

A Collection of Esoteric Letters
Exploring the idea "Living is Forever"

LIVING

Between

LIVES

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Introduction

This book of short stories is about people whom I have known, that have died or are still living now.

My family and I have had a number of unique experiences. I believe we are no exception. Other families who have experienced people dying have had either conscious experiences or dreams of people communicating with them soon after they die.

I think what you experience has something to do with your belief system at the time and whether you are open to the possibility of life after death or not. If that concept is frightening to you, or if you believe that when you die there is nothing more, then it is likely you will have a dream of that person rather than direct conscious contact.

Dedication

To my mother Gladys on her 75th birthday and my dad, René on his 80th.

To all those who have suffered the pain and loss of a loved one; I write this book for you in hopes that you will know that death is not the end of life but only moment in eternity. Loved ones are not gone from you they are just in a place you can't find yet. I know Living is Forever and it is my hope you will too.

May this book be a comfort to you with the knowledge that those passed on are well and happy and around you, wanting only good things for you in your life. Just ask them for help and they will be there for you whether you are aware of it or not.

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ISOBEL'S JOURNEY TO THE OTHER SIDE

May 5, 2004

Dear John,

I have been thinking of Isobel recently and decided to share her story with you. This too is about death, but it hits home a little more closely because I was there for it. I mentioned some of this on the phone when we talked a little while ago. Let me fill in the details for you so you'll have the whole picture.

I received a phone call from a good friend who used to live in London until recently. Rennie said in a strained and almost hysterical voice, “Please come out West to help me with Isobel, she is dying and I can’t handle it alone”.

But, I am getting ahead of myself; I should start closer to the beginning.

I met Rennie and Isobel through a friend who had similar interests. Isobel was a teacher and he a horse trainer. They had built a life in the London area for a very long time. They had lots of friends and memories there; until she found out she had cancer. It was an open and shut case. They said they couldn’t do anything to help her and sent her home to die.

Secretly, Isobel had asked the “Universe” for a sign as to whether she would be able to beat the cancer. She got her answer on the day I helped Rennie bring her home from the hospital. As we were getting out of the car, I was carrying a mug with balloons tied to it. One of the balloons untied itself and floated away. Up, up, and away as we stood in silence and watched until the

balloon was out of sight. I thought it was a beautiful sight and felt up lifted by it.

After we got Isobel situated in the house, she told me she had asked for a sign and she knew that the balloon was hers. Up, up and away, she said with tears in her eyes. I will be dying and going up, up and away. I didn't look at it that way, but it was her private question for a sign and it was her interpretation of that scene.

You see, the irony of it was, I was the one who brought those balloons for her. They were get well balloons.

After Isobel made her decision it seemed inevitable that she would die, she took early retirement and left teaching. She was just a young woman, only in her early fifties. So, Isobel, Rennie and their teenage son, Mark, discussed the fact that it would be impossibly hard on the men when she dies, especially if all the people they knew would be around. A family decision was made and they sold the house, the horses and the acreage. They packed or sold all they had and headed

out west. At this point Isobel was still in good shape and could still do most everything.

They found a beautiful large log house high on a hill in British Columbia and started to make a new life out there for as long as they had left.

I went to visit them about six months later and Isobel seemed to be doing better in the new environment. We had a lovely visit and I went home feeling optimistic that she was going to beat the cancer.

About another six months had past and what seemed to be out of the blue was the frantic phone call from Rennie with the news that Isobel was dying now and that he needed help with this. A few minutes after I said I would be on the next plane, the phone rang again. This time it was Isobel, in a calm voice she was saying she was sorry Rennie had called and that they were OK. They would be able to handle things fine by themselves, but, thanks so much for offering to help.

You see we were friends, but we hadn't known each other for more than two years at the time and Isobel thought that was not long enough to ask a friend to do what Rennie was asking.

Once again I hung up long enough to call the airlines and book the next flight to B.C. The phone rang again, it was Rennie again even more upset than before, pleading with me to come and help. This time Isobel took the phone from her husband and said, "Rennie had no right to call you and I don't need you to come." My response was, "It's too late, I have already booked a flight for two days from now." "That is the soonest I can be there." That would give me time to finish up any loose ends at work. I reassured Isobel that it would be my honour to fly out and help and that was that. I will see them in a couple of days.

I think you know, I owned and ran my own design company at the time and thankfully I was able to just up and leave in a time of need like I did. I was gone 10 days. It was during that time the magic happened.

The journey getting there was an experience all its' own. The trip would normally take 7-8 hours, going by plane and then bus through the mountains. This trip took about 20. After deplaning and getting to the bus station, I boarded the bus for Salmon Arm, BC. It was pouring rain there and had been since my call from

Rennie, two days ago. It was the kind of spring rain that you hear about in the news out west. I got to see it first hand.

In the dark of the night, we stopped at a truck stop for a coffee break. We were happily stretching our legs to get the blood flowing again when the driver ran into the café yelling for everyone to get back on the bus. NOW! We had to leave immediately. Luckily for us the bus had stopped there. For just a mile up the highway the rain had created a massive land slide above a train track and had pushed the train and tons of mud down the slope onto the highway we were supposed to take. Thank God for the coffee break or we would have been under the train and mud just as others were.

We had to find a new way through the mountains. The now blocked major east-west corridor for Canada had

been the only direct road west. I must congratulate the driver on his creative driving. We journeyed into the dark rainy night for 13 more hours not knowing where or how we would get through. We traveled on gravel roads; winding narrow roads with shear cliffs above and below, we dodged boulders on the road and took two tiny ferries where the bus was almost too long to

get on. I still to this day have no idea where we went. It would have been a beautiful drive on a sunny day under different circumstances. I was unable to let Rennie know what was happening. This was before the days of cell phones. If he had turned on the news he may have found out sooner. But, he was preoccupied with Isobel and getting ready for my arrival.

Many years ago there was another land slide near Hope, B.C. that killed about 40 people on the same highway. That one was worse because it happened during the day instead of in the night and many more people were traveling on the road at the time. I finally got to a town near where my friends lived and was able to call. I found out that Isobel had rallied that evening

expecting me to arrive, but had slipped back into her morphine induced sleep.

I hitched a ride with some other bus passengers to the right town and Rennie was able to pick me up. I am sure it was very difficult for him to leave Isobel alone at 2 in the morning. He had to get a tractor to go through the high water that was now flooding his

driveway in order to reach town. Before I finally arrived at their house, I had to get out of one car in the lashing rain, on the town side of the new raging river that now greeted us at the mouth of the driveway to climb onto the open farm tractor with luggage in tow and get across to the other waiting car on the far side to travel up hill on the ¼ mile lane way to the house. By now it was 3 am. And Isobel was deeply sleeping, so we didn't disturb her. What a ride.

In the morning I had a chance to speak to both of them, but still couldn't get a clear picture of how she was doing. Rennie kept insisting that Isobel was going to be fine, but by the look of her I couldn't agree. I called their doctor and he came out right away.

Finally, I received some straight answers. He just didn't know how or why Isobel was still alive. Now, perhaps he understood, she was waiting for me to arrive.

She now weighed about 67 lbs. She was yellow like I had never seen a human before and she had what appeared to be her liver, the size of a football jutting out of her abdomen. Her face was unrecognizable because I was staring at a skull covered with yellow

skin. Deep eye sockets in her head, cheek bones sticking out and a sunken mouth. Thank God I knew what Isobel really looked like before all this. The person I was staring at looked like something out of a horror film. But, when she saw me she sat up and wanted to chat. It's incredible what the human spirit is capable of.

Isobel was taking liquid morphine by the spoonful whenever she requested it by now and the dose increased by the hour over the next 2 days that she was alive. During that time, however, we had time to talk, remember things and enjoy each others company.

The day before she died I started to notice shadows around her bed. Shapeless and foggy white at first, but over time they became more pronounced with colour and clarity. I didn't mention this to anyone, as I said before; I didn't talk about these things to very many people. Soon, I could see them as a man and a woman, one on each side of her bed. It was something to see, these two beings comforting her just as we did. Isobel started saying "they say it's time for me to go now."

"Who says"? I asked. "Jean and John are telling me it's time to go now." Now I understood. That familiar calm came over me, the one I have grown accustomed to and I said without thinking, "Well, Isobel if it's time for you to go, then it is OK for you to go now".

"Wait, just a minute, she isn't going anywhere," exclaimed Rennie as he came running into the family room where Isobel's bed was. As he did this, the images disappeared. He would stay and hold her hand, saying over and over, you are going to get better, you will see.

This went on all day and every time Rennie would leave the room for a bit, the beings would come back and stand beside Isobel's bed. Every time Rennie heard me speaking to the now unconscious Isobel, he would run into the room, hold her hand and pull her back to this dimension with his will. I finally went to bed that night leaving him by her side holding her hand. Love is a tremendous bond.

I was awakened by a frantic man exclaiming "she's gone, she's gone, you have to help me." We went into

the family room and yes indeed Isobel was gone. She went peacefully in her sleep, just like everyone says they want to go. We robotically went into motion to fix her up and dress her while we waited for the coroner to arrive. Rennie told me of this strange dream he had that night while holding Isobel's hand. It went like this.

He and Isobel were flying. No plane or anything just flying in their bodies. Up, up, up, just like the balloon. He said he was aware and conscious that he tried very hard to open his eyes to see where they were going.

Finally, when he was just about to see where they were, he awoke and found himself beside Isobels' lifeless body.

“How could this happen?” he cried, “I fell asleep for just one second and she died”. “I wanted to be awake when she passed on.”

I sat Rennie down and said, “I think it's possible that they let you take Isobel up and away, at least part of the way.” “But, because you were so interested in where you were and what you were doing that your

journey ended”. “What a special and extra ordinary experience you've had, having that gift.” “You are so lucky”. Rennie didn't believe me and he called another friend, whom he valued for her spiritual beliefs and shared the story. She corroborated it and thought how wonderful it was. I don't know why he couldn't believe he was lucky enough to have shared such a glorious memory of his wife. Unfortunately, no matter how badly you don't want someone to die, if it is time to go, it is time to go.

Later that day, Rennie and Isobels' son got in from across the country and missed the whole thing. She was already gone before he could say good-bye. I believe Isobel did not want her son to see his mom that way and made sure her body was at the funeral home before her son's delayed flight could get in. It was a closed casket and everyone thought it would be better if he remembered his mother the way she was, not how she looked when she died. I know I will never forget it and I am glad I have some wonderful pictures of us all together to enjoy.

Over the next couple of days something unusual and wonderful happened. We all seemed to have this peaceful calm running through us as we made preparations for her funeral. We laughed and joked around the house; we ate out for dinner and had this wonderful feeling surrounding the three of us.

The funeral was unusual being small and having a spiritual tone to it as apposed to a religious one. We did meditations and imagery of Isobel laughing and

dancing, she loved to dance. We not only celebrated her life but, envisioned her floating in the room joining us at the wake. Many of us could see an image in the room, which we shared with each other after the service. She felt happy and free and very pleased we had a service for her that included her still existing, rather than one that only spoke of her life in her body and that it was over.

I had chosen to read a poem that reflected her wishes and thoughts about dying and life beyond.

You may recognize it. I added some of my own thoughts as well as Isobels to it. It went something like this

Do not stand by my grave and cry,
I am not there, I did not die.
I am the diamond glint on snow,
I am the seasons that come and go.

Living Between Lives

Do not stand by my grave and weep,
I did not die, I do not sleep.
I am the twinkle in your young child's eye,
I am your tear when we say good-bye.

I am the beauty in the things you see,
I am the breeze on the tallest tree.
I am everywhere like the shining sun,
If you would only ask, I will surely come.

Please, don't weep by my grave for me,
I am not gone, I will always be.

During the funeral I could see several images floating around the room. I sensed not only Isobel, but others as well.

You know, I have heard most people who die attend their own funeral just to see who's there and to comfort loved ones. In Isobel's case I think she was

there to send us all that unconditional loving peace I have known in the past.

Later that day the men and I went with the coffin to the grave site. It was only for the three of us. They wanted everyone else to remember the service and Isobel the way they did at the service. We had some private business to attend to of putting Isobel's empty shell in the ground. Rennie and Mark wanted to stay until the workers had put all the dirt back into the hole on top of the coffin. The cemetery workers with the back hoe were very uncomfortable with this notion, but I explained it was their wish, so we could plant some rose bushes at the sight.

We patiently waited while they fully covered up Isobel's pine box and then went about digging in the

freshly piled soil with our hands to plant the bushes we had in the trunk.

Suddenly, out of no where the most darling little brown puppy showed up and wanted to play with us. It made us laugh and giggle while we felt this

incredible unconditional love coming from it. We all felt so wonderful. We played and cuddled this little doggy for the longest time and almost forgot what we had been doing.

After the task at hand was all done and were back in the car, I looked out the back window as we drove away and I saw the puppy sitting in the middle of the road. It looked like it was saying good-bye to us, then poof, he disappeared. I don't mean he ran off, I saw before my very eyes, it vanished from the middle of the road.

What a strange and wonderful gift we were given. Perhaps Isobel's spirit was in the dog and we all got one last hug from her. I know that without this body we hang out in, you can not hug someone who has left their body. It would be like hugging thin air and that is not as rewarding as cuddling a little puppy or giving someone a hug.

Isobels' body may be dead now but, that is not the last I was to see or hear her. I think for now this story is as

long as one of our telephone conversations. I will leave the visits with Isobel for another letter.

I hope my stories are interesting to you. I know it humbled me to the majesty and grace of life and death. I feel honoured to have been a small part of this experience. I surly hope I will have the pleasure of your company after you pass on. We can fill the 3,000 mile gap with a blink of an eye and visit any time we wish to chat. Even if you don't believe that could happen now, I am counting on you to visit me after you're gone.

On that note, I am signing off for now. Chance needs to go for a walk. He woke up late this morning after a long day in the car yesterday. We went to B.C and he is moving a little slower today. Getting old ain't for sissies.....

That's it for now; I will give you a call soon.

Love Linda

Out of Body Experiences

Oct 3, 2005

Dear John,

I think I have your subscription to Scottish Memories sorted out. It appears they have had a change in how they ship and now it seems we are getting them directly from the UK instead of the east coast.

I am sorry to hear that your legs don't seem to be working very well. I am glad you have a one story house. You could always get a ramp for the small hill from the front door to the car. I know that sitting all the time really does take its' toll on your muscles. You've heard the old saying, "If you don't use it, you lose it". I really believe that. It applies to all your

muscles, your brain cells, your talents and even ones ability to try new things.

My dad and I were talking on the phone last week while my mom was away on a bus tour and for some reason he had been thinking of when he got Legionnaires disease and almost died. I think it has been in the news again lately and I thought I would share our conversation. So, how about today we will venture into a new topic “Out of Body Experiences.”

Back in 1985 my dad started to have symptoms of a cold or developing pneumonia and while getting into the car he collapsed. My mother rushed him to the hospital. My parents are funny about getting ill and they never want to worry us, so they don't say anything to us kids until the crises is over. Well, this time things were worse than ever before.

My dad was taken to the hospital emergency and not admitted for days. The doctors in the ER were taking bets on when my dad would die. My mother couldn't take the stress alone anymore so she called us just in case my dad wasn't going to pull through.

When I arrived my mom and my other sisters were already there. They were all standing around his bed out in the middle of the ER. It was very odd to see.

I took one look at my fathers stone grey face beneath the oxygen mask and saw my dads' lifeless body. I then looked above his bed and there he was in full living colour floating above the bed. All of this happened in a split second and instinctively I mentally told him to get back into his body, he wasn't finished with what he came here to do. I then turned and started yelling at the orderly's standing around doing nothing to get this man in a room. The only place he was going was upstairs to admitting.

I didn't have a premeditated idea that this was going to happen, I just reacted in my head and only after it was all over did I realize what had happened. The funny part about it is that it feels like it was yesterday and I can recall all the details about that scene so clearly.

He also mentioned that he would like to see the room he was brought to because he recalls floating up out of his body and sitting on a wardrobe cabinet on several occasions while he was in the hospital.

Obviously my dad did recover and has seen another 20 years so far. As a matter of fact I think my father is better now than he has been in years. Now, to get his ankles working better, he could live to see 100. He is working on a book and seminars on the power of the mind and in doing so he is helping himself. You know the power of positive thinking. I think that is the work he is supposed to do before he dies. I enjoyed discussing the topic with him.

On a less dramatic note; you remember my friend from Ireland, Michael. He and I were traveling across Canada when he was first here and I didn't know him very well. We were staying in hostels across the West and we had stayed in something called a "family room" where there were several beds in one small room so a group or family could sleep together. Anyway, that night I was on the double bed and he on the upper bunk. As I lay in my bed thinking, I saw Michael's full colour body hovering above me looking wonderfully happy. Once he realized I could see him he seemed startled and instantly popped back into his body while it continued to sleep away the night.

I was very excited to tell him about his out of body experience that night, but sadly he didn't recall any part of the experience. I guess that is what happened to me that time I went off with Jesus.

Now that I think of it, I also had a mind blowing experience being out of my body in a different way. Once again "Ramtha" was the book I was reading when I went to my sisters' cottage for a holiday one summer. This was early on in my interest of reading spiritual books, a year or so after my first husband and I split up. I had been doing quite a bit of reading during that time. The book was called "Ramtha, Voyage to a New World." Many things happened to me while I read that book and have read it several times since. This one time in particular was an out of body experience like none I have ever felt again. It startled me so much I think I have prevented it from happening again.

I floated out of my body, up through the roof looking down at my sleeping body. This time it was very different. I suddenly could see in all 360°, everything, in every direction simultaneously. Not only that, but I knew EVERYTHING in the Universe all

simultaneously. I can't begin to explain what that felt like. I knew and saw everything at the same time. It was so overwhelming that it's impossible to explain unless it happens to you. Frightened, I zoomed back to the safety of my body laying on the bed. Nothing like that has happened again. Even though the experience happened over 20 years ago I can still recall that mind bending experience I felt for a split second. I would like to try that again now that I'm more capable of handling it and wouldn't be as freaked out.

Sorry to end so abruptly. I will talk to you soon and I promise to keep writing. The chores are piling up here and there are the here and now things that need attending so I'd better see to them.

Love Linda

Past Lives Revisited

Oct.29, 2005

Dear John,

I know it's been a while, but as you know there are so many things going on right now including Thanksgiving and soon Christmas. Somehow, Oct. to Dec. always goes so fast for me. I am very proud of myself though, with the bulk of Christmas presents bought, I am starting to wrap right now. At the same time we are still painting the last of the house. The seventeen foot ceilings in the living room and dining room are proving to be a bigger challenge than expected. But, being the person I am, we'll figure it out and get it done. It is just taking us a lot longer than we realized. I wanted the house to be completed by Oct. so we could have a Christmas party this year without

rushing around in a panic. With the possibility of us going to San Diego this could be the final get together for a bunch of us. We still need to purchase another ladder to get me up to the ceiling to cut in. We will get it together in time and get all the presents out to be mailed on time as well.

We may need to rethink whether we are going home sometime this holiday with the back and forth we will be doing to California, it could be difficult to get there as well.

Speaking of traveling, I thought I would share a trip that Michael and I took to Europe in the early 90's. (Long before I came out west and met Dana). I thought you would like to hear about Europe some more. I know you miss it there.

I may have to piece this together because so much happened during this time; it still seems incredible so many years later.

Let's see, where to start? It was during the time I had sold my second house in North London and was in transition. I had my stuff in storage ready to be

shipped out west. Yes, even back then I was heading west, but as it turned out that was to happen later. I was staying at a friend's place dog sitting his Airedale while he and a friend went to Germany. There I was with my two standard poodles and the Airedale in the park twice a day. They were all friends and it was a fun month. As it turned out while Wayne was in Europe I had a dream about Michael and I going to Ireland. I have so many meaningful dreams I really didn't see it as significant until another close friend called me the next day and told me he had a dream about Michael and I going to Ireland. Oh oh... Better take note.

As the month long dog sitting job continued I had to contemplate the possibility. I was unable to reach Wayne to ask if he would be able to dog sit my dogs for a week or two while I went on holiday when he returned. I continued to make my plans with the hopes that that would work.

I would fly to Heathrow a few days ahead of Michael leaving from Dublin. He was only able to take a week off with his new job and I took two. I could stay a

couple days before and a couple after him and have a longer holiday.

When Wayne returned he seemed annoyed at the concept of dog sitting without warning, but agreed grudgingly.

A few days later I took ill. I was excruciatingly thirsty and weak. I learned about Gatorade and some herbal remedies and was still going to get on that plane. (I was not a big fan of cancellation insurance). To this day I still think I was mildly poisoned so I wouldn't take that trip. I shudder and want to believe I made that up.

By the time I had landed in Heathrow, I was near collapse. I pulled out my "Bed and Breakfast" handbook and made some calls. My preferred B&B was available and it would involve taking 3 buses to get there. Can I can do it?

I did and asked to be placed in quiet area since I was ill and asked not be disturbed. A couple of days passed and I re-entered the world and went into the main

house. I was feeling well enough to take a short journey on my own and after talking to the lady of the house, I was out on the bus system again.

After a day trip to Salisbury and Stonehenge, (I wanted to experience that alone without being influenced or distracted by Michael), I had a more personal conversation with the woman and I found out the English are very spiritual. They have a strong belief in ghosts and witches and psychic abilities. Very interesting. She suggested I take a short trip across town to see this guy for a reading. So, I did.

He was interesting, very young and a little too average for me. What he had to say was different from others I had readings from, but he was quite interesting and accurate. I also saw one of the best plays ever thanks to him. "The Buddy Holly Story". Quite incredible and musically fabulous as most English plays are. I hardly noticed I was alone. If I had been better clued into the subtleties of the laws of attraction I would have looked at this young man's offering of food and suggesting I take in a show a little differently. I think a sandwich in his apartment and a play suggestion was his version of dinner and movie. He kept in contact with me and

later informed me that he met a nice Polish girl and they were getting married. Huh, was he hitting on me?? How could I have missed that one?

The following day I took the subway to Heathrow to meet Michael at the airport. We traveled back to my original B&B in Kingston upon Thames. This time I had to change rooms so we could have separate beds now. Much to my surprise when we arrived, Michael announced that this town was the very place that he was born. Wow, what a coincidence! What are the odds of that?? Obviously, the messages that came through in our dreams were thanks to someone guiding us there.

The plan was to spend a few more days in England and then head back to Ireland before Michael's vacation was up allowing me to see Dublin, some of Ireland and meet his family before I headed back. We did bring English pounds, Irish punts, Swiss Franc's, German Deuchmark and even Belgian money just in case.

Needless to say, those were the only places that we didn't travel to on our trip. We decided to go where we

were supposed to go not where we wanted to. As long as we went with the flow things went spectacularly.

We truly enjoyed the English countryside and got lost on many occasions; at least Michael could drive the car on the wrong side of the road. Otherwise it would have been public transit for us. It seemed as though there was a strong voice in my head and as long as I listened to it things went wonderfully and with ease.

We were guided to Salisbury and Stonehenge and headed toward the south coast to see Dover and the English Channel. With no real plan in mind we drove to see the hovercraft site and the beginnings of the Chunnel being built. Suddenly we decided to get on the Hovercraft before it was obsolete and take a quick trip across the channel. I had never been to France.

The area was packed with cars and there was no place to park our rental. I was going with the flow and we drove right into the major expensive lot right at the dock and found a place. I was told not to worry, in my head. We breezed through customs and were sitting

anxiously on a noisy vibrating plane/boat buzzing across to the unknown.

After arriving, we thought we would check out a B&B and spend the night. Michael seemed to have some burning desire to stay. We checked with one on the main street only to find it full. The Madame of the house said she would call another and check for us. There was a room available and she directed us to a building off the main street but, closer to the channel. The price she quoted us was not the price the man at the new B&B wanted to charge us. After some haggling we went upstairs to the loveliest and tiniest room we had ever seen.

There seemed to be some English bank holiday going on and that explained why things were so busy. We wandered down to the main street heading towards the channel. I felt very uncomfortable on these streets and wanted to get out of there as quickly as possible. Michael on the other hand fallen in love with the place. He seemed to change and become more assertive and insisted we check out the famous wall at the water front. These were the shores on the French side where

the battle of Britain happened. I just didn't care; I really felt weird and wanted to get out of there.

That's when I realized that this part of the trip was for Michael's benefit. He started to see things that weren't there. All he kept saying was, "Here's the wall, here is the wall". "Yep that was a wall alright, now let's go". He kept walking and mumbling things along the wall pointing out things that either weren't there or uninteresting. I finally convinced him to find a place to sit down and have some food. "French pizza, mmmmm, very interesting."

I don't recall much about things other than wanting to get out of town. So, we planned a little side trip to Paris by taking the early morning train. There was a business ticket available that involved taking the early train to the city and returning the next day. That would at least get us out of Calais and into Paris even if it was for only one day. "Haven't you always wanted to go to Paris, but thought you couldn't?"

Michael continued to have strong feelings about this place, but, couldn't actually say what it was about. So

did I, but they were definitely opposite to his. I even didn't like the Innkeeper; he seemed unfriendly especially being in the hotel business.

We sleep uneasily that night. I woke up several times and each time Michael was mumbling something in his sleep in the next bed.

In the grey of the early morning we packed and stumbled downstairs to find the grouchy old Innkeeper waiting for us with croissants and coffee with a smile on his face.

During our breakfast Michael told me what he had dreamt about. Then I knew we were in Calais for him.....He said he knew the streets and just below the window of our room on the narrow street below he had been killed. Well, not actually but, in another life he was in the war as a young soldier who died heading to the channel. Somehow the channel meant safety for him. If he could just get to the wall he would be fine. He didn't. He described in living colour every detail of his painful experience. He was knifed in the back with a bayonet by the enemy. First he was shot in the back

and fell clumsily to the ground trying to crawl forward. If he could just get to the wall, he would be fine. The enemy soldier approached the crawling bleeding young soldier and thrust the knife on the end of his rifle into Michael several times. He would not be getting to the wall that day.

That is why that wall seemed so important to Michael; he finally made it to the wall, even if it took another lifetime to do it. He explained there were boats waiting with his buddies in the channel to escape; he knew he would be safe if he reached the water.

A bigger surprise was when Michael announced that the Innkeeper who was serving us breakfast was the man who killed him. I guess we were giving him an opportunity to do something good for Michael like give him shelter and life sustaining food to make up for killing him. Wow, this was going to be quite a trip.

After a surprisingly pleasant breakfast and even some photos taken of Michael and the Innkeeper with their arms around each other we were off to Paris leaving

the less than pleasant scenery of Calais behind. I was very pleased.

The French countryside zipped by at 200Km an hour. Getting to the city was quick and easy. It is amazing how the European's do public transit compared to North Americans. Ah, I thought, I am home. How this felt like a place I longed to be my whole life. It just felt right and familiar. Even now I sigh remembering the wonderful feelings of going through the French countryside. I must return soon.

We made our way on the subway into the core of the city and came up to a glorious scene. The hub of the traffic seemed silent and fluid as we gazed around ourselves feeling miniscule against the "Arc de Triumph" and the ancient humongous buildings that made up the core of Paris so long ago. "Now what do we do"? I seemed to know that very answer. Over there is a grand hotel. They will surely speak English and someone there will be able to tell us where there would be a good place to spend the night. How did I know that??

Yes, indeed the concierge did speak English and he knew just the place. One of the bellmen who previously worked there opened his own hotel. It was small but, not the 3600 Francs that it would cost to stay at the Prince de Gaulle hotel. The location was on the left bank right in the middle of the trendy shops and restaurants. The perfect place if you arrive in jeans and a nap sac. It was dressed in Art Deco and was quaint and lovely. I was in heaven. Or was I just in my home town?

You see, I already knew I had a previous lifetime in Paris. I had a psychic reading when I was in my early twenties and she explained to me why my ex-husband always bought me beautiful dresses, mostly ones that were slit down the front or the back or somewhere. She said I had been an Opera singer in Paris around the 1870's, and he was my very jealous husband. We had a fight and he accused me of having an affair and lying about it. He lost control and choked me to death with his bare hands. I don't know if I was guilty or not.

We were married again in this life time to work out the problem and find forgiveness. You can't imagine how

afraid I was when my ex, Gary and I had a fight over something I said when he grabbed me and slammed me up against the wall. He put his hands around my throat and said, “Don’t ever make me mad like this again or I swear I will kill you with my bare hands.” On every level of my being I knew he could do it. I spent the following years tip toeing around him afraid of making him angry again.

Back to my time in France, it sure felt good to be returning “home” to Paris again. I had many flash backs in my mind that made it seem like I had been there before. I knew this part of the trip was for me. In fact it felt so good to visit all the wonderful restaurants and shops that I didn’t want to leave. We stayed for three days. We did a few tourist things because Michael insisted he couldn’t go home without being able to tell his friends he went up the Eiffel Tower or visited the Louvre museum. I was just so happy to be in Paris I didn’t much care what we did.

But, at the insistence of Michael and his limited time we had to leave. I vowed to return as soon as possible.

Reluctantly I climbed on the train that was to return us to Calais and then on to England. I could feel my heart heavy as we flew out into the countryside northward. Suddenly, I was inspired after studying the train schedule. There was a stop just before Calais that had a newer version of the Hovercraft. Perhaps we could try that one on the return trip. It landed in Dover as well, right where we left the rental car. Yes, let's try something different. I had a bit more pull now because Michael was running out of money and I would do anything not to have to go back to that wretched town of Calais.

The train quietly came into the station at Boulogne sur Mer and we hopped off. I just loved spur of the moment happenings. There we were standing in a lovely new station. They were obviously preparing for the Chunnel to be completed because this was a very old walled village on the sea and the new train station seemed out of place. Trying to get our bearings we headed to the front doors to find some information about the village and how to get to the port where the "SeaCat" would launch.

A little man came up to us obviously knowing we were out of place. Yahoo, he spoke broken English probably because they were just a breath away from England. I would expect there are a lot of English visiting there.

He was a very gracious and lovely little man. He explained to us that the most interesting thing to see was the old walled city and from there we could take a taxi to the port to pick up the water shuttle to Dover. Since we had four hours before the boat left we happily got into his cab for the short ride to the center of the town square. The moment the taxi started to move I began having a vision. It was incredible; I was having a dream with my eyes wide open. I could see clearly that the gentle little man driving us was once a stable hand. He is reliving a similar lifetime using a cab instead of horses in the same area as before.

After thanking him profusely and taking his advice to sample some of the food and wine at the picturesque café in front of us. I found myself sitting at a tiny table with Michael outside on the cobblestone in the square with a profound sense of grief or joy washing over me. I started to cry, laughing at the oddity of it as the tears

poured out of me in buckets. This went on for what seemed like a very long time while more visions inundated me.

I could see the little man from the cab with the horses tending to the sleigh. There were four of us bundled under animal skins. Both couples were finely dressed, I with a white fur muff and trimmed hat and a luxurious full length red velvet coat with embroidery and a full skirt. The other woman was dressed similarly with two dashing finely dressed gentlemen in the rear seat of the sleigh.

We pulled up into the square laughing and having such fun we didn't notice a dirty scrawny man huddled at the corner of a building. He was a coal monger; he delivered coal to peoples' houses and businesses in the village. He was covered in soot cowering in the shadows longing to reach out and touch this beautiful scene. He obviously failed as we scurried off the sleigh onto the cobblestone and into the night unaware there was someone watching.

I started describing to Michael what I was seeing while my vision continued. He stammered, "That was me".

“That dirty little man was me and how I longed to know you and be part of a life that looked like yours”. “I was too afraid to come out into the light to show myself in fear of you being disgusted with my appearance.” “I was ashamed, but I never gave up on that thought. I spent the rest of my life wanting to know more about that life and those in it.”

All this conversation went on as I cried my eyes out, feeling silly all the while. I was indeed home, now I saw it with my own eyes. The poor owner of the café had been waiting for my tears to dry up before he approached the table I am sure he was thinking Michael and I had a fight or something. As I inquired with my tear streaked face and my broken French as to where the bathroom was, I understood that this quaint little walled city was called, “Boulogne Sur Mer” was a place where we went on holiday. This was our second home when it got too hot in Paris during the summer and for winter vacations.

I was home again and now I wanted to stay for a bit longer. It was difficult to find a place to stay for the

night. We tore up another transportation ticket seeing we would not be getting on the “Sea Cat” as planned.

Oh, how I loved going with the flow. You just never know what will happen next.

After much inquiring, we did find a place just outside the walls of the village. All the Inns were full and we were to spend the night in a more modern hotel that resembled more of a hostel than a hotel. But, it was allowing me to spend more time there. The night all by itself was an event and the things that happened in the following days is another story all by itself and I will continue this in my next letter.

I have lost count of how many pages this letter is already, I should just write a book instead. It will cost me a fortune to mail this today. At least you will have something to read in between the magazines I send you.

Thank you for letting me tell you these stories. I really enjoy reliving these special events in my life. Although some of the memories are quite painful and difficult to

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recall. I think it's helpful for me write them down. I hope you are enjoying them and they aren't too weird for you.

Anyway, I had better go, my typing hands are getting stiff from the length of this letter. I promise I will continue my story in a few days so you are not left hanging. In the mean time there is always the phone.

Take Care John, I will call you before you ever get this.
Love Linda

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