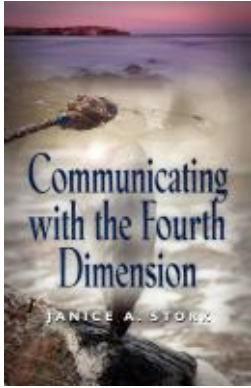
A dragonfly with a blue and brown body and transparent wings is perched on a dark, wet rock in the foreground. The background features a blurred seascape with waves and a sunset sky in shades of pink and purple. The overall mood is serene and contemplative.

Communicating with the Fourth Dimension

JANICE A. STORK



Janice Stork is candidly open about what she has witnessed as a 40-year veteran astrologer, one who has peered into the innermost recesses of her clients past and present lives. Janice also reveals the consequences she has suffered for accidentally venturing into and playing within the realms of white and black magic. Furthermore, she also shares her intimate relationship with her Spirit Guide, Akar, who brings her closer to God and understanding her life purpose.

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Chapter 1

I pushed the door open to my office with my knee. My hand grasped several paint brushes and a heavy can of white paint. I tossed a roll of paper towels and some old newspapers onto my maple desk that was already draped to protect it from spills.

When I first moved into my home I painted the walls of the bedroom that I converted into an office a sky blue which seemed appropriate since it would be used for seeing astrology clients. The trim was all white and the doors to the closet that now held supplies were also painted white.

Tantalizing Eastern music played in the background. Music was important because it changed my vibration, much the same as changing the stations on the radio so you could hear a different song. In my case it changed the channel and opened up a portal so I could hear Akar (Spirit, God, Divine Mother, Christ, Saints of all religions, Great Spirit, Universe, and any name of an unseen Divine Force) and follow his (his/her) lead while I painted. The first time I ever heard Akar's voice in my mind's ear was prior to a truck hitting my car. The voice firmly said, "Roll your window down."

"No, I answered. It's raining outside," I responded, never reasoning where the dialogue I was answering came from.

"Roll the window down," the voice insisted again.

"That doesn't make any sense," I reasoned while keeping my eye on the road.

"Roll the window down."

"Maybe I can get some fresh air, while getting wet," I laughed to myself.

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Then it happened. A truck traveling in the left lane made a right turn into my lane and struck my car. If the window had been up, the glass would have shattered my face.

I ended up with a painful whiplash but I also awoke to the realization that there was something out there looking out for me.

Sometimes, Akar will give me answers to questions, fine-tune past memories so I could have better clarity, or just directs what color paint to put where when I paint.

The music I was listening to softened my mind opening my heart and soul. I learned the importance of music when I started painting murals throughout my home.

In my backyard you could see different murals painted on my back fence which was a sound barrier made from concrete block. Beneath the wall were two rows of dirt with heavy boards holding the dirt in place, giving it the appearance of tiers on a wedding cake. When you stood on the patio you felt like you were looking up a steep hill. To the right was a life sized Tiki that looked scary with pointed teeth and piercing eyes that was painted to serve as a warning to trespassers. They might not want to experience his savage wrath if they tried to do harm. In the middle of the wall were ocean waves at sunset with a mountain in the distance. To the left was a Tiki hut surrounded with exotic flowers. All the murals were painted, almost in a trance state. As long as I was in that state Akar held back my doubting fears that would have talked me out of attempting such an undertaking as to paint three murals on concrete that I could barely reach the tops of with each one being about 10 feet wide.

My mind studied my office walls. All morning I scanned images on the internet hoping to get an idea on what painted clouds looked like. But the pictures I was seeing looked like clouds that were meant for the walls of a child's nursery. Nothing was real enough for me. I knew I needed texture,

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nothing could be square, clouds were round and fluffy, and they had to have contrasting colors to bring out the white. I knew the rules because I had studied every book on painting I could for several years when I was painting watercolors. The basic rules were the same no matter what media.

I applied some white paint to the wall with my brush. Then I dabbed a torn sponge into some gray paint and followed up with a sponge with white on it over parts of the gray while still allowing some of the blue of the original wall color to come through it. A three dimensional cloud took form and it was so real it looked like I could reach out and touch it. The only problem was now I had about a hundred more to paint. I didn't seem to mind though because once I painted the first one I knew I could do it. One cloud after another took form and each looked different. While listening to the music I was simultaneously listening to Akar talking away like he usually did when I was in such a tranquil state.

Young girls, just becoming teens, were content to look pretty with the hope of catching the eye of a young boy. As they matured their skills at reeling in men would improve until one day they would marry and people from all over the land would come to see their conquest and bring them gifts in celebration on their wedding day. That's how the thinking was during my generation known as the "baby boomers." My mother tried to groom me for that path by fixing up my hair and buying expensive make-up kits and coloring my hair when I was thirteen. However, my quest in life was different. It was a spiritual one that brought with it many questions about my existence and how a noble God I was taught to worship in church delivered to me such a wicked stepfather. One by one the answers to such questions started revealing themselves to me in a book I reached for in my mother's bookshelf. I sat on

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the floor of her bedroom reading it. The book was called, Astrology for the Millions, by Grant Lewi.

I couldn't put the book down once I started reading it. It boldly claimed that when a person was born planets that were transiting a zodiac belt in the sky mapped out an individual's life. Then I started reading other astrology books that explained how the three wise men in the Bible followed a planetary configuration in the heavens that foretold the birth of a messiah (Christ) and where the birth of this baby would take place.

I couldn't wait to get to school and share what I was learning about astrology before my Jr. High School speech class. The students and my teacher were fascinated as I spoke about different characteristics of the various signs, making sure I included the dates of those signs. This allowed the students to know if I was talking about them if they were born during that time frame. I was so young and naive then. Now, I had become the wise old crone with countless clients and thousands of astrology charts cast under my belt.

The next cloud I painted needed some touch ups to make it look larger than the others. Keeping things different sizes kept a painting interesting. Slipping more and more into a surreal state of mind, I knew how powerfully important Akar's voice had become during the past 50 years on my spiritual journey. Akar's voice was not high pitched or low but rather steady and firm. He frequently spoke to me and guided my eyes in what to look for in an astrology chart while doing readings for my clients. It took many years before I learned the difference between my imagination and Akar (Spirit) talking to me. My thoughts could change back and forth with my mood. Akar was nonnegotiable when he said something. If I didn't get what he was saying he would repeat it and would continue to do so even if he had to say it over and over from one lifetime to the next.

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Turning toward my desk to dip my brush into the can of white paint, thoughts of clients I had seen in this very room, or spoke to by phone, flooded my mind.

One client I remember started out with a phone call. I was taking her information over the phone to bill her charge card for the reading when I noticed the address.

“You are only 10 minutes away. Get yourself down here and let me do the reading for you in person,” I insisted.

“I will be right there,” said the soft Latin voice of a young woman.

I couldn't believe my eyes when I opened the door. The woman I had just talked to was gorgeous. She had long dark hair that cascaded down her back in waves and wore a tight fitting charcoal pant suit with a jacket. Her high heel boots added sophistication and flare.

“Come on in,” I greeted.

“I had no idea you were so close,” she commented as she followed me to my office.

“What was the date and time of your birth and in what city where you born.”

Selma gave me the info and kept talking as I carefully input the data that would be used to calculate her astrology chart.

I turned to respond to something she was asking me when suddenly she was no longer sitting there. In her place was a male sultan. A pure white garment covered his head and draped his body. His piercing black eyes looked like someone had applied eye liner to them to make them stand out even more.

“You look like you saw a ghost,” Selma laughed.

“What I saw was your past life,” I answered never questioning what the vision was.

“Past life? What do you mean?”

“You were a male sultan clothed in a pure white garment. Your eyes were dark and piercing,” I said. “My history is not

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good enough to know for sure where Sultan's once lived, Persia, maybe, but I know you had a lot of wives."

"The cult. You wouldn't have known," she blurted frantically with inquisitive eyes. "Tell me more about what you saw," she demanded.

"That is all I saw but it was awesome," I smiled.

"The cult," she said again. "I was born the baby of a man who was married to many wives. We were Mormons that got kicked out of the Mormon Church and fled to Mexico. My father was treated like a god and my siblings and I weren't allowed to be around him. Us kids got messed up pretty bad," she sighed looking down. "No one knows about the cult except a counselor I have been seeing. I don't understand who the man was," she added.

"The Sultan was you, Selma," I explained never understanding what she meant by the word cult.

"How could it have been me?"

"What I saw is who you were in a past lifetime. What is remarkable about it is that people who believe in reincarnation believe we come back the opposite of what we were in a past lifetime. For example, if I mistreated blacks in a past lifetime, and there were many who did, I could come back in this lifetime and be of African American decent so I can feel what it is liked being mistreated. But what is so unique about the vision I had, into another dimension and another time, is that you didn't come back the wife but rather the child of a Sultan. There is a word for it, Karma. Karma means coming into this lifetime carrying debts carried over from a past lifetime, whether good or bad."

"I've never heard anything like this before. But I still don't understand why you saw it. No one knows of my past or my family except for the counselor," she repeated.

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“I believe it happened because Spirit wanted you to have a recognition symbol, something that would say it was ok for you to trust me.”

The reading revealed many things about her and her life thus far. When we were finished she turned to me and said, “I am going to go back home and take these new teachings with me to help my siblings who are still messed up by the life we led.”

Strangest thing of all is that I can still see the Sultan so clear in my mind’s eye that I can almost reach my hand out and touch his face. He was so handsome.

“I wonder if I am ever going to get done painting these clouds,” I thought to myself as I tackled still another one that looked like two people kissing until I dabbed some paint on it so it wouldn’t. Their three dimensional form caused you to see different things in them like you would in the sky when cried cry out, “Look at the rabbit hopping along in the sky.”

The most bizarre cloud formatting I ever saw was when I was in the car with my sister Betsy and my brother-in-law, Maurice, who was driving. Maurice loved to fish and had even won a couple of boats in competitions he entered. I pointed to the sky and shouted, “Look over there in the sky. It is an enormous fish with a mouth, eyes, and fins,” I beamed.

“It sure is,” laughed Maurice staring up at it thru the front windshield.

I couldn’t bring myself to take my paint and dab out the circle of tribal elders meeting on my wall that were supposed to be conjoining clouds. I needed that good energy and to this day anyone I show it to sees the same thing.

“Tribal elders,” I thought to myself. Suddenly, I recalled the time I found a Native American Kachina doll at a Goodwill thrift store. No one finds a Kachina doll at a thrift store but I sure did. It stood about 18 inches tall on a glass case near the

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cash register where I was going to check out. I immediately put down what I was going to purchase and purchased the hand-painted, hand-carved doll dressed in an authentic ceremonial wardrobe. One of its horns was broken but that didn't keep me from buying it and being overjoyed with the treasurer I had found.

I raced home and started searching through drawers and boxes to try to find something I could use to repair the horn. Then I found a wine cork remover that was made out of wood. The cork remover was brand new. However, it didn't matter that it would be destroyed as long as I was following Akar's guidance. It felt like it was extremely important to restore the Kachina back to what the original artist intended when he carved it. With a sharp steak knife in hand, I carved off a little piece of wood then sanded it down until it was a perfect match for the piece that was missing. When I dabbed my paint brush into some black paint to touch it up something extraordinary happened that was coming from another dimension. I heard Native American chanting in the background. It sounded like a whole nation of Indians urgently crying out to Great Spirit. I loved the rhythm of the sound and I knew from the core of my soul what was really happening. The tribal elders were chanting to me for honoring their customs and for repairing the Kachina doll. Then in a lightning-fast flash, I heard the motor of my refrigerator and found myself saying, "It was good while it lasted but there were no Native American Indians chanting to me. To think such thoughts would make me nuts. It was the refrigerator and my vivid imagination," I laughed disappointedly.

That didn't appear to be the case at all when not long after that incident I got a call from a client who had been listening to a tape recording I made for her.

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“Jan,” this is Karen. “You are not going to believe what is on a tape that you gave me of our astrology session,” she gushed.

“Is there something wrong with the tape?” I asked nervously knowing if something was wrong with the tape I couldn’t recreate what Spirit shared with me during the session.

“Nothing is wrong with the tape, quite the opposite,” she gushed. “There is Native American chanting going on in the background. Sounds like an entire tribe.”

“You have got to be kidding,” I said in disbelief remembering the tribal chanting I heard in my home while fixing the Kachina doll. The sound suddenly stopped when I heard the motor humming from my refrigerator and assumed the chanting was in my imagination.

“Have you ever heard Native American chanting in the background on a tape recording of an astrology reading you did for a client,” she asked?

“Never,” I answered smiling in awe of Spirit and the unseen realm from another dimension that was a form of consciousness that lived long after the elders had died and could tap into my world, apparently, collectively when needed.

As I stood back looking at what a great job I was doing painting the clouds in my office, I realized another time I visually saw another realm that wanted my attention.

It was the time I was reading a book about a Native American medicine man. I was swiftly walking down the sidewalk that lined the parameters of the State Capitol Park when I worked for the Legislature in California. I remember it was hard to go back to my office after having such a peaceful lunch. I heard the bells strike one from a Cathedral nearby. It was then that I saw something in my peripheral vision. To the right of me in the park I thought I could see an enormous coiled snake.

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“No time to be thinking about a huge snake that couldn’t possibly exist when you’re late getting back to work and don’t want to get in trouble,” my mind reasoned.

“You’ve been reading a book on Native American traditions. Now when you get a vision you are going to ignore it,” shouted Akar in disbelief.

I turned and looked to find where my snake was once coiled there was a large grayish-brown rock of some sort. I walked over to it to see what the snake wanted me to see. I was thinking and talking to myself like a true Native American Indian now. Akar wanted me to see something. Sure enough, it was Indian grinding rocks. Snake wanted me to see the rocks that held the energy of many Native American women who once used their hard surface to crush grains which caused the bowls to form in the rocks. Apparently, the rocks had been brought in to be displayed on the State Capitol grounds.

What I was shown that day actually upset me pretty bad. It was joyful to communicate with Akar and tap into a vision of something communicating from another realm but I knew why it wanted me to see it. Governor Jerry Brown walked thru the Capitol grounds on his way to his apartment almost daily when he was Governor of California the first time. Legislators, staff, and visitors wandered thru the grounds. Benches were placed where people could sit and take in something special exhibits in the park. Most everything had markers and lighting above to highlight what was uniquely there. Not the grinding rocks.

The snake wanted me to see the grinding rocks because I had taken myself into the Native American vibration by reading the book about their traditions at lunch. It wanted me to see what the white man didn’t honor. The grinding rocks had a sign but it was very small. To make matters worse the rocks were placed out of sight without a light, or bench for people to sit on like the other exhibits in the park.

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Later, everyone I talked to didn't even know the grinding rocks were in the park. I did take the time to write a letter to the State department that's in charge of the Capitol grounds but someone wrote back saying it costs money and it would have to come from the Indians themselves if they wanted to pay for a better marker, a bench, or a light. Then Akar calmed me down by saying, "I just wanted you to see a different dimension and listen to me when I am speaking to you. All that was needed by you has already been done."

"I understand, Akar," I thought to myself.

I could hear the music that was playing in the background, while I painted, come to a stop. It was time to change the CD. I took a rag and lightly touched some white paint then I smeared it on some newsprint. Then I went around making whimsical breezes around my clouds.

"Awesome," my heart shouted out. "Blue skies, white clouds and white trim. Your office really looks fitting for an astrologer to see clients in."

After I changed the CD I brought in the tall glass vase of peacock feathers that stood on the ground. A few marble tables came back into the room. Then I removed the plastic protective drape off the Maple cabinet that showcased hundreds of precious stones I had collected over the years.

I placed two medium sized white quartz singing bowls on two different marble stands. Then I sat the enormous quartz singing bowl that weighed 40 pounds on the cabinet. A young monkey hung from the ceiling over the huge crystal singing bowl. I asked Akar why I was supposed to hang the monkey there that I just purchased from a consignment shop.

"So, you will watch out for the monkey mind" he replied.

"Of course," I thought to myself with a smile on my face. Monkey mind was a Buddhist term I hadn't heard in a long time. Our minds can get restless, unsettled, confused, and

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uncontrollable. Then we cannot see what is before us. It seemed appropriate that the wood carved Buddha sat close to the monkey.

Akar was always showing me fascinating things about the world I lived in and the powerful forces at play. A perfect example of this was shown to me with the enormous crystal singing bowl sitting beneath the monkey.

On one of my trips to Mt. Shasta I met a woman there named Beverly Ann Wilson at a store called The Crystal Room. Prior to making the trip I spent a lot of time online checking out various stores in Mt. Shasta that carried crystals. When I read about Beverly and her alchemy work with crystal singing bowls I really wanted to meet her.

One day, upon entering her store, I found seven rooms filled with breathtaking art work, jewelry, stained glass, wind chimes, and spirited sculptures. I longed to meet Beverly. It was then that I noticed an older woman with short white hair, bangs pulled back from her pale face, and a rounded body walking towards me.

“Good morning,” I smiled recognizing Beverly even though she didn’t know me.

“I would like you to come with me. I have something I want to show you,” she said smiling. She turned and led me into a private room at the back of the store. She closed the door and said, “Sit down,” pointing to the floor.

The room was awesome. There must have been over 80 crystal singing bowls displayed on glass shelves and sitting on the floor close to where she sat down. I had seen the white ones before but many of these bowls were orange, cobalt blue, red, and violet. I knew right away they were specially made for healing the different chakras in the body. Chakras are lights of different colors that can be seen in the etheric body. Each chakra has health areas of the body assigned to it. For example,

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the fourth chakra is green and it works with the heart. Using a green colored bowl would energetically assist with heart issues whether they be emotional or physical.

Almost an hour flew by as I listened to how Beverly studied to be a Structural Engineer when life took her down a different path when someone placed her in charge of many kilos of crystals that led her to opening up The Crystal Room. Then the talk went deeper when she explained to me the significance of the crystal singing bowls and how they can be used to clear out negative energies, relieve stress, or awaken us to our higher callings.

When I started to leave Beverly looked me straight in the eyes and said, “Spirit told me I was supposed to talk to you today. That is why I brought you back in here and shared what I did.”

The journey to Mt. Shasta showed me how powerful the force was when we set our thoughts off on a mission like I did to meet Beverly. She appeared before me without even a phone call other than the one I made mentally that Spirit intercepted. I knew thoughts were powerful but I have long since learned that the key to manifesting anything in our lives was not just the thought but tying our heart to the thought. Feelings rising up from the heart are what ignite the match that brings something about.

After I got home I ordered the enormous white crystal singing bowl then did a little research into it. I found out that our body is made up of millions of crystals. Some of these crystals are called apatite crystals that can be found in our bones, skull and teeth. When the bowl is struck it gives off a haunting sound that resonates with our soul and the crystals in our body. The size of the bowl determines how far the vibration can be felt. My large crystal singing bowl was supposed to

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resonate for about 5 miles and would normally be used for large gatherings of people.

Now, while still in the vibration of crystals, physically and mentally, something fascinating happened. I was taking a friend of mine to lunch that I hadn't seen in a while and I wanted to take her to some place special. Suddenly, I found myself back on the internet checking out Shingle Springs. I have no clue what my search term on the computer was but suddenly I was learning that a meteorite had exploded over Shingle Springs around 1869 and the Vatican in Rome had a sample of the meteorite in their collection.

I learned there was a metaphysical shop in Shingle Springs that was having a big clearance sale because they were getting ready to move. When my friend and I went to lunch and stopped at the store, I struck up a conversation with a young woman.

"Did you know that a meteorite exploded over Shingle Springs back around 1869?" I asked.

"Never heard that one," she said.

"There is a sample of it in the Vatican in Rome."

"That's interesting. I do know that I have friends around here that pick up crystals in their back yard all the time and think nothing of it."

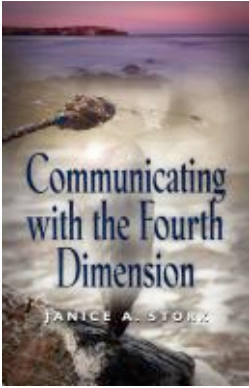
My jaw dropped. Later that night, when I was all alone, I went back to my computer and learned there were crystal mines between Shingle Springs and Nevada border.

My lesson was that our thoughts ignite the force and while we are in that vibration we will find like vibration whether it is a friend we are thinking about that suddenly calls us for no reason or a bargain we are trying to find when looking for something specific then suddenly it appears at a store we wouldn't normally go to.

I loved my quartz singing bowls. When you strike one bowl right after another they harmonized with each other and make a

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new sound. My heart was always filled with joy when I let a client play them after a reading and got to see their face light up with excitement.



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