## Now What?

I don't know what comes next. It's part of what keeps me here. My curiosity about life leads me to wait and see. I don't know how long I will walk here but I know he will keep me here as long as I am needed.

I feared it would be soon. I was aware in a way that kept me living every day as my last that my time was reaching an end. A few months after I shared that fear with a friend I had another heart attack. But I survived again. That fear left me. Then there was a time that it seemed to take too long for it to be my turn to go. I just wanted to be "home" with my mate. But others here need the love I am for them, as small and poorly expressed as it sometimes seems to me, they need me. Now I know I have exactly enough time to do what ever it is I am here for.

I get up and go on and pray that I can help show others that His love is real in this world today. That I learn to love like He does seems too big for me to do. That I learn to love the best I can is all I can strive for. I am not Him, I am as He made me and I try to be just what I am. What changes me is Him and His love. I have the self control of a two year old without His will to guide me. He has made changes in me that are visible to others.

I am less easily upset. I am quieter. I am at peace in my heart almost all the time now. I am rarely hurt by others words and actions. If I take them in prayer He shows me that it is not a hurt to me but a hurt they carry in them. I pray for their healing. It is a very interesting way to see people. I care more for others. I cry more easily but I seem to care more and it hurts my heart to see all the grief and hurting that we deal with here.

I still feel I am selfish and self centered but I see it being changed, too. I don't swear hardly any more. I had a mouth like a sewer. He showed me words have power. I try to watch what ones I use but it really seems as if they just fell away from me. I have lost weight without diet or exercise changes. I have had more resources to do for others. I have so much more than I need that I know it is meant to be shared. I share it easier. While I still have fears I have fewer all the time. Last time I was really afraid it was only of falling off a hill and breaking my leg. I don't fear others as often. I see they are His, too.

Some how, though I can't see it here, losing the man in my life was His loving best. I know it is a truth. I still don't understand. If I had a vote it would not have happened. All loved ones would go together to avoid the sorrow. That isn't how He sees it. I have to trust Him. I know I would not have written this if the mate were here. There was no need. But it has changed lives. I know that one thing I did in this life has counted in another's life. That's amazing to me.

I had 1 Corinthians 13: 1-13 read to me all at once. I believe it says, "You will understand when you don't die", like we say, "You will understand when you grow up." I think Paul experienced the Divine Love. He saw that all our best efforts and deepest understandings will be eradicated by time and the limits of the flesh. They will be revealed as the imperfect understandings that they are when we don't die but move on to where the place of Divine Love.

The truth adults try pass on, that we would understand when we were older, is a part of this. It is a truth but you don't see it UNTIL you are older. As children don't understand some things because of their lack of experience and limited perspective, we can't understand as we are now.

Having stood in the Loving Light of a Divine and Loving Being, I get a little bit of this. I can't explain it all to you, you will have to experience yourself. You can't understand what I am trying to say until you have seen and felt it, too. There just aren't any words that work to say it right. You will know it when you don't die.

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## I Change

The changes that come to each one who loses a loved one, be it daily partner, family member or friend, affects each of us differently. And each one we lose affects us in a different way. I have experienced the "deaths" of pets, all my grand parents, brother, father, aunts and great grands and friends. Each brought a different set of changes to my life. Losing the mate changed my entire way of living. It changed the path of my "every day" from a known and loved routine to a strange and painful groping for existance.

It was like being a flaming pin ball, bouncing off everything and one I could reach and burning them with my intensity of need. I needed and I didn't know what would help so I tried everything. Going places, staying home, being with people, being alone, working, taking time off, music, books, meetings, groups, parties, bonfires; these at least filled the time but nothing could touch my pain and soothe it.

I sat in the back yard one day and was changed. I was venting in a prayer with a song. It was a hurt, lonely, angry song. Then something touched me. Something came over me. Something freed me. A feeling like someone was there and they loved me went right through me. I began to cry. I went to my knees from the bench and grabbed the grass to hang on to the planet.

My mate was gone. My mate was not coming back. I had no one to love and no one to love me in my days anymore. It was real.

It was my life now. That's how it is. My new reality was I'm alone.

I sobbed for a long time with this knowing. It was truth, however unwelcomed. I grieved for the shadow I lived in now, with no love. I grieved for the days I would never have again that I enjoyed so much. I could grieve and let it go.

The feeling of the love that infused me stayed through all of this. It was like I had been living with red membranes over my eyes for more than a year. The world was pink. It was right there in front of me and I swear it's all pink. Those other colors people tell me are there are all in their head. That day the membranes were removed and the colors came back into the world. Even the black.

I returned to reality from more than a year of having my emotional and mental system shut down by my body's self preservation system. I think that is what happened. I don't know what else it could be. The body didn't want to die and it knew, if I experienced all the changes of losing my partner, I was going to follow him. It shut things down to a level of input I could deal with. I lived.

Some people describe this as feeling like a zombie. They are here, doing what needs to be done, but they don't feel anymore. It's the body's defense against grief and other emotions too strong for it to deal with, I believe.

I was back again. I was going to live. And I hated being back. I hated feeling the fullness of the grieving in my heart. It hurt so deeply into the truth of me that I could see no way to go on. Then the love that was holding me started to soothe my hurt. I got up. I knew that those I loved and the loved me had kept me here. I was showed that one had reached out a hand to me when I was blinded by my grief. I knew again that I was loved and would love on.

I had almost finished the third rewrite of this book when this happened to me. It was just a few days after the prayer that changed my memory. I sat down the next day and, all in one sitting, wrote a piece I call [**"Changes"**](http://4herway.com/4letterword/changes.html). I have given it a page of it's own because it's so long. I ask that you read it because it is what came next in my life. It opens in a new page. Then you can finish reading here. Thank you.

[**Click to read "Changes"**](http://4herway.com/4letterword/changes.html).

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## Just Me

A friend told me that once she caught a woman from her church swearing at a faulty tool. The woman quickly excused herself but my friend said, "No, it just shows me you are human. I see the way you walk and didn't think I could do it. Now I know you struggle to walk in what you see is the right way, I might even be able to try it."

Her point was that she needed to know those she was learning from were like her; not perfect saints in life, but struggling humans trying to live right. That way she could see there was hope for her. She knew she was not perfect and could not be. I don't want anyone to think this happened to me because I was so perfect and wonderful that I got something special when I died. That would be untrue.

I list my past, in part, here up to the point just before I killed myself.

* I was the oldest in a family of five children. I was a fairly classic "good girl" until I was about fourteen.
* I ran away at fifteen and was gone for four months before returning home.
* I learned about and liked sex.
* I learned about and liked drugs.
* I met the man I knew I would marry at an anti-drug event at my school.
* I met him again when I was sixteen at a drug counseling place I was going to volunteer at. He was sitting, stoned, on the front steps.
* I was married when I was seventeen and three days old.
* I was five months pregnant on my wedding day.
* I had two children with my first husband.
* I worked to put him through college.
* We broke up many times. The last time I met some one else.
* I had a child with that man. We were together two years.
* The second man didn't marry me.
* While he was drunk he rolled my car. He went back to jail.
* I used every dime I had to bail him out. He jumped bond. I lost it all and he left us without even a good bye.
* Alone with three kids and no car, I tried to be a good Mom but I was coming apart.
* I was in a custody fight with the first husband. After this last mess I was going to lose in court.
* I couldn't keep just one. I split up my children.
* I gave two up to him and adopted out the littlest one to her aunt and uncle.
* I left and went out of state. I got drunk and stayed that way for weeks. Maybe months.
* I couldn't stand to visit my kids because I couldn't bear the parting. We missed each other badly.
* I married again. He neglected to mention some things I should have known before I do's.
* When he told me I got out. That one lasted eighteen months.

The list is seriously edited but that should be enough to convince you I am nothing special as human go. I have lied, cheated and stolen from stores and worse in my life. I was told I was perfect. I was showed He saw me that way.

I couldn't live with myself anymore. I had made it through Christmas alone but the new year was close. I was shamed, defeated and alone. I had let my children go, failed in every relationship I had, and I could only see instant replays coming. Another year of failing? I just couldn't face it. That is when I killed myself.

This is who I was when He told me I was perfect and precious. It is why I say He loves all of us as we are. If he loved me so completely as I am and with my past as bad as I judged it to be, I can not name one he will not love. I am not only no angel, I was barely sufficient as a human female. I love well, but not always wisely.

I continue to believe you can only go when your time has come. I walk here still to prove to my children that I believe love never dies and neither do we. I wait to see what comes next for me and how He will bless me. I want to see what comes next. His blessing have been many and magical. I love most of His surprises! The rest I try to puzzle out with Him the love in it.

I can't know all the answers. I don't know why children lose their mother or some get raped or murdered. I don't understand war at all. We only have one planet, I think we need to find a way to share it out carefully and take care of it.

I still believe our lives, each one, are precious to Him and He will bring us safely home. I will be there waiting for the ones I love as the ones that love me are waiting for me. I love it here but I don't fear death. We don't die, we are just transformed, changed to a different way of life and living.

The book says Jesus took death from us, I believe that is true. If you don't believe in Him or the book, maybe you will believe me. I died and was sent back. I am still here to answer what I can of questions you may ask. Some of you will find that easier than trying to ask Him. I will do what I can to answer you. The truth is, so will He.

He brought us back to eternity and removed death from life. Don't ever think that He is not still loving and alive. The you that loves and remembers and lives now will always be alive. The ones gone on ahead still live and still love you. This is what I believe.

You can keep your four letter word, "dead". I know there really is eternal life and that we are loved. God loves you as you are, however you may be.

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## The River Walk

"STOP here!"

I heard it in the middle of a curve. Not just any curve but the second of two tight curves, this one with a train track over it, blocking the view of on coming traffic. And two, count em', two, no parking signs. "Ya, RIGHT!" I thought and I went past it.

"Go Back"!

I heard it three times, each louder than the last. I made a left and turned around, went though the curves and turned around again so I was going back where I needed to be to pull over. Why? Because it seemed to be a real voice in my real head and I believed it had a reason to be so loud and vehement. Someone was communicating with me. I have communicated with the impossible before. So I went back.

To NOT park I left the keys in the car and it running. I walked back toward the river and start looking for what I am supposed to see. First there is a dam near, a sound of comfort and a place of meaning to me. I feel myself relax. I see it has a place to sit on it. I see the blue sky, the clouds are all behind me.

Then there is the river. It's down a tall bank from where I am. At the base is a bare place from people fishing. A small stream feeds in on the north over the gravel bank. Someone has put small block steps in but they are icy and snow covered.

I ask why I am here. I know "to go down to the river" is the answer. I explain about dress up shoes and ice and down hill and dresses and still get, "I will not let you fall, go down to the river."

I move about half way down and slip a little. I see a nice stump with a few leaves hiding it. I lift the leaves to move the snow off and sit there. I try to get comfortable and easy in spirit but I can't. The stump is too short, I am too tall, I'm cocked at the back. I look at the ice on the steps and at the spot by the river. I get up and start the rest of the way down.

I get to the nice spot and look around again. The sun is shining and I hear "The sun is to remind you of me. When you see clouds, the sun is still there. I am always here. " I hear a breeze in the leaves and then it fluttered through my hair and over my skin. I hear, "The wind is to remind you of me. You can not see me but I am always here."

I feel the Love touching me. I get it. I leak tears of joy that I understand and I just wrote about the river of love awhile ago so I know the river is the love. I hear, "Take off your shoes and step in the river."

Now anyone from the north knows there isn't much colder than a snow fed stream or river and where the two met I was to stand. I mentioned pnumonia, flu, only March, age, you name it I pointed it out and I just keep hearing, "I am here, step in the river".

I took off my shoes but left my socks on. I took a breath, looked up and walked into the river. It was ankle deep right there. The water ran over my feet from the stream and over my toes from the river. I looked at my feet. I knew they were in the water, I could SEE that, I could FEEL that but it felt like I had my feet in the creek at the shallow spot in high summer.

I looked at my feet some more and said, "Thank you, that feels really goodl" It was only cool and refreshing. My feet were not blue, I was not shivering and my teeth were not chattering. Wow.

I stood there until a truck pulled into the place I was parked in front of - right by their no parking sign. I would have to move the car. I walked out of the river, put on my shoes and went easily up the hill to the car.

He washed my feet. To remind me I am loved so much that in the winter he would warm the water or maintain the warmth of my feet for me. He takes care of my every need. I am loved. He is real. I love the Creator.

For my reaction to that wow. You had to be there. "I have washed your feet to show you the love I have for you. I am always here."

Why I needed to personally experience something like this when I already had stood before him in my past and knew he was real I didn't understand then.

But I was dead the first time I met him. I was alive when I walked in a Michigan river in March, with the snow melt running over my feet. It was real in both ways of existing. The Divine Love is real.

I got back in my car, seeing whole world around me as alive and vividly lit from within by the love that is the Creator in each bit of it. I drove around randomly for more than an hour before the thoughts and feelings passed and I was again by myself. It was a joyful drive and the world around me was beautiful and mine to enjoy.

Later I stopped by a friend's and was telling him about it. He looked properly doubtful and I said, "See?" Then I walked over and stood in his snow bank. My feet went right to soggy ground. I stood there, walked out and showed him my feet, not the slightest change. Warm and pink, not blue, no shivers, nothing to show I was standing on ice barefoot.

It lasted long enough to visit with them, go home and put foot prints in the front yard just for the fun of it! I wrote an email to a friend about it.

What a blessed day. The "strange" gets more usual around me all the time. I had a friend tell someone once, "You should do what she suggests. Weird things happen when she's around." And what he meant was that since he met me he had found his link to the Divine Love again and it was manifesting in his life.

Things "just happen", just exactly the right money, down to the penny, to pay a bill or fix tires; a guitar for comfort is needed, found and then the money comes out of the blue; turn around to go to a store you don't need anything from and meet a friend in the parking lot that needed you; decide to visit a friend you haven't see in awhile and have them save your life...the list is longer.

I know you have experienced coincidence in your life. We all do. But what if the meaning of the word needs to be changed? Divine intervention may be the truth of coincidence. I know, for me, it seems closer to the truth. I like Serene Dippity, too. (I made it up. Going right along, all "normal", and then it just hit a mystical dip.) But dip, dunk or coincidence, something seems to have a track it keeps as all on or a target it keeps us all headed for. It's real in my life.

I shared this here to show you that a spiritual change is not a one time event. You don't just become some kind of perfect human in one sitting. Realizing there is more to life than what we experience here and now, knowing you don't die, all these things and life itself continue to develop your heart and soul.

We keep changing and growing here and as long as we live....There is time for much growth in Eternity. This life is just a small part of the total experience we will live. Live and Love require growth.

Whatever your life is right now, if you can just wait, it is going to change. One phone call, one letter, one book, one word, one friend can change the way you live and see your life. Don't hide from the pain, give up the hurt and love on anyway.

Deep in each of us is one who wants only to help and love and be loved and helped in return. One who helps others because it makes their heart smile to do a kindness for another. You are good. Be what you are.