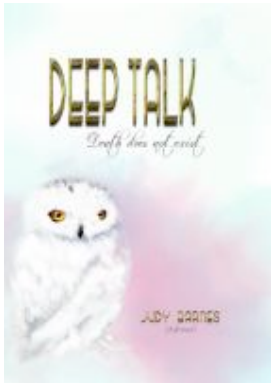


DEEP TALK

Death does not exist



JUDY BARNES
(Ashmar)



As a teenager, Judy instinctively knew there was more to life than religion prescribed. When her son attempted suicide at 16 and related a very unusual near-death experience, she set out to discover the truth. Her journey has taken a lifetime but her Spiritual guidance and encounters, visits to past lives, and meeting soulmates from other lives will leave you in no doubt that we are made of Spirit and energy - which can never die.

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Judy Barnes
(Ashmar)

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Chapter 17: My Strange Dream

‘Trust the dreams, for in them is hidden the gate to eternity.’

On Death – *The Prophet* – Kahlil Gibran

1965: When I was 19 I dated a boy called Frank. He decided to work and travel around New Zealand (NZ) and we wrote for about a year but in young love, ‘out of sight’ is often ‘out of mind’.

Frank’s parents were dead and it fell to the eldest brother to run the family. Some months later this brother phoned me, wondering if I’d heard from Frank because his very regular stream of letters had dried up, as had the steady correspondence to his best friend. I said I hadn’t, as we’d stopped writing to each other but I was planning a bus tour around NZ and I’d be glad to check on him if I could. I sent a letter telling Frank when I’d be in his area and asked him to meet me, if possible.

I was concerned about this and had a very vivid dream that night. I saw Frank playing rugby. He had the ball and was streaking away down the field to score a try or as Americans would say, a ‘touchdown’. As he did, he was tackled, landing hard and breaking his right shoulder blade and three ribs in the process.

That he was playing rugby at all was unusual enough because I’d only ever known him as a basketball player. The way I had seen what happened was the most baffling

thing though. I've never had a dream like it before and I've never had one like it since. I didn't just see what happened, I witnessed it scene by scene, on a bank of television screens that seemed to curve at each end.

When I awoke next morning I rationalised that it must have just been because I was concerned about him not writing to his family and, besides that, he had never played rugby in Australia. I soon forgot about it in the business of my morning.

That same day, precisely at midday, I was shown a vision on the wall directly in front of me. The dream replayed itself exactly as I had seen it, scene by scene on the bank of TV screens. It was similar to a strip of film because the scenes changed on each TV screen, as the incident was displayed.

It was as though I was present at the football game. I didn't hear a voice or anything but I was given to understand that this was true. It *had* happened. Then the vision faded away.

I was amazed, as you can imagine, and immediately rang Frank's brother to tell him what had happened. He didn't laugh but said he was very respectful of prophetic dreams or anything similar. If Frank had broken his shoulder blade and ribs, it would certainly explain why he hadn't written.

Two weeks later, with still no word from Frank, I flew to NZ and set off on the bus tour. I wondered if he had

received my letter and whether he'd be at the appointed place. It would be a week before I'd be in his area.

As the coach pulled into the overnight stop I started to smile. Waiting there and looking perfectly fit and healthy, was Frank. I smiled and waved through the window. It had been a long time since I had seen my old flame. I jumped off the bus and we hugged each other, while swapping greetings. It was good to see him again. I was particularly keen to hear what had happened though.

'You're not very popular at home, you know,' I said.

'Why not?'

'Well, you haven't written to *anybody* for two months!'

'Oh, I didn't want to worry anyone. I've started playing rugby and I was tackled one day, and –'

'Yes, I know.' I indicated the right side of his body, as I said, 'you broke this shoulder blade and three ribs.'

Frank's eyes widened in astonishment. 'How could you possibly know? I've told nobody, not even Fred.' (His best friend).

'It was shown to me in a dream,' I replied.

Some dreams are definitely prophetic and that isn't the only one I've had, but it's the one that has stayed in my memory the most vividly because of the strange way it was presented to me.

It would be 34 years later before I discovered what the television screens actually were. They played a large part in why I am writing my story.

A friend lent me a book last year that I couldn't put down. I had never read such in-depth reports of not only *past lives* but also life *between* lives. The book was *Journey of Souls* by Dr Michael Newton, a Master Hypnotherapist / Counsellor, who specialises in behaviour modification for the treatment of psychological disorders. I couldn't wait to read his second book, *Destiny of Souls*, and if he brings out another book I'll be first in line to purchase it.

I almost went into shock as I read because there among the information-packed pages was the explanation I had waited so long to receive. The structure of my strange dream was finally revealed. I knew I had glimpsed a part of Frank's life.

Even though it could have been shown to me in a very simplistic way, with him just sitting there, all bandaged up, I had been privileged to witness a slice of the life he had chosen to live, as it had been shown to him in the Ring of Destiny.

The Ring of Destiny is, in short, the screening room of future lives. As Michael has had it explained to him, it is a sphere containing highly concentrated force fields of glowing energy screens. This is where we first behold our next body.

He relates how, 'most subjects see the Ring as a circular, domed theatre with floor to ceiling panoramic screens, which surround them completely while they are situated in a shadowed viewing area.' I now knew I had

seen a strip of these screens. I also understood why my television screens were curved at the edges too.

He goes on to explain that, ‘the Ring displays futuristic scenes of events and people the soul will encounter in the life to come. Some clients have commented that each screen reflects scenes of childhood, adolescence, adulthood and old age of the bodies they are reviewing, while others say that all the screens show them the same scene at the one time.’ Michael writes about the *Timemasters* in the screening room. These are ‘the coordinators engaged with past, present and future timelines of people and events. These master souls are members of an entire fellowship of planners that include Guides, Archivists and Council Elders who are involved in designing our future.’

As I slept, had I been seeking in my heart to know why Frank hadn’t written? Did my pensiveness reach the spirit world somehow or did they already know Frank’s family and myself were all concerned? Did a Timemaster check the person I was in the Ring and, knowing I would understand, took out the reel of film to give to the projectionist to play, not once but twice for my benefit, because as spirits in bodies we rationalise all the time?

I had to see it a second time and, seemingly by ESP, be given the knowledge that it was true.

After all, our memories of the Spirit World have been blocked so that we can learn new lessons in our new lives and progress closer to the Light, closer to 'Pure Love'.

In July, 2001: Nicky, a friend, rang one day to say she was making a documentary about Michael Newton and his work. That's great, I thought. What I didn't understand was that Michael was in the country and she was inviting me to attend the interview. She didn't have to ask me twice.

So, I was fortunate enough to meet the author of the best books on this subject I have ever come across. Or, as I believe now, I was guided to read.

Michael is refreshingly normal. An intelligent man who holds a doctorate in counselling, is a state-certified Master Hypnotherapist in California and is a member of the American Counselling Association. There's not a trace of an offbeat guy in jeans and beads some sceptics might expect to be related to works of this genre. I knew I was meeting a genuine person and that was important to me.

When I told him how long I had waited to have these 'television screens' explained to me, he smiled before remarking, 'Some people have been waiting longer than that.'

A third book was not being planned but when I spoke to his wife, Peggy, she did say there had been times when Michael had discovered something new and wished he'd been able to include it in the manuscript that had already left for the publishers. Apart from a work-book for his

students, (also available to the public) at time of copy-editing this book before it goes to print, I see that Michael has written another work: *Memories of the Afterlife*.

As usual, I was back to the questions about life. At least I had some answers but I was deeply disappointed that Michael doesn't regress anyone anywhere else but in his own office. He'd never have a moment's peace if he didn't stick to that rule. I hoped that one day I would be able to visit him or another 'regressionist' (or Transpersonal Therapist as he is called) with the same calibre of integrity.

Michael writes about a woman who refers to the spiritual world as her 'permanent home'. Other subjects use similar wordage. His clients are far more interested in their place in the Spirit World than their past lives.

It's all well and good to know you may have been some interesting someone-or-other a thousand years ago but to know the place we return to at death; discover what we learn; see how we have progressed; and how we prepare ourselves for the next life, is certainly far more appealing to me.

And just to clarify something at this point, I think many people think hypnosis is mind control. This misconception has probably arisen from the stage shows put on by hypnotists. However, I can remember being hypnotised on stage once and being told we'd never do anything we wouldn't normally do in real life. In other words, we would never, (even though given the instruction by the hypnotist), murder someone, for instance. It's quite

a fascinating state to be in because you can think quite normally. You aren't in a daze at all. You've just agreed to go along with the fun and submit to the instructions, as long as they are not harmful.

I watched Dr. Jules Leeb on TV once, who said hypnosis, 'was a state of profound relaxation'. He listed how useful it was medically for such conditions as compulsive obsession disorders, anxiety and depression, surgical complications, alleviating cancer symptoms and even as an alternative to Attention Deficit Syndrome so prevalent in children today. I know I'd rather be hypnotised than pop a pill.

Another friend of mine bore all her children drug-free, under hypnosis. Dr Leeb claims it's 'a power within us we don't use – part of your own healing processes.

I think I should insert Michael Newton's explanation here, because as a hypnotherapist, he used to treat people for the same things other hypnotherapists do, but not for long.

His unusual experiences happened very early on in his career and he decided to concentrate on regression. He talks about how he reaches the soul through hypnosis and asks us to 'visualise the mind having three concentric circles, each smaller than the last, one within the other, separated only by layers of connected mind-consciousness.

The first outer layer is represented by the conscious mind, which is our critical, analytic reasoning source. The second layer is the subconscious, where we initially go in

hypnosis to tap into the storage area for all the memories that ever happened to us in this life and former lives. The third, the innermost core, is what we are now calling the super conscious mind. This level exposes the highest centre of Self where we are an expression of a higher power.

‘The super conscious houses our real identity, augmented by the subconscious, which contains the memories of the many alter-egos assumed by us in our former human bodies.

The super conscious may not be a level at all, but the soul itself. The super conscious mind represents our highest centre of wisdom and perspective and all my information about life after death comes from this source of intelligent energy.’ Please note that word ‘energy’ again. I hope so, because I haven’t forgotten I was returning to that topic but not just yet.

So, at last I had my answer and after reading his books, a great deal more. I urge you to read them. After regressing over 35000 people, ‘some very religious, while others had no particular spiritual beliefs at all,’ Michael realised they all ‘displayed a remarkable consistency in responding to questions about the Spirit World.

People even use the same words and graphic descriptions in colloquial language when discussing their lives as souls’. Without sounding trite, it’s definitely, ‘food for thought’, or more correctly, a banquet.

The dream and vision were definitely another two signposts to the after-life but I didn’t realise it. I didn’t

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understand the language in which it was presented and more than three decades had to pass before I identified the source and where it was leading me.

I think we tend to over-analyse dreams based on what we're told by academics.

Many dreams are easily interpreted as soon as we awake, while others are mystifying. We have a habit of needing to explain what everything means according to a textbook. It satisfies us to know there's a reference somewhere – even if it is inaccurate.

What if there wasn't a reason to be found in any text book? I mean, are we so pompous that we believe everything must have, what we consider to be, a 'rational' explanation? I knew this wasn't so. If it was, why would a child constantly ask, 'why?'

I could ask myself, why I was writing this book? I needed to have the faith of a little child or barriers would erect themselves in front of my eyes and I would see nothing.

Chapter 26: I Return To The Past

‘We are members of a vast cosmic orchestra in which each living instrument is essential to the complementary and harmonious playing of the whole.’

– J. Allen Boone

Friday, 18th August 2006: 1st session. Many people resist being hypnotised. Their stubborn, iron will refuses to allow them to be vulnerable, I suppose.

They even brag about it. There may be other reasons as well. I know certain individuals who still – in this day and age – think hypnosis is ‘mind control’. I only know that when I was parachuting, I had volunteered to jump out of an aeroplane. I wanted to fly, so I jumped. To some people that’s crazy! Well, we can justify anything, so let me say it was safer than the drug Angel Dust.

Now, I was asking to visit the super conscious and as Desre explained afterwards, I did well. I have a very balanced left and right brain, which allowed me to relax and be regressed quite easily. I had been hypnotised on stage once and, yet again, I found the experience very refreshing.

I must explain that hypnotherapy allows you to sink into various levels of relaxation and when one reaches the deepest level, referred to as the *super conscious* you are able to jog your memories of this life and past lives. As Desre made clear, the super conscious has no imagination,

only memories. Whatever is imagined slots you into whatever is similar in that life. What intrigued me again, was that while I was 'visiting' a deeply buried memory in this life, I was aware of everything around me. The comforting presence of Desre ensured I was not alone and I was still completely in control of all I did.

In fact, in a following session I urgently needed to visit the bathroom and just threw off the blankets and excused myself. When I returned, a few more deep breaths, as instructed by Desre, and I had returned to the super conscious, does that sound like mind control? Somehow, I don't think so.

You may be wondering why I was wearing blankets. When the body relaxes it loses its average temperature. It's the same as retiring at night. We slip under the duvet or blankets because our body temperature drops. There is nothing mysterious about that.

Desre asked me to remember a happy occasion at the age of 18. For some reason, I returned to a next door neighbour's party, in Brisbane. Maro and Stavro were Greek and they were like family to me. The Greek music and unusual food always made their parties special occasions.

When asked to recall something at the age of 12, I returned to the house in which we lived, in Sydney. The house is no longer there but when Desre asked me to describe it, I did so, room by room. I call this a three-way conversation, such as one can have on a telephone. I was in

the room talking with Desre and also in the house from my childhood.

Taken back to the age of four, I found myself in Sydney's Hyde Park. My father was holding my hand and teaching me about Captain Cook. There's a large statue of him there and dad always took any opportunity to give a history lesson. It was a relaxing place on a park bench under the trees, out in the fresh air. We didn't live far away but being in the heart of the city meant this green lung was very appreciated by many people.

Now it was time to return to the womb, just prior to being born. I felt warm and secure there listening to my mother's heartbeat. However, I felt nervous of hurting her because I knew I was a 10lb (4.5 Kg) baby and she only a small woman. I found tears pouring down my face because I didn't want to cause her pain. Understandably enough, I have a bond with my mother because of the anguish I caused her when being born.

Desre asked when my soul had entered my body and I instantly saw the number 8. This meant that I had entered the womb in the eighth month and suggests I could be an old soul who doesn't really want to hang around in the womb for an unnecessarily long period of time, as I had done this many times before.

When asked how my soul felt about my body, it was non-committal but it was impressed by my brain. I must explain here that this information is transmitted in a way that I can only explain as mental telepathy. It's not even

mental telepathy, it's more like I was 'given to understand' the way things were when I was in the womb. This is an expression I find myself using frequently to explain how this knowledge is given. I was also 'given to understand' that I was here to work out emotional and relationship challenges. I also knew I would love dancing, which I did. In fact, at one stage, I was seriously considering a career as a classical ballerina.

Desre now took me out of the womb to the time when I had just been born, asking me what I could see. There were very bright lights but more importantly, there were so many people. I remember asking, in surprise, of Desre, 'Who are all these *people*?!' She explained that they were beings in spirit who had come to welcome me into the world. They are around us all the time but, usually, we don't see them.

A bright white light fringed in blue, surrounded me. Desre explained that this could be an energy I had brought over with me (over to earth from the Spirit World) or something else. It would probably be revealed in a future session.

I have always read, according to psychology, that our earliest memories are usually from no younger than the age of four years old so I was more than intrigued to witness the scene just after I was born. I wasn't particularly interested in the doctor or nurses because the room was jam-packed with all these other people. Oddly enough, a friend who has also undergone this first session remarked

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on exactly the same thing, in exactly the same way. He also asked Desre, ‘Who are all these *people*?!’

As you can imagine, I was laughing but thrilled that he had had the same experience. Indeed, we are never alone and that’s a strangely reassuring factor.

I was to see these spirit-people again in the third session with Desre. However, there were still three past lives to explore and this second part of my journey would not disappoint. In fact, it would give me guidance in understanding why I am as I am today and the influences from past lives that have made me that way.

I was now looking backwards and these signposts were reminders of where I had been on this long road we call a life.

Chapter 40: I Visit the Surgeon

‘Learn to get in touch with the silence within yourself and know that everything in this life has purpose. There are no mistakes, no coincidences, and all events are blessings given to us to learn from.’

Elisabeth Kübler Ross

Operations are not my fortè. I have everything with which I was born and that’s how I’d like to leave this earth when the time comes, thank you very much. The tonsils and the appendix are firmly in place and apart from almost dying from the Hong Kong Flu pandemic in 1968, when I was in my early twenties, I really don’t know what serious illness is all about. However, I was about to find out.

A creative person’s life is not necessarily a financially rewarding one for many, varied reasons. You either choose to go the secure route of focusing on one avenue of writing to bring in a steady income, or you have to widen your horizons and face the fact that sometimes you will have money and sometimes you won’t.

Seeing as the former path didn’t appeal to me in any way whatsoever, I struck out for broader horizons. It meant I had far more interesting work and learnt how to swim in the muddy waters of many different avenues, from scriptwriting for radio, television and documentaries with magazine articles and a little fiction thrown in for good measure. Once, I even wrote for the Australian School of

the Air that broadcasts to school children living in virtually inaccessible areas of that huge island. If you know anything about that country at all, then you'll know that the sizes of some of the properties (farms) in the outback are larger than certain European countries. Think of the remote Faraway Downs in the film *Australia*.

The reason I mention this is because in South Africa, if you don't have a medical aid, you are forced to see surgeons at the hospitals and not in their consulting rooms. A rather daunting prospect I discovered. I'd already laid out a lot of money for the mammogram, sonar and biopsy, not to mention the lab tests, so I swallowed my pride and joined the herd in the waiting room.

I'd been advised to arrive early. I can't imagine why because we all just sat there waiting interminably. I vowed to be wealthy in my next life so I didn't have to experience this again. However, a good book and a chat with other patients passed the time.

Two and a half hours later, the ball started rolling – and I mean rolling. Patients were in and out of the surgeon's consulting rooms like bullets from a rapid-fire machine gun. I had to keep reminding myself that this was a teaching hospital and the idea of having 20 minutes alone with the surgeon would not transpire.

Nevertheless, even though I realised that was the case and that virtually every woman in the Breast Clinic was there for the same or similar reason as I was, I wasn't about to be fobbed off with the repetitive rigmarole that certain

doctors churn out in public hospitals. This was, after all, The Big C. *My Big C*.

Finally, it was my turn and in I went, sharing my consultation with a radiologist who was organising a workshop with the surgeon, as well as two 5th year medical students. The only reason I knew this was because the surgeon's phone rang so I had the opportunity to ask them.

The radiologist was bright-eyed, warm and chatty while the medical students looked like they'd recently escaped from a penal colony where they'd done hard labour. Exhaustion was written all over their faces.

So, true to my nature, I started asking questions. The surgeon felt that they didn't need answering unless we ran across them in our journey together. While I was respectful of the fact that there were many ladies out there waiting their turn, I needed answers and finally I was given "reading matter".

A brief examination with a perusal of the lab results and it was decided that I should have an axillary operation, where some lymph glands would be removed from under my arm, so we could see where this tumour was draining. That didn't sound too bad. However, what did surprise me was the announcement to the students of my profile where my age, my complaint, with "in an otherwise healthy female", tacked onto the end of it.

Where did this last piece of information come from? For all the surgeon knew, I could have umpteen things wrong with me; so from where did she glean this idea? I

knew she had not conversed with my GP, so how did she know? Just because I looked good? I really began to feel like a piece of meat in a sausage machine conveyor belt.

While this surgeon was held in high esteem, I realised that any alternative ideas on how to treat my cancer would not be forthcoming. Her studies were in allopathic medicine and only that and she would not waiver from what she'd been schooled to believe. Finally, I had to speak up.

“O.K., I just have to say this to all you Western-medicine-trained people in this room, I believe in hands-on healing and this is what I intend trying before I do anything else.”

Well, if I thought this was going to faze the surgeon in any way I was in for a huge surprise. She merely nodded and lectured her students about this, saying, “Here’s a lady who believes in an alternative method of healing and as doctors we need to respect this. She has every right to do as she wishes in this regard.”

Suddenly, as I rearranged my clothing after her examination, she turned to me, saying, “Would you like a second opinion?” Did she feel threatened in any way? (Later, it was revealed to me that this was standard practice to ask a patient). I told her that her reputation preceded her and it wasn’t the reason I was going this route, I just needed to know where I stood regarding healing time. She said she wouldn’t leave it for 3-6 months but less time

would be okay, as breast cancer was slow-growing (in my age group).

I also asked what the results of the axillary op would tell her, apart from where the tumour was draining. Without batting an eye she replied, “whether you need chemo or a mastectomy.” I misheard her and discovered later that she meant AND a mastectomy.

Now, while I am a very forthright person and appreciate it in others, this reply almost sent me into a dead faint. I went ice-cold and had the distinct feeling that I was trapped in the room with Sweeney Todd – The Demon Barber of Fleet Steet – engulfed in a dark Dickensian scenario where this surgeon held all the power because she had scalpels and she wasn’t afraid to use them. In fact, she seemed to relish the idea.

How could a woman perform this kind of surgery? How had it become such an everyday occurrence for her? She was built from sterner stuff than I was but I still hoped I held a trump card.

To say that I was glad I have waited before jumping onto the operating table would be a little presumptuous at this time of writing as I have no idea where my healing is going and neither does Norma. Nevertheless, I am clinging to it with absolute faith. I’d seen too much to disbelieve what Spirit was capable of doing.

Would I survive this onslaught of mental demons hammering into my psyche that chemo and /or slicing me apart was the only way to go? The pressure to conform to

that was very strong. Was there no other way? I found it inconceivable but having said that, was I meant to go that route?

Then there was the visit to the 'Boobsy Ladies' as the surgeon called them. She sort of cajoled me into meeting these women who had each had a breast removed and were volunteering their time to assure those about to undergo the sacrifice that 'it was quite okay as they'd come through it all and survived'. They were nice but they also seemed bored and disinterested, trotting out the fact that their 'still being alive' was their only badge of honour and enforcing the message with the fact that they hadn't even had reconstructive surgery, as they couldn't be bothered. Was I supposed to be impressed?

This little PR exercise had the opposite effect on me. Even though both these women were African and seemingly used to supernatural incidents through their culture, they were wide-eyed when I related my encounters with Spirit. They admitted that they'd heard about such things but never actually met somebody who was personally familiar with them.

It would appear that the missionaries had done a good snow-job there. Their own traditions, where their ancestors guided them in this life from the Spirit World, had almost entirely faded away.

They thanked me profusely for sharing my experiences. Even though the surgeon was in and out, being cheery in her demeanour, I was very glad that I had

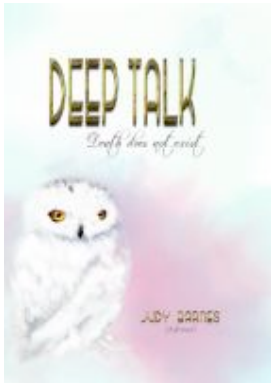
not rushed out to the reception desk to book the operation as she had presumed I would.

The adulation attributed to surgeons is understandable. They do wonderful work saving lives and we should appreciate their contribution to humanity. However, over the years, I have met many nursing sisters who've worked in operating theatres and they openly admit that the arrogance of certain surgeons is a well-known aspect of their working world.

Some of them treat the nursing staff disgracefully, swearing at them and belittling them during an operation as though they were beneath them in every way. Remember, we are not talking about an under-pressure John McEnroe throwing his racquet around on a tennis court here; we're talking about highly intelligent people who should know better and be interested in *healing* rather than strutting their stuff with their noses in the air.

How has society allowed this to happen? Why do we just nod our heads and instantly agree with surgeons before examining other avenues? Dare I say that it is because we have been mesmerised by the mantra, 'doctor said so'.

To be fair – my surgeon was not like that. A more down-to-earth person you'd be hard-pressed to find but she was hell-bent on getting me onto that operating table, if necessary.



As a teenager, Judy instinctively knew there was more to life than religion prescribed. When her son attempted suicide at 16 and related a very unusual near-death experience, she set out to discover the truth. Her journey has taken a lifetime but her Spiritual guidance and encounters, visits to past lives, and meeting soulmates from other lives will leave you in no doubt that we are made of Spirit and energy - which can never die.

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