long ago lost, but never forgotten sister, I winced and then tears fell. Right away Eliza clearly articulated the unspoken dynamics surrounding her conception and birth. This had to do with my parents, and of course I would not have known this as a two and a half year old. As an adult, I recognize all she describes about my parents. That part can still sadden me.

The take away from the transmission for me is profound. This is a call to action for me to let go of family behavior patterns I no longer want to perpetuate in myself or to inadvertently pass on to my children. Eliza says clearly that she is learning that happiness is an inside job. I recognize this lesson is also true for me, and is actually a common theme in my family.

The most glaring example of the theme is that my dad long ago succumbed to the suicide of alcohol, feeling that he couldn't make things right for my mother – never learning that no matter how hard he tried to help, only she could resolve her unhappiness.

I can always wonder what it would have been like to have a sister. And I can also see that holding on to the idea that “if only I had a sister...” is the old pattern of thinking my happiness is dependent on something or someone outside myself. This is a huge insight.

So, I smile to myself, recognizing that from beyond the grave, my own sister is the most recent in a series of wise and helpful people in my life who have offered me the same three messages: We each must source our own peace and happiness from within, being vulnerable and open is healthy and feeling pain, rather than pushing through and

burying it, is the key to growing and then moving forward to live more fully. I am working on all three for myself.

Eliza's letter is a wonderful treasure, a reminder of the truths I need to practice and carry with me. I intend her letter to be the catalyst to help me always remember to look inward for the peace and joy I strive for."

Tory Sultz

Dear Tory,

So here is a most interesting question. Why does a soul come in for such a short amount of time and what purpose does that serve for all involved?

First of all, the in-coming soul...mine in this case...knows ahead of time that this will not be a long stay in a viable body so there are no unmet expectations, and there is no suffering. My soul agreed to come in ever so briefly to set an "experience stage" for the individuals in the family. My soul also had its learning opportunity, which I will tell you about later in this letter. A short presence and a quick exit, trigger both emotional reactions and emotional opportunities for each person. The intention is growth, not self-punishment.

A grieving heart is always a cracked open heart. For that moment, carefully constructed survival mechanisms and limiting unconscious patterns of thought and behavior are

blown open. The stage is set for a life-altering positive breakthrough...or not.

It is a chance for each family member to redirect some aspect of their life for the better if they choose.

It may be a hard thing to grasp, but when someone dies, each person is grieving something different, even though the trigger is the same. Your mother hoped another child would add to the amount of love in her life from children, give you a sibling, and perhaps most important, evoke more love from and closeness to her husband.

Your father was hoping that another child would make your mother happier and busier. This was not mean on his part. It was recognition of his personal shortcomings and the fact that he was busy with his career. He wanted her to be happy. Fathering children was important to him because it put him in touch with the miracle of life.

For you, the loss was that you could have had a sister to play with, also to pick on, but mostly my presence would have given you someone near your age at home; you had no comrade. A child's mind might have thought it was your fault, which absolutely was not the case. Of course no one knows how my presence would actually have played out.

I cannot tell you how I might have turned out, what kind of person or sister I would have been, whether or not we would have liked each other, how our parents would have taken to me, or any of those personality related details. It was never

part of the plan that I express myself in that way. I had no time to develop a persona...that was part of the deal. I got a free and quick trip to earth with no strings.

What did I get out of it all? Your parents gave me the chance to objectively watch how adults project their hopes for solutions to their own stuff onto something or someone external. I also experienced compassion for why this is so. People want to feel loved and happy, as well they should. I needed to see that happiness is not about anything outside oneself. It is a misperception to think adding another person or another possession or another job is the missing element to happiness.

I had been someone in other lives who dreamed a lot about how this or that would have made me so much more happy. I always had great expectations, and therefore great disappointments. I didn't know to look inside myself, and if I had, I would not have known what to do.

My brief life was my opportunity to see my old misperception about happiness clearly and to learn. It set the stage for me to get on with being able to see myself as the source of my happiness in future lives. I have incarnated again and am still working on this!

Your sister,

Eliza

*“Being stuck in outdated beliefs locks you in and leaves you locked out of infinite possible discoveries and pleasures.”  
Transmission from my late father, James Mann, M.D.*

## AFTERWARD

Wise teachers have always said that separation is an illusion. This is a hard concept to grasp and even more difficult to feel living in the limitations of our current dualistic reality, where we experience such loss and grieve so deeply when someone dies.

However, the end of the illusion of separation is at hand. Science is now bringing us the evidence, which ancient mystical teachings also honor, that all life in the universe is one interactive and interconnected phenomenon. There is data from quantum physics revealing that everything is in constant communication with everything in creation, space is not empty, and all of creation is one linked-in, living, evolving phenomenon.

Therefore, there is no true separation, only the beliefs which have until now kept us limited. The human brain will actually censor data, which challenges a strongly held belief. For example, the world has always been a sphere, even when people believed it was flat. However, that collective belief screened out any other possibilities, and people feared they might fall off the edge and die if they went too far. Did they

collectively believe the world was flat? Yes. Was that true? No. Did what they believe and the fear they generated make it seem absolutely true? Yes.

We are now at another new frontier, where the old belief about separation may not be real. Imagine the possibilities in our Earthly lives when we can be consciously aware of the love and wisdom from souls who are no longer in this physical reality. Think how humanity as a whole can benefit and evolve from learning what those on the other side know and can perceive. And when we know that dying is not the end, how might that change how we live?

As you have read in this book, souls on the other side are a part of the human family who desire inclusion in our lives. They are doing their best to actively contribute to us, even when we cannot yet fully perceive their presence.

Now it is our turn to purposely revisit what is possible and to actually let go of what we think we know in order to remove the long-standing veils between realities.

My father was a physician and an innovator, whose contributions in his field advanced the practice of psychiatry. In a recent transmission from the other side, my father reminded me of the following...as I now remind us all in closing:

“The nature of life is that it is always expressing itself through new points of view and revealing new possibilities. Somehow, the ultimate life skill is to hold beliefs as only a temporary foundation of truth. There is always more. Being stuck in outdated beliefs locks you in and leaves you locked out of infinite possible discoveries and pleasures.”

—James Mann, M.D.