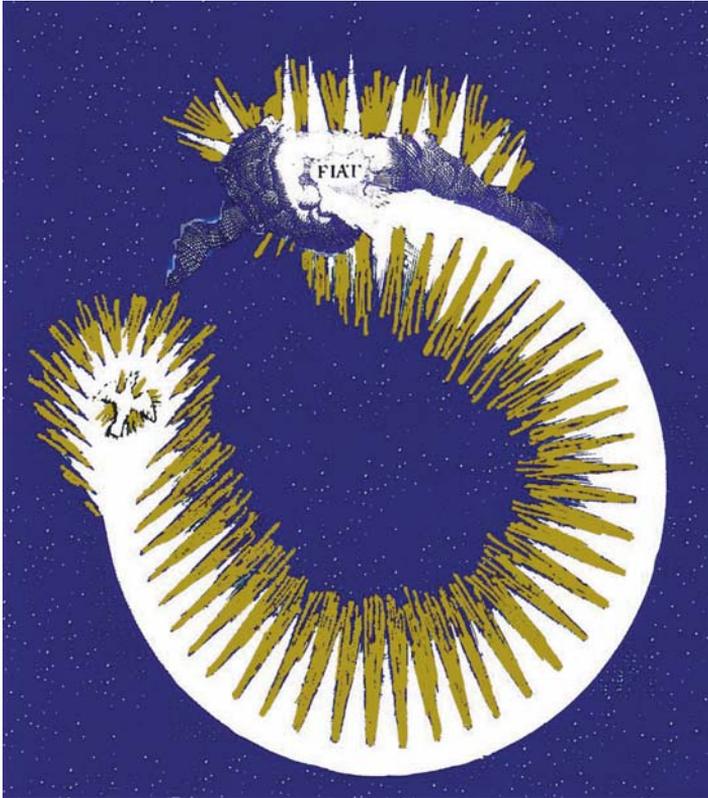


# Raenio



Juan Rioseras Aurensanz





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## **Fifth essence**

By Cristina Pizarro

*Chaos pre-existed the eternal energy.  
After that spiraled death,  
You and I were born.*

*The clouds had hidden your essence.  
The Verb shined brightly amongst the gods.  
The creation of the Great Book  
Was announced  
In the universe.*

*A numeric rhythm was devised harmoniously.  
Our invisible coverings danced in the spaces  
And our turnings went on pronouncing  
The sounds of time.*

*A word.  
A beginning towards the truth.  
The threat unfolds  
faded,  
Wastes of hate tyrannize  
This dizzying disturbance.*

*I will offer up the petals of my soul,  
Soaked by the first waters,  
I will disintegrate down to my own seed  
And will return to my little stem perfumed by the star  
In a stave shall the immortal happiness  
Remain handwritten.*



## A NOTE FROM JUAN'S MOTHER

For this book to have been edited was due to my son's own desire in order to let everybody know what has happened to him and me after his death.

We know that each one of us cling to many things after having gone through such horrible times.

If it had not been for all this, I would not have been able to continue living.

To be in contact with what is from beyond is what has given life back to me, we have to respect people, every way out is good, and mine has been the path of light.

By being in contact with my son's energy, love, light, as you may call it, it is as if he would still be living down here on Earth. He is not present physically but he can be so in energy, and that is what it is, his energy.

The body gets destroyed but not the energy, and that is what remains with us who stay on Earth.

To have become my son's channel has been my rescue from a hopeless life for me. I know that by doing all this I am in contact with my son and my life is more bearable now.

Just as it helped me to surmount my life, it can help other people who are in the same condition I am.

The mind is very powerful, it is what rules our lives, if we train it, we can heal our problems ourselves. Everything is originated in our minds, and just as we take care of our bodies we should also take care of our minds by letting them rest, dedicating just a few minutes to make them idle, this is, by trying our minds not to think about anything.

Sometimes we waste our lives for meaningless things, we make a mountain out of them, not realizing that life goes on and that a day gone by does not come back anymore.

My son has made me understand so many things, like enjoying little things that I could not see before, thanks to him I can smile again, I can be another person, I can value things, and I can understand that nobody belongs to anybody, nor even our children belong to us. This has made me understand that I have to live my life and that he has to live his life in the universe, but not because of that we stop being in contact day by day.

By being able to understand so many things and setting my son free to go on his way, both of us have surmounted our lives, he in his way of evolution towards eternity, and I by starting to live again, little by little, for a wound is still tender, and to the slightest touch you can fall again.

As my son says in his book, “All this that you are doing for me is helping you,” and it is indeed. I thank you Juan for having given me this gift, you have made me very happy and I will live for you. I will not look back, for if I do it, I will fall again.

I don't know if I will be able to do all what you ask in the book, I am not young anymore and the years become a heavy load to carry on, but I will try. In fact, I'm on my way and thanks to you.

Juan, I hope I will not disappoint you. I know you have given me all this so to not to drown myself in sorrow. You are clever, Juan, for if I am not feeling well, I won't be able to do what you are asking me to. You know I am going to do it, and for that I have to be well.

I am going to be well for you.

*For you, mom.*



## CHAPTER I

That night I heard through the music: This song can be found in ‘basic zone volume II’.

We had just arrived home from spending the weekend with our cousins at the beach. I was not sleepy; my sister A. had made some coffee for us, but it was so strong that it stopped me from falling asleep. My husband and my daughter were already in bed, but I could not get to sleep at all. So I decided to sit at Juan’s table. I turned on the stereo system and tried to relax. The music playing at that moment was soft and was accompanied by the sound of the waves splashing at the seashore in a quiet day. It was when the volume of the music was turned down and I heard those words. I jotted them down on a piece of paper and continued with my relaxation.

Next morning I searched for those words on the internet. I wrote in the browser the phrase that I had written the previous night. What a surprise I had! I found them in ‘latest news, April 2001’. It immediately caught my attention. It was the month and the year when Juan was killed. I started opening, zone, basic, volume, II, and I could not believe what I had in front of my eyes. I got to ‘the public square’. The drawing posted there reminded me of the interior of Saint Isabel Church, which is located in Justice square where Juan had been stabbed. I kept on navigating and I arrived to the Eternal Sleep. There I found Raenio, and I could not believe what I was seeing. A., my co-worker, was reading it with me.

“Elena be careful, they are going to start thinking that you are not quite well in your head”. The expression on my face started to change, I was starting to smile.

From that day on I started to feel better. I was so busy trying to find things. When I arrived home, I searched the internet. I was listening to more phrases through the music, in all of them there was something for me. I made up a book of songs from Marcos Flores. There were messages for me in the lyrics of those songs. Those days were so emotive for me. I consulted everything with G. and A., very good friends of mine. They helped me to decipher in many occasions things that I did not understand, which were Juan's messages. He contacted me through the music (I tell my mother to listen to the music; she just has to raise her hand to play the music I want her to listen). This was said to M. by Juan. It was the first time that through J.H., M.'s brother, Juan's energy passed through. I started to come out from the hole I was into from the moment I started to receive all these messages.

I wished so much to share it with my husband, but it was not possible. He does not believe there is life after death, or maybe he just doesn't want to share that sensation for the moment, or maybe he just does not have the need that I have had of finding Juan's energy. We all don't have the same way of thinking, so I respect his opinion for that reason. He also respects mine. I would have loved sharing with him all the things I was finding out, for it is what has helped me to come out, and since it has been helpful to me, I wish he would have shared it with me.

When I was connected to the internet, the mouse's arrow went uninterruptedly to the same spot. once and again it led me to a writing school. I always made the same mistake on the same spot, I clicked and jumped into my email; it was the enrollment to start a course of writing through the internet. I got enrolled, and received my materials and the first exercises. It was a real surprise when I discovered that my instructor was from Zaragoza, Marta Sanuy! In just a few days I started to write, and write, and write. My fingers run through the keyboard and my mind got connected to Juan's energy. That was the most marvelous thing that ever happened to me since he left this world. Through relaxation I could connect

with his energy. His energy run through my hands and my hands typed on the keyboard. I started to live again and soon turned into another person. Me! Who had never written anything, now could write so easily, so many things, and so beautiful! Or at least, it looked like that to me. I started to do the first exercises containing the topics that Marta sent me. I always worked with things that were related to Juan when he was here on Earth, and they were things that I didn't know of him; you know how young people are, they don't tell us the parents even half of what happens to them. As I mentioned before, they were writings of the time when Juan was still living on this planet. Later on I started to write things that my mind picked up, they were things from Juan's spiritual guides. When you leave the Earth, those guides are waiting for you to inform you about your present state and they help you to overcome the difficult time that is provoked when one is passing through a traumatic death. Well, I could easily write all that but when being relaxed, sitting at the table of Juan's room.



## CHAPTER II

The months went by. Every day I practiced relaxation. Every day I got connected with Juan's energy and their guides. We talked just as when Juan was here on Earth, maybe more than when he was here on Earth. Young people do not have time for their parents: They started to request things which should give some kind of message. The first one I gave was from Miguel to B, in which he said that he loved her so much and asked for her forgiveness, that he was wrong and he did not know what he was doing, that he did not like her to be living by herself; to come down to Zaragoza to be with her children, that he was doing fine walking towards the light; he thanked her for the light and prayers that she dedicated to him.

Other messages arrived from people who had left this world; they were messages of love and thankfulness. My cousin L. cried when I gave her a message from his father; she could not imagine how beautiful things her father could tell her; he thanked her for the tombstone she had placed for him; the Christ had been a beautiful detail. A.L. my cousin's F. daughter, her granddad told her that despite the fact that her parents did not live together, they loved her, and anytime she wanted anything from him, she just had to think of him and he would be with her to help her. V.'s husband said that he was very proud of M., that she would be very happy, that he would wait for her so that they would not be apart anymore.

Mommy when you go up to La Paul to see M., you will put your hands on her belly and we will pass light through you to her;

we will help her to deal better with her sickness. Mommy your hands are going to heal. You have undergone suffering so much, and it is a gift I want to give to you: Mommy I am in the light and I want you to be a channel for me; through you we will help many people to be happy, to live in the road of love. The suffering has been so great that the Lord has compensated you. You will help many people, we will help many people, we will be together; mommy, yes, together, to the eternity that awaits us.

Mommy I will talk to my friend O., the one who was with me when those heartless men stabbed me, beat me and kicked me.

O. I am still your friend; I want you to live happily, it was not your fault at all. Your reaction was not the correct one, but it was not your fault at all; you will have to try to live happily. I know it is going to be very difficult after all that has been talked about in the judgment, but I will help you to be happy; you will be brilliant in your studies; you will become a great engineer as I would have been if they had not taken my life away. I know that your parents suffer a lot, but don't worry, time soothes everything and I will help you a lot. R. you have made a beautiful painting of my face. R. even though your hands shook when you were painting me, you have done a great job. It is the best gift you have given my mother. R. you will be a great painter. Your father is very proud of you and from here he was helping you a lot to overcome the difficult moments that you have had to undergo. Help O. very much, he needs you.

Mommy my other friends have not been very good to O. They have left him by his own, and that is not right. They should have helped him a little more. I don't count on it, but I hope when they read the book, they will find out that they have to help each other. And we don't know what would have happened if instead of O. another friend had been with me. We don't know what his reaction would have been. The true friends defend each other, but in a moment of panic nobody is the owner of his own acts; that is why O. had to do what he did, which is to leave the bank swiftly and

run away. In those moments you are not aware of anything and neither see anything. You only think of escaping from danger and don't see anything else; that is why O. ran away so swiftly. Maybe they would have done the same, and it is very easy to talk about without having been there at that moment.

You don't have to end your friendship; I want you to continue being friends as when I was with you. I know that some of you have finished your careers; the others will go on with other careers. But don't let that stop you from continuing being friends; do it for me. I want it to be that way and when you gather together, talk about me and remember me joyful as I was with you. Your children, because many of you will have them, talk to them about me, your friend, I will help you to always maintain your friendship, to avoid quarrels among you. It was my turn as it would have been to any of you.

I will not be able to become an engineer on Earth, but I will be able to continue my task here in the universe. I am studying in a University of Cristal the Story of Herodotus and Aristophanes. You know better than anybody that although I was studying engineering on Earth, I loved History very much. In this other life I have chosen History. I am very happy, even though you may not understand it; it is so. I also work by helping those who arrive, but what I like the most and what I am going to do is to be with my mother. My mother nurtures me with her love; she has sacrificed her life for me. I am her love. She has chosen the road of love, the unconditional love for others, that love that is given without expecting compensation. It is the most wonderful thing that could happen between a mother and her child: profess their love to each other to eternity.

You are young and it is difficult to understand all this; but when you grow older and have children, you will understand that the greatest thing in this world is the love of a mother for her son.



## CHAPTER III

I had lots of more friends, mom, the ones at the university. Two years would have gone by since we met and we were already getting along quite well. They really felt sorry for my death, the first days they went through hard time. Seeing my seat empty gave them the chills, and they respected it until the course was over. I know that some of them were so touched by my death that they lowered their grades. It was so unfair for them that the teachers did not take it into account, it wasn't so ethical.

J., I know that you had a difficult time. We had gotten enrolled to some classes at ATU, you remained so lonely afterwards. I tried to help you, but you didn't receive me; that's why it took you longer than the others to come back to normality again. The deck of cards that we used to play with at the university, are still in my backpack. My mother keeps everything; they are just the way I left them.

It is O.K. that you all visit me at my tomb. My mother is very pleased to see you; she gets really happy to be with you. When she talked to you at the cemetery, it was me who was talking through her; you were astonished at the things I told you. All the things I told you are true: here in my grave, matter only lies, the body, but our energy goes up to the universe. I am energy now and can be in several places instantly. I gave you a gift, you would find me on the internet; those are the words that I spoke to you through my mother. How good-looking was my mother when she spoke! Wasn't she?! She was transformed; I bet she spoke like one of you, she made you laugh. When my energy passes through her, her face changes; it is my energy that transforms her. She said farewell to

all of you with a kiss, but there was also a special embrace for you, you were sweet; Do you know what comment my mother and grand-mother made when you all left? They said that you looked like my mother when she was your age. That day my mother was very happy. It wasn't a coincidence that you all gathered together; it was me who wanted it to happen.

The dean at the university welcomed my parents. They wanted a written message that they had prepared to be sent to all the other universities in Spain by email through this university. He welcomed them warmly and had a kind gesture towards my sister. He gave her the songs that the tuna had edited from the CPS. He wanted to tell all the other universities, but the new dean did not allow him to. It would have been fine that that message arrived to all the other universities. My mother would have been very pleased that it had gotten to all the young people, but sometimes there are created interests and one cannot struggle against them. Nevertheless, my mother thanks him; for having welcomed them was a very nice gesture, and also the interest he showed to welcome them.

Thank you Dean, from the bottom of my heart. You did what you could. My mother understands it.

I would really like my sister to be able to be admitted in that university! I will help her as much as I can for that to come true. She has always been very good at studying, but my death has affected her. Such is life; one has to accept what comes, but sometimes it is unfair to some people as, in this case, my parents and my sister. One should not only protest with some minutes of silence, but we have to do it in other ways too. The present universities, in which one supposes the young people are formed for tomorrow, have got a lot of power; but one has to be determined, it is very easy not to do anything, one tends to live better by not thinking about others. I hope the world will change little by little. Sometimes good things happen but the circumstances are not taken

advantage of; many deaths and suffering could be avoided. Everybody likes to live comfortably.

These are the words that my university partners dedicated to me:

*One day we gather together here, without knowing each other; we get more acquainted and from then on we do not grow apart.*

*When we watch the news, we always think that this kind of thing cannot happen to us, and we simply switch channels or fold back the newspaper. We had never imagined that anyone of us could depart this way, not even now can we believe it. You try to assimilate things, but they seem so unfair that you don't believe they are real. From one day to another you see that everything has changed; that what made sense to you one day, on the other day it doesn't make any. You cherish the moments more than ever and you get filled with memories. We have many of those and, fortunately, they are all good ones: a dinner, a dance, a simple game of mus, or a night walk.*

*All the things and all the places have their essence. Their aroma is now within us. Sometimes you want to close your eyes and scream, scream in silence for how unfair life is, scream because we refuse to accept it.*

*Perhaps what best defined Juan was his vitality, and that is what has been stolen from him. He was the soul of all of us; he made us laugh and cheered us up when we were sad. He had an enormous capacity to make friends and he always got to make us all come together in the best moments. It is sad to think that even in this he has achieved it: he has made us get united, relatives, partners, and friends in this happening.*

*But these words are neither a goodbye nor a simple farewell; we will always keep you in our hearts and nobody will be able to remove you from there, for we will never forget you.*

*You continue being alive in our memories: Juan we love you.*

Mom, when the ceremony came to an end, you were going down the stairs with the Dean, and your legs were shaking. So much effort to help your sun go forward, —you were commenting to him—, you had put so much hope in my future. Only V. remained for you; maybe she would follow the same route.

The media did not behave quite well. They took advantage of the situation and took a photograph of my little cousins, who we protected, for they were minors. Without permission they took advantage of the ten minutes of silence with signs in which they put Juan we don't forget you to take photos of them with the signs. My uncle C.'s children, precisely him who had addressed the media on the day of my funeral, requesting them to please respect the sorrow of the family; they didn't want to appear in the news and much less in that newspaper. The next day they published the photograph. We know it is their job, but we also know that one has to respect, and they didn't do so. They even increased the pain.

Only a few cared for my parents. One day after my funeral, they went to the Court's Office of the Victims in order to request help. No help corresponded to them, but they requested it anyway. From there they were directed to the telephone of hope, to psychology. Instead, they opted to go through social security, which they have been contributing to all their lives. But when they most needed it, the social security failed them. The attention they received was not the appropriate one, there was no follow-up. I was killed on the first of April. My father and mother were discharged from the hospital at the end of April of that same month. My sister received another treatment, but it wasn't the appropriate one either. If they were discharged, it was not because of their social security, but because of themselves; for there still are thoughtful people in the world who helped them.

## CHAPTER IV

My parents have gone through changes and still are. Unfortunately, the rest of their lives is going to be the same because of the four heartless men who took my life away. Have they been punished accordingly? I don't think so. Having them being put in prison for a few years, does not compensate what they did. They took my life away and my family has been destroyed. That is not paid by a few years of imprisonment. Later on those people go out into the streets. When they are in the streets, will they be reintegrated into society? I don't think so. Jails are no good, they worsen the people. They should be oriented in a different way. I was a victim of those four youngsters who took my life away; I was their victim, but they have been victims of society. They have lived in unstable families; they have been nurtured with violence. What can you expect from that? Nothing good. Their reintegration is going to be difficult, if they succeed in it. Sometime in the future when my mother feels better and able to do it, I will request her to help those youngsters; I don't want them to do the same thing they did to me on others.

Mom, you have forgiven them; that's why you have received this gift of being with me any time you want. You received help, much help. Father A. works very well on forgiveness; thanks to him you have understood many things. I'm very thankful to you, father A., for having decided to attend my mother and for having helped her so much; without you, she would not have been able to forgive.

Life cannot be lived hating. My mother is starting to feel better now, because she is getting to understand many things, but to

achieve that one has to forgive. It is difficult to attain it, but to do the task my mother is entrusted to on Earth, there must be forgiveness. I will be difficult to understand for certain people, but they should know that if they don't do it in this life, they will have to do it in another: For there is life after death. All those who are on that road will arrive to the road of love at the end; Love is the greatest thing that exists, love towards others without expecting anything in return; I will request you, mom, to help the youngsters who are out of that road. You shall help them and guide them to a better life. It will not be difficult, mom, for you are full of love. I give you my love as you give me your love, we both together will give them our love; they who have lived without love will understand it and will try to change.

I would have to say so many things but I think it is not necessary. The press and the media are enough to know that there are many injustices in this life; that things like my death and of others who have died like me by isolated killers who do not belong to any terrorist group have to happen. They are stupid deaths which after a certain time everybody forgets, except the family. It is so sad that that has to happen, if the politicians were more concerned of the errors, they would be able to mend society a little, but that doesn't interest them. At the end the citizens give them their vote, what for? If they do as they please afterwards, they create laws as they please. Let's not mention The Law of the Minor! They would have to create it no matter what, even if it was done halfway. How little interest you put in it ministers! It's a bad thing if you continue being like that! The people are very displeased with you; you are supposed to be the people's representatives, But, what for? To take the poor contributors' money from them, and you? Filling your pockets with their money. I will not put myself into this matter anymore but they must know that one cannot govern a country disregarding the people. And he who reads this will know which

way he is going. I don't want to mingle with politics, for this book is not meant for that.

This book is to show the world that there is life after death and that all of us are going to end up in the same place, those who have been poor on Earth, those who have been rich on Earth, those who have been happy on Earth, those who have been unhappy on Earth, the good-looking, the ugly, the sick, etc. All of us are going to be together at the end of our lives. But when arriving here each one has to render account of their acts, of how they have led their lives. And you politicians, how are you leading it? Do you govern fairly? Are you consistent in your acts? Who do you listen to? To the people? Or to the leaders of other countries? Let's be humbler, gentlemen, for all of us are people and we all like to be respected. We gave you our vote, which is why I think you have to listen to the people. If the people were heard, everything could be better and there would possibly be changes.

As I was saying in the previous paragraph, there is life after death. The body which is the mass remains on Earth but the energy goes up to the universe, or the body becomes dust but the energy does not; it is there forever, it is eternal. I am energy now, I showed myself to my mother with the name of Raenio. Why did I choose this name? It's very simple: RA is a metal which in a boiling state generates a lot of energy and ENIO is the force. RA energy + ENIO the force = the force which that energy is going to have. As I was saying, I showed myself to her as Raenio the first time my mother's mind connected to my energy:

*Raenio was a very intelligent boy, he went one way and the other with his space vessel.*

*He could be in several places almost at the same time, his vessel was very swift. Raenio did not need to feed himself with candies, fruit, cakes, chocolate, chicken, croquettes ... anymore. Now where Raenio*

*lives he doesn't need to sleep, he doesn't need to wash himself either. There where Raenio is, he feeds himself with LOVE.*

*He feeds himself with the good deeds that we do here on Earth, he feeds himself with the good work on Earth.*

*He nurtures himself and grows more and more each day if his family is well and content.*

*If the family is united, he grows more each day.*

*Raenio communicates with his mother through the music. He tells her phrases that later on his mother, by means of a searcher on the internet, finds poems and writings that are for her.*

*Raenio is the protagonist of an Eternal Dream. He was born for his mother on a 15th of September of 2002, at 12 midnight. By means of the music system in Juan's room, his mother heard: 'YOU WILL FIND THE SONG IN BASIC ZONE VOLUME II', and she found her son Juan, under the name of Raenio.*

*Raenio is energy and goes from one place to another very swiftly, like the light and like the high speed train Ave.*

*And besides he can be in several places at the same time.*

*Raenio is a good being and he loves his parents very much as well as his sister. His parents have undergone a lot of suffering because he has left this world. He is in the universe; he wants to help you, that is why he communicates with his mom through the music. His mother turns on the music and he tunes in the music he wants his mom to listen to.*

*He loves her very much. She knows it very well. Raenio loves his mom very much.*

*He has given her a beautiful necklace as a present.*

*He wants his mother not to cry, he always wants to see her very good-looking. If she cries, he turns very sad.*

*Raenio has got a friend called Rafael.*

*Rafael has a lot of light.*

It was a tale that I dedicated to her. The collar that I mention is the one that I prompted her to buy. How well she looks with it and how pleased she wears it!



## CHAPTER V

Mom, how hard all of this is to you! How much you have suffered, mom! How much you have cried! Thanks for understanding that if you feel well, I am too. It has cost you a good deal. Even now there are moments in which you go through changes, but you know that if you are well, I am well; if you cry, I also cry. Thanks mommy for starting to live; by you starting to live, I feel better. I can go on my way and evolve. You have retained me too long; you didn't let me fly, and you didn't want me to go. I went through hard changes, mom, but you didn't know that. Now you know that you should not cry, you know that you have to continue living. Thanks mom for doing what I asked you to: It is hard for you to continue living as if nothing had happened, but you know that by living you help me more. Thanks mom, you're great mom. I told you so the first time I could embrace you, when my energy went through J.H.; since that day I became stronger. Yes mom, stronger, you gave me the light. Yes mom, because I could not say good bye to you and went from one place to another until my friend Rafael arrived. He gave me his strength and his light; but now that I have embraced you, I am going to be stronger, mom. As I was telling you that day, there is always one who leaves first. In this case, it was my turn, mom. What a dreadful day that was, mom! My eyes were open looking at you! But I couldn't hold you. I know mom that you are very strong and will be able to overcome everything, we will help you. As Thamanuel was telling you that day, you are going to evolve and will be searching everything; you're going to do things that you don't do now, little by little you're going to help others and you're going to be very happy. In the cafeteria at

Vilchez station, when you were drinking coffee waiting for the train to arrive, you heard the music Chariots Of Fire – Vangelis, I played it for you, mom. When you arrived in Zaragoza, you bought the tape. How many times you have listened to it! I must tell you that I have been with you many times, listening to it too.

When my mother arrived in Zaragoza from her trip to Navas de San Juan, she started to compile things, messages that she has been keeping and which have helped her for her healing. At night she read what she was getting from the computer. She has made books which she keeps dearly, which she keeps reading once in a while. My room is very small, she works there. She has bought a portable minicomputer. She took advantage of a sale through the Diputación General de Aragón which offered minicomputers for students and families. The Savings Bank gave the money in advance for you to pay in very small amounts monthly. Thank that my mother can work easily and always take everything with her when she travels. She has been very brave and so hardworking. She comes to my room anytime she can, relaxes and connects with me. That is giving her life, and if by means of her writing we can get to people, we will have done two very important tasks. Thanks mom, for having been willing to be my channel. You will be very happy, mom, and I will always be with you, you and me together. How pleased you were when Thamanuel told you that we were going to start the book, which would be entitled Raenio, in which Jorge, he and I would participate. We had not talked about Jorge up to now. Jorge and my mother lived in another life a love story. But that story could not be, for she was married to a knight of the court of King Felipe II. They were lovers. Jorge was the scribe of the court of King Felipe II. He fell in love with my mother whose name was Cristina in that life. He wrote poems to her, and both lived a love story until Cristina died after she fell down the stairs of the castle of la Mota, where they lived. There was a quarrel between her husband and her; she was pregnant from Jorge. She died

two days after her falling down the stairs. Her husband committed suicide from the homage tower, and Jorge lost his mind. Well, they have met again. They continue their love story. Jorge takes good care of my mother, he accompanies her many times when she goes by herself, and she knows it. My mother asks him for poems like the ones he used to write for her when they were together in the castle. Mom, I'm going to ask to include one of them in my book:

*To Cristina,  
the most beautiful among all.  
To my loved one,  
to whom  
I want to give a flower,  
a flower like her own self.  
At dusk  
I shall give her my love,  
a never ending love,  
the end of a passion;  
passion and heart,  
a heart with no forgiveness,  
forgiveness and pain,  
pain and passion;  
passion and downfall;  
downfall and loneliness,  
loneliness up to eternity,  
eternity up to love.  
Love that will finally arrive,  
and forever,  
love.*

We all take good care of her, she isn't so young, and to do the task we have requested from her, she has to work a lot. I hope there will be people willing to help her, collaborative and friendly; she

is a good channel but she has to take a rest if she wants to communicate with us. She works out of home and we have asked her to make use of a pre-retirement, money will not be scarce. Sometimes she has protested to us a little, for the pre-retirements are not good; but we want her to stop working so that she can do her task better.

When I left this world, some guides were waiting for me who explained my situation to me. They took me to a marvelous place to rest full of lakes and vegetation: I had never seen anything like it. I remained there until I understood what had happened to me, they informed me and explained to me. I am a very young soul. I have had a little to purge, a now and then quarrel with my father, but that was all. I was not baptized, they asked me if I wanted to pass to the state of grace and be able to do things for humanity; I accepted and here I am with my mother, doing things for humanity.

My mother had manifestations coming from me since the beginning; she perceived them and consulted to her friend A. about them. The first thing I did to them was to turn off the TV. That day my parents were very sad and did not talk. My mother was ironing my sheets in the kitchen, she called on my father to help her fold them; she has that habit; I have also folded many sheets with her. Well, as they were folding them, I turned the TV off.

On the day of my birthday, the first birthday after my death, there was a message for them in my sister's mobile phone, at the time she came to this world the mobile phone rang: Juan is twenty years old now, congratulations: My mother remained very surprised, she didn't know who sent the message; it was me, mommy.

How many times have I slid the rear mirror of the car to let them know that I was there! The alarm clock in my bedroom had two months without functioning, the batteries were out, it had stopped; I was moving the clock's hands during three days; I moved them a little each day, you noticed it. When you went to

work, you saw where the hand was and when you returned, it had moved a little –you told dad-, until the hands arrived on six, the time when I went home that morning and I was killed. You were in the hall, you had woken up and my bed was empty; it was not empty, mom, I was there but you couldn't see me. I did hear you, I heard everything, mom. When the telephone rang, you picked it up, it was half past eight and you picked it up. Is it about our son Juan who hasn't arrived home yet? You can tell me. You went to call dad who was in the hall. My father collapsed, he hung up the receiver after saying, 'What does he mean by saying that the young man who has been killed in the Justice square is my son? My mother got crazy, my father grabbed her the best he could so that she would not fall on the floor. When my sister heard my mother's cry, she came out of the hall crying and I was with them and they did not see me.

That's not the way to inform the death of a son. I think that even if it was a Sunday, it is the police station of a big city and the staff should be big enough to assume whatever it comes. That is how society works, another big failure. My mother asked them why they did not inform them before, and they alleged that they could not find the telephone, perhaps because it is on my mother's name. But, I carried all the ID cards with my name and surnames on me! A very feeble excuse. And another big failure, which is a strong one. My mother begged the police officer to let her see me; I was at the forensic surgeon inside a refrigerator. They did not allow her to see me by saying that it was closed due to a forensic surgeons strike. That is how they convince parents who are broken hearted? My mother insisted but the police officer told her that it was better for her not to see me, to remember me as when I was alive, but she insisted, she could not succeed. The institution was closed and they would not do the autopsy until Monday. The things that I carried in my pockets were given to her inside a surgery hat that was inside an envelope. My father opened the envelope, there were two watches; only one was mine, the

other one had been picked up within my clothes, they were given to the police station officer. Thanks to my uncle, aunt and my cousin they could later go, the five of them, to the courts in order to hand in my death certificate, and then to la *Estrella* to request the coffin in which my body was to be put in. When you returned home, granny B. had made some meatballs. She had not been informed anything yet, she thought I was at the hospital. How dearly she cooked those meatballs. You were the one who told her: Granny, Juan is dead. He has been killed. Nobody ate meatballs that day.

## CHAPTER VI

Oh mom! When you were going up *La Paúl* on the day of my funeral, how strong you were! Thanks to A.C. who was at home a few minutes before and gave you those magic balls of homeopathy; thanks to them you could walk and talk. All the family took them, he carried them in his pockets and was giving them to you, he did not let your hands off of his. If it had not been for him, you would not have been able to come with me to accompany me in my funeral. Monseigneur J. was very old, his voice quivered. It was a nice detail on my father's part to let my friends carry me on their shoulders from my granny's house to the church. Thanks dad, they have gone through difficult changes, dad, very difficult ones; even now when they go up to see my tomb, their legs shake, they think it could have happened to any of them.

I must tell you that when we are born, we choose the kind of life we are going to lead, but we do not know that. My mother says that she is human and as such, she does not understand. She does not want to understand that my time had come; but, why? Why did it have to happen? – She asks herself-, that is how things had to be, we say to her, but she doesn't understand, because she's human. When she comes here to us, she will understand. She is strong, very strong, she doesn't fear death. How glad she is when she comes to see me at the cemetery! She likes going up alone, and she feels there like home with all of us. I'll tell you mom, it is OK that all of you remember us and leave us flowers; I like it very much when you bring me flowers. I like the flowers you bring me very much, they are simple but they suffice.

I also liked your remembering me by bringing me flowers to la farola, but you have been forced to stop doing it. It looks as though there are some people who don't like it, they want the young man who was killed at the square to be forgotten. I know, mom, that they have hurt you very much.

How hard have the days been for you since my decease! You have not taken a rest, you have struggled, especially you, mom. You knew that if you failed, if you fell, dad and my sister would fall too. You have struggled, mom, and that deserves an award. Yes, mom, an award for you, and it is this book. I have been given permission to be able to write it through you. You're so brave, mom, to be willing to do it for me. So many things are talked about here, not everyone would be willing to do it; but they have hurt you so much that you are going to show the world that there's life after death.

You're not the first, mom. You already know it since you have read many books in relation to these subjects. There are many people like you who also have experiences with the spirits; for that reason, mom, you should not worry because many people do believe that there is life after death. Besides, you don't have to prove anything. He who doesn't believe in it, it is his problem or maybe they are just scared of these things that cause you chills. It is a taboo but it shouldn't be so. We live among you and are with you. What happens is that you don't see us, but there are many people who can see us. You, mom, have already seen me, you have seen my light, what a brightness! Isn't it so, mom? On Christmas Eve, they allowed me to be with you. You saw my light again in Easter on Thursday. You were writing some words to send them to the newspaper; they were related to my loss, you were very sad. You also saw my light two weeks ago, remember? I know, mom that you went through hard changes to write those words which you sent the newspaper. They were so sad but they were the truth, they have not edited them, they don't like to write such sad things in the

newspaper; but you can certainly put them in my book. I don't mind it, mom that was what happened:

*The loss of Juan:*

*When one loses a loved one, the rest of us who remain on Earth also want to leave. We think that we will not be able to live without the person who has passed away: We cannot understand death and we ask many questions to ourselves, 'Why us? What have we done wrong? You think about so many things... your mind doesn't understand why such an unfair death. Why did he have to die like that? Why did they have to stab him to death? Why did he have to die alone without the presence of his loved ones by his side? ...*

*Your eyes open. What were you looking at, Juan? Who did you want to see at that moment? What were you thinking, Juan? You could not speak; your eyes were just open. Pilar was talking to you, she asked you what your name was, but you could not speak, your eyes were just open.*

*I didn't know Pilar. How many times I have envied her. She was by your side keeping your feet up, she kept them up while others tried to revive you. Pilar was talking to you while the others pumped your heart; they didn't know that you were already fatally wounded. You died bleeding to death: So deep was the wound that it shattered your heart!*

*I envy Pilar, she did see you for the last time. She didn't know you, Juan; but there she was, with you; she could say the last good bye to you.*

Thanks mom, for remembering me so much, I thank you so much, you want me not to forget it; I won't forget, mom. My death was so unfair, as well as the treatment you have received, this will never be forgotten. Those people who have mistreated you will not live happily, they will feel remorse; such is the case. We have to help each other. Mom, all those people who have helped you

shall be rewarded, above all your coworker. A few people would have undergone what she has; that is why she is going to be rewarded, she will be your collaborator. Yes mom, don't cry, you're going to need many people on your side to do what is coming to you; she is the one who deserves the most of it. It's been two years since my death, two years that she has had to bear with you. How many times she has gone home with her heart shrunk just by seeing you so bad, for not being able to do anything for you? She has done a lot by doing your job for months; she is the only one who has cared about you. While it was being done, nobody cared who did it, but it was her who was doing it, besides having to listen to you once and again saying the same thing.

A., I must tell you, even though you already know it, that you are not together by chance. A. you can ask my mother anything you want from me that I will give it to you. Nobody has helped my mother as you have. You are younger than her, but in certain times you have been like a mother to her; I will never forget what you have done. The truth is mom that you have had the fortune of having the coworkers you have. R., I know you were going to open a web page so that through it people could read something that my mother prepared. You will also help my mother R., for I wanted it so; she's going to need a lot of help and you know a lot about computers. I have got a friend here in the universe, who has helped me a lot, he was the one who gave me the light until I got my own one. His name is Rafael, like you. He was a computers engineer on Earth, he died young; now we are together and we are friends. Rafael, here in the universe, is in a University of Light; he is into minerals, and he's very happy. He would be happier if his wife who is on Earth would pay more attention to him; but, she doesn't want to do what he tells her.

Many days have gone by since my death. Time does not exist here, not for that we don't know what day is being lived on Earth.

We know all what our loving ones do, what they think. We try to transmit them things, messages through their dreams. Always, when one dreams of a loving one who has left this world, that loving one wants to tell things; if they knew how to interpret dreams well, they would be able to know about their loving ones. My mother dreamed of me immediately, in that dream I requested light from her. She, in her dream, could not see me; but she could see the stretcher that was shown in the newspaper the following day of my death and which carried my body when it was being put in the ambulance. That stretcher turned into a chest, she tried to open it to take something precious out of it, her sister A., helped my mother a lot, she studied psychology. She has listened to her a lot, and that has helped my mother very much. They were pushing the chest in order to open it and take out what was inside; deep down inside, many mountains full of light (my aunt was taking my mother by the hand from the church to the cemetery on the day of my burial). My mother interpreted that dream very well; A. helped her, as well as those who came after. My mother has known at any time where I was, I was telling her through her dreams. She is very orderly and she was taking notes of it. When she went to talk to her friend A., he explained it to her and she did as I told her through her dreams. She jotted down the dreams and also the manifestations that she thought they could be. You were not wrong, mom. How much A. has helped you, mom, to overcome my death! She has undergone much suffering along with you, for you were so sad, ...but she also enjoyed, at the same time, the interest you had in knowing; in knowing where I was, you asked her how I was, if I was glad or sad, and he told you, 'If you are sad, he suffers; if you are fine, he is fine.' You went back home so relieved, after having been talking to him.

You have searched so much, mom that we have met at the end, for you have wanted to be with me. The strength of your love towards me is what has united us again, and we will always be

together. That strength of love is what unites us; with love all the obstacles will be overcome, mom. Yes, mom, you have been the one who has wanted to be with me, and by your wanting to be with me, you have made me so happy, mom. You have helped me to evolve, by wanting to be with me. Yes, mom, you cannot understand that by the moment; but you will understand it with the time being.

## CHAPTER VII

When my mother gets well, she is going to work a lot helping people to be happy. I will transmit to her things from people who have left this world and are now in the universe. Mom, you still cannot believe what is happening to you. This is helping you a lot; so much that if it wouldn't have been for this, you hadn't been able to live in peace; You have hated so much! But now you are in peace with everybody and with yourself. You have got it, mom and I am so happy, thank to that I can be with you. One cannot live hating people, you become aggressive and ugly; if you can forgive, you become joyful and good-looking. Yes, mom so it is. You have changed, mom, your face is not the same as before, now you are very handsome, mom. Yes, mom you have to add it in my book for I want it so; it is my book, mom. Had you forgotten it? The only thing you have to do is to transfer what I tell you through your mind to the PC. Do not be embarrassed mom of what is going to be written here. I want them to know many things, for words alone are not enough, and what is written, remains written. Yes mom, so it is. One cannot live as they are living on Earth. So much competitiveness, what for? If at the end you leave that world, and up here we are all equal. Yes, mom, we are all together.

There will be many people who will tell you that you are not all right. I laugh at those people who think so, mom, they have no feelings. When something happens in their families, what do they do? Remain quiet? No, gentlemen you can think whatever you want about my mother, but you must know it is absolutely true; it does not matter. When they arrive up here, they will see. There will also be many people, mom, who will be touched in their

hearts; they are the ones who believe that there is something beyond. Those people will be very glad, for they will have the possibility of knowing about their loving ones. Yes mom; they will contact you, so that you'll tell them things about them; Yes mom, you're going to shake up the world and everything just for wanting to be with me. Mom, this is wonderful; I love you so much, that our love is infinite! Thanks mom. But I will also tell you that for my mother to be able to do all this, she has sacrificed herself so much in these two years, it has cost her to arrive to this stage. She has not only had to suffer my loss but also the loss of her good relationship with her husband. My death has harmed my parents so much, especially my father; but my mother is strong, so strong, and she has been able to understand. Besides being courageous and not being afraid of anything, she is surrounded by marvelous people who are helping her arrive where she has to arrive.

One of those people who have been helping my mother disinterestedly is G. What a beautiful name and how much I love you G.! We all love you up here, you have no idea. G. you are so good and very pretty, my mother loves you very much. Thanks to you, she is another person; you have helped her turn into a great woman, you have helped her love herself as one should love oneself, respect herself and respect others. We are all not the same. One has to accept so many things in life in order to be able to do other things; but at the end everything you have done with love, everything you do with love, turns back to you with love. G. you know that I will always be with you and your children. Yes, with your children, especially with F., you'll be very proud of him, of the work he's going to do, he has a good teacher.

We still know nothing about Thamanuel; he has been my guide and teacher, he has taught what I am doing now. Thamanuel is a spirit with a very high hierarchy here in the universe. On Earth he was a 'chamán' indian; he also had his family and children; now they are together in the universe and they are very happy. He is

the one who has given me permission and accompanied me to see my parents. My parents have felt so bad that I have come many times to be with them. I am like a son to him here in the universe.

He loves my mother very much; for she has done what he told her a few months ago: ‘You, your house, your family, because you have to be strong; the leaf that wants to leave, has to go, they are free to go; If the leaf returns, you are there. ‘She has done what he told her, and she has been rewarded. We have tripped her many times, but she has overcome them all. Mom, you are great, you don’t know how much we all love you up here; how we all take care of you, you don’t know that, never mind. We know that you have to live on Earth. We also know that you are human, and as such, you have your weaknesses; but, we also know that you will go on, because for the love to your son, nobody is going to stop you and there will be no barriers for you. There will be people who will put many barriers before you, but we will be there to turn them down; Yes, mom, so it will be. Don’t fear anything, for you’re not going to be alone. We will always be with you until you come here with us. It will not be soon, mom, because you still have to do many things there on Earth.

When my mother started to receive information through relaxation, she jotted it down with a pencil in a notebook, she wrote it with her eyes closed, just as she does it now; but now it is different, because she does it directly on the PC, she knows how to type without looking at the keyboard: She learned it when she was very young; she has always been doing things; she worked and studied. She has always liked to paint, she was enrolled in the school of Arts and Jobs of Zaragoza. Three years was she in that school, until she could get enrolled at night in the ‘Instituto de la Magdalena’ in order to do BUP and she finished it. She was doing COU when I was born, and she could not finish it, she had to take care of me and her work: she has always taken care of her appearance. After having me, she remained quite fat because she was nursing

me during twelve months. She did not have much problem in gaining back her old silhouette; she went to yoga classes. The same thing happened to her when my sister was born, but she kept on going to her yoga sessions. Having done yoga has helped her a lot to control her mind. While we were little ones, she worked part time. She was always a very good mother; she looked for very young girls to babysit us until we were old enough to go to school by ourselves.

Our parents have been very generous with us, they have not given any importance to money, on the contrary, they have been wonderful. We have always travelled a lot the four of us together, and for that you need money. They have lived day to day, their salaries are little, they are administrative workers. Although my father has a career in economics, he didn't exercise it. They are simple people, they have lived well, they have not worried in saving money, they preferred to spend it with us. You have done well. Dad and mom, don't accumulate things on Earth, they are of no use, what you have done with us is very good. You have given us a good culture, even though you did not have many possibilities. I haven't lacked of private teachers and private classes, and that costs money; but that did not affect you anyway; neither does it affect you for my sister. I like that very much, dad, and also that you keep close track of her studies.

You are losing V., and that is painful to you. She has undergone so much suffering that she wants to leave home; don't worry, I will convince her not to do it, so that she will be able to do her university studies there with you. Life is hard, and it is even more to certain people; yours, as I said at the beginning of my book, is destroyed.

Life went on very happily for us, we did not notice any of your problems; there is always trouble between couples. Dad, I will not tell anything, dad, for my death has made you understand many things. Mom, you have loved dad very much, you have undergone

much suffering with him, but you have forgiven him. Your love for him will make him change; it is good to admit our errors. I know dad that you will not like that much for me to talk about you in my book; but it has to be that way, because you have changed a lot, and you still will change more. You will be happy, dad. Life has been hard to you.

Mom, it is hard for you to write certain things, but you know it is my book and I have the right to put in what is true, even if it hurts us: Yes, mom, that's how things are. We don't like to talk about ourselves to be read by others; but it has to be done, mom, you're courageous and you will do it. Dad would have needed help, but he hasn't wanted it. You, instead, have had a lot of help; you're in better conditions than him. That is why you're going to help dad by just being there with him, living with him and loving him, for I want it to be that way. Since quite a time ago you knew that I wanted you to be with dad. V. loves you both, and I want the best for her. You both have understood, and you have lived like one more couple who has had their ups and down; but what is important is that you have to admit it; you are going to be very happy, because I want it so. Yes mom, don't cry, for you're going to be very happy with V. and my remembrance: That is how I want it to be, and so will it be.

When I left this world, my mother thought that she was not going to be able to live without me; She thought about life, so unfair to some people, she could not understand my death; she has even thought that it was her fault. That is how you human beings are; you blame yourselves for things that have no explanation. There are deaths that cannot be explained, for they have no reason at all, it is only destiny which sometimes is changed, but in my case, my death was by chance. Those four heartless men stepped on my way and I was unfortunate, just as my friend could have been. Sometimes things that have no explanation take place in the world. My death hasn't one, but my parents in certain times have

thought that maybe they were to blame something; I'll tell them that they can be at ease because my death was unexpectedly, I was unfortunate.

Dad and mom I want you to live from now on: Stop suffering! You are guilty of nothing, it has been society, for allowing so many wrong things, for not guarding better; neither there are a lot of wrongdoers in Zaragoza as to not being able to keep control of them. The police know these groups already, who carry a flick-knife, they are always the same ones; but it doesn't make any difference. We are so many in the world that for just one death it doesn't come to an end. It is society mom, which is to blame for my death, that society which could be changing if the government leaders were more interested. As long as they live a comfortable life, let the people annoy themselves. I was going to put another word but it would not be accepted since I am not human anymore. I am light mom, I am love, and the light beings cannot say colloquial pejorative words, though we say them; but they would not be well seen to be put in my book. You can live very peacefully mom, and walk heads up, because society is to be blamed for my death.

Oh mom! if there were people like you in the world, so brave, we could change society. Yes mom, because we see everything from up here and we know what is going to happen. It is very comfortable to live as if nothing had happened; but you mom, are not going to do it; you are going to struggle and show the world that there is a beyond. You are going fast mom. That interior strength that you have makes you go that fast, that's the strength of love you have towards me. Everything can be achieved with love, and you have done everything with love, an unconditional love, you want nothing in return; but that love will return increased to you. We are very happy mom. When you are filled with light, we jump with happiness; so many beings would love to be able to be like you and me; we are fortunate mom, for having arrived where we are. Yes mom, I am very happy, and you will also be. Really mom,

I love you so much: You see me just as when I was with you. That's how you have to see me, with jeans, trainers and T-shirt. Don't cry mom, you're going to see me dressed like this many times, you'll see mom. Oh mom, how well I feel when you are filled with light and I can be with you! You look pretty mom, with your eyes closed and your face illuminated. You cannot see yourself mom, but I can see you and caress you. You have sometimes noticed my hands caressing your face; yes mom, it was me, just as I am doing it now. Can you notice it mom? Yes mom, fly with me and come with us. See how well we are? We are all very happy; I am very well mom, because you are well. I know you talk a lot to other mothers who have lost their children and that you tell them that if they are well, so are their children; but they don't understand it quite well, they will understand it little by little. There are a few mothers like you who have looked for their dead children. You have been about to weep many times, but you haven't done it; you knew that if you cried, I would also cry. I thank you very much mom, it has helped me a lot. Sometimes mom, when you thought about me I was with you.

I told you that I was with you, but you didn't notice it because you were feeling very low and could not perceive me. While you were watching television you were aware of that air current that is produced around the feet when we are with you. How many times you have noticed it mom, and you talked to me in your mind and told me: Thanks Juan for this wonderful moment! I love you very much Juan. Thanks for coming and for making me notice it. How happy I was mom, of knowing that you had noticed it! Further on we got into an agreement. You told me that when I was with you, to let you know by turning on the music in V.'s room. How glad you were mom! When you heard it, you stood up from wherever you were sitting and came to the room to listen to the music, sometimes you danced merrily; you wanted to imitate me when I danced in the hallway of our house, you told me: 'What a clown you are Juan!' I still am the same up here mom. I still like the same

music and I still imitate Miguel Bose very well. Yes mom, laugh because it is true. We do the same thing here as there: we dance, play football, listen to music..., the only thing we don't do is eating. Up here we feed ourselves with love and with the good things you do on Earth. As I was telling you in the story, you are feeding me with your love; if I was on Earth, you would feed me with food, but as I am not there but up here in the universe, you keep on feeding me with your love, as if I were living with you. You love me so much that you keep feeding me, and it will always be that way, mom; that is why I am so well and I am evolving very fast, for you are helping me to be that way.

When we come here to the universe, we see many beings who nobody remembers. Those beings remain in one place waiting for someone who can help them find the way of love. Sometimes we forget the one who has died very soon, whether he/she died due to old age and it was his/her time to go or because he/she has nobody to remember him/her; those spirits take more time to arrive into the way of love. When a loved one dies, one has to remember him/her, talk about him/her, for our energy lasts, it is on another plane, it does not disappear. Yes mom, I am energy even if you see me as if I were human; that is how you have to remember me.

Having you kept everything that is mine and being willing to store them is quite good. I like that you did it, even if the psychologist of the social security told you: Talk it over with your husband and start taking Juan's things away, but you didn't do it mom. How could you do it three weeks after my death? How awful that a psychologist can tell you that! All theory: the sooner you forget, the faster you get better. It is not that way ladies and gentlemen. One who has undergone a loss like my mother, it is an aberration to tell her that. They would have to study a little further in order to know that one should never forget a loved one, and their things are fine where they are. If one wants to give something to a relative or friend? That's fine, but taking away all the things should not be done.

Up here one suffers when one sees that your loved ones do not remember you anymore. We are not that far away, only a thread of light separates us; but you have to remember us with joy not with sadness; for we are better than you here than down there. What happens is that until one doesn't arrive here, he/she doesn't know how well we are. There are many books that say so, but since you don't read them you cannot know. You could give more credit to the books, for some of them describe how marvelous this place is.



## CHAPTER VIII

At the beginning when they give us permission to be with our loved ones, we cannot go alone, we have no strength; we have to go along with our guides. Thamanuel and my friend Rafael accompanied me, as I said previously. He gave me the light until I got my own one. Thamanuel has been our guide and our teacher. He has taught us how we should introduce ourselves to our loved ones, what we have to do so that they do not become afraid of us. All this, according to which people, supposes much compunction. Talking about spirits or souls gives them the chill. Well, our teacher has taught us all the tricks to be able to be with our families. I am with them at home many times, sitting at the table with them when they are eating, sitting on the sofa watching TV, especially when they switch to the programs that I liked; but where I am more time in is in my bedroom. When my mother sits at my table to write, that is where I feel much better, it is as if I were studying, as when I was living on Earth. She is also there with me; I tell her when she doesn't feel well to go to my bedroom, and she will find peace there; and that is what she does. She spent hours reading her book lying on my bed, and how well she feels! That is how I like to see her, relaxed and happy. When she gets to see me dressed like the humans, she is going to be the happiest person in the world and it is going to be very soon mom, before my book comes out. You advance very fast mom, and I like that very much.

As I was telling you, Thamanuel has been my teacher and a father to me. Now I am a teacher because I have evolved thanks to my mother who has given me her love. Yes, mom, so it is. You didn't know that I am already a teacher now, I am a young soul but

I have evolved very fast. Thanks mom, you have helped me to be where I am, and because of that I can help people through you. I have been given permission to do what we are doing. Thamanuel is very proud of me mom, for I have advanced very fast, thanks to you; your love is so great that it has elevated me very fast.

When my mother can see me, I will transmit her the messages directly and she will be able to give them to the people who come to her enquiring for their loved ones. I will be there, although only my mother will be able to see me. Yes mom, you didn't think it was going to be that way. You will also write mom. I know you like to do it very much. You will do both things, you will be very busy; that is why we want you to stop working. We know that if we ask you, you will do it. You have sacrificed yourself for me, and you will also stop working because I want it so. We have to make many people happy, we'll talk to them about their loved ones, communicate things to them so that their lives be happy, and also we'll tell them what they can do in order to help them from Earth. And that's how it is going to be mom, because I want it so. You have worked many years and you deserve a rest. This new job will be more gratifying, we will help many souls to arrive into the way of love.

When you come here to us, I will be waiting for you mom, and with you I will make that way until you arrive to where you have to arrive. You will never be alone mom. I will always be with you, together until the eternity that awaits us, and we will never be apart anymore. How many times you have thought that we there could be together! How deeply you requested it before going to sleep, mom! Everything you have requested has been given to you, because you are a good person, you are humble and want nothing for yourself, you like helping others, and you are happy helping others.

There are many people who have nothing to eat, who are living in the streets; it is pitiful that in a so civilized country could be so

much putrefaction. It is not so much what you give them, but they have enough for a cup of coffee, or for what they want. If one likes a cup of wine more, well, let it be so. When you give, you do not have to think what you are going to do with the money. What is it to you? You give it to him and he is free to do what he wants, it is humiliating enough having to beg. I know mom that you always carry a spare change in your pocket. When we were little, you gave us some for us to be ourselves. You are generous, mom, you are fine to be like that; those coins don't do much for you, but you can help them with that. Mom, the day after my death someone called at the house, it was a woman with two girls, you gave them food, it was a really beautiful touch on your part, destroyed as you were by pain, you had the strength to help those people, it is good to help.

I was telling you that when you come here with us, it will be V. the one who will continue with your work, she will do the same as you. When she becomes an adult, she will want to do the same. You will teach her just as other people have taught you. She will be very happy mom, and I will keep on being by her. When she reads this, she will not believe it, because now she only thinks in having fun, in the boys. It is natural, she is at that age; but when she grows older and see what you are doing, she will want to do it too. You will be old already mom; you will be a grandmother. Yes, mom, my sister will have her children who will love you very much. You have a predilection for children, you have shown that when we were little, you always went along with us to our activities and also participated in some of them. You have learnt to play the piano being an adult, mom; after my death you have put it somewhat aside, but I want you to do it again, mom. Thamanuel has thanked you many times for the song you dedicated to him 'Black little Angels'; do it for me mom, and play a little every day, I like listening to you. Will you do it, mom? In the world there are many people who believe in life after death. When they read my

book, I know they will call you to ask you many things; they will want to do the same thing you do, and you will tell them and help them to get connected with their loved ones. You'll see mom, how happy you'll feel for being able to help them.

I know you don't want anything for you, you only want to be able to help; that is why you have been given so many things. He who thinks that you're going to take advantage of all this is absolutely wrong. That would be because they don't know you mom, but we do know you and we know it is going to be like that. Everything you obtain in relation to the book you will invest it in helping those young people of split up families; because that is what I want it to be and you also want it so. We will have done a great job mom; there are a lot of people who are willing to help like you. They are the ones who will contact you, and all together we will be able to help those youngsters who are also victims of the society in which one lives. You will attend so many people that you will need a lot of time. I know you are very active, I also know that the years don't go just like that in you; but your family will coddle you and help you so that you'll have all the time for us.

You will be happy mom, with all we have given to you. You have deserved them and we know that you are going to do it very well, because that is how we want it to be. I know that it is hard for you to write all this, you're so humble and don't like to let it be known; but you are not doing it so, it is my book mom, and I put in it what I have to put in. The only thing you are doing is to press the keys of the keyboard, it is my energy that goes through your fingers; therefore, it is my book and you have to bear with it if you don't like what I put in it mom.

Oh mom, if you knew how happy I am of doing this! And thanks to you for having been willing to do it. Do you know that it is the first time that this is done? That a spirit writes its own book! Oh mom, how happy you make me feel! As it is my book, I write what I see and feel. I feel your heart full of love, of love towards me, and that is marvelous. Cheer up mom, that you have

been chosen to do my book, later on there will be more, mom. We will talk about love and about many other things more. The universe is filled with so many things that nobody has talked about, but we will tell what happens here.



## CHAPTER IX

The world in which one lives is full of danger. We are aware of that but we never think that something is going to happen to us. Never anything like what happened to me crossed my parents' minds; we have lived in a very healthy environment where we never were in any danger. They have always been fully watching for us, as any parents with their children. When you become older, when you leave home, they keep on worrying, but they never think that someone is going to kill them; as they don't live in an environment of violence, they can never think that it can happen to one of their family. My mother used to tell me: 'Juan if you are going to arrive home late, call home at any time; never mind if we are asleep'. I didn't use to get home too late, except for parties which was more justifiable; That is why the day of my death when the telephone rang in the morning, she thought it was me, that I was calling her to tell her that I was at some friend's house; but, unfortunately, it wasn't me but the police who were telling my parents my death. What a difference, isn't it?! She went merrily down the hallway to answer the telephone, but she came back from the hallway broken into pieces by the pain. By telephone, what a way to give some piece of news. Following to that, my uncles and aunts received another call from the police asking if anyone suffered from heart problems: They told them to come to our house to give you company. What an aberration, ladies and gentlemen! I hope when they read this they will be appalled from embarrassment, and learn in case they will have to give some news of the same characteristics. Yes mom, I want to put it in my book, we have to change many things. As I was telling you in the previous

chapters, words are drifted away by the wind, and what is written remains written; and it is not that I'm not being repetitious, but even if you repeat the same thing once or a thousand times, one does not learn as they should.

We agree that there are no established rules, but there must be sentiments, which there aren't, and to take the place of those victims who have just lost a loved one. How much would I appreciate that this got to the hearts of those peoples who work with no feelings! They should think that they have children too, and as such, they love them, for the rest also love their children. The case is that everything is easily forgotten, or one wants to forget soon.

The parents never forget the loss of a child; they have to learn to live with the pain. In some cases that pain is so intense that it doesn't let you breathe but you have to go on, trying to live a normal life, as if nothing had ever happened; but, it is impossible to live it normally. It could be in appearance, but in your interior there is a pain which stabs you as if it were a knife. There is nothing that can take that suffering away from you. They have not invented a medicine for that; being the world so advanced in certain things, but regarding the sentiments they are falling a little behind.

We all know how to give good advice and they are appreciated, but one has to live it in order to know that pain which is eating you from the inside. I tell my parents to live, that life is to be lived, but they can't. Maybe they will get to it someday, but I doubt it, it is hard to live like that. But they are strong and they are doing it very well. I am very proud of them, they are doing just what I wanted them to do; Yes mom, so it is. Cry mom, for it is good to cry; I ask you not to cry, but in some moment it is necessary to do it.

I must also tell you that in my case they wanted to hide my death a little, but it created a social alarm and the people responded to it. Sometimes there aren't enough police officers to surveil the city. It is pitiful that in a public square those things can happen

and being surrounded by people. If there had been the adequate surveillance, my death would not have happened. That is why the official organisms wanted to cover it. The less social alarms are raised, the better; but it was not so in my case, the people responded. And many things had to be heard; but it is good, because they know there is not enough surveillance. As I was also previously saying, some people less, so what? How pitiful this society is!

My mother always wanted to know. The day of my funeral in the afternoon, there was a gathering of people in the *Plaza de la Justicia* (Justice Square), they placed a writing, it was anonymous: She has been keeping it in *la farola* until recently, though she had to stop putting things there. Mom, if you still keep it, I would like you to include it in my book. Thanks mom, and thanks to those people who wrote it.

*JUAN HAS DIED AT THE AGE OF 19  
AT DAWN*

*THE FIRST DAY OF APRIL*

*To many of us, on that dawn of the first day of April, it turned into NIGHT when we learned of your death, Juan ... we don't know you, but it is the same... Being YOUNG, you wanted to enjoy LIFE so much, you had PROJECTS to do, HOPES to be fulfilled... in just one instant... it looks as though everything has come to an end.*

*But no, IT HASN'T ENDED. When many of us were waking up that morning, and others were going back home to sleep, God was opening HEAVENS' door to you, and he cuddled you in his paternal arms to make you eternally happy, to you, who here we had taken your life away, your projects, your hopes...*

*May you console from where you are those who cry your departure the most...*

*May you from there help us not to lose hope that a more humane world is possible, where there is more tenderness, more friendship...*

*More love...*

*Bye, Juan. See you someday. We hope.*

When my mother started to go to work after my death, it was impossible to her to concentrate in her work. She should have taken a leave of absence and stay home. Work is a good therapy, but when one is in a condition as my mother was, it is not a good therapy because her anguish was being absorbed by her closest coworkers.

Her female coworker has had to endure my mother and her work. Just a few do the work that she has done, without knowing it, by helping my mother, just by listening to her, going out to have a cup of coffee, repeating a thousand times the same thing to her; for my mother's mind was not ready to anything at those moments, it was only for me, she just thought of me.

That attitude that my mother had in the first months of my death, she retained me there with her. She did not know it, but I couldn't go on my way leaving her like that; for she has been on the verge of madness not just for me but for many more problems. In many cases her female coworker has acted like a psychologist to her. She has done such great job that she has been rewarded like my mother. Both are going to work together, they will be collaborators, and together they are going to do a great job for humanity. Even if my mother stops working, they will remain together because she is going to help my mother disinterestedly. She's got a great heart for she wants nothing for herself. The Lord has awarded her and she will be able to be close to my mother, they will travel together, she will be her advisor.

You have cried together, you have laughed together; for that and a lot more, we have united you. You both have great hearts,

you also have your temper; but sometimes one has to have it or else they will get on your back, and since you are hard workers, everything will end up for you. Don't think that your boss hasn't noticed it, but he trusts you and knows that you will be fine; when you leave mom, she is going to be all by herself at work. That is why, mom, I ask you to go and see her any time you can and have a cup of coffee as if you were still working with her. It will do you well to have a morning walk and to her being able to talk to you about work; due to her age, it won't be long for her to stop working, then you will be more time together. Your friendship will always remain alive.



## CHAPTER X

C., my parents were very glad with the work you did. As an sculptor you are, you enjoyed doing my gravestone. With such love and delicacy you carved on the marble and gave form to three prefect tulips! My parents showed a good taste by choosing the white marble, their good friend E.S. advised them, a great painter. All of you together have done a piece of art, thank you. Mom, there lies my body, a well-cared body, for you nurtured me very well; but there lies the mass only, mom. I understand that you like to venerate the body; but there are only bones there now and as time passes by everything will become dust. You know that already mom, that there is nothing there. In despite of that, you like going to see my tomb and leave me flowers; I can also tell you mom, that you can put flowers anywhere in the house and dedicate them to me, it is as if you took them to the cemetery.

The truth is that we are living in a society which gives much importance to the external. If the time arrives in which you will not be able to take fresh flowers to my tomb, you can put them anywhere in the house, it will be the same; mom, what really matters is the remembrance, not forgetting your dead ones, having them present in your prayers, in your celebrations, in your daily life, that is what matters. That you have flowers in the cemetery is all the same. I've already got the three most beautiful tulips of the universe. I thank my parents who did all what they could to give me the best in life and in death. Take a rest mom. I know it is very sad for you to have to write all this, but is my book, mom, and I want everyone to read it, those who have done something for me, especially you mom. Mothers, what a marvelous name! What

wouldn't a mother do for her child? Many of them have given their lives for their children; you mom, have given your life for me. Thank you very much, mom.

In this world which I live, we live very happy now. As my mother was saying in the story I dedicated to her, we are fed with love, that love that our loved ones transmit to us, to leave us free, not retaining me with you, your willingness to feel well. It is what has helped me to elevate myself and being able to leave you. You are conscious of so many things that you are helping me to evolve very much, to being able to go on my way. You have learnt to live without me. It is very hard for you, it has been nineteen years in which we have been together; but you also now, mom, that we are also together now, of course it is in another form, but at least it's something. Mom, I want you to understand that now you are going to live with my energy, my energy; it is going to be with you so that you can continue with your work there on Earth. Many people will not understand that my energy could be in you, yes mom, my energy. My energy is within you. It is the strength of your love that makes it possible for my energy to be inside you and for us to be enabled to transmit many things related to love to others, that unconditional love which one gives without expecting anything in return. Yes mom, our love, both our love is so great that it will move mountains.

You, unknowingly, mom, just for loving me so much, have made possible for me to do many things through you. Those things that will be done by you, but it will be me who will be doing them from your interior; we will be one and thus we will always be together. That is why mom, even though I won't be there physically, I am with you in spirit. As simple as that, mom. You have done to Jobs: help me and help yourself. With your love it has been you who has cured you, by loving yourself. For there are times in life when one stops loving him/herself, and that in the long run is harmful for oneself. What happens is that sometimes one is going

through such hard times that he/she doesn't know that he/she doesn't love him/herself. I am happy with you, because you have understood, and by understanding what has happened to you, you will be able to help other people who are going through the same. You will make them understand that one has to love him/herself. In the universe we help each other. There are beings that arrive in very bad shape and need a lot of help; we go and talk to them. One has to tell those beings that even though they are very well where they are now, one has to continue on a way to arrive where one has to arrive; which means that one has to keep on evolving. Just as when you live on Earth, you learn things, you study and improve yourself to find a job, you move on to the next step, here it is the same; one has to go up step by step. There are many souls who don't know what is after death. As Dr. Elizabeth Kübler-Ross states very well, death is a rebirth. That lady did a good job on Earth. When she died, she came up very evolved, for she had done a great job throughout her life. According to what you do on Earth, you will do here in the universe; that is why one has to keep on evolving on Earth as well as in the universe. As simple as that, mom. If you do a great job on Earth, here in the universe you will keep on doing it.

The universe is full of souls that have done great jobs for humanity. Those souls are very welcome here. When my mother does the work I have asked her to do on Earth, she would have evolved so much on Earth that when she arrives here in the universe, she will reach the light in a very short time. She won't have that much to purge, because she has started her work, her work of evolution there on Earth has already started, simply by disinterestedly helping others and sharing with us many moments of her life.

She wants to be with us more than wasting her time before that stupid box called television. If at least they showed something decent, one could watch it, but unfortunately a few programs pass the exam. What a way to educate society! The television is a means of communication; it is in almost every home. We know that the

children spend hours in front of the television; instead of so many cartoons which sometimes are repeated they could propose other more cultural programs, appropriate for these little children who spend so many hours in front of the television.

Mom, I was telling you that when we are born, each one chooses the life he/she wants to live. Sometimes there are destinies that change those lives; my life was truncated by those heartless people, because it was not my time yet mom. That wasn't my destiny, they truncated my life. We also know that reincarnation exists, either to finish what you could not finish on Earth or else to purge another life. Well, it would have been my turn to reincarnate to finish my life, but is not going to be so. Thanks to you I will be able to continue my life there on Earth, which is not going to be as an engineer as my destiny was. But maybe it is going to be more gratifying what I am going to do now by being able to help youngsters. Your willingness to doing it with me has helped me to evolve and not to reincarnate again in order to end my task. When you die, I will continue it with my sister.

When a soul leaves Earth, by arriving here he/she follows a process in which she/he sees all her/his past lives. If this last one he/she has lived was not lived the way they chose before being born, he/she will have to live it again. We also know that when you are born, you erase every information of the life that you have come to live; on the other hand, there are people who by means of their beliefs, by their studies of life after death, know what life they have chosen and they know how to live it as such. Those people will not have to reincarnate again, they will arrive to eternity. It is difficult to understand for people who don't believe that there is life after death.

We are living in a very cruel society; the human being is very little respected, and that is leading to a world catastrophe. Those interests created by the capitalist countries who are the masters of

the world, that is not good, they are leading the world to a world catastrophe; those men who believe or think that the world belongs to them are destroying it. They are completely wrong; the world belongs to all the human people. It is not ethical that for one country's interests they drag along all the other countries. What they will obtain at the end will be the world's destruction. Living with fear, all those illnesses originated by the gas bombs, Mister Politicians, who do they defend? Their citizens or your own interest? To me, it looks as though it responds this latter one, and it is very pitiable.

The first and last time I voted, I did it so gladly; it was the first time I voted. I went with my mother. In the year 2003 I could have gone to vote too, but I am not in that world, and my mother, I don't think she is willful enough to vote due to the injustices that she had to undergo after my death.



## CHAPTER XI

The injustices that my parents had to undergo after my death are similar to other parents' for the death of their children in similar circumstances to mine. The government doesn't make itself responsible of the brutality that those families have undergone. They have been destroyed morally, and as far as economy is concerned, if the family doesn't count with enough resources, they remain double destroyed.

If these words could get to those people who make the laws of the countries, they could meditate and make a little more effort in doing better laws and think about those destroyed families. It is fine that the assassin could be reintegrated, but it is also fine that the victim's family have the adequate treatment.

As I was previously saying, ministers of the country, you have the power and you are the ones who can change the laws of a country. Not for nothing you are elected, the people elected you and you have a compromise with them. We also know that you are human too, and as such you can make mistakes too; but, you have made a mistake, you have to admit it: Admit that many deaths could be avoided if you fulfilled your duties accordingly. Yes mom, we have to put in all of this. My death could have been avoided and your suffering too. I know, mom, that you wanted to report an accusation for citizen insecurity, but I also know that Mr. B. told you that you had nothing to do, even more, if you lost the case, you had to pay for all the judgment costs. What an injustice, mom, one after the other! How can a country function if they don't want to do anything? But if they want to appear in the photographs, they are the first ones to volunteer. We are going the wrong way, if we continue like that, we won't get anywhere.

The reason why I talk about politicians so much is because they can change the world, that is why the people have elected them, the change is in their hands. I know mom, that you aren't going to believe in politics anymore.

You did all what you could to get a writing into the parliament, requesting some social help which was not included in the Law for the minor, but there is no time for reading it. It is more important to lead a country towards war. There is no time to help the people. So many phone calls, so many coming and going, what for, mom? I know that anytime you want to go to someplace that is related to my death, you get sick, mom, and that is not good for you. I will also tell you mom, that even if you want to, you won't be able to change anything, because they don't know what you are going through; they live very well as they are, they don't care if the people suffer.

We from up here, mom, know all the injustices that are done there on Earth, and who does them too; but I also tell you, mom, that those people don't live in peace. I know that you will be able to live in peace, mom, for you have done all that you were able to change a Law that should not have come to light. Those people who don't fulfill their mandate well, when they arrive here, they will have to pay. Mom, don't worry; you live peacefully, for we know everything.

It's been two years since I left this world, they go by very fast. One has to forget. It isn't good to remember that a young man was killed in *La Plaza de la Justicia*. They respected your flowers for a short time, mom. How lovingly you came to bring them to me! I saw you, mom, when you were placing them in *la farola*, I liked to see you. Some days you cried, others if someone approached you to ask you what relationship you had with the young man, you told them you were his mother. They comforted you; you liked to see that there were some people who supported you.

It soon ended for you; you had to stop putting them for it created antagonism between the *Ayuntamiento* and the neighbors. Those neighbors have struggled a lot to make the zone that had bars fulfill a close time schedule. Mom, I know that the neighbors from the square liked to see you putting flowers in *la farola*. They miss you mom, but they also know that you had to stop putting them for it disturbed the *Ayuntamiento*. Don't worry mom, for as I was telling you before, nobody is going to take them away from you there.

If I could number in my book all what you have done for me, I would fill many pages; but it can't be so because I don't want it to be so long. Nowadays you don't read much about these subjects. There is a small minority who believes in what is beyond; for all that I don't want my book to be so lengthy, so that they won't get bored with so long a reading, and because I want it to get to everyone, especially the youngsters. They are the ones who are going to understand me the most and who might be able to change the world. My book is directed to them, it depends on them that a change might take place.

You who have all the life before you will demonstrate the world that life is for everyone, everyone has the right to live. One should not be afraid to demonstrate the world that there is life after death. many things could be changed if one would pay more attention to the readings of the books that talk about beyond. This way we would try to be better people and respect one another, all of us have the right to our own life.

Through the years, when everything has been forgotten, the new generations will know that in the *Plaza de la Justicia* a young man was stabbed. That young man, through his mother, wrote a book talking about the injustices that his parents underwent, what his mother struggled for her son and later on his sister would struggle, so that that young man whose life had been taken away without finishing it, would not have to pass another life again. What a beautiful work!



## CHAPTER XII

Those generations will understand more than now what is after death thanks to people like you, mom, who are brave by writing this book. There will not be so much taboo in respect to beyond. It will be hard for you mom, to demonstrate that my energy has written this book, that I am with you, as I will be with my sister later on. Just a minority will understand you; the rest will think that you're not OK. But I will also tell you mom, that those who are not OK are the ones who don't believe that there is life after death; they can think whatever they want. When they come here, they will know what this is all about. The fact that you are willing to do this task to demonstrate many things, if it hadn't happened to you what has happened, you wouldn't understand it either; but you're feeling it in your interior, you're feeling a transformation in you; that transformation is because my energy is with you, and it is what gives you strength to do what you are doing, write, which is what I wanted. I wanted to give you a present mom, for there hasn't been anyone in the world who has deserved it like you; and this book mom, is a present for you from your son Juan. Now I am energy, Raenio, the strength of energy.

I am glad mom, because you have succeeded in getting connected with me every day despite your work, your home, your family, your friends: You have found moments to be able to come to my bedroom and get connected with me; you have worked a lot mom. How many times they have interrupted you by opening the bedroom's door! But you connected back again with me.

When this book comes out to light, mom, many people will want to meet you. You will have to travel. I know you are strong

and will be able to manage it all, even if dad doesn't go along with you, for he doesn't like this what you're doing. But you know that you have to do it because I have asked you to. You will go alone to many places, mom, but you won't be alone; I will be with you, you don't need anybody else. Dad will draw apart from you with all this, but don't you worry, he will understand it later and will come back to you. You have given your life for me mom. In the world we live, besides the things we have been commended, we are pending on you. We know which people there on Earth can do something for us. In this case you have been chosen mom. That power of your love towards me is what has led us to trust you, for we know that you will be able to do it, for they have killed a son from you, for your relations with your husband is on the rocks; for the world in which you live is cruel to certain people. In this case it has been your turn, mom, for all that. You're going to demonstrate that, in spite of such big pain, one can live with love and harmony. In spite of all that you have achieved an internal peace and comprehension that you have been able to do this great job for humanity.

Oh mom! I am so sorry that I have to put this in my book, but everyone has to know that suffering makes people grow, it makes them evolve. Undergoing suffering has made you arrive where you are. You don't have to cry mom. Life is that cruel.

When you die mom, you will come very evolved because, as I was previously saying, you have already started the work there on Earth. And you might ask what work you're going to do. Well, it is very simple mom, your love. That is your job! Give love to others, an unconditional love. How are you going to give it? Helping those people who believe that there is life after death and want to know how their loved ones are. The love with which you are going to do it by being able to transmit them things about their loved ones, will make them very happy.

If their loved ones are not in the way of love, we will tell you what they have to do in order to help them from Earth so that they

can get in the way of love. As simple as that, mom. And as I was saying in previous paragraphs, when you feel better and quit your job, you will be able to dedicate yourself to the work I have rested from you: to help those youngsters of broken families.

I know mom, that you will like all this very much, that it will fill your life. From one side you're going to be in contact with me when you have to ask me about here, and on the other hand you will be able to be with youngsters. I know you like young people very much and you want to give them your love. Thanks for everything, mom.

Up here we are happy, very happy, because we are going to demonstrate the world that there is life after death. You are not going to be the first one mom, because there have been other people before you who have had the same experience you've had.

The unconditional love is the way to get to eternity.

Mom, at the beginning you started to receive phrases of love. Could you include some of them?:

*Love is giving all that which has neither word nor end.  
For love is the union between people who love each other  
and not between people who don't love each other.  
To love is to fight battles with no name.  
For loving without love doesn't help to solve things.  
For one to be able to love, he has to offer his heart.  
Loving is the same as saying 'I love you'.  
To love is to give that which we don't understand.  
For without love we cannot live.  
To leave in peace, with joy and honesty, jumping, running,  
dancing...  
To love without expecting anything in return.*

The space that there is from the Earth to the universe, as I was previously saying, is separated by just one thread of light. Many

could do what my mother does, it only requires a little concentration, controlling the mind, and there is no need to go anywhere to learn. There are books that explain how to do relaxation. The reading of the book *Speaking with Heaven*, from James Van Prahl, helped my mother understand very much, I facilitated it to her through my aunt A. She has liked it so much that she has recommended it to a lot of people. She has read many subjects related to death. She wanted to understand death, and she has achieved it. She is with us, she is trying to connect herself to be with us. She visualizes me as when I was living there with them, that is how she has to see me, not like a dead body, for I am alive in the universe. As simple as that and she has understood, and it makes her feel better.

Why is one so afraid of death? In other cultures they celebrate death as a party, since for them it is a joy to be able to go to the other life; that's why you should not be so afraid of death.

One should not attach himself to life so much; one has to let her go, accept what comes. If one lived like that, the world would be better, it would be happier. There is much dissatisfaction; a few are content with what they have as they are. Everything would be more feasible if each would be content with what they have; not being able to get what we want, makes us unhappy. You should not want to hoard things that you are not going to achieve, be content with what you can understand.

Everyone has the right to have opportunities, all of us are the children of the same Father or, in other words, we all are the children of love. Love overcomes everything, there's nothing without love, and everything is dissatisfaction. Such is the world; they give more importance to what is material than to the spiritual. If we educated our minds, just as we educate our bodies, there would be a union of mind and body, we would arrive to comprehension and by understanding, everything would be better. Many sicknesses would be avoided if one took more care of the mind. Sometimes we get sick, one gets sick by himself, it is his mind what makes them sick. If you have a healthy mind, a union between your mind

and body, you will live in harmony, and by living in harmony, your mind and body will be healthy.

Nowadays it is difficult to live in harmony, almost impossible; just a few achieve that state. If we dedicated some minutes every day to relaxation, by just putting your mind in blank without thinking of anything, letting it be at ease, if one did that, many illnesses would be avoided. There are many technological advances nowadays, but if we don't pay complete attention to our mind and body, we are leading ourselves to the destruction of the world.

We feel very well in the universe. We feed ourselves with love and it is our loved ones who give us that love; they are the ones who can help their dead ones. The body which is matter remains on Earth but the energy goes up to the universe, and it also needs to be fed. Just as the body nurtured itself with food on Earth, up here we also need to feed ourselves, but it is not food, but love which is sent to us from Earth.

What remains on Earth does not matter, it gets destroyed as time passes by; but the energy is indestructible, it remains there in a state of suspension waiting for someone to help it. There are people who have died but haven't left the Earth yet, for their families don't let them go, they keep them here. They don't do it consciously, but it so happens. One has to let the dead continue on his/her way, and they have to help him/her from Earth to continue on his/her way. She/he should never remain here but there are cases like murders, violent deaths in which the dead one does not leave until he/she doesn't help to clarify her/his murder. Do you remember mom, a trip we made to Extremadura? On our way back home we saw a film which we watched several times on TV. It was called Ghost, the young man died killed by his friend and he didn't leave until he helped his fiancée discover the murderer. That is how it happens, mom. There are dead people who wander, who don't find peace. One has to help those dead beings by telling them to leave, to leave in peace that the thing is going to be solved here; they have to go on their way because they are dead.



## CHAPTER XIII

But sometimes you are not conscious that you're already dead. That's what happened to me with you, I went through hard changes, mom. Thanks to your friend A. who sent his guides to collect me. Thanks, A.

Your guides took me to a place to rest and to understand what had happened to me. I went one way and another until my friend Rafael came over.

Rafael had just finished reading the career Project Computer Engineering when his heart made a bad move on him: He arrived here with lots of light and liberated me; I was attached to him, until I got my own light.

We have come many times together along with Thamanuel, he to see his wife and I to see my family. We have had a good time together, he has taught me many things, and we are in the same group. We are grouped together according to our likes and dislikes here in the universe. As a result of my death my mother got to know Rafael's wife. They have talked a lot about us and have been learning what our tastes are, that we like the same music, the same reading. We have gathered them together.

We thought they could become good friends, but maybe that friendship which was favorable at the beginning is now lessening. We would like them to become friends again. They are not like us, who get together well, but they have something in common, which is that we are together and want them to be like they were before.

They were very beautiful months for them, they helped each other a lot to overcome our loss. One has to have patience, we are

not all the same, some receive the task to do be done Earth before others; that is why one should not despair because the moment doesn't arrive, some evolve before others.

Just because some evolve before others should be no reason to lose hope. Things arrive when they have to, if one is willing to do them; but for that one has to go on the way and wait, everything arrives at its own time.

Do you remember, mom? This summer you were washing your feet and dad was watching TV, how frightened dad was! Rafael turn on the music in my room very loud, the other times we turned down the volume so to not to scare you. Thinking that you knew we were there with you made me very happy.

Rafael would like his wife to be more open-minded and be able to do what you are doing, mom: transmit others that there is life after death. He would be very happy, and he would like you to help her.

Mom, the day you rented the film *Los Otros*, we were watching it with you both. What beautiful moments we have spent the four of us! We were thinking of remaining like that eternally, but sometimes things don't happen as we would like to. My mother still loves her as the first day she met her, she has been sorry for this separation; we are sad because it didn't turn out as we wanted, and that is why we are doing all we can from up here to reunite you back again.

Rafael's wife feels very lonely, she doesn't open up to others that much, and that makes her enclose herself within herself. Having them get together at the beginning was for my mother to open her way; but maybe she has misinterpreted it; it hasn't been for anything else, for they are going to go in different ways, each one is given what they can best do.

The strength that my mother has cannot be compared to the strength that Rafael's wife might have, they are different cases; for Rafael it was his destiny; but I was taken my life away. That is

why my mother has to struggle for me, for my death has been an injustice. She will have to do another thing, a different task that Rafael's wife could do. Both cases cannot be compared. That internal strength that my mother has Rafael's wife cannot have it, because she hasn't undergone the loss of a son in those conditions. That she cannot understand, in fact she doesn't understand it; that is why we are helping them, so that she can realize the strength that my mother can have in respect to humanity. She has to realize many things. My mother has struggled so much that she deserves a rewarding (which her son Juan has wanted to give it to her because she has given him her love, and this has been on her husband's part; when she reads it, she will understand).

Life is very hard for everybody, but more for some people than others; my mother's has been very hard since she was born and it will continue being hard up to her death. That is why she isn't going to stop struggling, and this has to be understood by Rafael's wife, as her family will understand it. She continues being the same as always, now more evolved, but she continues being the same. We keep on being friends even though they are not together.

Here in the universe envy doesn't exist, nor rage. For being able to do a task on Earth, one does not have to have any of those two things; you have to be free of all that, in order to become a good channel.

As I was saying before, my mother had to clean her inside before arriving to where she has arrived. Now she has achieved a body and mind harmony, she only wants to be able to transmit good things, and by transmitting love, to help; that is how she is happy. She knows that by doing all this she is helping me more than if she kept on hating as she was doing before.

When my mother comes to us, I will be waiting for her and will accompany her on her way to the light. It won't be so hard for her doing it because she has already started it down there on Earth.

When she is here, she will help from up here. She won't be alone, for Jorge is waiting for her so that both together can help many people there on Earth to find the way of love.

They are going to be very happy. In a previous life they lived together and now that they have met again, they will be together to eternity and they will be able to continue with their love story; that was really a great love. They have paid for it. They have had other separate lives, but from now on they are going to be always together; when my mother dies, they will continue here in the universe with their love story.

It has been really beautiful, mom, that you have found each other, That is how I have wanted it; he has been helping you a lot to overcome your loneliness and will never leave you now.

You are going to be very happy with dad, for your present life is to be with him, and you have understood that. You chose this life and as such you have to finish it; you're both going to be very happy, mom, for I want it so.

I love you both. You have been my parents during nineteen years; the coexistence has been difficult but sometimes life is like that. We get sick ourselves or maybe it is society, the way one lives. It is good to admit our mistakes. You both have gone through hard changes but you have respected each other, and for all that, from now on, your life is going to change. Nobody is going to harm you anymore; I take care of you and protect you from up here, and those people who have harmed you so much are not going to have any rest, for it is not fair that you had to have gone through all this.

You have made me so happy by being willing to continue living together, this life you are living had to be lived by you together, and it is going to be like that. In spite of so many obstacles as you have had, at the end everything is solved, one can get everything with love; you have unknowingly helped dad, mom, to continue on the good way and the Lord has rewarded you, for you have seen the light.

## CHAPTER XIV

I am so happy, mom, that you have achieved it! ... You have had a lot of help from all of us but you have been the one who have had to choose the way, and in spite of so many obstacles, you have chosen the correct one. That is why, mom, I am so happy, you have understood that life is to be lived and that we don't belong to anybody. For that reason and much more you have seen the light.

Mom you are so humble that you cannot give any importance to this which is happening to you. It is so simple to you, you get connected so easily with all of us, we like so much that you have taken it this way that you have not shown off what you're doing. That is so fine, mom, you have to understand that you have to make it known, for there will be many people who could do the same as what you are doing, and it is your duty to tell what is happening to you. The fact that you can get connected so easily with beyond cannot be kept for yourself; besides the way you do it, so simply, without invoking anybody, with no music, with no white tunics, simply by filling yourself with light. As simple as that.

Just as you have made it, many people will make it too and will be able to help their loved ones from Earth.

Mom, those people who don't believe that there is life after death will want to harm you much, they will want to discredit what you are going to demonstrate; but you don't worry, mom. Those people who try to cause you harm, when they die and come up here will realize many things.

There are so many theories in the world, there are so many people in the world, and not all of them will have to go the same

way, because some have a different form of thinking. We are living in times of freedom of beliefs, that's what we think; to each one his own way of thinking, each one is free to do what they want.

Mom, your part is not going to be trying to convince those people who don't believe that there is life after death, but to transmit what you already know to others. He who doesn't believe, life will be harder for him; as simple as that, mom. As a free country as it is supposed to be, also the way of thinking is free, nothing more nothing less.

People's condition changes for many reasons throughout life: There will be isolated cases, but the greatest thing in this world is the love of a mother towards her children. Mom, your love has been so great to me that I have rewarded you with this book. Many times you have asked me why I have talked so much about you; it is so simple mom, because I cannot talk in any other way when I am referring to you. You have struggled so much for me and you have loved me so much, that there is no one in the entire world that has done the same as you. For that reason and for many more things, this book is for you, mom, it is a present I want give to you.



The benefits obtained through this book will be destined to the Juan Rioseras Foundation in order to help youngsters from unstructured families.

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