

# THERE *IS* LIFE AFTER DEATH

Tape Recordings from the Other World

by

**Douglas and Eira Conacher**



HOWARD BAKER  
LONDON

# THERE *IS* LIFE AFTER DEATH

Douglas and Eira Conacher

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THERE *IS* LIFE AFTER DEATH



# DEDICATION

TO ALL HUMANITY in the hope that the efforts that I (and others) have made in regard to communication, to bring enlightenment and truth, will lead to the realisation by all mankind that life is continuous; that we who are called 'dead' are very much alive; that we are ever seeking ways and means of contacting and helping those who are still on earth, so that they may avoid the pitfalls and mistakes that we have made in the past; that they might through this knowledge and experience – this finding of Truth, this realisation of oneness with our world and the power of the spirit within create a new and better world for all mankind and for all generations to come.

D.C



# FOREWORD

I write this foreword to *There Is Life After Death* with much pleasure. I have read this book carefully; much of what it contains was given to me personally by direct voice, which is the most conclusive and by far the best method of conversing with the other world. The feelings of the speaker are conveyed so much better than through trance. Mrs Conacher's husband, the communicator, transmitted what he wanted to say, and it was recorded clearly and accurately without difficulty.

This book tells of the other world concisely and lucidly. Mrs Conacher's husband made his meaning quite clear, and thus opened anew the world from which he is speaking. I have read what he has to say with much pleasure and enlightenment, and the reader of this book will find that vastly different world he will reach some day recorded in a way which he can understand and appreciate.

J. Arthur Findlay, O.B.E.

Stanstead Hall,  
Essex.



# INTRODUCTION

A few personal notes are necessary to give the background of events and experiences leading up to the conversations from the "Other Side" which comprise this book.

Although Douglas was a member of the Church of England, our marriage took place on 12 August 1937 at the Church of Scotland, Convent Garden, in order that the ceremony might be performed by a friend for whom he had the highest regard and affection, the Rev. Joseph Moffett, O.B.E., D.D. The presence of my beloved mother (so near the close of her earthly life), and many dear members of the family made it a very happy occasion. How peaceful London looked on that lovely summer's day!

My husband's publishing business was at that time in Wardrobe Place in the shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral which he visited almost daily and loved deeply. Douglas was passionately fond of historic London and never happier than when taking relations and friends — and strangers if they showed the least interest — around the ancient parts, the old churches in particular. History was of thrilling interest to him. He was a great reader, becoming entirely absorbed in books, and watching his expressive face with its whimsical smile as he was reading was a source of secret amusement

## THERE IS LIFE AFTER DEATH

and much happiness to me.

At weekends, we went for long walks in the countryside of Surrey and Kent. Surrounded by the peace and beauty of nature, and in the companionship of each other which a difference of nearly twenty years in age did not mar in any way, we were radiantly happy.

Alas! These halcyon days passed swiftly and soon all our lives were overshadowed by the dark clouds of impending war. My husband, who had served in the first world war, was under no illusion as to what was coming, and the anxiety – as crisis followed crisis and war became a grim reality – was too great a strain for his highly sensitive nature. A serious operation at that time made the doctors advise our leaving London. This unfortunately made it necessary for Douglas to give up the work he loved.

After giving up our London home, we lived a nomadic life for many years, like thousands of others grateful to share the homes of those in less vulnerable places.

While in North Wales, my husband was taken by ambulance to Liverpool for another major operation at a time when that city was being heavily and repeatedly bombed. Even after the war when we returned South, it was still a case of his being in and out of hospital. However, struggling through the storms and stresses of life together – as so many have found – drew us nearer in love and spiritual understanding.

Unfortunately, a few years before my husband's passing (on 6 June 1958) I had become deeply interested in the subject of life after death and read many books on this intriguing theme.

Having thus acquired a little knowledge concerning the true nature of what is mis-called "death", I was saved the overwhelming sorrow which often follows the passing of a greatly-loved companion, and thereby forms the greatest barrier to communication.

My resolve was to keep in touch with my dear ones through sensitives, gifted people who are able to tune-in to the finer vibrations of the etheric world surrounding and interpenetrating our own; those spheres of intense activity which

## THERE IS LIFE AFTER DEATH

although invisible and inaudible to most of mankind are nevertheless the real world and our future home.

In the early days of my adventure, I was greatly privileged to meet Cherie North, a sensitive who had possessed the gift of mediumship (one of her many gifts) since childhood; or as she would say quite simply: "I was born like it!"

On countless occasions through all kinds of weather, I have taken my tape recorder to Cherie's home in a neighbouring seaside town. In her presence my relatives and friends – and particularly my husband – found a perfect blending of vibrations which enabled them to communicate with ease and great joy. What marvellous sittings these were! But they are part of another story.

Later I visited many mediums, chiefly at the Spiritualist Association of Great Britain, Belgrave Square, London – 'this happy spiritual rendez-vous' as Douglas called it. These contacts with people now living in the world of spirit, were a most exhilarating experience, bringing a new dimension of meaning, purpose and enjoyment into my life.

The identity of my husband had been firmly established before I experienced the rarest and perhaps the highest form of communication – independent direct voice. Through the wonderful mediumship of Leslie Flint, Douglas is able to speak fluently in the tone and clarity of his earthly voice and diction.

At one of my early direct voice sittings my husband said: "I would like to concentrate on this form of communication; my idea is to be of service and to try to get my thoughts and my message and my knowledge to as many as possible, through what I hope one day will become a book."

The majority of the tape-recorded *séances* from which this work has been compiled took place at intervals of about four weeks, but occasionally after much longer periods of time.

To avoid repetition as far as possible I have deleted passages here and there, and in one or two instances included information on the subject in question from tapes not otherwise used. I would like to mention also that during 1965–1967, Douglas' conversation given through Leslie Flint's

## THERE IS LIFE AFTER DEATH

mediumship brought into being the book *Chapters of Experience* which was published by Frederick Muller in 1973.

At all the *séances* recorded in this book, the only 'earthly' people in the room were the medium and myself. On account of the destructive and inhibiting power of white light on the ectoplasm – a living substance and a prime factor in creating this form of phenomena – the electric light was switched off immediately before the actual sitting; but there was always plenty of time beforehand to examine the room if one so desired. The voices are heard in Mr. Flint's presence, but do not emanate from his vocal organs. He is always interested in the conversation and joins in sometimes.

Mickey, Mr. Flint's control and chairman, is a great character loved by all who know him. Mickey's account of his early life in the spiritual world and his decision to help Mr. Flint in this work is given in his own inimitable style elsewhere in the book.

I would like to thank all who have made my spiritual quest such a happy and exciting adventure, especially Leslie Flint through whose unique mediumship my husband has been able to give these talks.

Eira Conacher

## PREFACE

**I**n producing this book I seek to place in the hands of innumerable readers a guide to the truth as I now know it to be; that life is truly eternal, and death but the gateway to life; that one only begins to live when one has died; that death is the beginning of a greater realisation and a greater wisdom.

Man should welcome death not fear it. Death is not something to put aside, not discuss, and not concern oneself with until the time comes. So many people say: "Oh well, when the time comes that's good enough."

It is *not* good enough. One should always be concerned with death, realising that death is life – eternal life – a greater joy and happiness, a time not only to renew acquaintance with those one has loved in the past, but to make new friends all anxious to assist, to guide, and to uplift.

No one, however low they have fallen when on earth, is lost. Even for them there is the opportunity to struggle out of the darkness into this light. New chances are given, new hopes, new thoughts, new ways of expressing oneself. Love conquers all.

No one need fear death. Death is the great deliverer. It is a time of release from pain, depression and unhappiness; a time to enter a spiritual world which is far more real than

## THERE IS LIFE AFTER DEATH

anything on your side.

At the same time we should realise that earthly existence is essential. Indeed, one might liken it to the schoolroom in which we must learn lessons that are needed before we enter the greater outer world of the spirit. It is necessary for us to be good pupils, and yet I think it is true to say that though we sometimes neglect our studies, and though sometimes we may seem to be almost at the bottom of the class – still, even for the greatest dunce there is the greatest hope.

We do not realise perhaps until it is too late how great are the opportunities that are presented to us when on earth. It is only when we are able to look back – as we do from this side into your world – that we see the lost chances and the mistakes so often made in foolishness, in ignorance and in pride.

In some instances it may be necessary to return to the schoolroom for a brief span of time to learn some lessons we may have failed previously. Yet in the end all things come to full fruition.

Perhaps some of us when on earth were taught things in all sincerity by our teachers which nevertheless have proved to be wrong. In that category I feel that I can place myself. I learnt lessons taught not necessarily by bad teachers, but shall I say ill-informed teachers, and although not a prejudiced person, I blindly accepted certain things which I now know to be false.

Yet I realise only too well the difficulties of those in high places, particularly those who perhaps have been given a work to do and endeavour to do it as best they can, and who perpetuate many assumptions which I now know to lack truth. But this is not in any way a criticism, for all I say and all I endeavour to do, is done in love; my one aim, my one desire, is to serve.

I realise that it is natural, indeed to be expected, that much of my contribution to the world of truth will in some quarters be rejected because by its very nature it is in opposition to what is now generally accepted. But we should never lose sight of the fact that truth has many aspects, that

## THERE IS LIFE AFTER DEATH

no individual, no group, no society, no church, no nation, holds the monopoly of truth.

Truth is like a diamond, rough-hewn, many-faceted, but each aspect gives lustre to the whole. Yet at the same time it is vital to realise that there are many diamonds, there are many jewels which man does not perceive, many which he casts aside as of no account, no purpose and no meaning.

From time immemorial man has endeavoured to pierce the veil. He has searched far and wide to find truth. There have been many great teachers and prophets who have been in tune and in communion with souls from this world, and have been inspired or guided to give mankind aspects of truth and much that is good.

Quite unconsciously in most cases, they were the ones who founded new religions, though this was not their intention at all. They had received divine guidance and simply passed on to man that which they had received. It was man who built around these truths religious organisations which, as time went on, changed and altered and so often obscured the simple truths that had been revealed in the earliest times.

But man will find for himself according to his light; he alone will have to evolve from state to state, from condition to condition, and thus gradually become more and more aware and conscious of the eternal truths.

Change is necessary, and indeed if it were not for this constant change within oneself, within one's nature and one's realisation, within one's scope or ability – I do not think that eternal life could be.

We could not live in or understand an eternity in which there was no change, in which we repeated the same things and saw constantly the same people. All men will find their own condition of life according to their own light, and they will change from degree to degree according to their advancement or lack of it. But all men are of the spirit, and on the spiritual planes of this spiritual life all things are possible to each and everyone. There is hope for all.

That which I have given in this book will in many ways be found difficult to realise, and yet it is true. I know that

## THERE IS LIFE AFTER DEATH

the greatest opposition will come from the quarter in which it should be most accepted.

Unfortunately it is true to say that until the scales are lifted from the eyes, man cannot truly see, and thus many are blinded by outworn creeds and dogma. The truth is obscured for them.

But if they will endeavour to release themselves from the chains of orthodoxy and from prejudice, then shall they see the things that are of the spirit and be lifted up to greater heights.

My blessings go out with this book, my blessings go to all who may read it, to all those who accept, and to all those who decry. For there will be those who cannot see. But those who will see and realise this truth – truly they are blest. To the less fortunate, I say be of good heart and strength, for that which is not for you today shall surely be yours for the morrow.

Douglas Conacher.

# CONTENTS

Chapter		Page
1	First Recording	21
2	Voices From Spirit-Side	26
3	A World Of Discovery	31
4	Adjusting To Death	36
5	Ready To Receive	45
6	Reflections Of The Past	53
7	Forests Of Flowers	58
8	Testing The Spirits	63
9	Law And Order	70
10	Vibration Is Life	75

11	The Upper Room	82
12	The Aura	88
13	Direct Voice	94
14	Incarnations	99
15	An Antique City	105
16	Spirits In Space	109
17	Many Mansions	116
18	On The Air	124
19	Astral Adventure	130
20	Fullness Of Experience	137

# CHAPTER ONE

## *FIRST RECORDING*

**16** October 1959. My first tape-recorded *séance* with Leslie Flint – a red letter day indeed! Douglas had been on the ‘other side’ for sixteen months. While the medium and I were talking, the voice of “Mickey” came ringing through the room.

*Mickey*: Good morning, Mrs. Con - Con - Conacher, that’s right!

*Self (amused)*: Well done, Mickey!

*Mickey*: Your husband came with you this morning, and his Mum and Dad.

*Voice (deep, vibrant and with a French accent)*: I am so pleased to come and speak to you, Mrs. Maconacher.

*Self*: Who is speaking, please?

*Voice*: Maria. Maria. You know there are many people who come to you from this side; apart from your husband, there are many other people who are interested in being of service. I think you are going to do a lot of writing because you are getting a great deal of inspiration from our side. Oui. You will do more than you realise. Your husband was a very talented man, but he did not have the opportunity to develop certain aspects of his ability.

*Self*: Quite true.

*Maria*: He loves you very much. He is very close to

## THERE IS LIFE AFTER DEATH

you. There is a great bond of love and affection. Oui. I like him very much. He wants to speak to you.

*Self:* What a lovely voice you have.

*Maria (very graciously):* Thank you very much. It is very nice to be able to come and talk with you. Goodbye.

*Mr. Flint:* She spoke well, didn't she?

*Self:* Yes, very well.

*Douglas (in a voice clearly recognisable):* Hello, my dear! Hello! Hello! Can you hear me?

*Self:* Perfectly, dear.

*Douglas:* I tried to speak to you the other night, but I could not manage it. There were such a lot of people there.

*Self:* I heard my name called twice.

*Douglas:* Yes, I called you, but I did not think you could hear me. I have not the faintest idea what my voice sounds like. but I am endeavouring to speak as clearly as I can.

*Self:* I hear you have your father with you.

*Douglas:* Yes. You know this time business puzzles me. I have not a clue really as to time. Since I have been here, I have found it very difficult to be sure about time as such. In fact, I am more conscious of time through your mind. What were you saying about my father?

*Self:* I hear he is with you.

*Douglas:* He is, and mother too. They both send their love and blessings.

*Self:* Was that your light I saw last night?

*Douglas:* Yes, I was wondering if you see as much as I hope you do. I try to attract your attention in various ways, and the other evening I felt sure you knew I was there. You do sense my presence even though you do not see me. Sometimes during your sleep you come here. We are together a great deal.

*Self:* I wish I could remember. Occasionally I bring back little glimpses. By the way, dear, I have not asked after your favourite cat (*Seen and described by many mediums*).

*Douglas:* He is fine. I do love my animals. (*In haste*): But not as much as I love you!

## THERE IS LIFE AFTER DEATH

*Self:* I am glad you still love me.

*Douglas:* Of course I do. I always shall. I am just waiting for the day when you will join me. The years will come and go, time will pass and we shall be together again . . .

*Self:* Are you living in a house?

*Douglas:* Yes. I am hoping when you come to live here, you will like it. You seem a bit puzzled, why is that?

*Self:* It is rather difficult to visualise your side.

*Douglas:* It must be. Our world, in some respects, is not unlike the earth. We have all that you have only on a larger scale and more beautiful. But there are none of the snags and the disappointments. Here we have a world which to me, anyway, is as perfect as anything could be – yet I understand there are even more perfect places. Although I am extremely happy where I am, I shall be happier still when you join me.

*Self:* That is something to look forward to.

*Douglas (excitedly):* Oh, I do think it is marvellous that I can come and talk to you like this! Of course I do not know what my voice sounds like. All I know is that I am here and speaking to you through this ‘box’, which in some remarkable way transmits my thoughts into sound. It is rather strange; one concentrates one’s thoughts, and the voice-box automatically responds.

I suppose, in a kind of way, it is rather like on earth; you think of what you wish to say and your vocal organs automatically respond, and you vibrate the atmosphere and create sound, and people hear your thoughts as sound.

This is exactly what I am doing. But in a sense this mechanism is artificial, which will possibly alter the voice. I would like to become very familiar with this form of communication so that I can do it better. I want to help you.

*Self:* You *are* helping me, dear.

*Douglas:* Every day. There is never a day passes that I do not come to see you, and everything that I achieve or do for you, I will. I shall guide you and do all I can.

*Self:* You are giving me this knowledge so that I can help others.

## THERE IS LIFE AFTER DEATH

*Douglas:* Yes, and that is where the writing comes in. My idea is to be of service and to get my thoughts, my message and my knowledge to as many as possible, through what I hope may one day become a book.

*Self:* At present I am making a deep inquiry into this subject through many forms of mediumship.

*Douglas:* I know! I know! The evidence is important, but once the evidence is accepted — once you have proved the identity and when you are satisfied with that — I can give you the things that matter; something of spiritual enlightenment to all.

*Self:* Have you seen the Rev.W. Stainton Moses lately? (*He had often been seen and described by mediums as being with my husband.*)

*Douglas:* Yes I have, and I must say he is a most wonderful person, and has been a great blessing and help to me. We get on very well together. Do you find his book interesting?

*Self:* Yes. I am still reading it. The Rev. Maurice Elliot is on your side now.

*Douglas:* Yes, he is with us. Many people I never even knew on earth I have had the pleasure of meeting here — The Rev. Drayton Thomas, for instance; and I have met Inge. Do you remember Dean Inge?

*Self:* I remember how much you enjoyed his books.

*Douglas:* I have met him here. He is a very nice man . . . (*After a slight pause*): Bless you, I wish I could come and give you a kiss before I go. It is difficult to hold on now. I have done my utmost. All my love dear.

*Self:* All my love — always.

*Mickey:* He did very well. I thought he was marvelous to speak so well and so long. He was getting on in years, wasn't he?

*Self:* Yes, but I understand he is younger now.

*Mickey:* Of course he's younger now. The body grows old, but the spirit remains young.

*Self:* I was interested to hear you once lived in Camden Town, Mickey.

## THERE IS LIFE AFTER DEATH

*Mickey:* Oh, that was a good few years ago! I used to sell newspapers. (*Laughing merrily*): Ah, ah, ah! Anyway, I'll see you again, Auntie, and help you all I can, and I'm sure Uncle Douglas will do even better as he gets more confidence.

# CHAPTER TWO

## *VOICES FROM SPIRIT-SIDE*

**T**hree months had passed since my last sitting with Mr. Flint, although I had been to several direct voice circles.

*Mickey (coming through after some delay):* Oh, it's you Mrs. Conacher! Your people are here. By the way, a very happy New Year!

*Self:* The same to you, Mickey.

*Mickey:* We don't have New Years, but I appreciate the thought. Mr. Conacher's here.

*Douglas:* Hello! I am so delighted to come and speak to you again. Well, my dear, I do not have to tell you that I am with you constantly. Your mother is here today. I am hoping she will have a word or two with you. Just a minute.

*Mother (in a whisper, though clearly audible):* Can you hear me? I have just come for a few minutes to let you know that I am here, and to wish you a happy New Year. Bless you, my dear.

*Self (overwhelmed):* I am so pleased . . .

*Mickey (to the rescue):* Keep her talking. Ask any question you like, Mrs. Conacher.

*Self:* It is a lovely morning so I suppose you have been able to get through because of that.

*Mother:* In a way that helps. The conditions are

## THERE IS LIFE AFTER DEATH

extremely good today.

*Self:* As you have been over so much longer than Douglas, I always think of you as being so much further away.

*Mother:* But I am not. Douglas and I are often together. Douglas comes to see you, and so do I. We help as best we can. Of course, there are many things we cannot do, but we do our best, you know.

*Self:* Is my father with you?

*Mother:* Yes, and very happy.

*Self:* And my brother? (*A still-born baby whom mother has said through several mediums she had found awaiting her arrival in the spirit-world. No longer an infant, of course.*)

*Mother:* Yes, dear, we are all together.

*Self:* Have you any special work?

*Mother:* Teaching. I am with the children a great deal.

*Self:* It is exciting to hear your voice after all these years . . .

*Mickey (helping out again):* If there is anything I can do for you Mrs. Conacher. I'm only too glad to do it.

*Self:* It would be interesting to hear more about Douglas' life.

*Mickey:* Over here? Well, as far as I can gather, his chief interest seems to be in the arts – music, architecture and design – which are very important things in our world. On your side I think he did a lot of studying and had a great deal to do with books. He says he still reads and takes a keen interest in literature.

*Douglas:* How is the business?

*Self:* I don't know, dear.

*Douglas:* I suppose you are out of touch with them all.

*Self:* I am more in touch with you than anyone.

*Douglas:* That is true enough. But I wondered if you saw any of the old crowd.

*Self:* Do you know where we are?

*Douglas:* Of course I do. Westbourne Terrace. I

## THERE IS LIFE AFTER DEATH

should know this district very well. I spent many of my early years around this part – nearby actually. It has altered almost beyond recognition. It used to be so very nice in those days.

*Self:* It is still quite pleasant.

*Douglas:* Yes, but it is not the same. Probably nothing seems the same to me now – as it did on earth, I mean. Since I have been here I can see more into the hearts and minds of people. I suppose it is due to changes. People are different. Fundamentally they are the same, but they seem always to be fighting and pushing to get on. I expect we did in the old days, but I think we did it with some sort of dignity. I have changed very much in some respects.

*Self:* Do you find it easier to speak today?

*Douglas:* Yes, I am much more calm and placid about the whole thing now. I can come with more ease. At first I found it extremely difficult to concentrate and produce my thoughts via this ‘box’, which transmits them into sound. I cannot say exactly what it sounds like – I am more conscious of thought.

Although you receive my thoughts and some aspects of myself, the actual sound may not be an exact reproduction of my earthly voice because I am not in the same physical body, not communicating under the same conditions.

*Self:* It is very near . . . What are you wearing, dear?

*Douglas:* At the present moment I am wearing a suit, a dark suit. One can wear more or less what one likes. After all you must realise that we are living in a very real world, a practical world; this is not wishy-washy living.

Some people seem to think that we only have to think of something and it is there, which is not really accurate. A thing can only be brought into being by effort; and not only effort of thought and will, but in a sense through physical effort. For instance, a house here is as real to us as yours is to you.

*Self:* And your body is solid, is it?

*Douglas:* Of course. It is not something that one thinks about, and there it is, because if that were so it would

## THERE IS LIFE AFTER DEATH

have no substance. I can assure you that a wall here is as real and strong and solid as any wall could be on earth – to our bodies. But when we come down to your earth then your walls are not solid to us.

The only way they can become solid is if we can in some way materialise, by utilising forces in your world such as the power supplied by mediums of a certain type; that can help us for a brief space of your time to become solid within your world. Then of course we would be seen, and we would be solid to the touch if only for a few minutes. This is what is called materialisation.

When I come to talk to you, I am not exactly solid to your world. It is like a half-way house. I am more conscious of your thoughts than I am of the physical self. I am conscious of the room in which you sit because I have tuned in to a certain extent to the atmosphere and condition of the place. But it is really the mental aspect you are receiving, the thought which is being transmitted artificially, as it must be, to you; and of course that has its complications. I shall improve as I get more confidence and know a little more of how it is done. Today I feel more tuned in, as it were, than probably I have ever been before.

*Voice (the same deep lovely voice with the French accent):* Maria. Maria. I am so pleased you have come today. How much better your husband is speaking. He is making wonderful progression. I think he is going to be an extraordinarily good communicator. I think you are going to have some wonderful help from him.

*Self:* It is delightful to hear your voice again, Maria.

*Maria:* Bless you!

*Voice (a deep manly voice also with French accent):* Greetings, my friend! I do not know if I shall be able to say very much to you, excepting that I, and indeed other souls here, are very anxious to help and be of service. You do not realise perhaps yet awhile that you can do this work; that you can be of help to other souls, especially to those who are seeking; those who are in need, mentally and spiritually.

## THERE IS LIFE AFTER DEATH

You have healing power and that can be of great benefit. By the touch and the laying on of hands, you can ease and help many souls who are sick and ill. Mostly, I feel you will do work in that direction, although it is good that you should write, for your husband and other people here are anxious to be of service in that way.

*Self:* Who are you, please?

*Voice:* My name will convey nothing to you. My name is Maurice. I have been here many years. I was a doctor in Paris for a number of years, but I was killed during the war.

*Self:* I am sorry to hear that.

*Maurice:* Why be sorry? I am happy now. I would like to speak to you again. Your Mama, she sends her love to you and blessings. The power seems to wane. Au revoir Madame.

*Self:* Au revoir, Monsieur.

*Mickey:* I'm afraid we have to go now, but we have done our best. God bless you, love. Take care of yourself now, and don't worry!

# CHAPTER THREE

## *A WORLD OF DISCOVERY*

**A**las! over a year passed before I was able to continue my talks with my husband. Mr. Flint had been overworking and needed a long rest. But now he was well and it was with great joy that I visited him again. While we were exchanging news, Mickey's voice was heard.

*Mickey:* It's nice to see you again, Mrs. Conacher. Your husband is here!

*Douglas (in a tone of great excitement):* Hello! Hello! At last! I have been looking forward so much to this — it means so much to me. I have been so disappointed, but of course I understand the reason. It is marvellous to think we can resume our conversations. I was with you over the Christmas period.

*Self:* The weather was arctic.

*Douglas:* The weather was terrible and we all felt so sorry for you. We could feel that you were very much affected by it.

*Self:* Are you still happy in your new life, dear?

*Douglas:* I am extremely happy. It must seem to you that we are always saying how happy we are, but in a way that does not really explain fully what it is in regard to life here that gives us so much joy. There are many reasons. If only one could find ways and means of expressing

## THERE IS LIFE AFTER DEATH

them so that you could really understand.

I would not like people to think, as so many do on your side, that after death you suddenly become very angelic; or if you have not been so very good on earth, that you are condemned to the lower realms.

Here people are as they are, good and bad and indifferent. But since the majority of people are a combination of so many things, in the beginning you enter a condition of life which is general for the average person.

Gradually you evolve, you assimilate new knowledge, you meet new people who are often more advanced and they can help and show you many varying degrees of life. You enter into a new spirit, as it were.

I think this world could so well be called 'a world of discovery.' In fact it is almost like a voyage that one takes. You do not die, you suddenly become conscious and aware of new realms, new vistas, new conditions of life to enter into, new horizons to be reached.

There is no reason for anyone to be dull, depressed or unhappy here. If they are it is because it is within themselves. A lot of people find it difficult to adjust and to change their thinking and their outlook. A person is no more or less than his own thoughts.

There are people who still think in a material sense and remain near the earth, very earth-bound; even though they have left the body they still cling to the things they remember — things which they think are still important.

Death is a tremendous adventure! It means starting out in a new world, meeting old friends, making new ones, seeing new sights, having new experiences, getting rid of all the infirmities and ills of the body; being able for the first time to feel a sense of lightness without having to carry around a body which quite often had become sick and ill and difficult.

It is as if you have cast aside a heavy load, a heavy burden; as if you have been able for the first time to enter into a new exciting existence without any lassitude, without a feeling all the time of apprehension. If only people would realise that they should not fear death but look forward to it