

LIVING
Between
LIVES

Published by: GreenBelt Books

*A Collection of Esoteric Letters
Exploring "Living Forever"*

LIVING

Between

LIVES

**Linda
Paquette-Bachelder**

PUBLISHED BY GREENBELT BOOKS
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON 98296

COPYRIGHT © 2009 LINDA PAQUETTE-BACHELDER
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED
10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Library of Congress Control Number: 2009907563
Printed in the United States of America

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. 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.

Acknowledging the idea of an unseen world did not happen when I was a child as with many physic's or other spiritual people. It did start however when family members started to die. I was about 28 years old.

In fact, I was probably one of the most analytical and scientific people I knew growing up. I could explain a

multitude of unexplainable things that happened around me. I use to believe that when you die there was nothing but blackness. No pizza, no fun, no light. NOTHING FOREVER. You will now find these stories to the contrary. Please know that hasn't always been the case.

The following are letters written to my dear friend Jack, so he may read these pages and at age 89, know that this is not all there is to life. Like me, at the age of 20, Jack feels there is nothing but an eternity of empty blackness. We had countless telephone conversations on the following topics.

It's my intent that this book help him, along with anyone else who needs to know, that "LIVING IS FOREVER". We are all forever, not just some of us, whether we believe it or not. Our being exists forever even when our body dies. Death is nothing more than a transition of bodies.

DEDICATION

To my mother Gladys, on her 75th birthday and to 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 a moment in eternity. Your 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 when you're done you will too.

May this book be a comfort to you with the knowledge that those passed on are around you and are well and happy. They want 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.

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 Mitchell 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 an ancient 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 town square.

The moment the taxi started to move I began having another 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 we took 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 Mitchell 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, the tears poured out of me in buckets. It was as though I was watching the scene and was in it at the same time. This went on for what seemed like a very long time while more visions inundated me.

Through the gently falling snow, I could see the little man from the cab tending to our sleigh and team of horses. 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 described to Mitchell 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 me.” “I was ashamed of my appearance, but I never gave up on those beautiful scenes.” “I spent the rest of my life wanting to know more about a life like yours 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 Mitchell and I had a fight or something. I inquired with my tear streaked face and broken French as to where the bathroom was in order to freshen up.

I understood that this quaint little walled city 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 a place we enjoyed as a winter wonderland for Christmas.

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 in Boulogne. The night all by itself was an event and the things that happened in the following days