

A LionHearted Spiritual Path Edition

Invited to the Light

Bonnie W Kaye

This book is presented as a work of non-fiction. Names of characters no longer living have not been changed; names of those characters who may still be alive at publication have been changed. Any resemblance to actual events or locales or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.



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Invited To The Light

1. Spiritual 2. Rapture 3. Death 4. Relationships
5. Metaphysical 6. Self Help

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

To

My mother and grandmother—

I cannot fully express my appreciation.

To my publishers,

Mary Ann and Kim Heathman.

What a grand step of faith you have taken.

Thank you for your belief in this book
and in me.

And most of all,

Thank you, Creator and my Angels.

My trust in you is immense,
and my gratitude immeasurable!

When was the last time you gave your child
~no matter their age~ praise?

Look for things to compliment them
on at least FIVE times a DAY
every day.

If you tell them how wonderful they are,
they just might turn out that way.

LionHearted's Mission

To change the planet through positive books & films.

First and foremost:
**There REALLY IS complete and absolute
justice in the universe.**

It just may not look that way to us.

The information in this book
may change the way
you see yourself
and those around you.
There is no going back.

Seek Truth. The rest will follow.

Society makes judgments. Creator does not.
Society sets conditions. Creator does not.
Creator, and His Angels—in whatever positive form
they take—are not bound by the rules of man.

There are no conditions to meet.

* * *

Living with guilt is living in the past.
Living with fear is living in the future.
Turn it all loose.

Release yourself from guilt and fear.
Learn to live in the now.

It is the only time that is real!

This book is about my experience only.
Everyone's experience will be unique.

*I wish you peace and love,
and a most wonderful journey.*

Bonnie Kaye

**For a FREE download
of the following three files:**

“Seal Yourself Up Against Negativity”

and

“Leaving This Life Behind”

and

“To Those Left Behind”

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Author Note

A number of the concepts in this book may be new to many. Yet, anyone seeking confirmation of these truths should look within themselves or ask a Higher Source than me. Truth will be found. Creator's truth is truth—no matter to whom it belongs, or from whence it comes.



In 1953, my mother died. My family affectionately called her Bo.

In 1963, my paternal grandmother, Wynona, died.

But it was the death of a stranger on August 1, 1987 that was the final event that set me upon my grand quest for Truth.

On that day in Dallas, Texas, a young gymnast chased a 17-year-old female purse snatcher. She shot and killed him. His character seemed exemplary to me. A fine young man according to news reports. Why should a good person like this have his life cut so short?

For months I viewed his death as a clear example of Universal *in*-justice. How unfair that such a fine human had to die in the prime of life at the hands of a

criminal. I looked at this event from every religious perspective known to me at that time. I could find no truth, no understanding, and in particular, no justice.

Triggered by this incident, and my difficulty in comprehending and understanding where there was justice in it, and after considering all possibilities known to me at the time, I soon chose to turn my life over to Creator, as I obviously had no idea what life in general—and mine in particular—was about. I confessed to Him that I wasn't doing such a good job on this planet, but I would go where He wanted me to go, and do whatever He wanted me to do.

So I asked and agreed in prayer, and under the positive protection of God, to release ALL pre-conceived understandings along with ALL beliefs I had been taught by humans since childhood so I could be completely open to whatever Truth would be shown to me. I approached Him as an innocent child. I set no conditions, and had no expectations. Just a desire to understand—to know.

Because I believed it to be a simple request, I never fully realized how all-encompassing the resulting *cosmic download* would be. This event, triggered by the death of that young man, has become the most wonderful gift, and one that I feel might help others who are seeking answers as well.

Within a year after the young man's death, my singular and constant prayerful request was granted in a completely unexpected way. I journeyed to another, higher dimension of reality in a way I have never heard described before or since. Some might call it an *Out of Body Experience*, but it was more than that. And I did

not die to get there. It was like I was transformed.

In the summer of 1988, I saw my deceased relatives alive—but not on this level of existence. My mother greeted me when I arrived, and my grandmother became my teacher. I was introduced to lower and higher levels of existence beyond what we are now able to see. I was shown and taught countless secrets of the Universe, and even encouraged to ask questions. Nothing relevant to my request was held back from me. Everything turned out to be within my comprehension, but much has turned out to be beyond words.

I suddenly had all these beautiful pictures and understandings that I find difficult to describe with mere language. There are so many more dimensions than just the few we are familiar with—far more than are comprehensible with our limited thinking.

I ask you to open your mind and your heart to these events without prejudice. Please make your heart available to the Truth herein. It was a wonderful journey, one I have come to believe, after much research, is far broader in scope of information than any Near Death Experience.

Keep in mind that it is not the individual experience that needs to be examined for truth, but the entirety of all true experiences. I believe that anyone else having a similar journey will not necessarily wind up at the same place.

Three years later, in 1991, I decided to find out for certain whether the hill at *the top of the world* (as described later in this book) exists on this earthly plane. Without ever having been near it, I drove directly to the field that stands above all else around it, just as I

had witnessed that night.

My journey was real—and, I am sure, quite unique. But I was not allowed to tell others about it at the time. Timing is everything. Surely you've noticed that. However, I am now released to share the fullness of this information with others. I feel time is short for those here who wish to make a transition away from the coming earthbound events. But I hope that the concepts and information herein will feed your soul, even if these events are ultimately delayed.

My request is that you share this book with as many people as possible. Help others realize there is nothing to fear.

Please read this book from front to back without skipping around. Each level of information is based upon your understanding—or at least knowledge of—the pages preceding it. With each reading you will gain more insight. It is important for you to persist as there is a monumentous event on our horizon—but there is nothing to fear from it. This event is all part of Creator's plan.

During my experience, I witnessed the spiritual transitions of two beings I did not know, who left this life for higher levels. I watched *tunnels* from an outsider's viewpoint and saw the *Light* as it drew them to it, each in their own time. I was close enough to see the unbridled joy on their faces as they eagerly passed from this physical existence back into the spiritual level.

I am certain from my own experience that the tunnel and the light are not the creation of an oxygen-deprived brain, as some have suggested, but a real event when it happens at the end of life.

That does not mean everyone will have the same experience. Even though the two transitions I observed were similar, there were variances. And some may journey away from this life another way. I can only report what I witnessed.

We are living in eternity now, so understand that everything we do and think affects our relationship with Creator. Our complete free choice is critical and paramount. No one in the universe is able to override it. That choice is an absolute truth, even unto and past death.

I believe there are millions of people with pieces of this grand puzzle, and that more people like me will come out into the open now, because it is time to spread the spiritual word throughout the planet—no matter race or religion. It is each individual's choice whether to watch, listen to, or participate in negativity whether on the radio, television, in the movies, or in conversations with others. I believe it's time to say, "Enough! No more!" Come, join me as I begin a journey to help people choose the positives in life.

It is sad for me to see what most individuals have missed in this life by the time they leave, by what they didn't choose to do, or experience, or grow into when they were here. So many of us virtually repeat the same shallow activities of each day over and over. We get up, eat breakfast, go to work, come home, and eventually go to bed without affecting the life of any other person in a positive way.

How complacent we have become!

We are given so much when we come here, including trials and tribulations to overcome. Everyone is to

experience them. No one is exempt. But we are given opportunities for joy and growth and love as well.

It is the choices we make that determines where we go when we leave this life. It's not based upon what others have done to us, but, rather, how we react to the actions of others, and what we have done to ourselves. Our life here is each person's opportunity to improve their positioning in eternity. We all made agreements with Father to help each other and the planet before we came here.

Please get away from the anger harbored within, the mental or emotional pain carried through the years, and the many mindless activities available, and do something to help others before you leave. Discover what your agreements were with Creator and fulfill them.

There is no one in the universe like you, not on a spiritual level or on a physical level—never has been, never will be. Yet we tend to compare ourselves to others and frequently find ourselves lacking. But Creator NEVER creates junk. Even the mosquito has a purpose.

Trust me when I say that you, too, have seen things similar to what I have seen. You just don't remember yet.

I now hear, and frequently see, my own Angels and the Angels of others. These are not the winged entities others speak of, but those most often referred to as spiritual guides—the ones who are with us from before our birth to after our death. They will greet you when you leave this existence.

They exist. Do not doubt this.

And now the Angels want us to know more about them. They want us not only to talk to them, but to listen as well. We are never without their presence near us. They exist completely without judgment, and are full of unconditional love for us.

I am not a prophet of doom, but a voice of hope. I consider this book to be a roadmap that can help many to understand and see through my eyes, the higher levels of living which await us.

In December, 1999, while attending a seminar, a woman I had never seen before suddenly grabbed my arm as I walked across the lunchroom.

“You’ve had a Near Death Experience, haven’t you!” It wasn’t a question, she was seeking confirmation.

I was shocked.

“Sort of,” I replied. “Why do you ask?”

“Because you have a light in your eyes, a sparkle that those who’ve had an NDE possess. I’ve had one, too, and I can spot others across a room.”

I believe the *light* she referred to is in the spirit, and it comes from having viewed the *other side* and returned—no matter how we got there. The connection, once made, changes your life forever in a positive way.

I have been to the other side, as an invited visitor, and there is absolutely nothing to fear.

Period.

Our whole goal is to wind up back with Creator, and what can there be to fear from that?

People have asked me why this happened to *me*? I believe it is because I do my utmost to keep my word as a human and as a spiritual being. I made an agreement with Father to undertake this journey before I

came here. He knows I will keep my promise to Him,
and speak the truth—as clearly as language will allow.

I have gained a great deal of peace from knowing...

There truly is justice in the world...

And throughout the universe...

For everyone!

Bonnie Kaye

Chapter 1

*Your body appears to be composed of solid matter
that can be broken down into molecules and atoms,
but quantum physics tells us that every atom is
more than 99.9999 percent empty space,
and the subatomic particles
moving at lightning speed through this space
are actually bundles of vibrating energy.*

~Deepak Chopra, M.D.

It was a strange place we were visiting—strange, but enchanting.

An unusual four-lane bridge in a wide hollow on the two lane road signaled our approach about a mile before the tiny town. After that, only an occasional dirt road off to the side distracted me from my excitement and anticipation about seeing the town and its people.

I arrived at the eastern edge of town with my father just before sunset. The outline of low buildings was framed against the beautiful evening sky of this still-spring season. Reflections from the golden-red glow of the fading light mirrored on the windows of the buildings along Main Street. A gentle haze settled over

the magical scene, diminishing only as our car pulled into the town itself and the sun was blocked from view.

Such enchantment was something of books and dreams.

The town was perched on the highest hill for miles around, spread out not too far in any given direction. Most of the buildings appeared to date from before the early 1900's. The streets were clean and paved with dark brick from the first property we came to all the way through town.

My father—most people, including myself, called him Willy—pulled up in front of the old six-story hotel that was the main feature of the town. The building faced south and stood like an enormous vanguard over the prairie. It seemed far larger than a community this size should need. The bricks on the exterior were the dark, deep red type, the kind with sharp edges that never seem to get chips in them.

All the ornamentations surrounding the windows and doors on the first floor and the top floor were created from fine white concrete. They looked quite delicate and intricate for such a small town in the middle of nowhere. Someone had taken great pride in its construction—special care not evidenced in any of the surrounding one or two-story buildings.

Several townspeople waved as we got out of the car. I waved back, but only a cursory wave, just enough to be polite. There was barely enough time to get to my room.

As Willy checked us in, I grabbed the key for room 612 and headed across the lobby. My father always had room 605 at the other end of the hall, so our

comings and goings wouldn't bother each other. Without waiting, I stepped into the open elevator and punched the button for the sixth floor.

Very slowly the door closed behind me. I knew it would take a while before the ancient contraption arrived at our floor. Each time I entered this early example of elevator engineering, I had to trust that I would reach my destination.

Once in the elevator, familiar smells pushed their way into my conscious mind. There is a certain marvelous fragrance that only old hotels—the kind where there is a thick carpet runner down the center of the hallway with six-inch borders of rich dark wood on either side—seem to have. Perhaps it was the wax used to shine the wooden portion of the floors and other wood embellishments in the building. Perhaps it was the combination of the finish and the old carpet, which surely had been installed when the building was new, though it did not appear worn. There was also a smell, a pleasant one, of something that might have been oil or grease to lubricate the mechanical workings around me. Whatever these smells were, this was the only place I had ever encountered them in such a pleasant, enriching way.

Finally, the elevator stopped. The antiquated machinery seemed to think for a while before opening the door to the outside, a deliberate diversion I felt designed to keep me from my goal. The process was the same each time. I always made it.

I hurried the short distance down the hallway toward the left, cut sharply to the right into another long hallway, and stopped at the last door on the left.

The ancient passkey slipped into the lock and rotated once. I twisted the ornate silver doorknob and raced across the room to the window on the west side.

Old green velvet drapes hung already parted, so I quickly brushed aside the sheers behind them. I raised the window sash and leaned forward, far out of the screenless opening. Sure enough, the sun was three-quarters down behind the last hill.

Letting the breeze blow through my shoulder length hair, I turned and watched, not blinking as the last rays of direct sunlight diminished up the side of the building until there was no longer any illumination on the white glistening concrete above my head. I had been in taller buildings, but the feeling was different here. I felt as though I was at the top of the world. I could see for miles.

I stayed perched in the window for more than fifteen minutes. Then I moved to the south window of my room and sat on the sill, spellbound by the intermittent activity below. Several storekeepers, knowing my routine after so many years, walked out onto the sidewalks to wave up at me. The first year I had been there, I had come very close to drenching several of them with folded paper water bombs. I still got a childish thrill from knowing how vulnerable they had always been to my lofty position. But they had forgiven me, and taught me lessons, too. I loved to be around them all. These people were good friends.

First evening's dinner was, as always, at the little restaurant west of the hotel. It wasn't big enough to get more than a half-dozen people in at once, but the food was always the best. I had noticed early on that

all the food served in this town was what would be generally termed *down-home good country cookin'*. No fast food, no junk. Everything was home grown and home cooked. Lots of love obviously went into every dish.

Our first night usually ended early, but this time I wanted to walk around a little first. I left my father after dinner, freeing him to return to his room for some much needed rest. Then I set off to browse the store windows as everything shut down for the night.

I knew it would not be long before I returned to the hotel, as there were fewer than half a dozen stores in the entire town, plus a small library and what was loosely termed a city hall. There was apparently no need for a jail here for there was no crime. Everyone knew everyone. Who could possibly get away with anything illegal? Who would want to?

As I wandered around the streets, I suddenly realized I couldn't remember ever having seen a stranger in town. After the first couple of years I probably would have known one by sight, as I had met everyone there by then, either through some get-together at the hotel or on the street. These were definitely among the friendliest people I had ever encountered. I was usually shy around others, but these folks made that impossible. They seemed to genuinely like me as a person. I wasn't just some bothersome stranger to them.

One of the merchants, an older man named Russ, was closing shop, so I stood for a while and talked with him. Our conversation was of the inane variety about how the crops went in the last year, same as always; how business was, same as always; how everyone in

town was, same as always. As we spoke, I helped him put out a little more stock and rearranged some disheveled items. After an hour I honestly couldn't recount anything I learned from our chat. But the hour had been pleasurable.

Everything seemed pleasurable here.

It was about eight-thirty by the time I finally meandered into the lobby of the old hotel heading for my room. I liked the lobby for its antiquity. The wonderful fragrances were not so strong in the large room because the doors were almost always open to allow pleasant cooling breezes to blow through. Many times I had wondered how snow and winter cold affected the small town? Did everything shut down? Was there really even anything worth shutting down?

In the center of the lobby were four cushioned chairs somewhat resembling a square. No ash trays were visible, not even newspapers. I sat for a while in the only seat that had a view of the front door. Although I stayed for at least half an hour, not one person went past. Even the man behind the desk I affectionately called Uncle Jeff—although I knew of no relationship to me—disappeared within a few minutes of my arrival. There was no night crew for the building, and normally everything shut down before nine in the evening. People in this town were usually up before daylight. Knowing I wasn't really ready for bed, I sat for a while longer before retiring to my room.

As I was about to enter the elevator, I saw at the back of the lobby behind the front desk, an unobtrusive little door with three small letters centered in the top panel. I walked across the carpeted floor and opened

the heavy mahogany door, revealing a working ice machine and a small table with two chairs somewhat like the old-fashioned soda-fountain setup in an ice cream parlor. I looked around for any containers to carry ice, but found nothing. I had known for many years that there were no drink machines to be found in the building. But I knew I would appreciate some cold water before bed. I remembered a container and glass I had seen earlier beside the sink in my room. I exited the small anteroom and headed toward the elevator. I glanced at the clock behind the desk as I passed.

It was 9:17 pm.

There was no reason to hurry, so it was about five minutes before I reentered the elevator on the sixth floor with the small waxed cardboard bucket in hand. Such an item, one made from natural materials, didn't surprise me much, for the image I had of the entire town was one of care and appreciation for the elements and creatures around it.

Come to think of it, I thought as the door to the elevator closed in front of me, I couldn't remember seeing any animals in town. And maybe it was just the time of year I visited, but there weren't any insects either. The doors and windows of the hotel were left open and never a mosquito or moth bothered me. Well, these were incredibly clean people, maybe they never left anything around to breed bugs.

I dismissed it from my mind and waited for the old style elevator doors to open again at the first floor.

The elevator always moved so slowly that it was virtually impossible to discern motion after the initial jerk suggested a sudden change of inertia. This indica-

tion was only felt at the beginning of the elevator trip, whether it was going up or down. The cessation of movement at the end of the journey was always too gentle to be perceived. I had felt the slight jerk after the door closed, but now there was nothing except an almost imperceptibly strange feeling in the pit of my stomach.

The longer I waited for the doors to open, the more uncertain I was as to the origin of that feeling. Instead of downward movement, it could be just the feeling in my stomach that was telling me I might very well be stuck in this ancient contraption. Since there was no one about at night, I could easily be here until morning.

The strange feeling did not dissipate. If anything it grew in intensity. If I were actually moving downward continuously, I must be several floors beneath the lobby by now, even as slowly as this elevator moved.

I couldn't believe it. Everything in this whole town had always been close to perfection in my eyes, why now would the elevator not work? Luckily, I had gone to the bathroom before I left my room, so I'd be safe until morning, if I had to stay here that long.

Someone would probably want to use this machine around dawn. Surely, they would find me then.

Still, there was that peculiar feeling.

I pushed several of the buttons, pulled at the door to open it manually, then looked at the ceiling for the access hatch, but it appeared to be difficult to reach unassisted from the inside. I yelled loudly a couple of times, but that was just to make myself feel better because I knew there was no one to hear me. Finally, I moved into one of the back corners of the small space,

leaned against the walls and allowed myself to slide to the floor to wait.

Suddenly, the door started to open. Startled, I raised myself to a standing position. I was prepared to exit as soon as the door was open wide enough to squeeze through.

Yet, when it was fully open, I remained inside.

Chapter 2

*The difficulty lies, not in the new ideas,
but in escaping the old ones, which ramify,
for those brought up as most of us have been,
into every corner of our minds.*

~John Maynard Keynes

Eyes wide and mouth agape, I realized I was not looking at the lobby. Nor was it any of the other floors of the hotel that were familiar to me. What I could see from my restricted vantage point was a large open area evenly illuminated by a brilliant but soft iridescent white light. Curious, I moved from side to side, looking for walls, but there were none that I could see. Everything was quiet. The only difference between this and the closed elevator was that now I could see the door was open and there was something out there—but I didn't know what. Was I dreaming? Had I fallen asleep and not known it?

I looked at my hands. I was still holding the ice container. I remembered something someone had said from early childhood and I brought my left hand up to my mouth and bit my knuckle until it caused enough

pain for me to stop. I chuckled to myself, embarrassed. That pain wasn't supposed to be there if this was just a dream, at least that's what I had been told.

Cautiously, I eased along the rich wooden elevator walls toward the exit. From a position next to the instrument panel, I warily put my hand out the open doorway. Nothing happened. I felt a bit more secure as I pulled my hand back and braced myself to move closer to the door slideway. I maneuvered my foot outward past the bottom of the door. Sure enough, it was solid out there, even if the floor didn't look real. Holding on to the door opening for security, I slowly moved my head and part of my shoulders into the open space and looked around as far in each direction as I could see. No one appeared. Nothing changed.

I thought the space felt defined somehow, maybe not by walls, but at least it didn't feel boundless. Withdrawing into the familiar chamber where I still felt connected to the real world, I leaned against one of the front panels, facing the back of the elevator, away from what was outside the door. I felt like I was in an episode of the old television series *Twilight Zone*. This couldn't be real. I pinched myself, hard. Pain again. I wasn't dreaming.

Fear started to rise within me, but I pushed it away. What was there to fear besides the ultimate—death? Was I even afraid of death? Not of death itself, but perhaps the process of dying, especially if it was painful. But the only pain I had felt here had been inflicted on me by myself. I chuckled slightly at the irony. Could I be dead already?

I took a deep breath and stood up straight. If I was

dead, then what was there to fear at all?

I looked around. Although the door of the elevator had stayed open, who was to say when it might close again. I'd rather have other options to explore.

With more boldness than before I exited the elevator. For the first few steps I balanced myself with a hand remaining on the wall, but I dropped the hand once I realized my balance was not in question.

A wonderful luminescence illuminated the outer chamber evenly. I could not ever remember seeing any light like it before. It was an exceedingly bright, pure, and warm white.

I brought my hands up in front of me, playing with the radiance of the light, trying to make shadows by covering one hand with the other. I even made a kind of air pocket between the palms of my hands held together, putting my eye next to the space to block out any light. This was the kind of thing I could remember doing as a child when wanting to look at something in daylight that was supposed to glow in the dark. But this time there was no darkness in my hand. The light somehow permeated everything. Maybe that was why there appeared to be no walls, no restrictive areas, because the light didn't reflect, it was simply a part of everything.

I looked down at my clothing. My blue jeans and a blue and pink print blouse now reflected only different shades of white. My skin still had color, but it really appeared to be just another shade of white more than anything else. I ran my hands across the fabric of the jeans, awed by the absolute whiteness.

Thinking back to my science classes in high school,

I remembered that color, or the appearance of color, was light reflected from a given item on a given wavelength. All the other colors of the spectrum would be absorbed by the item.

Wait a minute. How could there be different *shades* of white, especially here in this light?

Looking closer, I realized the appearance of different shades was attributable to the variances in properties of the material, mainly texture and density. Added pigment must have changed the density of each given area of thread. I lifted the bottom of my blouse to look at the underside without the print on it. Sure enough, solid one tone white.

When I pulled some of my dark hair out where I could see it, I couldn't help but laugh at the sight. As white as snow. So this was what I'd look like in my old age. Say, maybe white hair had just lost its ability to reflect light. I fingered my hair thoughtfully. Dye must be an additive to add that reflective quality back in at various levels. Funny how your mind wanders.

Aware once again of my surroundings, I looked all around. Behind me, the elevator door was still open. I thought for a minute, then gradually stepped back through it, all the while looking at my clothing. Once I was past the entrance, the variety of pigmentation became more apparent. The walls were a rich brown only at a distance from the door. The color faded into lighter, more washed out shades of beige, then white, the closer they were to the opening. Why hadn't I noticed this before?

I stepped back outside the door, noticing this time how my feelings were affected by the transition.

There had been a tightness in my body within the elevator that was totally absent outside of it. Fear, which had tried to get a hold on me when inside, was all gone. Within me, there seemed to be a kind of overall joy and excitement. An incredible feeling of peace grew stronger with each passing moment. One of the reasons I had always enjoyed the little town was the overwhelming sense of peace I felt each time I entered the area, but this was even stronger, more pervasive, more complete. I wondered if it had anything to do with the light?

As I exited, I looked around again. To my right there appeared to be no change in the whiteness, neither in density nor shape perceived. To my left I thought I detected an openness, like there was a room or extension in that direction. It was more an impression than actual visual perception. I moved, curious, but without hesitation, in that direction, rounding the outside corner of the elevator casing within a few steps.

A gasp escaped my mouth as my feet, forward movement forgotten, stopped mid-stride. My mind raced as I tried to understand what I was seeing.

Before me, not two arm lengths away, stood my mother. Dressed in a simple long white robe-like garment with a belt, she stood quietly with her hands gently clasped together in front of her. It appeared she had been there for some time. She smiled at the sight of me, as though not at all surprised to see the shock on my face. I had only just turned six years old when my mother had died suddenly, years ago.

I was speechless for several moments as I tried to take in what I saw before me. I wanted to turn and run

back to the safety of the elevator, but my feet would not move. Hundreds of disconnected thoughts raced through my mind, but none of them made any sense. It took several tries before I was able to find enough coordination within myself to make speech possible.

“Am... am I... Are you...?” I took a deep breath, amazed at my ability to do so, “...Bo? Are you my mother? Are you really Bo?”

“Yes.” The smile was warm, understanding, comforting.

“Am I... am I dead?” My eyes were wide.

“No, you’re not.”

“But you’re my mother, aren’t you?”

“Yes, I do remember saying that a moment ago.” The smile was still genuine, tolerant.

“But... you’re...” I didn’t want to say it. “You’re... dead. Aren’t you?”

“Well, from your perspective, yes. I parted from you and your father some time ago.”

I still couldn’t believe my eyes. This must, absolutely must be some kind of a dream. Surely I was really asleep in my bed in the hotel, or maybe I had fallen asleep in the stalled elevator.

“No, my dear, you’re not dreaming. But this...”

“Wait a minute, how did you know what I was thinking?”

“All that is going on about you now is real. It’s not a dream. But it will require extensive explanation, more than I can give you. I’m here mostly to be of assistance to you, to help you understand, and to give you a reference in what you call real time so you can comprehend what you’re about to see and hear. We’ve

been waiting for you for a long time.”

I put my hands over my face, confused. “Oh, God. Just let me wake up. I... I don’t know what’s going on. I don’t know if this is real. This must be a dream. Let me wake up, please.”

“Pinch yourself.”

“What?” I dropped my hands, amazed.

“Pinch yourself. Remember, I taught you that as a child. You just did it in the elevator. Pinch yourself. I would do it for you, but you must do that for yourself. I no longer have the same levels of physical abilities as you have here. We are of different planes, so to speak.” She paused. “Go ahead.”

Without taking my eyes off the figure I identified as my mother, I pinched the flesh of my left arm between my right thumb and forefinger. I pinched hard. So hard it brought tears to my eyes.

“But what if it’s a lie and I can feel pain in a dream?”

“Think about it. Did I ever lie to you?”

“I don’t think so.” I was thoughtful in my answer. It was an important question, one never asked of our relationship before.

“Look at the little paper bucket in your hand. That looks real, doesn’t it?” I nodded. “For future reference, try to keep that bucket with you. Now fold one of the edges over in some way. Make it something unusual you can identify later.”

I looked at my mother. “Bo, I...” I used her family nickname. I got a nod of instruction from the beautiful woman before me, so I looked down at the bucket. I thought for a moment, then tore a small downward tear in the upper edge of the container. A few inches

away from it, I made another similar tear, not more than an inch long. I folded down the cardboard flaps and created a W-shaped opening in the edge of the bucket. Then I double folded only one of the two flaps.

“But what if I could do this in my sleep? Will I know?”

“You’ll know.” Bo turned slightly away from me, as though ready to go somewhere. “You and I are now on the same level. But this is not the level where I usually abide. You have physical substance on this plane and I do not. Therefore, we cannot touch. Sometime later, when you get used to this, that may change. For now, I’m glad to see you here. I’m glad you made the choice to come.” She started walking away from the elevator.

I moved to a place beside her, feeling we were going somewhere important. “What kind of a choice did I make? When?”

“Actually, my dearest, it was a series of choices that brought you here. At any point you could have decided not to take these journeys. You could even have changed what happened to get here by not wanting the ice. Think back. Can you ever remember seeing the ice sign on that room? How about the bucket, was there ever one in your room before?”

I stopped as though I couldn’t think intensely and walk at the same time. My mother paused only a step in front of me. “No, I don’t think either of them was ever there before. How do you know these things?”

“You’ll understand everything in a little while. For now, just look around. There are many things for you to see that will be explained later.”

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Born and raised mostly in and out of Tulsa, Oklahoma, Bonnie Kaye spent many years in and around Dallas. Her father, a petroleum engineer, started her on a vagabond path, moving several times a year until she was in college. She has already moved over 140 times and doesn't see it letting up any time soon. "I have a daughter and grandson in Dallas. But I go where Creator wants me to be—and that can be anywhere on the planet.

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