

When Skye Alexander's life partner died unexpectedly, she longed to know what it's like on the other side. The most compelling information came from her deceased partner himself—speaking to her from the afterlife.

Revolving Doors: Life and Love in the Hereafter

By Skye Alexander

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REVOLVING DOORS

Life and Love in the Hereafter

SKYE ALEXANDER

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Introduction	1
Part One - Leaving the World We Know	7
Part Two - Discovering What Lies Beyond Earth.....	53
About the Author.....	293



CHAPTER 8

Shortly after I arrived home, neighbors began showing up with food, wine, and comforting hugs. My friend Anne, who'd driven me back from the hospital, had passed the word and I was grateful for the company.

How was I going to make it now, alone? Ron and I had maintained separate domiciles for most of our relationship. As a writer, I needed privacy and quiet in order to work. Ron's fiercely independent personality didn't lend itself well to cohabitation. However, we'd eaten dinner together nearly every evening, taken walks together in the afternoons, and talked on the phone twice a day. Now I would never again hear his voice or enjoy the great meals he cooked or snuggle against him at night. Life without him seemed too impossibly lonely to endure. The best I could hope for was that I would meet him again in a future lifetime.

After everyone left, I took a sleeping pill and drifted off--I'd slept so little the past four nights. I dreamed of seeing Ron in a place that reminded me of an ancient Roman bath, where numerous healers attended him. He seemed happy, vibrant, and younger than when I'd known him.

I thought I'd died, but here I am, better than ever, he told me in the dream.

I awoke feeling less afraid and more hopeful than when I'd gone to bed. Something about the dream felt genuine. I believed in the spirit's indestructability, an afterlife, and reincarnation, but my beliefs had never been put to such a grueling, up-close-and-personal test. Had I really witnessed Ron in his present state? Was he being cared for and healed in some heavenly realm after his lifetime on earth? Was he truly as happy as he appeared?

I brewed a pot of coffee and poured myself a cup, then set about the painful task of notifying Ron's many friends around the world of his passing. Everyone expressed the same shock and incomprehension. Like me, they'd expected this strong, healthy, vigorous man to live for many more years. Some regaled me with memories, stories that made me laugh and cry and gave me deeper insight into the man I loved. In the coming weeks, a few of them would send old photos I treasure.

Some, however, struck me as inconsiderate, cold, and downright rude. A family Ron had been close to since he first moved to Rockport, Massachusetts in the 1970s--people I knew too, and whom he'd considered a second family--ignored my phone calls and emails. A woman who'd once been my housemate, whom I'd thought of as a dear, longtime friend, didn't return my messages either. Were they at a loss for words? Did the intimacy of death frighten them? Alas, I'll never know, but in those early dark and desperate days I would have welcomed their condolences, which never came.

As dinnertime approached--a dinner I'd eat alone, staring at an empty place at the table--my phone rang. Cybele, the daughter of one of my close friends and a yoga instructor in Berkeley, California, who'd only met Ron a few times, wanted to tell me about something odd she'd experienced that afternoon while getting a massage.

"Thoughts of Ron filled my mind," she explained. "I strongly sensed his presence in the room with me. He seemed really happy and bathed in love."

I considered her choice of words, "bathed in love," and my dream about him in the Roman bath. We continued talking for a while, and I knew this was his way of fulfilling his promise to send a message from the other side to let me know he'd arrived in the afterlife.

Were Cybele's vision and my dream accurate? I hoped he was surrounded by peace and joy. Although he'd had plenty of fun during his time here on earth, Ron had rarely felt true joy and very little peace. I wanted that for him now.



Two days later, Ron's friend Louie telephoned from Switzerland. Only three weeks ago, Louie had visited Ron here in Texas. One morning during his stay, Louie told me in his German-accented English, Ron woke up late in the morning with a bad headache. He felt dizzy, tired, and had trouble getting out of bed. At the time Ron had chalked it up to sinus problems, popped a couple Excederin, and soldiered on.

“Now I think maybe he had a stroke,” Louie said.

It seemed likely. Had Ron known? Why hadn't he mentioned the incident to me? If that was a preamble, if he'd realized something was wrong then, perhaps he could've gotten surgery to remedy the problem before it was too late.

I emailed Sharon and Elise and asked for their professional medical opinions. Within minutes, Elise emailed back. “With the aneurysm, the fistula, and the arteriovenous malformation, he might not have survived the surgery and may have had deficits even if he did. It is possible they may have excluded him as a surgical candidate. We just can't go there. But definitely that was a key sign that something was wrong. In the final analysis, his untimely death may have been the best way out.”

Sadly, I had to agree with her. Of all the ways to exit this world, Ron's wasn't the worst. Certainly not as bad as what he'd talked about over the past year, with increasing regularity. “I'm about ready to eat a bullet,” he said too way often. When his friend John gave him a shotgun, supposedly for self-defense, I started taking the threats more seriously. Now I tried to console myself that, finally, he'd found peace.

“Thanks for not shooting yourself,” I said aloud to him. “And thanks for allowing me to be with you at the end.”

From someplace just behind and slightly above my head I heard his voice answer, *You're welcome. I told you soon after I met you that you were my last woman.*

"Is that really you, Ron?"

Who else? You can't get rid of me that easily.

"I don't want to get rid of you ever. I want to be with you always."

And you will be. But you can't come over here where I am right now, so don't get any crazy ideas.

"Are you okay?" I wanted to think of him as the handsome, dynamic man I'd known before the stroke, not as someone lying helpless in a hospital bed.

Better than ever. Buck up now, baby, you've still got work to do where you are.

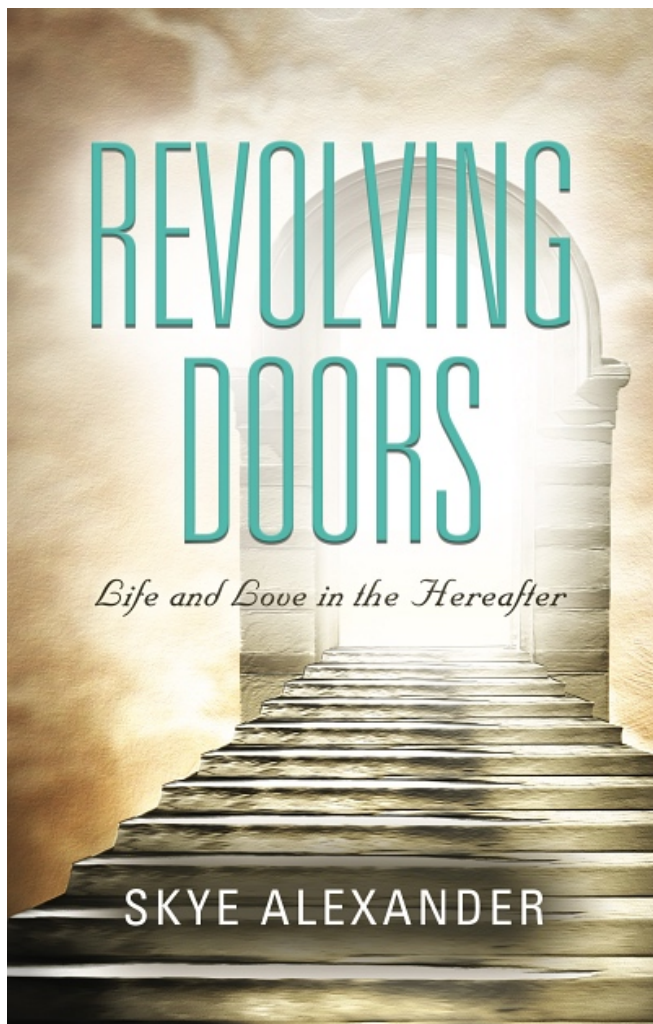
"What kind of work?"

Stick around and I'll show you.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Skye Alexander is the author of more than forty fiction and nonfiction books, many on metaphysical subjects. She is a frequent guest on radio shows and podcasts, and has been interviewed by media including CNN, *USA Today*, *Better Homes and Gardens*, *Cosmopolitan*, and *Playboy*. The BBC filmed her with Ron at Stonehenge for a Discovery Channel TV special, titled “Secret Stonehenge.” After living in Massachusetts for thirty-one years, she now makes her home in Texas with her black Manx cat Zoe.

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