

Real and extraordinary stories of spirit communication from ordinary people like you and me.

**MORE REAL STORIES OF SPIRIT  
COMMUNICATION: When Loved Ones Return After  
Crossing Over - Volume 2**

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*"There's no need to cry. You think I'm dead, but I'm not. I'm still around." (Chapter 17)*

*"I'm great! I love this place. It's everything my grandfather tried to tell me it was." (Chapter 21)*

*"Kati is out there by the lake. I just saw her. She was waving to me." (Chapter 16)*

*"This is as it should be. I'm all right. I'm happy. And I want you to be happy, too." (Chapter 10)*

*"The only way to describe the communication was that she was talking to me inside of my head." (Chapter 31)*

*"I always knew I'd die young. It was supposed to be this way..." (Chapter 14)*

*"She communicated that we worry about such ridiculous things here in life." (Chapter 15)*

*"She said I was going to have to accept the fact that I would never see Walter again. But as it turned out, my mother was wrong..." (Chapter 6)*

*"She leaned forward and looked at me, smiling this wickedly outrageous grin." (Chapter 32)*

## Introduction

Angela Hoy

Thousands of WritersWeekly.com readers know me as a practical author of several non-fiction titles for freelancer writers, an advocate for writers' rights, and the co-owner of a respected and successful publishing services company, Booklocker.com, Inc., which serves more than 700 authors. Friends and family know me as the devoted wife of Richard, the loving (and somewhat overprotective) mom to Zach (18), Ali (14), Frank (12) and Max (3), a loyal friend, and someone who really enjoys a clever practical joke.

What most people don't know about me is that I:

- Was frequently visited by my deceased father in dreams throughout my childhood.
- Saw a vision of the location where Texas authorities would find a kidnapped girl's body...the day before they found her.
- Was told by a voice in my left ear that the space shuttle would crash...several minutes before it actually did on the morning of February 1, 2003.
- Saw our deceased dog, Baysha, standing next to our van on the night our son was taken to the emergency room after choking (and have seen her several times since then).
- Saw my 4-month-old son's guardian angel on our front porch just hours before he was admitted to the hospital

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with life-threatening pneumonia and asthma. (My ex-brother-in-law saw the angel, too.)

- Have seen spirits in our 100-year-old home in Bangor, Maine on numerous occasions...even in the shower. (Three of our children, even the family “skeptic”, have seen them, too.)
- Swallowed my embarrassment and actually found the nerve to attend mediumship classes at the local spiritualist church, where I learned to meditate and see spirits more clearly, and to communicate with them instead of running in fear.
- Have been openly chastised by friends and family members when I've attempted to share these stories.

You can read more about my experiences in detail in the first book of this series, *Real Stories of Spirit Communication: When Loved Ones Return After Crossing Over*. (See SpiritStories.com or ask your local bookstore to order a copy.)

This is the second book in my series on Spirit Communication and I find it comforting that I'm re-reading and editing these stories while I'm going through a spiritual crisis right now myself.

Last Spring, we decided we didn't want to wait any longer for retirement. We purchased an RV, started homeschooling our children, and took our business and family on the road. While we don't RV full-time, we do take lengthy trips two or three times each year.

Two weeks ago, we were parked at a campground near the North and South Carolina border. We'd been gone for a month already, but still had several states to visit on the way back to Maine.

Our cell phone rang that night and it was our 18-year-old son, Zach (who would rather dye his hair pink than travel with Mommy

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and Daddy cross-country). He was back in Maine, watching the house and caring for the pets. He was quite distraught, telling us he'd been trying to get us on the phone for hours. He'd finally given up and called my sister (whose been to veterinary school) to try to find out what was wrong with our 11-year-old cat, Blotch. The kitty had so much mucus coming out of him that he couldn't breathe and Zach said there appeared to be blood coming from his eyes and nose as well. He'd also lost a lot of weight. I took a deep breath and told Zach that it wasn't his fault (he thought he should have been more alert to the changes in Blotch) and to clean him up, put him in the bedroom, and keep an eye on him till morning. I said I'd call the vet at 7:30 a.m. and make an appointment.

I was so worried about Blotch that I lay in bed that night, crying myself to sleep. Right before I fell asleep, a calm voice said quite clearly, in my left ear, "Go home. Go home. It's time to go home" I nodded my head. I'd heard that voice before and it was to be trusted.

I woke up the next morning and, before I even called the vet, told Richard that we had to drive home right away. He understood and agreed. I made an appointment by phone as soon as the vet's office opened and Zach and Blotch spent several hours there that day, getting tests and waiting for results. We cancelled all our reservations and started driving straight to Bangor, before we even knew Blotch's diagnosis. We had to stop in New Jersey that night at a hotel to get some sleep. Zach finally called from the vet to say that Blotch was just "really stuffed up" and that he'd be fine if we gave him his medicine, an antibiotic.

I knew that the voice that whispered in my ear knew more than the vet and that Blotch's condition was much worse than anybody knew. I knew we still had to get home as fast as we could.

Blotch was one of the kittens delivered by a cat we owned 11 years ago. He was born, along with his brothers and sisters, in a cardboard box in one of our cabinets, much to the delight of our

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young children. Our daughter, Ali, chose Blotch from the litter when she was only two years old. Blotch's name came from Ali herself, when she was barely old enough to talk. Blotch was named for the white "blotches" on his back (white spots on his fur).

Ali is 13 years old now and can't remember life without Blotch. He has always been there for a cuddle and a purr and had been her constant and loyal companion and best friend since the day he was born. And now, not only did Blotch need Ali when he was so terribly ill, but Ali desperately needed to be able to nurse Blotch herself. If Blotch did in fact die after we'd been away from him for an entire month, would Ali forgive herself for being gone while he was suffering and missing her? Would I forgive myself for not getting Ali to Blotch in time? Probably not.

We arrived home late the following night. I'd driven the entire last day, about 12 hours straight, with only gas stops. We rushed inside and I was surprised to find that Blotch's nose was completely covered in a heavy coat of bloody mucus. He was also noticeably thinner, weak and, in my opinion, very near death. I knew right then why that voice told us we had to come home. If we hadn't, Blotch would have died within a day or two. Zach, while very responsible, would never be able to get Blotch to take his medicine (not even the vet has ever been able to get Blotch to take a pill), and with school and work, didn't have time to nurse a pet through a life-threatening illness.

I tried to get Blotch's pill down his throat that night, but wasn't surprised when I failed miserably. The poor baby had obviously been sick for several days, if not a couple of weeks, and was starving, in pain, and dying. After having his mistress (Ali) and his Mommy (me) gone for so long, I arrived on the scene and the first thing I tried to do was force him to take his medicine. He was miserable, Ali was crying, I was crying, and the entire family was sick with worry. Ali tried to sleep that night, but Blotch was so congested that he was making a horrible sound in his attempts to breathe.

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The next morning, at 7:30 a.m., I again called the vet, this time to tell them that Blotch was much worse than they thought. He wasn't eating or drinking, and wouldn't take his medicine. He'd lost one-third of his body weight and the twinkle had left his eyes. They immediately admitted him to the kitty hospital for two days to rehydrate him and give him his medicine intravenously. We visited him the next day and I was relieved to see some improvement, but his sinuses were still completely clogged.

The next day, he seemed better still, to us, but the vet insisted there was no change. They sent him home that Friday because I insisted he spend the weekend with us after being away from Ali for a month while we were out of town. I just couldn't stand the thought of him being cooped up in a metal cage all weekend when we could easily care for him at home, on Ali's comfy bed (Blotch's favorite sleeping spot.)

Over the weekend, we had to take Blotch in for daily injections of fluids (Sub-Q's) and I had to give him his medicine at home through syringes. Ali had to force feed him a gooey vitamin substance and try to tempt him with water, which he choked on. It wasn't looking good at all, but I kept trying to be positive for Ali's sake. After I'd lost almost all hope of Blotch getting better, he shocked us all by rebounding that Sunday and starting to eat on his own again!

Despite the fact that he was eating and did have more energy, the antibiotics obviously weren't working. Blotch's congestion didn't get any better and he continued to make a horrible "snarky" sound with every breath. We were referred to another local vet that specialized in rhinoscopy, an exploratory surgery of the sinuses. After the rhinoscopy, Blotch was very weak and stopped eating yet again. One week after his rhinoscopy, we received the devastating diagnosis. Blotch had an aggressive tumor (fibrosarcoma) in his left sinus. Vet #2 (the one who did the rhinoscopy) thought Blotch was a "reasonable candidate" for surgery and radiation. However, the surgery would have been very invasive and, after doing some online research and talking to

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Blotch's primary vet (Vet #1), we felt that Vet #2 hadn't given us all the facts.

The facts were that the tumor would likely return, not within years, but within only months (Vet #2 didn't bother to mention that!). So, at that time, Blotch would have to start all over with the pain and illness. The recovery with that type of surgery involves severe pain (Vet #2 left that part out, too!). So, even if Blotch survived the surgery (which was questionable), he'd experience weeks of severe pain. And, we'd then have to transport Blotch to Massachusetts for radiation and he'd either have to have it daily for three weeks (we'd have had to leave him there) or once every three weeks for nine weeks, in the dead of winter.

When I was 18 years old, I had nose surgery (to fix a broken nose) and it involved my sinuses. The pain I had after the surgery was severe and it lasted 24 hours per day for 6 straight weeks. It was so bad that, when the surgeon admitted he'd messed up on my nose and wanted to fix it again, I said no way. I wasn't going through that pain again. I'd just live with that little bump he left on the tip of my nose. And now, perhaps I know why I went through that...maybe so I'd know to say no when our kitty was faced with similar surgery. Cats can't tell you they're in pain, and you can't explain to them why they're in pain. Putting them through that kind of pain simply to extend their life for our benefit is selfish and, in my opinion, amounts to torture. While we had the money for the surgery and radiation, we had the common sense to know that we love Blotch too much to put him through that just to buy a few more weeks with him and, let's face it, to delay our own grief.

After we received the diagnosis, and after we had a family meeting and all agreed that surgery was out of the question, I cried most of that night, finally fell asleep, and started crying all over again when I woke up the next morning. That afternoon, I told Richard I was on "system shutdown." I just couldn't take it anymore. I, myself, had lost 14 pounds since we'd learned of Blotch's illness and things just kept getting worse!

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My first reaction, when hearing the diagnosis, was that the pain was just too great. Once we decided that surgery wasn't an option, I wanted Blotch's pain (and ours) done and over with as soon as possible. But, I couldn't make the final decision, so I asked Richard to make it for me. (Ali also didn't want to make the decision.) I knew Richard would be far more reasonable and would look at things from Blotch's point of view...while Ali and I were running on 110% emotion. Richard agreed, got up that morning, and made an appointment to have Blotch put to sleep.

I got up later, after Richard called the vet, and told him I'd changed my mind. I had been watching Blotch sleeping on Ali's stomach the night before and watching him that morning as he watched our toddler, Max, play in his room and I realized that Blotch was still active, still very alert, and actually looked quite happy. In fact, if he didn't have such a stuffy nose, you'd probably not even know he was sick. Maybe my decision the night before had been too hasty and made in a panic. I was concerned that daily injections and needing to feed him vitamin gel was cruel, but Blotch just seemed too healthy to put down just yet.

So, Richard called the vet again and, at my request, made an appointment for that afternoon to have the vet check Blotch and tell us, in her opinion, how healthy he was at that point and what his quality of life was right then.

Richard and Ali took Blotch in (I sent a note for the vet with questions because I cried whenever I talked about the situation) and they returned with good news. Considering the severity of Blotch's illness, the vet said he was in very good shape. He was happy, active, and interacting with us. Continuing his medicine at home was, in her opinion, not cruel, but in fact helped him feel better (hydrated, not hungry, and less stuffy). She gave us signs to look for to indicate when he was starting to go downhill.

That was two weeks ago. As of this writing, Blotch is once again eating on his own and even started drinking water again two days ago! He's still very congested, but he's not in pain and he's purring and seems pretty happy.

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Blotch is dying and we have faced that fact. We know we're now performing hospice care on him. He may live for a few days or a few weeks but probably not six months. He'll let us know if he's in pain or if he's not having fun anymore. At that time, we will take him in and let him go.

I somehow thought, on the night after his diagnosis (death sentence), that not knowing when Blotch would die, but knowing he was dying, was something I just couldn't endure. But, I was wrong. After about 24 hours of frantic weeping and grief and worry and doubt if we were doing the right thing, I felt a tremendous sense of peace. I can handle knowing Blotch is dying, but not knowing when. I am very happy to let Blotch tell us when he's ready. I'm so thankful that we didn't make a hasty decision to put him down immediately, without thinking about what guilt that might create later, if we thought maybe Blotch hadn't been ready and we'd done it too quickly. Blotch is just far too alive right now to put down.

Two days before Blotch's diagnosis, my Aunt Barbara, who died last March, came to me in a vision, just as I was falling asleep. She was holding Blotch and petting him and he was rubbing his cheek against her shoulder, very content and obviously very healthy and happy. She spoke without moving her mouth and I heard her voice in my head. She said, "I want a kitty. I want to take care of Blotch."

I'd been crying myself to sleep every night during his illness and Aunt Barbara's visit helped me sleep peacefully that night, the first night in two weeks I was able to fall asleep without the sting of salt on my cheeks, which were raw from so many tears.

When Blotch does leave us, I know he won't really be gone. His physical body may not be pouncing around here anymore and we won't be able to reach out, scoop him up, and give him a scratch behind the ears, but his spirit will be coming back for frequent visits and we just might catch a glimpse of him time and again. What I do know is that Blotch won't need us to scratch behind his

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ears because my Aunt Barbara is anxious to take over that job for us.

**POSTSCRIPT:** Yesterday, on the day I was planning to upload this book to the printer, we lost Blotch.

Last Friday, I noticed something inside Blotch's left nostril and, by Sunday, it appeared to have made significant progress toward the opening. I realized it was probably the tumor.

The vet had told us that the tumor might break through and reach his brain, but we never thought it would grow the other way. I hoped the children wouldn't notice it, but Ali did and was distraught that she could actually see what was killing her best friend.

On Saturday, Blotch's condition started to decline dramatically. I called the vet and sent our son, Zach, to pick up more medication for him. We'd planned to take him in on Monday to have the vet evaluate his condition. It was looking very grim by Saturday night and, on Sunday, Blotch started making hack/cough/wheeze sounds when he was eating. He'd made that sound occasionally during the previous week, but it was coming more frequently and more severely. It was painful to watch and we knew that Blotch was fighting for every breath during those horrible episodes.

On Sunday night, around 11:30, Blotch was standing by the pantry, wanting his kitty treats. I put some on the floor for him and, when he bent his head down to eat them, he started to make a repetitious, odd sound and his body was shaking. It sounded like a turkey gobbling, of all things. I pushed his head back, thinking the position of his head, leaning down, was causing him to have a seizure, which the vet warned us might happen.

The sound and shaking stopped and he ate his treats. However, when he finished and turned around, it happened again. I ran upstairs and told Richard I thought Blotch was having seizures. I then called the emergency vet and explained what

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happened. They said it didn't sound like a seizure, but was probably just Blotch's reaction to pain or discomfort.

Ali and I agreed that Blotch had reached a point where it seemed, to us, that his bad moments were now outweighing his good ones. We knew we'd have to take him to the vet the following morning and let him go. Ali cried off and on and finally fell asleep. I tried to sleep but couldn't because I was crying so hard. I got up several times because I was so miserable and so confused, wondering if we'd made the right decision.

It was raining outside, complementing the mood in our grieving home. Lying in bed, sobbing, I heard a thump. The wind blew over our plastic Santa and I had to go out in the rain and bring him indoors. When I came back in, it was around 2:30 a.m. and I noticed Blotch was sleeping in his favorite winter spot, directly over the heater vent in the downstairs front hallway. Blotch could no longer walk up the stairs by himself and could barely even make it down the stairs because he was so weak and uncomfortable. I'd watched him try to walk down the stairs earlier that evening and he'd stopped after only the first stair to rest. I wanted Blotch near us that night, but I knew he wanted to sleep in his favorite spot. So, I patted him, told him I loved him, and went back to bed.

I did finally fall asleep, only after praying fervently, desperately begging God to send me a sign that what we were planning to do the next morning was the right thing. And, God delivered, with a little help from Blotch.

I dreamed that it was nighttime. It was very dark and I was alone, running down a long sidewalk, carrying Blotch to the vet. Blotch was like a threadbare rag doll and pieces of him were falling off, one after another. I was trying to hold him together while running, desperate to get to the vet before they closed, frantic to have them quickly end Blotch's suffering. But, when I arrived, they were closed. I was all alone on a dark sidewalk, holding what was left of Blotch. When I looked down, I realized he was already dead.

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Oddly, his head had fallen off, too, but I still had his heart in my hand and I pushed it back into what was left of his body, wrapped his body in my coat and turned around, relieved that it was finally over but so sad that Blotch had suffered so horribly. Then I woke up.

*I saw my Aunt Barbara standing there by the sink with her hands on her hips, smiling, waiting to take Blotch from us.*

I sat upright and looked at the clock (something people with chronic insomnia do a lot). It was 4:00 a.m. That's when I noticed a weight on my legs. I looked down and started sobbing. Blotch was lying on my legs, sound asleep, curled up in a ball with his head upside down, his favorite sleeping position. Not only had Blotch been able to climb the stairs all by himself, which he hadn't been able to do since his illness got so severe, but he'd also managed to jump up on our bed! Either Blotch performed this miracle, or God picked him up and put him in our bed, on my legs, his favorite place to sleep in our room. Either scenario was a miracle in itself. I started sobbing when I realized that God had given me the sign I'd so desperately begged him for! My sobs woke up Richard and I told him what had happened.

God and Blotch told me, through my dream, that I needed to help Blotch go to Heaven before it was too late and too painful. He'd been, physically, falling to pieces before our eyes all weekend. It was time and I had to get him there as quickly as possible because he was ready to be released from the pain. He was tired of struggling for every breath, tired of us constantly wiping his already raw nose, tired of not being able to walk where he wanted to walk, and tired of the needles and medicine. He was just...tired. Blotch was ready to go home.

People told me that Blotch would tell us when it was time. They were right, and Blotch's message was loud and clear.

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I called the vet at 7:30 a.m. and they told us to bring him in at 9:30. At 9:10, Blotch was standing by the backdoor. Did he know? I let him outside. He walked over to the garden and Ali followed him while I grabbed my coat. Ali picked him up and wrapped him in his favorite fleece blankie, and we took him for his last car ride. Blotch laid in Ali's arms, not fighting the car ride, not struggling to get out of her arms like he used to do in the car...just content to lie there and be scratched and petted. Did he know? We arrived at the vet and they put us in a room. Ali and I started crying again, telling Blotch it was okay...to go to the light when he saw it. I saw my Aunt Barbara standing there by the sink with her hands on her hips, smiling, waiting to take Blotch from us.

I saw a flash of light on the wall, and then another, right behind Ali, who was sitting in a chair, cradling Blotch on her lap. I told Ali about the lights. She knew what they were and she smiled. Blotch was lying so still, so relaxed, so...accepting? The vet gave Blotch a small shot, a sedative. Blotch didn't even flinch when the needle went in. He relaxed more and started snoring soundly, like he's done since he got sick, a soft, rhythmic rumble...a sound that has told us, during Blotch's illness, that we needed to be quiet. It was Blotch's time to rest.

The vet then gave Blotch another shot that calmly and almost instantly stopped his heart. At that moment, I saw an explosion of flashing lights behind Ali and I knew that everybody who loved Blotch who had already passed over had come for him, to show him the way home. The lights disappeared as quickly as they'd come and Blotch went with them, no longer struggling for every breath, no longer fighting to stay with us just because we selfishly didn't want him to go. We had finally let him go....and Blotch peacefully and silently returned home.

Ali and I drove back to our house, picked up Richard and Max (our son, Frank, was visiting his grandparents in Texas and Zach was in school), and spent the entire day running errands, struggling to delay the wall of grief that would inevitably hit us later when we saw Blotch's favorite sleeping spots, his food bowl, the tissues

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we'd placed throughout the house because his nose needed constant wiping, and the box of syringes, IV bags and medicine. While we were running errands, I found myself worrying about where Blotch was, what he was doing and who he was with and curious if he was afraid of his new home. Did he remember Heaven from before he was born? Was he afraid? Was he looking for us?

When we returned to the house that evening, Ali spent a lot of time in her room, surrounded by memories of Blotch. I walked in and she was crying. She cried off and on all evening, even as we wrapped Christmas presents. Ali and I were alone downstairs after everyone went to bed, when we quickly realized we weren't really alone.

I was sitting in the dining room, updating my gift list on my computer, when I very distinctly heard Blotch make his snoring sound coming from the living room. I was quite startled and then thought it was my imagination. Later, when I was standing in the kitchen, I heard it again. I heard it a little while later after I came out of the downstairs bathroom. I finally admitted that it couldn't be my imagination.

I didn't want to bring Blotch up again because Ali had finally stopped crying, but I just had to know. I tried to sound casual when I asked Ali, "Um, have you heard Blotch this evening?!"

She burst into a smile and said, "Yes!" She'd heard him making that same snoring sound all evening, too, but she'd been afraid it was her imagination, too.

Blotch didn't come to sleep with me that night, but I learned why the next morning. Ali said she went to bed and then felt Blotch's tail on her stomach. And, the following morning, as I was walking past our bedroom, I caught a glimpse of Blotch sitting on Richard's desk. When I jumped back to look inside our bedroom door again, I wasn't surprised that I could no longer see him.

People usually see spirits when their minds are relaxed and not churning with stress. If someone is surprised by what they just saw (seeing someone who's already dead can be quite a shock!), they become instantly alert and are no longer in a relaxed state. If

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you do catch a glimpse of a loved one in spirit but they “disappear,” you should acknowledge them with a loving word because, even though you can’t see them, they’re probably still right there with you.

We no longer have to worry about what Blotch is doing on the “other side.” We know he never really left us. He only left the pain of the physical world behind. And, while we may only rarely hear him, feel him, or even hopefully see him, we know he’s right here with us...slightly out of focus for our human eyes, but in no way out of our lives.

## **Don't Be Afraid...**

I was raised knowing there is life after death, but believing that most people end up in hell. So, from an early age, I feared God (which no child should have to do!). At the age of five, my father died. Shortly thereafter, he started coming to me in dreams. I, of course, thought these were just dreams. Nobody ever taught me that spirits may come back to help us, so it never occurred to me to take the dreams seriously or to even mention them to anybody, not even to my mother.

I'd been taught in church that communicating with spirits was "evil" and only "demons" would be encountered if you actively participated in that kind of nonsense.

I bet many of you were raised the same way. Up until two years ago, I was terrified of death and what might or might not be beyond. I mean, what if the Muslims were right? What if I was the wrong religion? What about the people in African tribes who live their entire lives without bibles or "proper" religious training? Did they all go to hell just because they were born far away from all the preachers in the world? What if the Jews were right and we Christians were all going to burn in hell? And who was this Buddha guy?

How could we possibly know if we're the one "right" religion, and why does every religion dictate that members of every other religion are going to hell? The older I got, the more I thought about this and realized, if God loves us more than we even love our own children (a love so strong I can't even fathom its intensity), he would never banish us, no matter what we did wrong, even if our parents or our society raised us under the "wrong" religion.

So, I created this series of books and the website, SpiritStories.com, for people like me, people who are afraid of death or who fear, for whatever reason, they will never see their loved ones again after leaving this world. And, hopefully, by reading these words, you will learn more about how to either communicate with your loved ones who have already crossed

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over or to simply recognize when your loved ones are trying to communicate with you.

If you knew how common these occurrences were, you'd never again doubt that shadow you glimpsed across the room, that voice that gently whispered in your ear, or that vivid dream that just won't fade away.

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