

# *True Stories of Messages from Beyond*

Extraordinary Messages and Signs From  
Lost Loved Ones

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## *Dedication*

This one is for you, Mom! My guardian angel, who has countless times given me the comforting signs that you are still with me no matter how far away your spirit soars. Just for the once-in-a-lifetime chance to be your daughter, I would endure all of the pain of missing you. For that is what love is.

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where we go exactly, and if the Bible's perception of the life ever after is how it actually is. One thing I feel for certain, though. Within our earthly bodies are our eternal souls. Whether your belief is of eternal life in heaven, advancing to a higher plane, or non-existence, there are too many encounters with life after death to call them a mere coincidence. Some things just can't be explained by science. I truly believe that the mere existence of our soul is so far out of our conception of what's possible that we won't ever understand until we ourselves pass on. So many people try to rationalize miraculous events to such an extreme that it makes me believe in it even more. I decided to write this book not only to share my stories, but to share the stories of others that I have had the privilege to read.

cancer. My pap smear came back a class 4. You would think they could come up with a better name for this stuff, but nonetheless, that's what they call the test. After a series of colposcopies, freezing, and three-month follow-up tests, the cancer would continuously grow back and multiply. I was going through infertility at the time, as well, and was desperately trying to get pregnant because I knew I was in trouble. My doctor had suggested a hysterectomy and I bluntly said no, I want children! My last pap smear during this long 24 months of testing was taken in December of 1994. By the grace of God the cancer had just disappeared. My doctor told me to be very careful, that by the time I turned 30, it would most likely come back.

As time, procrastination and stress would have it, I turned 33; and two beautiful girls, a divorce and a new marriage later, I didn't make time for myself and skipped about two years of check-ups. December 2003 was a stressful end to a year.

abdominal pain as well as my lower limbs going numb. I was scared to death. I made an emergency appointment to get into the doctor and have my annual test that I'd been so graciously missing. My doctor immediately saw lumps around my cervix, as well as swelling. The first thought that came to my mind was that I had waited too long and that the cancer had come back and spread. My deep fear was that instead of cervical cancer, I might have ovarian cancer. The thought of fighting so hard to get my children, now to take the risk of losing them because of foolish procrastination, was too much! I called my mom as soon as I got home. She could hear the terror in my voice, and as all good mothers who love their children do, she said "Oh kiddo, if I could take it from you, I would."

It took two months to get my test results back from the doctor, after going in for additional tests. The time was killing me. The not knowing was enough to drive you mad. Wondering what your future will hold, what should you do, how much

early hours of Sunday morning, December 15, 2002. I was with him, holding his hand, when he peacefully passed. My best friend was the first person to arrive at my house and she made all of the necessary calls for me. I remained in the room with Dennis, not able to leave his side.

My friend and daughter-in-law had stepped outside for a few minutes and then the excitement began. Suddenly, everyone was calling for me to come outside. I replied that I didn't want to leave Dennis. The hospice nurse then came into the room and told me that I would forever regret not going outside if I didn't come. When I got outside, many of my neighbors were lining my street to see this amazing thing happening. Just over the roof above where Dennis was lying in our room, there were thousands of little birds that were just hovering right over the house. These birds seemed to have come from nowhere. Someone identified them as "swifts." I have never seen so many birds in one place at one time. These little birds remained, hovering over the

following that van all the way to the mortuary. I believe this was Dennis' way of letting me know he was "as free as a bird" and had joined their ranks. Dennis left this earth, escorted by a flock of thousands of tiny birds.

In Loving Memory of  
Dennis King

May 10, 1952 - December 15, 2002

By: Ann King

My dad was my friend, and my hero. He was a gentle man with a kind heart who could touch the very core of your soul with his smile. Daddy was born in Limerick, Ireland on August 13, 1925 and was one of thirteen brothers and sisters. He came to the United States when he was a young man, bringing with him great stories of Irish lore and legend, which held us spellbound as children.

Daddy was a man of great faith. He believed in God and he prayed daily. When I was a young girl he worked as a printer; his hours were varied and included many evening shifts. I can remember no matter how tired he was when he arrived home, he would go to his bedroom with his prayer book and pray. Sunday mass was always a priority. His religion was a great part of who he was.

He was a simple man. Daddy never was one to need much. He would always say that as long as he had his family, he had everything in the world.

Daddy found out quite by accident that he had lung cancer at the age of 76. He had gone to the doctor for a simple procedure, and a chest x-ray was given as part of the routine. I will never forget that cold January day I received the news. It was as if someone had taken all the air out of the room and I was slowly suffocating. I felt as if my world would never be the same again. Daddy took the news in stride. He refused to believe that he wouldn't beat this cancer, as he truly felt quite good. I turned all my energies toward research. I found out all there was to know about this disease and I prided myself on being able to be his advocate with his doctors. Daddy had chemo for three months and then God blessed him with two years of being "stable." His life didn't miss a beat. He continued golfing and being my mom's "bestest" buddy. They were quite a team and were never ever far from each other's side. As much as I worried about him, I was also consumed with worry for her, as I knew eventually she would be left without him.

This is a mother's story. It is a story of love, life, loss and new life. But the greatest of these is love. This is my story.

It all began on September 12, 1983 . . . the day my world forever changed and I learned what love was all about. It was the day that Elizabeth Jean came into my life; the day my oldest daughter was born.

The two most painful days of my life have revolved around my Elizabeth, or Liz, as she prefers to be called. September 12, 1983 was the most physically painful day of my life. After 24 hours of excruciating labor, and finally a c-section, my beautiful daughter came into the world.

She was the cutest, most adorable baby I had ever seen. She had a massive head of wild black hair and the biggest blue eyes ever. She was less than an hour old when my parents came to see their first grandchild. I will always remember my dad telling me, with tears streaming down his face, how he looked into the nursery, and she lifted up her head

Elizabeth.

She made our life “interesting” for the next twenty years. She was so full of life. You never knew what she would do or say. I was in awe of her. She was everything I always wanted to be, but never was. Until she reached the age of 17 . . . and suddenly it seemed that our beloved daughter became someone I didn’t know or understand. People talk about “hell on earth” and I so know what they mean. Hell for me was having a daughter that I loved more than anything, but who fell into the traps of smoking, drinking and always living on the edge. She had absolutely no intention of listening to anyone, especially to either of her parents. All we could do was stand by and watch it all unfold. If our love could have saved her, she would still be here.

The most emotionally painful day of my life was September 20, 2003 – the day my beautiful daughter left the physical world and entered into spirit. But as painful as that was, the minute I knew