

Reality of life after death and communication in the afterlife.

A Bridge of Love between Heaven and Earth: Self-Induced  
Contact in the Afterlife

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**A BRIDGE OF LOVE  
BETWEEN HEAVEN AND EARTH:**

**SELF-INDUCED CONTACT  
IN THE AFTERLIFE**

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The names of the organization and its founders herein referred to as the Sanctuary, the Beauty, the Sage, and the Eagle have been changed to ensure the organization's privacy.

The success of self-induced contact in the afterlife is dependent upon many factors, including, but not limited to, the reader's understanding of basic facts of the afterlife, as well as the physical, mental and spiritual health of the individual initiating contact. In cases of medical or mental problems, or if you are on prescribed medications, please consult your treating physician or counselor before attempting this technique. By practicing this technique, you do so at your own risk and acknowledge that you have read and agree to the terms of this disclaimer.

Robbin Renee Bridges  
<http://www.spirit-sanctuary.org>  
2004

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## **A Note from the Author**

I grew up in a small town in North Carolina. To all outward appearances, there is absolutely nothing special about me. I spent nineteen years within the academic “halls of learning.” My scholastic credentials are unworthy of mention. My spiritual scholarship is my distinction.

Imprinted upon my soul was a “knowing” that I did not understand for many years. It caused me to relentlessly search. I had no concrete concept in my mind as to the nature of what I was seeking. I just knew that when I found it, I would instantly recognize it. I suspected that it had something to do with spirituality, mysticism, and psychic powers.

Thirty years ago a friend from my youth was killed in an airplane accident. When I heard the tragic news, I contacted him in the realms of light. He, of course, was quite happy in his new existence. He was more concerned about assisting me with my spiritual growth. I asked him to help me find whatever was driving me to search...help me find whatever was “calling” to me.

I didn't understand his answer at all. He told me to go to the library and stand in the religion section. That's all he said to me. But every chance I got, I expectantly went to the library, and I stood in the religion section. For almost a year, I picked books off the shelves to stand there and read for an hour or so. Finally, in the summer of 1974, something happened that changed my life forever.



## Introduction

**I**t is difficult for the human mind to wrap itself around a new concept when that concept is so foreign to the belief systems of the general public. The information within the pages of this book is not new to the citizens of the Sanctuary. But to my knowledge, this is the first time it has been made available to others in this manner.

One can approach knowledge about the afterlife, but there is a point beyond which a human mind living in a physical body...well, there is a point beyond which it cannot go.

Last year while preparing a class on the nature of the soul, I found myself dissecting the scriptures of many religions and comparing them with the information we have in the Sanctuary. I surfed the net looking for belief systems of the new age religions. I read page after page of information allegedly received from extraterrestrials, ascended masters, civilizations living in a hollow earth, remnants of Atlantis living under Mt. Shasta, etc. I read the more popular books of psychics and mediums claiming to be in contact with the afterlife. I looked at photographs of phenomena purported to be ghosts. I read theories of ghost hunters, theories of skeptics, theories of scientists, theories of catastrophe, and theories of the “rapture.”

And I wondered how on earth people deal with all the confusion and remain sane. Then I looked at the statistics of illegal drugs, legal drugs, alcohol, crime...and war. And I thought to myself, “Well, maybe insanity has become the norm.”

Two hundred years ago new information about the afterlife was given to mankind...by God. When I first heard about it, it just made so much sense to me. I wondered why people hadn't figured it out already, instead of having to hear it from God. But that's just the way God does things. He prepares the human heart, and then He lays it on them. Some listen

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and say, “Wow, unadulterated truth!” Others listen, then take another pill and get on with their fear-ridden lives.

I waited a long time for someone else to write this book. But no one stepped forward, so I figured I’d have to do it myself. I like my life plain and uncomplicated. My needs are simple and my wants are few. I can’t imagine talking on the radio, much less television. I don’t plan to generate any big deal with publicity. I believe the people this book was written for...well, they’ll find it.

I live a simple life in rural North Carolina, and I plan to leave my body here. I’ve told my family not to plant me too close to the well...somewhere back in the forest where wild flowers can spring up from the nutrients my physical body will provide.

I don’t have much use for money. If the book sells well, I’ll build a retreat here in the Blue Ridge Mountains for citizens of the Sanctuary to come relax and deepen in the teachings of the Beauty.

Have you ever read a book that had such a profound effect on your life that you could never forget it? Have you ever read a book that, when you finished it, you knew that it marked the beginning of the rest of your life? I have.

I’ve written this book in hopes that you will remember it that way. Secrets are tucked inside this little book...secrets that have the power to transform you from a gnat into an eagle, from a drop of water into an ocean, and from an atom into a sun.

It’s time. It’s time to speak the truth. It’s time to shine a light on the darkness of superstition and fear. It’s time to lift the veil between this world and the afterlife. It’s time to expose the oneness of all the worlds of God.

Could one little book answer the questions humanity has grappled with for thousands of years? Why do I exist? What is my purpose in life?

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Where is my soul? What happens to me after death? Where do we go?  
How does it feel to die?

Amazingly, YES! This book can even teach you how to prove its truth to yourself. Ask someone you love who is already in heaven. I promise that your loved ones in heaven are praying for you to read this little book, and they want you to ask them for the truth. Believe it. Test it. Prove it to yourself.

Part 1 is autobiographical. My grandmother was a hill woman of Scotch Irish descent. She was the local medicine woman and midwife. When I was a child, she took me on long walks through Appalachia's hills and hollers looking for roots, herbs, and ginseng...she also talked dead people. To grandmother there was nothing psychic or strange about talking to dead people. It was just talking to someone she loved in heaven, like her mother and her grandmother before her. So I grew up knowing it was ok to talk to loved ones in the afterlife. Grandmother did show me a few tricks to make it easier for them to talk back to me, and she warned me not to tell other folks about it, because...well, you know.

My experiences with talking to loved ones in heaven led me to discover the Sanctuary in 1974. For thirty years I have immersed myself in the teachings of the Sanctuary. These teachings have enabled me to understand why and how, self-induced contact in the afterlife works. I want to share it with you because it is simply amazing, comforting and enlightening.

Part 2 is an extrapolation of the concepts of the Sanctuary as they apply to the soul and the afterlife. In order to communicate successfully with loved ones in heaven, it is necessary to understand the true nature of the soul. Your soul is not within your body. It exists in the spirit world. It always has, and it always will. When you communicate with loved ones in heaven, your souls are together already. Your love for each other bonds them together for eternity.

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Part 3 contains instructions for a Transfiguration Sanctuary where you will begin to make contact with your loved ones in heaven. Later on, you will talk with them in the car on the way to work, and maybe even in the supermarket. Step-by-step details for preparing yourself for the contact are given. Explanations about what to expect during and after the contact are offered. Special cases, such as death by suicide, are explained.

Finally, Part 4, “For Love of Ghosts,” is a fun section about ghosts and hauntings. It explains what they are, where they come from, and why skeptics never encounter them.

Come with me and bring a lantern. We’re going to shed some light in the darkness. I have something very important to tell you.

Lovingly, RobinRenee

**Part 1**  
**Finding Sanctuary**





## The Visitors

*“Who are you?”*

*“What do you want?”*

*As far back as I can remember, during that time between awake and asleep, they have come to me. I'm not awake, but my eyes are open. I'm lying in bed, while some part of me is suspended in a far corner near the ceiling. Hovering there, I watch my body fall asleep while the room telescopes away from me. I look down on myself from this blissful perch casually observing the contents of my room. I appear asleep, but I'm awake. I'm in some floating altered state of consciousness. I drift on currents of air like a dandelion seed bobbing up and down, my hair floating in the ether as if I'm underwater. My ethereal body dilates and contracts with the rhythmic breathing of my sleeping body.*

*Long before I could see them, I sensed their presence. Objects touched by them responded with incandescence as though the atoms within the object had become excited. A trail of footprints from an invisible walker would glow for a few moments, then slowly fade away.*

*As the years passed, the faintly iridescent image of a man began gradually to appear in a dark corner of my room, away from the windows. Staring at the figure, I could make out eyes looking back at me, a mouth curled in a smile. I closed my eyes tightly so I wouldn't see what was standing there, but still those eyes stared back at me from inside my head.*

*“Who are you?” I whisper.*

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*No words came from Him, only the feeling of infinite calmness and impregnable safety sweeping over me. I knew it was his answer.*

The scene I've just described was a nightly occurrence for me during my early childhood. Ostensibly, my visions were the result of a near-death experience when I was eighteen months old. A fever-ridden child dying of diphtheria before the common use of antibiotics would hardly be expected to differentiate between this world and the realms of light, so I didn't.

All of my life I have lived with my feet on the ground, but with my spirit in another realm. Occasionally, a surreal experience reminds me that I don't always see the world as others see it.

By the time I was in grammar school, I had begun to see two of my visitors quite clearly and regularly. I began calling these two, the Beauty and the Sage. Today, I still see them. In fact, at this very moment, the Sage sits beside me reading this manuscript, occasionally chuckling while He sips His afternoon tea. Sometimes, He nods in approval. A few times, He raised one eyebrow indicating that I had said enough. Once, He shook His head wisely and said that I "shouldn't go there."

The Sage has an aristocratic manner. His face is bright with a light brown complexion framed by a silvery white beard and mustache. His nose is straight and strong; his lips are full and gentle. His blue eyes sparkle, and in their depths, easily discernible, there lies an otherworldly and penetrating soul-deep joy. Thick, white eyebrows shade these extraordinary eyes. His princely carriage expresses a dignity, intelligence, and a nobility that no one dares to disrespect. He wears a long chocolate-brown coat over a dove-colored undercoat. A white fez wrapped with a pure white scarf adorns His noble head.

My other visitor, the Beauty, is exceptionally handsome. His long, dark hair falls in luxuriant curls around His shoulders. His high cheekbones accentuate the deepness of His dark eyes. His beard curls in ringlets that

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lie upon His chest. His piercing eyes convince me that I have no secrets from Him. He reads my mind. In fact, His wise counsel assures me that He intimately knows my soul. He walks with an imperial dignity and is an imposing figure. From His broad shoulders to the hem of His pale blue robe sweeping the floor, He emanates a regal atmosphere attainable only at the Throne of God. His head is crowned with a delicately embroidered snow-white fez. Just to be in His presence is breathtaking.

## He Spoke to Me

This day started like all the others. I was in the second grade. In the mornings, my mother would sweep into my bedroom pulling open the shades. In a whirlwind of activity, she would pick up clothes and books and anything else I'd left on the floor.

“Rise and shine. Time to get up,” mother said, walking into my room with her usual busy routine.

I saw the Beauty standing near the window watching all the action. Mother couldn't see him. She would have freaked, if she could have. She walked through him twice on the way to my closet and back without even slowing down. She had my dress slung over her arm with my shoes in her hand, and she was opening drawers, grabbing out socks and underclothes.

“Where's the pink ribbon that matches this dress?” She was rummaging through the dressing table.

“Hurry up, kiddo.” She put the clothes on my bed and left as quickly as she had come in.

By now, I was sitting on the side of the bed rubbing my eyes and yawning. The Beauty walked towards my bed. His pale blue robe rustled as He walked. He stooped over to pick up a math book that had fallen from my bedside table. His long dark locks fell forward, and I smelled the fragrance of roses.

He handed me the math book as He said, “Study, my child, you have much to learn.”

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My eyes widened. This was the first time He had ever spoken to me! In fact, neither He nor the Sage had ever spoken to me. When I tried to talk to either one of them, they would just smile and nod, or maybe touch my cheek. They had always hovered around me like guardian angels without ever saying a word. I always felt safe when I could see them. And even when I couldn't see them, I knew they were near.

When I heard His voice, I stammered, "What, what do I have to learn?"

"The secrets of your soul," He answered.

Still reeling from the surprise that He had spoken to me, I squeaked, "My soul?"

I could hear mother in the kitchen calling me again. "Your breakfast is getting cold. Hurry up."

The Beauty was beginning to fade away. They always disappeared when I was in a hurry. I finished dressing quickly and grabbed the pink ribbon and my schoolbooks and ran into the kitchen. The aroma of cinnamon buns was making my stomach growl already.

*"That's ok. He'll be back."* I thought as I bit into a soft, fresh cinnamon bun. *"At least one of them will be back tonight."* I was still in a dither. *"He spoke to me! He actually spoke to me!"*

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