

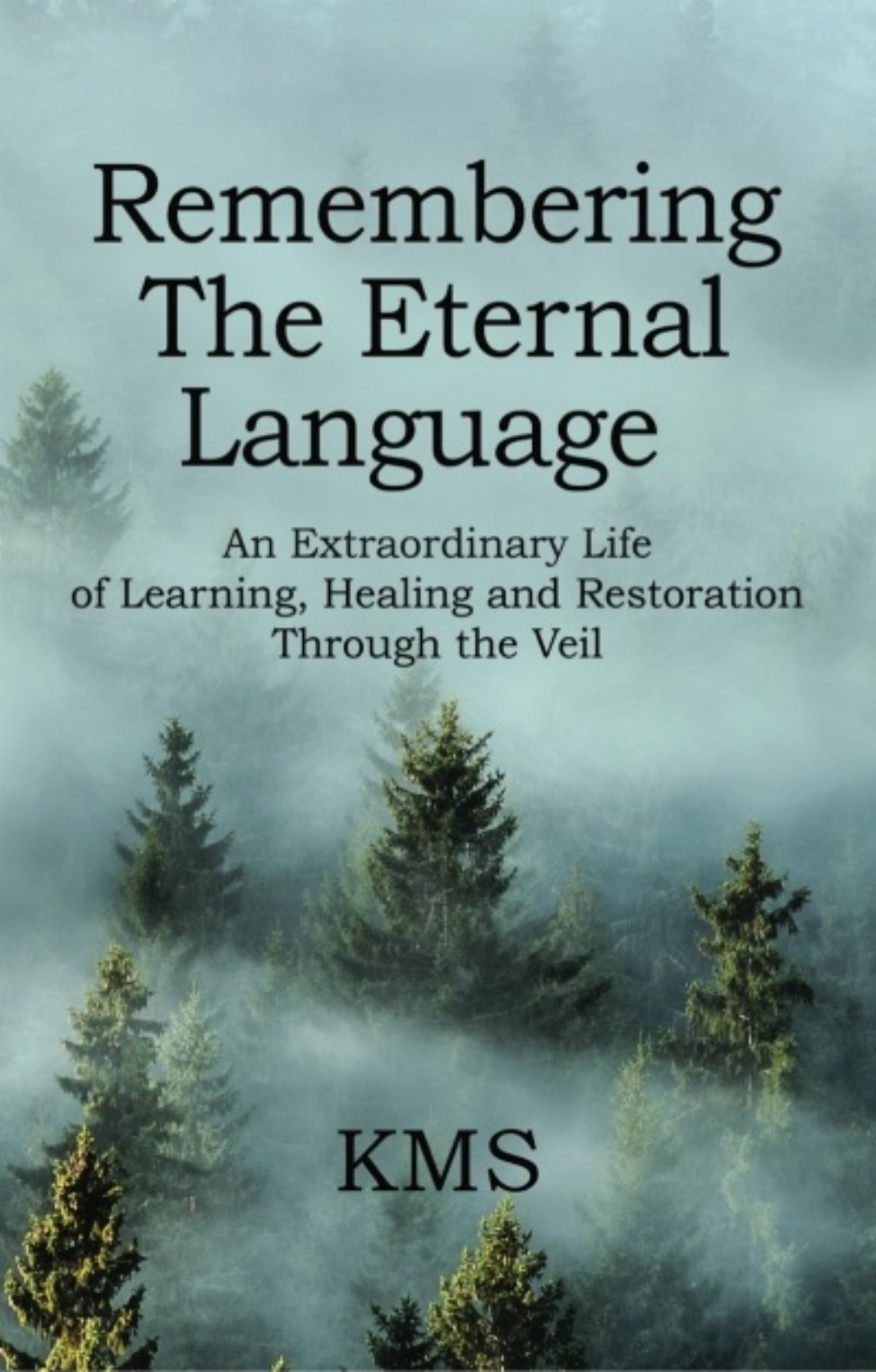
The author shares the true story of a supernatural journey that began in her early years, eventually leading her to a life of healing and restoration from an emotionally challenging childhood. This book is not just another ghost story!

REMEMBERING THE ETERNAL LANGUAGE:
AN EXTRAORDINARY LIFE OF LEARNING, HEALING AND
RESTORATION THROUGH THE VEIL
By KMS

Order the book from the publisher [Booklocker.com](https://www.booklocker.com)

<https://www.booklocker.com/p/books/11653.html?s=pdf>

**or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.**



Remembering The Eternal Language

An Extraordinary Life
of Learning, Healing and Restoration
Through the Veil

KMS

Copyright © 2021 KMS

ISBN: 978-0-9719665-2-9

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author.

Author's Note:

The contents of this book were drawn from the personal life experiences of the author with the intention of sharing hope and inspiration. The author advises any readers who are dealing with their own issues to please seek assistance from a qualified professional working in the field of spirituality or psychology.

Published by BookLocker.com, Inc., St. Petersburg, Florida.

Printed on acid-free paper.

Many thanks to BookLocker for their professionalism, patience, and people skills in the production of this book! KMS

BookLocker.com, Inc.
2021

First Edition

Edited by Elite Editing.

Library of Congress Cataloguing in Publication Data
KMS

Remembering the Eternal Language: An Extraordinary Life of
Learning, Healing and Restoration Through the Veil by KMS
Library of Congress Control Number: 2020916543

CONTENTS

Introduction	1
CHAPTER 1 - The Beginning.....	5
CHAPTER 2 - Forgiven	15
CHAPTER 3 - My Father	21
CHAPTER 4 - My Tribe.....	33
CHAPTER 5 - Greg	39
CHAPTER 6 - Greg's Manifestation	45
CHAPTER 7 - Chaos	49
CHAPTER 8 - <i>Death</i> without Warning	57
CHAPTER 9 - My Mistake	63
CHAPTER 10 - My Grandmother's Wisdom	69
CHAPTER 11 - The Ancient Ones.....	75
CHAPTER 12 - My Stepfather	85
CHAPTER 13 - The Stranger	93
CHAPTER 14 - Bringing Her Family Together.....	101
CHAPTER 15 - An Energetic Ball of Light.....	109
CHAPTER 16 - Anger in the Darkness	115
CHAPTER 17 - A Desire for Forgiveness	123
CHAPTER 18 - The Saint	131
CHAPTER 19 - Unworthy	139
CHAPTER 20 - Language is Not a Barrier.....	145
CHAPTER 21 - Life after <i>Death</i>	151

CHAPTER 22 - Compassion, Love, and Healing	155
CHAPTER 23 - Closure with My Parents.....	165
CHAPTER 24 - Anger with God.....	171
CHAPTER 25 - The Gift	179
CHAPTER 26 - Childhood Vows and Beliefs.....	193
CHAPTER 27 - A Spirit Family on Earth	211
Notes.....	221

Introduction

Life seems to hold a mysterious course for each of us as we enter this earth, restricted as we are by our bodies, gravity, and time. The body causes us to believe we are separate from one another as we become consumed in our efforts to survive. Today we seem to want more and more for ourselves, driving us further apart. We may begin to feel so alone that we believe we have even been abandoned by our Creator. This seems to be the path for many of us as we lose sight of eternity. We may feel that we are adrift in this life on earth, but if we can open our hearts again, we will see God in one another, the earth, and all living things. We may even begin to recognize the language of the eternal as those who have gone before us send their messages of love and guidance.

I do not consider myself to be a clairvoyant, medium, or anything of the sort, nor have I ever had a desire to be any of those things. However, in the mystery of my own life, contact with the supernatural began at an early age. As a small child it became clear to me that life on earth was going to be one of fear, confusion, and pain. I tried to hold on to my fading memory of God as I begged Him to take me back. At the time it seemed my prayer went unanswered, as instead of returning to God, I began to encounter spirits through the veil. My first encounter was fearful, but I came away from it with a message that could only have come through our eternal language. Decades passed before I realized that God had answered my prayer, not in the way that I asked, but in a way that brought me back to Him and helped me survive, heal, trust, love, and realize that I am never alone on this earth.

I have no explanation for it other than to believe these supernatural experiences were necessary, not only to heal me from the emotional wounds of childhood, but also that I might survive and flourish spiritually in this lifetime on earth. Today I understand this mystery to be a necessary blessing filled with healing grace. Without it I dread to think what course my life would have taken. With it came the possibility of redemption, joy, healing and a better way of being.

In the unfolding of my life, I began to realize that, whether in a body or without, we are all connected as eternal beings, always and forever. This eternal connection is so powerful that it easily flows back and forth between heaven and earth. The source of this flowing energy is perfect love—a love that embraces us, guides us, lifts us up, and heals us. It is a love older than the universe, the earth, humankind, or time. It is the perfect love of our Source of being. It is through this powerful love that all things become possible. This eternal flow of energy is available to all of us, regardless of our beliefs, religion, or the name we give our God. The only thing that interferes with our perception of this precious gift is that on earth we often forget that we are eternal, we begin to believe this one life is all we have, but forgetting does not make us any less eternal; it just makes everything more difficult. All is not lost, because the memory of our eternal language still resides deep within us. It may fade in childhood as our memory of God begins to fade, but just as God is not lost to us, neither is our knowledge of this heavenly realm of communication.

I spent years, a lifetime, searching for the truth that is God. As I grew spiritually in my journey many answers and healings came to me. I was released from my old childhood wounds and the negative emotions, thoughts, and beliefs that had separated me from God and others. The more freedom I gained in my journey, the more my

interactions through the veil increased. I feel very blessed to have been included in this realm of communication. Even though every interaction may not have felt like a blessing at the time, the results were most often beneficial to each soul involved, including my own. The following stories are true. Your own experiences with the supernatural may differ, as there are many subtle ways the supernatural tries to gain our attention on earth.

Please note that I have italicized the word *death* as a reminder that it is only the body that dies. When I write that a spirit “said” something, please keep in mind that, in my experience, the language of the eternal is not always but most often silent. It is a stunning and beautiful form of communication, quick and without any misunderstanding. No time is wasted on small talk. So let us begin!

CHAPTER 1

The Beginning

As a child, when my sense of God's love began to fade, I became fearful that He was abandoning me. I longed to be in the presence of His love again. So I turned to nature, birds, and animals, in the hope that I might find Him there. My desire was to communicate with the animals. In my heart I knew it was possible. Of course, I had no idea of how it could be done, but that did not stop me from trying. I wanted to be just like Saint Francis of Assisi (1181-1226). He was a saint well-known for his generosity to the poor, but most remembered for his spirituality and his connection to animals and wildlife. The birds flocked to him, resting on his shoulders and arms, while small animals surrounded his feet. At least that is how I saw him pictured, and I found the pictures delightful.

It was not until after I grew tall enough to open the yard gate that I was able to escape from the house, the yard, my brothers, and the critical eyes of my mother. That is when I discovered a special place where I could sit and enjoy the beauty of God's creations. I would quickly open the gate and run as fast as I could down an old dirt road. I ran to the peace and wisdom of nature. I was on a mission to find my God again! I ran to a place that was safe and out of sight, more than a quarter of a mile from the house. It was there that I anticipated if I could feel as one with God's creatures, I might begin to feel as one with God again. The birds and animals arrived every afternoon for a cool drink of water. It was a joyful place, filled with birds, rabbits, squirrels, raccoons, and sometimes deer.

Surfacing from the depths of the earth, the water they drank came from an artesian well my father had piped up above the ground. The cool flow of water created a small brook and the relaxing sound of water splashing and gurgling around the rocks. Nearby stood several tall trees. One tree was my favorite. It was expansive and beautiful. I called it my *mother tree* because the thick roots at its base curved up and around forming a comfortable lap.

When I sat in the lap of my mother tree, I felt as if I were being held. I nearly felt loved as I sat there watching the wildlife scurry around, bringing nature to life with all their sounds and activity. I tried as hard as I could to break through the barriers of communication in order to interact with these wild creatures. I longed for their acceptance. I wanted their love. It broke my heart when I was not successful in conversing with them. I gradually began to realize that the animals and birds were drawn to Saint Francis because they sensed the purest love and energy of God radiating from his entire being. They came to him, as they recognized his love for them. I, on the other hand, wanted to be loved and hoped that the birds and animals would love me. Eventually I had to accept that there was nothing about me that would draw the attention of these wild and free-living creatures. I may have lacked the love and charisma of Saint Francis, but it did not lessen my belief that communication with animals was possible. I never doubted it, but in myself I had to recognize that I was too desperate for love. I am certain the wild animals sensed that about me, and I know very well that desperation does not tend to draw anything positive. But even after failing time and time again, at the least, when I returned to the house, I felt refreshed, as the quiet, the outdoor air, and especially the energy of the wild animals and the brook were so alive and captivating. The experience was rejuvenating, just the opposite of my childhood home.

Today I realize that all my efforts in trying to communicate with animals were not entirely wasted. If my thinking as a small child had not been so “out of the box” in my determination to do something that seemed impossible, I may never have discovered the phenomenal realm of the supernatural. After the letdown of failing in my attempts to talk with animals, I began to hope, at the very least, that my life would somehow become a life filled with love and purpose. I also hoped my life would become more interesting. That wish has been met and continues to be fulfilled.

When my mother realized I was out of her sight or that it was time to return to the house for more chores, she would honk the car horn. It was expected that I would run back to the house immediately. One sunny afternoon I heard the car horn, but this time I decided to take a slight detour from the dirt road into an area of an acre or more. I had noticed this place many times, but I had been reluctant to go there. It was filled with grass and small trees. The trees were three or four times my size, but I was barely tall enough to open a yard gate. I was always baffled about why the trees stayed so small. They never seemed to grow. I had avoided this area for some time, as it had a dark, creepy feel to it, but I wanted to know why. I was also inquisitive about why this patch of land was not used for anything. On a productive farm, it was unusual for farmers not to use every possible inch of land. My curiosity got the better of me that day, so I veered off the dirt road and crossed over a shallow ditch to enter into what seemed, to me, to be a miniature forest.

As soon as I stepped into the tiny forest, a feeling of uneasiness came over me, as everything in the forest turned to shades of gray. It was almost as if the sun had nearly stopped shining, but I could still see the bright rays of the sun streaming overhead as I looked up at the beautiful blue sky. It was a hot Midwestern summer day.

I wondered how it could be possible that everything I saw in this place was gray. As I continued walking deeper into the property, out of the corners of my eyes I began to see shadows walking behind me. These shadows were human-like forms, and they were following me. They darted from the little trees to bushes, back and forth, as I walked forward. At first, I thought it must be my imagination, but I sensed someone was there with me. I began to feel anger coming from these shadows. In fact, they seemed very hostile. If I turned around to get a good look at them, they quickly dashed behind trees or bushes or simply disappeared.

It did not take long before I was ready to run as fast as my short little legs could carry me back to the safety of the dirt road and the sunshine. Then one of the shadows suddenly appeared near me. He stepped out from behind a bushy little tree and began to walk parallel with me, watching as I took every step. He was close, within ten feet. His shadowed gray form took on the shape of a Native American (or “Indian,” as we called them then.) He was wearing war paint. His face, nostrils flaring, carried a look of ferocity. His chest was covered by a decorative shield of some kind made of bones and feathers. He also had several long feathers protruding from the back of his hair. Of course, I was still seeing this in dark shades of gray. He looked larger than life, and he was fuming. I could see the hate in his faded expression. He carried a hatchet in his left hand. My legs became weak with fear.

I began to sense that these spirits had *died* in a battle many years ago, but they did not know they were *dead*. They thought they were still at war! In my child’s mind, this was very confusing, and it was certainly not what I had been taught, as they were not in heaven or hell. Then I wondered how they could still be here, even in spirit, and not realize they were *dead*. I was terrified. Could they

kill me if they were *dead*? This was not how I wanted to *die*! I pictured his sharp hatchet flying into me. I turned on my heels and ran out of that place as fast as I could go. I felt as if my life were in danger, but how could I be in danger if they were not alive? I was frightened and bewildered by the experience. I did not have any answers, and I desperately wanted to understand what I had just encountered.

As soon as I stepped out of that tiny forest onto the dirt road again, I could feel the warm rays of the sun shining on my face. The colors of nature returned. I was so relieved that I vowed never to go back there again, and even after these many years, I have stayed true to that vow. However, I came away from that terrifying experience with one curious message lingering in my mind. It came to me from the frightening Native American spirit walking parallel with me. I was uncertain how I received this message from him, and he only shared one thing: He knew I was not of his tribe, and it fed his anger.

I thought, "*I'm not of his tribe?*"

This added to my confusion, because I had been told we were of Irish, Scottish, and German descent; no one had ever mentioned Native American heritage. But another part of me was excited to think I might have a tribe! It was one of those thoughts that leave you with the feeling, *I know what I know*, and nothing can change your mind about it. It was a fact to me, which caused even more confusion because I did not have any way to satisfy my curiosity about how I could be part Native American.

I went back to our farmhouse and saw that my mother was cooking supper. She looked tense, so I set the table and waited until later that evening to ask her why we never used that patch of land. She said she did not know. I told her there were dark, shadowed spirits in that place.

At the time I may have called them “ghosts.” Immediately she turned to me in anger.

Using her stern voice, she shouted, “That kind of talk is from the devil! Don’t you ever say anything like that again, you hear me?”

Frightened, I took several steps backward and regretted every word I had said to her.

My mother’s reaction scared me almost as much as the Native Americans in the tiny forest, but my mother was often angry. In my short life, I had already received a great deal of fearful indoctrination about the devil and burning in hell for eternity. While I was confused by what happened, I knew it was not from the devil. I had hoped my mother would share some insight on this encounter and offer some kind of explanation, but my hopes were too high. She was a smart woman but obviously frightened by what I had told her. I never mentioned this or any other similar experiences to my mother again. Still, it would be several more years before I realized how much of an impact this one encounter had made on her. Evidently it was lasting, but I was left without gaining any understanding of how this spirit could communicate with me without speaking one word.

This was the beginning, as far as I remember, of my interactions with the supernatural. All things considered, it turned out to be a strange day, and scary in more ways than one. After this event I began to wonder if, instead of communicating with animals like Saint Francis, it might be more likely that I would continue to encounter lost souls and spirits. That was not what I wanted. This encounter was frightening, and my mother believed it was from the devil. Was she implying that *I was from the devil*? Would other people think so, too?

I made up my mind that if it were in my power, nothing like this would ever happen again! Then I remembered that I had no power. My parents had all the power. So I hoped for the best and prayed to my missing God, who does have power, that if I encountered lost souls again, it would only be the souls of people I liked and had known in this life on earth—no strangers! In the meantime I continued to focus on communicating with the animals. They seemed to be as close as I was going to get to God again for some time. Years would pass before my vow to never again interact with an unknown spirit was broken.

I successfully tucked the thought of having a tribe away in the back of my mind. It did not rise to the surface again until I was sitting in my sixth-grade history class as we studied the Trail of Tears. An overwhelming sorrow came over me as we read of the hardships and deaths faced by the Cherokee as our government marched them from their own lands to be relocated in Oklahoma. It felt as if my ancestors were reaching out to me. In my mind I could vaguely see them walking together on the trail. Sadness covered their faces. I even felt a degree of their intense grief and suffering; it was difficult. I wondered if this could be my tribe. I had no reason to believe I had Cherokee ancestors, but everything inside me insisted that it was true. I fought hard not to let any tears flow while I sat in my classroom. I swallowed my tears. I swallowed and swallowed those tears.

Later that night at home and alone in my room, I cried for the Cherokee. I did not cry easily, as crying was not allowed in my family. Crying was considered a sign of weakness, but it was such a release in this case. I never understood the “no crying rule,” as my mother often cried. But the feeling of sorrow was gone by morning. Although I was glad to be free of it, I was still without any answers. As bewildered as I was, I did not mention this to anyone.

It took a while before I could let go of all the thoughts and unanswered questions running through my mind. This was my second encounter, but as a sixth grader I did not consider this event to be supernatural. I saw a group of Cherokees in my mind, but I did not see them as dark spirits like I saw in the tiny forest. I would continue to negate any more experiences for almost two decades. I felt alone, confused, and without any answers.

When I graduated from the eighth grade, one of my more free-thinking aunts gave me the wonderful gift of a Newbery Award-winning book, but the word “witch” was in the title. My mother immediately took it from me and told me I would not be reading any books about witches! Our reading material at home was limited to a few children’s books and a child’s version of stories about the lives of the saints—which, by the way, were also packed with supernatural encounters! I did have one book I treasured, which may have been from my grandmother: a book of poems by Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-94).

I assumed that when my mother denied me the award-winning book, she was remembering the incident with the dark spirits in the tiny forest. Did she still believe I had the potential of becoming a witch? I will never know, but my aunt talked to her and explained that it would be alright for me to read the book, as it was not about *how to become* a witch. So, my mother finally conceded and let me read it. My aunt was right. It was a wonderful book, and so much more refreshing than reading about the tragic suffering of the saints.

I do not recall my parents ever explaining anything. They told us how things were: what was right, what was wrong, who was good, who was bad, who we were, how hard life was, and what rules we needed to follow in order to survive. It was us against the world, and if we did not think or do exactly as they did, we would not make it. I grew up in an authoritarian home: that is just how it was.

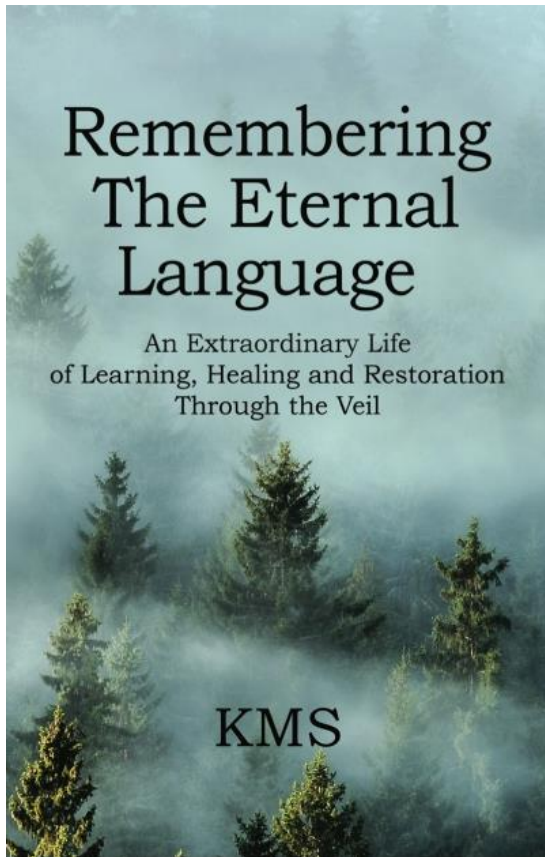
I continued to be silent about my tribe. It would be quite a long time before the answer to that riddle would finally work its way to the surface. Over time I have learned that the truth will always be revealed.

In retrospect, I was wrong to mention this first supernatural encounter to my mother. The life and circumstances she and my father faced together turned out to be extremely challenging. I am certain she could not have avoided being overwhelmed by my story. Even at a young age, I should have known better and kept the event to myself. Maybe I could have mentioned it to my grandmother, but after my mother's reaction, I was afraid to share it with anyone. Even though my mother was her daughter, they were two quite different people. My grandmother had a depth and spirituality about her. Still, I did not want to take the chance that she might also think I was of the devil. I would never have risked disappointing her.

My childhood felt like a long, unpredictable prison sentence with no release date in sight. Eighteen years is a long stretch. I expected to be free once I left home, but by the time I left, I had no idea of who I was and soon discovered that the scars from my childhood, mental and emotional, all came with me. Old childhood messages still floated in and out of my head, leaving me timid, uncertain, and with low self-esteem. Naïvely, I had high expectations that once I went out into the world, I would soon discover who I was and what I was meant to do. Then I could begin to live a creative, successful, and happy life. I was allowed to go to college because I had received enough scholarships and grants to survive. My mother seemed to take pleasure in warning me that the only careers for women were in nursing, teaching, and secretarial work. She preferred I become a nurse, as that is what she had wanted to be. Then, she gave me a smile and suggested that there was always the "MRS degree."

She also hoped that attending college would provide me with the opportunity to marry an educated man. In reality I had been programmed to become a stay-at-home mom and a volunteer in our local community and church. I was taught that cooking, cleaning, and child-rearing were all the tools a good woman needed to survive. Please do not misunderstand, all these are wonderful, life-enhancing, and necessary attributes—if they are wisely chosen. However, I later discovered that without a solid foundation, confidence, or personal awareness, we will rarely be successful in any of the choices we make. Frankly, I could not have been more programmed if I had been raised in a cult, but fortunately the world is ever changing. I wanted to grow and change with it.

With all the baggage and programming I carried, I dropped out of college after my first year and married a local young man. I did not have the strength to continue in the world without any idea of who I was. Truthfully, I had already been exhausted with life on earth by the age of five. In retrospect, I probably married to have a place to hide out while I attempted to answer the question, “Who am I?” I wondered if my mother had done the same thing. Before having children, I made up my mind that somehow, they would have a better experience than my own. I was aware that this was the same intention my father held, but then most parents hope for better lives for their children.



The author shares the true story of a supernatural journey that began in her early years, eventually leading her to a life of healing and restoration from an emotionally challenging childhood. This book is not just another ghost story!

REMEMBERING THE ETERNAL LANGUAGE:
AN EXTRAORDINARY LIFE OF LEARNING, HEALING AND
RESTORATION THROUGH THE VEIL
By KMS

Order the book from the publisher [Booklocker.com](https://www.booklocker.com)

<https://www.booklocker.com/p/books/11653.html?s=pdf>

**or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.**