



In Touch
with Heaven

Gina M. Klein



*In her second book, **In Touch with Heaven**, medium Gina M. Klein brings forth memories of some of her earliest visits from spirit. She lovingly shares her personal encounters with heavenly angels and lost loved ones on the other side. Her lifelong communication with God's beautiful beings has shown her death in a whole new light. Our loved ones are never far away; in fact, they're a lot closer than we know.*

In Touch With Heaven

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Chapter 1

Spirits are for Real

There it was. Hovering in the same location as always; its silhouette illuminated in a foggy, iridescent white color. It appeared to levitate a few inches above our hallway floor, right between my parents' and little brother's bedrooms. It seemed to be the favored spot, because it's where I saw it every day. It never moved; it never spoke. It just hung around and made me uncomfortable.

The discomfort I felt from this "being" had me turning on the hallway light every time I had to walk to my bedroom, the restroom or *anywhere* down that hallway. Because I could only see the silhouette of its body and not its face, I was a bit scared. I voiced my fears to my parents on many occasions throughout my childhood, but my voice was followed by, "Oh, it's just your imagination." No one would walk down the hallway with me when I asked, so the light switch became my best friend.

Finally, on a beautiful Saturday morning with the sun shining, my mom at the grocery store, and my brothers outside playing, I spoke to my dad about this hallway spirit. I told him all about it, in detail, and how it made me nervous. I wanted to know who it was and why it always stood there.

"Try talking to it," my dad said.

I gaped at him. *What? Right, Dad. As if the spirit will talk back.* I thought about it for a moment before responding.

“How? What do I say?”

“Just talk and ask who it is. See if it tells you,” he said, as though it were the most normal thing in the world.

I thought he was crazy, though the idea intrigued me. I was fascinated with spirits and life after death. But ... talk to it? I wasn't sure about that. Would a spirit actually talk back? I mean, I heard *them* talk to *me* at night, but what would they do if *I* was the one talking to *them*?

“Seriously, Dad?”

“Sure, why not?” he said. “Ask it what its name is! You never know. You might get a response.”

Well, even though my first initial thought was that my dad was a little kooky, I secretly wanted to give it a try. But I didn't want to do it with anyone around. Thankfully, Dad told me he was going outside to mow the lawn. He invited me to join him in the yard, but I opted to stay in. When the coast was clear and I heard the lawn mower rumbling, I sat on my bed and thought about what he had said a little more. *Should I talk to it? Will it respond? Why I had never thought of this before was beyond me.* My dad was a genius. I was going to try it!

Bravely, I sat down in the hallway, took a deep breath and stared at the aura. I spoke aloud and asked, “Who are you? Why do you always stand there?”

I sat and waited. No response. It just hovered there in its usual spot.

“Are you an angel?”

I stared at its form. Why wouldn't it respond?

“What is your name?”

I guess I expected it to just start talking aloud like anyone else in our house, but it didn't say a thing. And to be honest, I felt a tad silly for trying to have a conversation with a spirit. But I really wanted to know who it was. How could I get the spirit to talk to me? Then the best idea yet beamed into my head. *The game! Yes, the game!* My parents had a special game in the closet, one that always intrigued me; however, because I wasn't a grown-up, it wasn't a game my parents allowed me to play. I had asked about it before, and my mom told me what it was. It was very similar to a Ouija board, but this one was designed a bit differently (from the 1960s or early '70s). It wasn't as spooky looking as the Ouija boards I had seen at other people's houses or in the stores. I think it was because of the light, retro colors that made up its design: orange, mustard yellow and green. It was a bit more welcoming.

I peeked out the windows to make sure my dad and brothers were still outside. They were, so I grabbed a step stool and carried it to the hall closet. I climbed up, grabbed the game and set it up at the end of the hallway. I took a deep breath, looked at the spirit form and began asking the questions once again. I was sure I'd receive a response *this* time.

“Who are you?” I asked nervously.

I held my hand on the game piece, hoping it would magically move and give me an answer. When it didn't make even one movement, I asked another question.

“Why are you standing there all the time? Are you an angel?” My voice was close to a whisper.

Again, I waited; and again, the game piece didn't move at all. My own hand didn't even make it move anywhere. Perhaps it was due to my nerves and fear of what response I would get (or that someone would come inside and see what I was doing). Then again, maybe this spirit just didn't want me to know who it was. Frustrated and defeated, I let out a big sigh and quickly packed up the game and put it away. I gave up.

I wish I had known then what I know now: Spirits don't communicate in the same way we do. They don't speak with a mouth, they speak with their thoughts. To truly 'hear' a spirit means having a telepathic conversation with it. I wasn't open that day to hearing such a message. I didn't know a thing about telepathy. Instead, I expected a booming voice to begin talking to me. When that didn't happen, I assumed I was crazy for even thinking a spirit would communicate with me. But why was I able to hear them so clearly at night? Did they only want to talk to me in the dark? To be honest with you, I didn't like hearing them as I tried to sleep. It frightened me.

It took many years before I learned this truth: When we sleep, our minds are free of the daily chaos and clutter. This is when we're relaxed and most open to receiving messages from the other side. In fact, spirits

know they can be heard, felt and seen much easier during our periods of rest. And yes; they speak telepathically even as we sleep. They can be heard in our minds, but our ears can also pick up on their vibration since everything around us is silent. No wonder I heard them mostly at night as a child.

Even though I failed to make a connection with the hallway spirit, there was absolutely no doubt in my mind that there was life after death. However, this knowledge alone didn't answer all of the questions I had. There was so much more I wanted to know. As I grew older and entered high school and college, schoolwork, friends and activities became my everyday existence, and my fascination with the other side of life was put on the back burner. I was always too busy, or so I told myself, to do any kind of research on life after death. But in reality, I didn't want people to judge me. So, I kept my fascination with death and spirits a secret. By doing so, I began receiving answers to some of my biggest questions, with the first coming to me in a most surprising way.

Chapter 2

Hello, Neighbor!

Is there *really* a Heaven? As a child, I wanted to know. One set of my grandparents had died while I was still pretty young. Grandma Nellie died just a few days before I turned seven. She was in the hospital and told my parents, “Tell Gina I’m sorry I won’t be able to come to her birthday party.” A day or two later, she made her transition. Grandpa Herman then left us before I entered middle school. I missed them both so much, and I always wondered if they were okay and *really* in a place called Heaven. What about my longtime babysitter who had died from cancer when I was in the sixth grade? She was like another grandmother to my siblings and me. She was a true Earth angel, and I missed her so much.

That same year, a boy in my elementary school passed away. I had gone to school with him for several years until he was taken away by cancer. Unlike some of the other boys, he was always such a genuinely nice person. He once let me pass by him in class when the teacher called everyone to the back of the classroom. “Ladies first,” he said, motioning for me to go before him. It was a shock to hear the principal announce his death over the intercom one morning at school. The classroom was so silent. I knew he had to have gone to a good place, but where exactly *did* he go?

I knew what I had learned growing up: Good people go to Heaven when they die. This is something my parents had always told me. So, Heaven *must* be real,

right? Deep down, my heart told me it was, but I really wanted to know more. Was it really a place with angels and pearly gates? A place so beautiful that you'd be flat out crazy not to be good here on Earth so you'd be able to live in such a paradise once you've left your body?

Because spirits visited me, I knew people's souls lived on, but did they just hang out here on Earth? Through the years of my childhood, I had so many questions. However, it wasn't until my early college years that the answers finally came to me.

* * *

Like a lot of people, I was a campus dweller the first two years of my college career. I attended Missouri Western State University in St. Joseph, Missouri. The town of St. Joseph wasn't large and it was only an hour from home, so it was the perfect get-away for me. While the dorm life took some getting used to, I had the time of my life being away from home. I danced on the Griffettes dance team and worked hard to excel in my classes. No matter what, my weekdays were always jam-packed with studies and activities. My weekends, however, were almost always reserved for my family. I was lucky that the college I attended was in the same state and the trips home were easy. I didn't have a car (my parents wouldn't allow it), so I either had to ride with a friend who lived in the same town or have my parents drive up to the campus to bring me home. I went home nearly every weekend and stayed with my family, as most students seemed to do. Because of this, the campus was pretty quiet and boring on the weekends.

One day during my freshman year on campus, I was busy studying in my dorm room when my mother had called and given me the news that a family friend, Hillary, had died from a heart attack. She was the mother of our next-door neighbor, Lilly, and we knew Hillary quite well. She was a sweet Filipina woman who visited her daughter's home often, and she was smiling whenever I saw her. Hillary and my parents spoke quite a bit. Our families were good friends. When I learned of her death, I was shocked and sorry that I would never see her again, and I felt a deep sadness for her family.

"Please come home this weekend," my mother said. She wanted all of our family to be there for Lilly during this difficult time.

"I will," I replied. I knew this particular weekend would be different than my usual weekends at home, as death always seemed to bring a different kind of energy to things.

The day after this phone call with my mother, it happened. It was nighttime and I was sleeping soundly, or so I thought, when Hillary appeared to me. It wasn't a dream; it was an *experience*. Hillary stood before me, beautiful and happy. I stared at her. She was no longer in a physical body like she once was, yet she looked just as she did here on Earth. She looked like the Hillary I knew, but now she was glowing and iridescent. Her form was a bit foggy, as though she would dissipate at any moment. I knew right away she was spirit. She looked at me, beaming, and said, "Gina, there really is a Heaven!" She spoke with such excitement, though she didn't speak in

the way we do here on Earth. She spoke with her thoughts, and somehow I heard her very clearly.

“There really is a Heaven,” she repeated. “Let me show you!” She motioned to me to follow her. I hesitated for a moment, but followed. Together, we drifted through the air. I was flying! I felt very light as I stayed close behind her. She showed me bits and pieces of this beautiful place we call Heaven. I was astounded as I looked around me. I looked down at the most extraordinary scenery. The colors were so vibrant – the reds, pinks and yellows stood out the most to me. There was so much light all around; bright, white light that had an indescribable glow to it. The sky was so blue; the clouds fluffy and pure white. It was like a perfect painting, only so much more. It looked very much like Earth, only a million times more picturesque. I saw nature all around with trees of every kind, flowers everywhere, bright, green grass. I noticed vast prairie land, open and undisturbed. Hillary also pointed out what looked like a little town with buildings below us, much like the buildings we have here, only much more extravagant and eye-catching. She spoke very little as we floated around. She just smiled and pointed things out to me. I felt very much at peace, and I was in complete awe of everything around. The whole experience didn’t last long, though. Within (what seemed like) a minute or so, I let her know that I had to go. To be honest, I was afraid I would get in trouble for being there. It wasn’t my time to be in this place, and I knew it. Or at least, I told myself that. Plus, I was floating, which made me a little bit nervous. She looked at me with her beautiful smile, happy to have given me this message and view, and before I knew it, she was gone.

I was lying in bed, eyes open wide. My heart was pounding, and my mind was filled with a million thoughts. *Hillary just visited me! She was in spirit form! I just saw bits and pieces of Heaven. She showed me Heaven! But...why me? Why did she choose to come to me?* The experience was magical, and Hillary had looked so serene yet excited to share Heaven with me. What I couldn't wrap my mind around, though, was...*why me?*

The morning after Hillary's visit, I called my mother and told her all about my experience.

"You need to share that with Lilly," she said almost immediately.

"Seriously, Mom?" I said with a grimace. "Why?"

"Because it would be nice for her to hear," she replied. "She misses her mother terribly, and this will help her know she's okay in Heaven. Just do it, okay? It'll mean a lot to her."

I sighed. I didn't think it was such a good idea. Lilly would think I was a complete nut. "Okay," I mumbled before hanging up. How in the world would I tell Lilly that I saw her mother? Maybe my mom would forget about this idea by the time the weekend arrived. I hoped so.

It was hard to concentrate on school the rest of that week, because the thought of our neighbor thinking I was completely crazy stuck in the back of my head. Why did my mother have to think up such an idea? Why? I was doomed. I wasn't ready to share my experience with anyone else. I really wasn't.

By the time the weekend arrived, I tried my best to put it out of my mind. My dad drove up to the university to bring me home. I was ready. I really enjoyed going home on the weekends. It was a nice break from the college dormitory, and I liked hanging out with my family. Shortly after my arrival, my mother spoke of Hillary's death. She looked at me and my oldest brother, who was also home visiting, and suggested we go next door to pay our respects to Lilly and her family. It was the right thing to do. I looked at my brother. He looked as uncomfortable as I felt, but we knew we had to do it.

"Gina," my mother added. "Be sure to share that story with her. Let her know that her mother visited you. She'll like hearing that. It will help her."

My stomach did a flip. I swallowed hard. I was scared to death, but I had no choice. I had to tell her. In my heart, I agreed with my mom. It just might help with her healing; so I tried my best not to worry about what Lilly might *really* think of me afterwards.

My brother and I walked over to Lilly's house in silence, both of us thinking about what to say, I'm sure. We were both uncomfortable in situations like this. We knocked on the door and Lilly invited us inside. She was always so friendly. We sat down in the living room and began some idle chit-chat about school, what everyone's been up to, and just the goings-on of everyone in our families. That was when her mother's death was mentioned.

"We're sorry to hear about Hillary," my brother said. "She was a great lady."

Lilly's eyes filled with tears and she thanked us. "I just hope she's in a better place," she said. "She deserves the best." Her tears began streaming from her eyes. My brother gave me a look. That was my cue. I took a deep breath.

"Um, Lilly?" I began. "I want to tell you something."

Lilly looked at me. "Sure, sweetheart. What is it?"

I looked down and back up again. "I saw your mom. She visited me a few nights ago. She was in spirit form, not in a body like us; but it was her. She still looked the same." I told her, remembering her short, salt-and-pepper curls and smiling eyes. "She was smiling and really happy."

Lilly's eyes widened and a soft smile spread across her face.

I took a deep breath before continuing. "Anyway, she told me that there really is a Heaven. She said, 'Gina! There really is a Heaven!' She was very happy and excited to tell me this. She had me follow her. We were floating, and she showed me a little bit of Heaven. It was beautiful and so colorful!" I exclaimed. I described a little bit of the wondrous scenery Hillary had shown me. Lilly's face had softened into a tranquil glow. "It was incredible, and your mom was full of joy. For some reason she just really wanted me to know that Heaven is real."

Lilly's tears trickled down her face again. She was still smiling, though, which made me feel better. "That's so beautiful," she said, blotting her eyes with tissues. "I'm so happy she's okay and in Heaven. I am so happy to know

that. I've been worried. Gina, you are so lucky. I wish she would visit me. I still haven't seen her. I don't know why, but I just haven't seen or dreamed about her."

"I'm sure you will. Give it time." I felt a little uncomfortable. Why *did* Hillary choose to come to me? Why didn't she visit her own daughter instead? I wasn't *that* close to Hillary, but I did know her and talk to her on occasion when she was visiting next door.

That was then; this is now. Only now I understand that grief can cause blocks that can sometimes last a very long time. Being blocked means that we're so consumed with sadness that we can't allow anything else in. It keeps us from noticing our loved ones visiting in our daily lives or dreams, and being blocked holds us back from seeing the signs our loved ones are sending us from Heaven. There isn't an easy way around such blocks. It just takes time, and how long it takes depends on how deep the grief is on the inside. But it does eventually subside; and when the grief lets up enough, the visits and signs from Heaven will begin pouring in. Whether it takes weeks, months or years after the death of a loved one, they do come. We just have to be patient and open to receiving them.

I've always been open to spirit visits and messages, and Hillary must have known this. She came to me in hopes I would pass on her message to her daughter. There really is a place we call Heaven, and it's even more beautiful than we can imagine. I know because I was shown some glimpses of it. Little did I know this would be my very first message passed on from someone on the other side; a peek at some of the work I would someday be doing. No wonder I had so much trouble figuring out

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my career path when I got out of college. I never imagined it would be this. I have Hillary to thank for being my first spirit client. *Thank you, Hillary.*



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