

## **“Is, Not Was”**

By Linda Gooley

Sunday, November 3, 2019 (All Saints Service)

Our religion teaches that we have a soul and that after our life here on earth our soul lives on in heaven. When I was teenager 2 of my grandmother's children went to heaven just a little over year apart. Anytime their names would come up, which wasn't very often, everyone would burst into tears to the point that we just didn't talk about them. It was, I guess, too painful for them in spite of their beliefs. I don't know how many of you were brought up in a type of culture that if someone dies you just didn't talk about them, but I don't want to live that way.

This is Jason. He used to be a police officer here in Grand Ledge. He rang bells here in this church. This is Ron. He worked for General Motors in Warren. Ron is my father. Jason is my son. Notice that I'm using "is" not "was". Even though Dad's physical body gave out on May 28, 2013 and Jason's failed him on December 9, 2014, Jason will always be my son, Ron will always be my dad.

When my Dad re-emerged to nonphysical, I knew that he had lived a happy full life, and he had told me once if he ever got so he didn't "know anything" (his words, not mine) to let him go. He had been slipping away from us for a while, so I understood then and now that even though I miss him terribly, it really was a blessing.

But when Jason re-emerged about a year and half later, I didn't feel that way at all. He was only 37 and had a 9-year-old daughter and I felt like he was cheated out of the rest of his life. The darkness tried to snuff me out.

The first time someone asked me how many children I had after he transitioned, I just burst into tears. All my life all I had been told when someone "dies" that they are gone. So, I didn't know how to answer that question. Do I have 3 sons or 2. But after much research and exploring of ideas I have to say that I don't believe that he is gone anymore. He isn't really gone any more than if he moved out of the country. He just transitioned back to nonphysical.

Before he was born, he was nonphysical. He was spirit. He was energy. He was a soul. On that March 11, 1977 the nonphysical part of him merged into the physical part that I gave birth to. Through his whole life here on earth he was always really more nonphysical and physical. We are all more nonphysical than we are physical. Then on December 9, 2014 due to colon cancer Jason re-emerged into nonphysical. However, that is not the end of Jason. It was just the end of his journey as a physical being. Some people think he will be back as a physical being and others think we only pass through here once. But regardless that still isn't the end of him, and it doesn't make him any less my son. I may not be able to see, hear or touch him but I do know that he is still with me. I feel him at certain times and sometimes I wake up in the morning feeling like I have just been with him.

This doesn't mean I don't miss him, because I do every day. It doesn't mean that I don't still cry, because I do. Although not near as often. But I do know that he isn't gone. He isn't really dead. His body that I gave birth to failed him and that part of him is gone but the part that I loved, that nonphysical part that makes up who he is can never die. He is still here just beyond that veil that we can't see through. But he can. He sees all of us. He is here with me now helping me through this, so I don't dissolve into tears. He hears me and sees me and is with me when I need him. I know now that he is happy. That was my first concern after he re-emerged into nonphysical. It took me almost a year to

really start missing him because I was in such a panic worrying about if he was happy that I didn't have time to miss him.

I took classes at Coyote Wisdom. I read books. I took reiki classes and became a reiki master. I listened to podcasts. I studied religions from many cultures. I listened to many Abraham Hicks recordings. I went to an Esther Hicks seminar. I felt like a mother bear trying to protect her cub. I needed to know as much as I could to know that he was happy and ok and to be able to accept the fact that I could no longer hug him or carry on a two-way conversation with him anymore. I do talk to him though, every day. In my studies I have learned that some people can communicate with their loved ones on the other side. Sadly, I don't have that gift. I hope that others really do.

Some of the ways I know he is here and happy are three things that happened right here in this room. The first thing that happened was when sitting right over there with my eyes closed and I felt his hand on mine. He is my son and I know what his hand feels like. It startled me at first and I opened my eyes and of course didn't see anything. But the feeling was there. The second time I was standing up with the choir and I felt a strong push in my back. It almost pushed me over. I assume that was him. I don't know what that was about or if he was trying to tell me something, but it was a strong feeling I definitely felt the push. But the best and most powerful was one Sunday when Maddy, his daughter, was here. She was sitting next to me and I had my arm around her and all of a sudden, I saw a glimpse of Jason and then felt him whoosh into me. It was a very odd but wonderful feeling. He stayed with me for just a few seconds. He was using me to hold his daughter.

Then there was a more recent thing that happened this past Mother's Day. We were watching TV in the living room when all of a sudden one of the battery candles that sits next to the bronze hands of Jason and Maddy on our mantel turned on. I'm sure that was Jason telling me happy Mother's Day. I couldn't bring myself to turn it off, so we left it on. I wish I had put the date that it went out on my calendar, but I didn't. But I know it went out just a couple days before we were leaving on vacation, so it stayed on at least 2 weeks.

All Saints Day coincides with The Day of the Dead. The movie Coco, from which our anthem today came from, is about the Day of the Dead which is a Mexican holiday that celebrates death not as a day of sadness but of a day of celebration because their loved ones awake and celebrate with them. What a wonderful tradition.

I believe Jason and all souls that have re-emerged into nonphysical are the light. Their energy still exists, and that light cannot be overcome by darkness. I think one of the hardest things ever is to have your child transition back to nonphysical. You hear people all the time say "she lost her son" or "her child died" or "her child is gone" but that perpetuates the feeling that our loved ones are gone when in fact they really are still right here just in a different way. So, I guess what I'm saying is that I don't believe that Jason or my Dad are lost, gone or dead. I know that they would not want me to wallow in grief and sadness. I want to use the terminology, transitioned or re-emerged not died. I want to be able to remember Jason and my Dad with a smile and not tears. I want to remember the good times we had. I don't want to think of them and get sad because they **are**, not were, a wonderful part of my life. Oh, and by the way, I have 3 sons. Amen