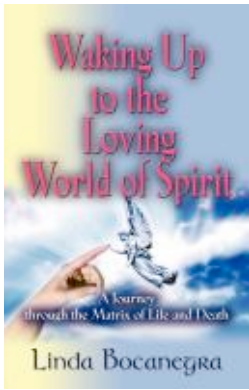


Waking Up to the Loving World of Spirit

A hand from the bottom left corner points its index finger towards a winged angel. The angel is depicted in a classical style, with large, feathered wings and a flowing robe, appearing to fly or descend from the sky. The background is a bright blue sky with white, wispy clouds and rays of light emanating from behind the angel, creating a halo effect. The overall scene is ethereal and spiritual.

A Journey
through the Matrix of Life and Death

Linda Bocanegra



Waking Up to the Loving World of Spirit is a spiritual guide for people who are looking for internal peace and spiritual connectedness during life's hardships. It covers a spiritual journey through the matrix of life and death, which explains how to lift the burdens of this world by utilizing our spirit. This book will help transform a life of frustration, guilt, worries and suffering to one of joy, internal peace and abundance.

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Waking Up to the Loving World of Spirit

*“A Journey through the Matrix of Life
and Death”*

By

Linda Bocanegra

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Chapter 1

Spiritual Awakening Caused by Bereavement

This mid-western afternoon started like so many others, but ended in the death of my son. The day was long, dull and hot. You could literally see the heat waves evaporate into thin air as the mid-day hoot owls made their presence known. Driving home from daycare after picking up my five-year-old son on this particular autumn afternoon, I felt a quiet, mind-numbing feeling overcome my being. My energy was being absorbed somewhere else, a lifeless feeling had taken over. I felt I had nothing to offer life and life had nothing to offer me. I was in a state of emptiness, taking life as it came, having no control over anything. The unforgettable feeling had begun within a quarter mile of the accident as my son's life began to end. Unaware of each other's road location, we experienced a loss of energy simultaneously.

I experienced the most devastating day of my life when I got home that afternoon. I received a phone call telling me my son was dead, killed in a tragic accident. An eighteen wheeler had hit him as he exited his vehicle after running out of gas on a major highway. He had tried, with what little energy he had left, to pull himself up after being hit, but he could not as most of his body had been broken. He suffered extreme internal and external trauma.

I went into shock. I grasped the phone and repeatedly yelled with all I had in me "Please no, dear God, no!" I probably would have lost complete control but I realized my curious five-year-old son was sitting on the couch staring at me so I had to keep my composure. I did not want him to feel the devastating pain I was feeling. The "never thought that could

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happen to me day” had arrived. Death made its way into my life. I was numb and not sure how to react. I could not bear to think of my five-year-old son having to experience the inner feelings caused by such devastating news. I now realize that he was meant to be in the same room with me when I was made aware of this happening. His youth and innocence gave me great strength during that moment of devastation.

My daughter, his sister who is two years younger than him, was crushed with the shattering news as well. I had not prepared her for the ultimate fear of life, which is death. I had to endure her heartbreaking pain too. I knew I had to stay strong even if I faked it for my kid’s sake.

I miss my departed son immensely, but I know that spiritually, I am closer to him now more than ever. We take many things and people for granted and forget how precious they are. The people we seem to dislike at times, or can’t understand, are purposely in our lives to help us grow. Sometimes we are blinded to their purpose.

My son had a very big heart and a charisma about him. He could draw people from all walks of life to him. He accepted people as they were. He was extremely non-judgmental, which made his presence feel very comfortable.

That day changed my life forever. The lump in my throat grew with each thought of having to go identify his body. My husband, at the time, and I steadily squeezed each other's hands with compassion and empathy as we drove to the hospital. We were both speechless. I had the urge to vomit and that would not go away. The trip there was a long nightmare. A horror movie was well on its way.

Immense dread consumed every cell of my body. My heart pounded with disbelief and confusion. Then a slow motion effect crept in as we neared the hospital. As we entered the hospital, a very kind nurse greeted us and walked us to a private

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waiting room until the examining doctor came in and told us what had happened. He said that Flight for Life had been called but was canceled because of the extremity of his injuries. The nearby hospital was closer and it was believed he would not survive either way. He then walked us to the room where my son was. The long cold hallways were blurry. There in a very bright room on a gurney laid my little boy whom I had raised for twenty one years of my life.

I did not know how I was going to react. All I knew is that I was about to experience a once in a life time situation. I prepared myself for what would be the most extraordinary day of my life!

The silence seemed loud. I could hear my brain shuffle around to make sense out of what I was seeing. Time slowed down to nothing. His life slowly flashed through my mind as I gently stroked his thick head of hair. I noticed cuts and scrape marks on one side of his head and on the backs of both his hands where he had slid on the pavement for many feet after being hit.

He was so full of life the day before and now his body lay at rest. He seemed to be sleeping as I studied his face. Vague creases had begun to form into what would have been wrinkles. Each crease contained many memorable moments. I created images in my mind of what he might have looked like years from now. His smile lines and squint lines were just becoming to look of a young adult. I often wonder what the happiest times of his life were and if they were the same ones I thought. My mind immediately over flowed with questions.

He did not seem much different laying there than when he was alive. His head, hands and feet were exposed. He was covered with a white sheet that bulged out in the torso area. I didn't know it at the time, but his body had almost been severed in half. I also noticed the metal leg braces protruding out of the

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sheets by his ankles that had been put on both legs because they had been crushed. Per the coroner at his death, I was told the trauma he experienced was “extreme.” All I could think was “Oh my God, how could this have happened!” He passed away in the ambulance just two minutes before it arrived at the hospital.

When I think of what he might physically and mentally have felt as the accident was happening, I feel his pain like no other. That is what happens when you unconditionally love someone. You literally feel their sensations at a deep level. Since his death, I have become enormously sensitive to the pain of others.

I looked up at the ceiling as it felt that he was in the room looking down at me and him. I was surprised to still be able to feel his energy around me. I still felt a spark, a connection, like I did when he was alive.

It comforted me when I looked to see his big, beautiful green/brown eyes open just as they were when he’d sleep. He was dead, but still here. Gone, but not gone. It was a paradox feeling. I tried to believe he was dead, yet another part of me was saying he has just been born again. Even though I knew his life had gone, I saw his body as something to hold on to. His face and hands were cold to the touch, but my love for him was warm and deep. An unfamiliar love had emerged.

My heart crumbled into millions of pieces but God put the pieces back together over and over again until finally I could grasp what had happened.

I felt alone even with all the loving people around me. No one else could truly understand my sorrow. I immediately kept thinking of ways to keep him around, like propping him up on the couch so I could look at him and talk to him whenever I wanted. I know it might sound creepy, but when you’re faced with such a spontaneous dilemma, spontaneous thoughts

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emerge. He was my son and I did not want to put him six feet under dirt where I would no longer have physical access to him. I was looking for a solution to keep his physical being as alive as possible. I became disoriented with life and death's meaning.

My family comforted a big section of my heart that only family can do. My appreciation for family and friends grew immensely during this difficult time. I realized that love is an energy that will get you through the most painful situations, but without it, situations can be excruciating.

My sister kept reassuring me that my son was now with God. She is a spiritual woman of truth and dignity and I trusted what she said. Although at the time, I didn't understand why God took his life.

My beloved dear mother gave me incredible strength during this devastation. She has since past, but she was a woman made of the finest qualities God has to offer. Her life's beliefs were rooted in spiritual studies and her immense love for humanity. She shared her deepest spiritual beliefs with me regarding my son's departure and God's will. Her love and acceptance of God's will somehow strengthened my spiritual backbone. Over the years, and in her own way, she taught me to believe in what I cannot see and to always believe and trust in God and what happens because everything happens according to His will. I wanted to accept everyone's perceptions about death in a deeper way, but I felt extremely mystified.

Inside I felt hollow. My spiritual pride came to a halt. I contemplated something or someone was saying he was not good enough to continue living on Earth. It was a slap in my face that said, "He does not belong to you, I have control over him." I was angry, but I knew I had to surrender these thoughts to go on. I was humbled in my tracks as I realized there was a force much stronger than mine making its presence well known.

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I did not understand this powerful force that took my son at its will, or so I thought at the time. Nor did I understand the meaning of life or death. I was facing the biggest questions of my life, what happens to our spirit when we die and what exactly is death.

I knew right then and there that death was more than the common belief that you live, you die, you get buried, you get over it and life goes on.

I was unable to fathom all the events that were tied to his death. As I mentally tried to face the decisions I had to make, I noticed something in me was gradually building. It was unlike anything I'd ever experienced. There was a sense of extraordinary peace and love which directed my entire being during this heartbreaking incident. I was waking up to the loving world of spirit.

I could not move beyond a state of consciousness that captured my son's last physical moments here on Earth. I wanted to remember his most recent comments, his actions and the smell of his *Cool Water* cologne. I did not want to leave this state of timelessness. To go on would mean I had to except his death. This altered state of awareness or consciousness is a place that belongs to no one. There is no time and no one to impress here. I did not have to be anybody. I just wanted to observe my son with unconditional love. There is no wrong or right. Everything just is. I wanted to exist here, without any judgment of any kind. My connection with him was still here.

Denial and confusion kicked in. I thought I could prove the words "he's gone" false. I went through all the necessary motions on a daily basis, not absorbing anything that did not pertain to his life.

For ten days, my autopilot took over while parts of me searched for a way to bring him back to life. My physical being was going on about everyday routines. I showered, got dressed,

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ate what I could and continued to look for a solution to his death. I was looking for a “back to life ticket.” My mind exhausted all possibilities. I was sadly accepting everything as it was and not as I wished it to be. The pain was so incredibly intense. I cried myself to sleep every night. I was faced with the ultimate feeling of helplessness.

At this point, my autopilot gave out. Nothing or nobody could help me bring him back, but his memories and his voice continued to play in my mind.

Reality set in. I looked out the window and saw the neighbor’s lawn chairs that I had borrowed to accommodate the many guests after the funeral were still there. I promised her I would return them the day after the funeral. Ten days later, they were still sitting there. I was stuck in the one long day of his death.

I wanted to smell his favorite peanut butter cookies baking in the oven. I wanted his hands to fumble through the refrigerator and cupboards for his favorite foods and leave items lying on the counter. I wanted to lend him money. I wanted to have him walk in unannounced. What had been the most annoying things about him became most missed. I wanted to bargain for his return, but with whom?

I was in a state of pure confusion. I had not been prepared for such a shock. “Why are we not given more information earlier in life regarding death?” I kept asking myself. I wanted to be mad at someone but I knew that was not going to get me anywhere.

I knew soon after my son died that I would be looking for information about the truths of life and death. I had a strong inner calling to help clarify these mystical events to myself and other people. I was in awe knowing that such information had not been shared with me and how not knowing the effects of death radically affected my life. My greatest desire was to bring

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peace of mind to myself and others who were going through this. I was left with an everlasting inspiration.

When my son died, a part of me died too, but I now realize his new life began and so did mine. Within days of his death I was drawn to the local library. I had seldom frequented this building of information at the time. I found myself standing in the spiritual book section and those books contained many answers to questions burning my mind since his death. I started realizing that not only would books appear in my daily path, but also people, places and things that inspired solutions for my distraught mind.

Instead of going negatively against what happened, the pain seemed to ease up as I accepted what is. The pain also lessened as I wrote and spoke of my discoveries and my traumatic experience. I very quickly learned that one of the keys to internal healing is to always see hardships as stepping stones to your ideal vision of where you need to be to experience true freedom, bliss and the Divine within. The experience is also a stepping stone for other people that you may or may not know. We are all just a very small part of an equation of an event that is out to fulfill many desires for many people, not just our own. When we think of this concept, we must think in eternal terms, not just physical terms.

At first, the unveiling of so many truths was extremely overwhelming for me. It made me feel as though I was in way over my head because I did not grasp everything as deeply as I felt I should. However, I was not going to back down until I found comfort in my heart and I could finally feel my son and myself at peace. I was at last starting to satisfy my doubts. I still had reservations on completing this book years after my son passed because I wanted to be very sure the information I'd be sharing could be proven to be true or at least confirmed by the beliefs and teachings of our greatest spiritual teachers. I was on

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a mission to prove their teachings to be true through my own personal experience.

As time went on during that traumatic period, a curious force gravitated out of my being. God revealed Himself right on queue and gave me incredible strength and courage to face my son's death. I was ready to begin a journey through the most thought provoking questions and answers regarding life and death. It was as if there had been some kind of trade or agreement made between my son, God, and myself. My son advanced to Heaven, God revealed Himself to me and awakened my soul that had been dormant and I realized there is an eternal and conscious connection that is always a part of each other. My life took a turn for the better. I had a new vision of my son and myself and began an incredible journey into the mysteries of life and death. Understanding God, or spirit, at a deep level became my mission. There was a synchronistical flow in the works and I was determined to understand its process.

I now feel our physical forms are precious and temporary but the life that breeds inside us is infinite and ever changing. I am now more prepared for death to enter my life, but this time death will not come crashing, it will be more of a gentle landing.

My son and I are now spiritually connected and have both evolved to a higher state of being. I will someday follow my son's path to the kingdom of wonder, love and grace. But for now, I will work on leaving happy memories for those who are left and be a light to those who live in the dark. My son is an absolute, intelligent spirit, and I a spirit in training.

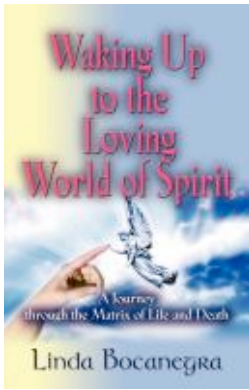
After the incredible absorption of pain, wisdom and acceptance that stemmed from his death, I have now found a way to help humanity adjust to death. It blows my mind in a sympathetic way to think that some people never move past

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traumatic events due to lack of knowledge. They become paralyzed in the dark trauma box and do not see a way out. My calling is to softly hold the hand of those who are paralyzed and gently bring them into the light of love, forgiveness and acceptance through the writings in this book.

While absorbing the devastating thoughts of his death, I overflowed with expressions that could help others. Hearing similar circumstances sometimes helps us to see our self in different angles or put some of our own missing puzzle pieces into place so we can feel more at peace, more secure in this incredible world of God. The pieces of our life that make no sense to us may, through the perception of another, be better understood and placed where they belong. This is one of infinite ways Creation, or God, communicates with us. Once the puzzle piece is placed in its proper spot, peace is experienced. This book is part of the peace you are looking for, whether it is for now or sometime in the future. It is somehow playing a perfect role in your life right now. My son's death made me commit to a better understanding of life and death transitions and processes.

In the next chapter, I impose other perspectives from which to perceive life and death realities from that of the common. God or spiritual topics can be extremely complex. It took a lot of thought revisions for me to get to the level of knowing which I now live with and express in this book. I know as long as I search for wisdom, higher and higher endless truths will be revealed to me. In the chapters to come, I share with you my revelations on these mysterious topics. Brace yourself as we spiritually journey together through the matrix of life and death.



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