

CHATHAM County Line

where all voices are heard



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Benefiting CORA

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Reach for the Skies

Even as a child I would look up and wonder. Where is God? Where are the angels? Nowhere that I could see. Asking the minister, he just said I had to pray and believe. Did not work. So I tried the library. I was able to check out adult books as long as they could censor out s— books (in which I had no interest.) But still, God did not come through except in some repetitive prayer books. So at age 12 I just decided on a career helping people as a psychologist. I read and read and became a psychologist. But where was God and heaven? Neither the library or church was really answering my questions.

This important question brings me to my advanced age and now I have some answers! I started receiving some information when my father moved in with me at age 93 and then advanced to heaven where I was sure these answers could be found. In 2007, I started to find answers as I read to my father until he left for heaven. I bought stacks of books with few answers but I persisted not in the skies but with my friend Amazon. I started to find clues here and there. I wrote on my website about these clues. Lo and behold, books started coming more freely. This summer, now, I have lots of books to review! Finally! These books include many exciting experiences you will encounter in heaven,

not sitting on clouds with angels, but instead being adventurous, exploring this fascinating new spiritual world we find after we leave our earthly lives behind.

This article describes three books for you to consider, two very current books from spiritual authors and one from the past when individuals occasionally wrote about their own spiritual experiences. The important points and issues are becoming clear as the heavens have opened up for us. Spiritual love is a key factor of course. Note that the guiding principle of life is still to follow the Golden Rule! Not that these books necessarily pontificate about this issue. The Golden Rule is the basic message of life no matter what you read, hear or think. My website has a comprehensive article just about the Golden Rule.

Start with the book *After Life, Uncovering the Secrets of Life After Death*, Barry Eaton, Penguin, 2011. The 52 chapters of this book will answer a lot of eternal questions. Somehow Barry Eaton gained insight into his own previous life which is described in this book! Eaton is not well known here because he practices in Australia. He reviews many current issues and influences in chapters such as “Dying to Go Home” to “Preparing for the Next Life” including even the teaser “Is There Sex Over There?”

Advice Line

By Dr. Betty Phillips



Barry describes the “secrets of life after death” with his extensive record into a previous life he experienced before this current incarnation. He provides extensive documentation from the time of death, afterlife experiences and activities until the later chapters describing preparation for the next life. Exciting to readers like us, he has an extensive reading list in the final part of the book. I love these reading lists because there is always more to be discovered!

Pay attention to several books available from Michele Livingston including Livingston’s current book, *Living in the Afterlife*, Sunbury Press, 2016. Instead of describing one continuous life as in the Eaton book, this book describes 20 individual stories from the afterlife. The book’s subtitle is Experiences from the Soul Place. The book starts with, and was inspired by, messages from Livingston’s deceased mother, Dorothy, as well as many other communicators. Her mother opened the book with descriptions of her experiences after she transitioned to heaven. Twenty commentators now living in heaven tell their

stories, providing an exciting overview of the heavenly “Soul Place.” Michelle would sit in her sunroom while, across from her, was an empty chair where departed souls came to sit and converse with her telepathically. Each spirit presented information they wanted to share with readers from our world, including topics such as the Angelic Kingdom, the Soul Review, Meeting Jesus, Spirit Rehabilitation, Astral Travel, The Crystal City. It appears that the spirits who sat in the chairs decided which parts of their spiritual experiences to describe. Some souls described multiple lives while others wanted to describe parts of their separate spiritual experiences.

There is an older and different book, *Embraced by the Light*, experienced and written by the author Betty Eadie, Gold Leaf Press, 1992. I wanted to make the point that you will be able to find books from the past, not just the current issues. Eadie, after experiencing surgery, floated out of her hospital bed in her mind and found herself traveling through a tunnel, finding herself at a heavenly “home.” Most of the book leads you to a description of her experiences in marvelous detail as she floated through heaven. She basked in the love of Jesus who “embraced her through the light” and answered all her questions. She wrote, “Above all, I was shown that love is supreme. I saw that truly without love we are nothing. We are here to help each other,

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Changed Lives — The Dominican Republic and Chatham County

By Emma Blythe

When I tell someone that I went to the Dominican Republic, the word “visited” cannot explain the experiences and connections that I have made in this country. Although I was only there for a total of 18 days over the past two summers, to say that I have lived in the Dominican Republic is a more appropriate way to explain my emotions about the people and their country. In reality, I cannot explain my love for the people who have become my family, but it is this love that motivated me to write this article for the people of Chatham County. I am going to attempt to explain my experiences and convince you that familia can cross blood and borders.

When I lie in bed and look up, I see the Dominican flag that hangs over me at night and think about the beauty of the country that truly is my second home. I think first about the mountain roads and the motorcycles that whiz by, but mainly I think about the people who became my family there — my parents, my siblings, my cousins and my grandparents. In the Dominican Republic, family is always close. Always singing, dancing and laughing.

My first trip to the Dominican was in June 2017. I went with 15 other students, a mother chaperone and my Spanish teacher Señor (Doctor, but he won’t tell you that) Lupoli from Northwood High School in Pittsboro. We went for eight days and stayed in the small community of La Cumbre in the province of Hermanas Mirabal. In those eight days, we participated in many activities, which included a two-day visit to a local high school to meet teenagers like us and interact with them, dancing and playing dominos at night with the whole village. We stayed with host families, two students to a house, with whom we ate most of our meals.

My first trip was full of confusion because I had only taken three semesters of Spanish,



Emma Blythe with her host family (parents Emmanuel and Kendra with kids Darwin, 18 months, Erik, 9 years, and Kelvin, 5 years) in La Cumbre, Dominican Republic, in front of their home.
FOTO POR EMMA BLYTHE

and truthfully, I only knew how to write in Spanish. I did not speak very much, and of course I had almost no practice speaking with people with strong dialects and accents, such as the Dominicans. But in spite of this, I connected with the people and the country, and this motivated me to take my Spanish studies more seriously. During the following school year I took Spanish 4 and switched into AP Spanish (a college level course) so that when I went back to La Cumbre the following summer, I would be able to communicate better with the people I had come to consider like my family.

And I did it. In June 2018, I returned

Playing in the Rain

by Joe Jacob

I am sitting here inside wanting to go outside to work on my many unfinished projects, but it is about to rain. It has been raining a lot lately, so I am feeling pretty anxious about not making progress on what I feel is important to do. Truth is, I could do some of the projects whether the sun is shining or not, but rain seems to complicate things. Tools get wet, surfaces become slippery, use of electricity becomes hazardous and wood becomes harder to measure and cut. Of course, all of these are just excuses for not wanting to get myself wet. I have a friend who says “there is no bad weather, just bad outdoor clothing and gear”. He is right, of course, but who wants to put on all your bad-weather clothes and go outside to work. You don’t want to work, you want to go outside and play. Dogs have the same reaction when you put a collar on them. They get all excited to go outside for a walk. That collar is a sure sign of going outside to have fun. Same is true of your best bad-weather clothes. When you put them on, your brain says “good times are coming”.

What is rain anyway other than a miracle? The dictionary says that “rain is liquid water in the form of droplets that have condensed from atmospheric water vapor and then becomes heavy enough to fall to the earth under the influence of gravity”. Imagine if you will that there was no rain. That would mean there would be no freshwater on earth to fill our rivers and lakes and irrigate our crops. There would be no life as we know it. So, is rain a miracle? Again, if you go to the dictionary you will find the word miracle defined as “a surprising and welcome event that is not explicable by natural or scientific laws and is therefore considered to be the work of a divine agent.” The definition of a miracle leaves me confused because rain is a natural event that can be explained by scientific laws, but clearly rain is of the divine. Wouldn’t you know it? While trying to



wrap my brain around rain being a miracle, it has started to rain and rain hard. It is raining so hard that I just want to get under some covers and go to sleep for a while. If your roof doesn’t leak and your place is not subject to flooding, more than likely, you feel as I do when it rains. As kids, though, we could not wait to go outside and play in the rain. The harder it rained, the better. What can be more enjoyable than jumping in puddles or sliding across wet grass with your friends? Who cared about getting wet and muddy? Then, when we fell in love, nothing could be finer than a walk in the rain with your new love. Too bad we had to grow up. As an adult, especially an older adult, you would think by the way we act that rain was sulfuric acid. Well, in some places with a lot of industrial emissions, I guess it actually is. That is too bad, and for me, very sad.

Looking on the bright side of things, for a whitewater paddler, a lot of rain means the

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