

Behind the Veil

Steven D. Farmer, PhD



“You need to love more and show your love more readily, especially to those your closest to,” the Voice said very clearly. I sensed a shadowy figure of another me, another lifetime ago. Then a hazy image came to me as I closed my eyes while showering (some of my best inspirations happen while I’m showering) and the let the warmth of the water and the residual deep relaxation of the massage I just received open my ears, eyes, and heart. I perceived someone, an ancient soul connection, perhaps a memory of an ancestor who was also me in another lifetime.

My wife Doreen and I had heard the news just a while ago that the mother of a friend’s daughter was killed by two men who broke into her home in one of those random acts of violence. We were shocked, outraged, and saddened when we heard the news and had to process it and gain some perspective. Although these sorts of things happen in the world all too regularly, this one was linked to us more immediately through our relationship with our friend Tom and his daughter Jalene (not their real names). Doreen spoke to Tom and Jalene and through her mediumship abilities was able to see and talk with the mother’s spirit, who told her exactly how it happened. Now in the spirit world, the mother was completely at peace with the whole thing, but understandably both Tom and Jalene were still completely in shock. Her conversation provided some comfort to both, but they still had a long way to go to reconcile this heinous deed – if something like this could ever be resolved and settled.

Doreen and I spoke about the apparent randomness of it, her communication with the mother’s spirit, the fragility of life, and how we’re firmly convinced – well, not just convinced, but know in our heart of hearts – that there’s a continuum that goes beyond the person’s physical death. I was profoundly affected by the fact that this act was so random. I can go into all sorts of metaphysical and spiritual reasons for such a cruel and heartless crime, but in the end it doesn’t matter. That person is still dead.

But something goes on. Not the usual “you,” but the Essence of you. Your soul. Your spirit. I’ve witnessed too many demonstrations by those who possess mediumistic abilities, where the medium was able to get accurate

and detailed messages from deceased loved ones about things they would have no way of otherwise knowing about. When I’ve watched my wife, Doreen, or other gifted Mediums on stage do a reading for an audience member of someone who has passed on, I’ve been moved to tears as to how healing this can be for the living relative. It provides some comfort and solace that the spirit of that individual continues on in spite of their physical death. Often the message from the deceased loved one is that they are happy and peaceful, and send their love to those who are still alive.

This essence of who we really are, no matter what you call it – soul, spirit, essence – has in-formed itself into various physical manifestations over many lifetimes, whether or not there’s conscious memory of these past lives or not. In some instances you can tap into the memories of these prior lives, even if you don’t understand or can’t fully explain how this is done. Perhaps the soul really does move from physical incarnation to physical incarnation, or perhaps there’s a trace memory that exists in your DNA that once existed in other physical beings. Mind-boggling, but then that’s a good thing to have happen from time to time.

So I’m in the shower contemplating all these things and recalling what the Voice said about expressing love more readily. Then I heard, “Come through the veil.” I mused on that for a bit, and realized that in the past I’ve erected walls before with people, even with those I love. I’ve done a lot of work on myself, so although now I don’t have a lot of walls, I still do have veils, some thin and some thicker. Not only the veils between others, and me but also the veil between the mundane, mind-made world and the Spirit World. This veil was clearly no longer a wall and over the years gradually has become much more permeable, with the entry and exits clearly marked.

So as the shower continued to cleanse my body and these ruminations continued to cleanse my mind, I thought of the loves of my life, starting with my wife Doreen. I felt throughout my body a wonderful and delicious sensation that melted all over me, with each drop of water from the shower being a baptism and a blessing. From there, I thought of my daughters Nicole and Catherine, how precious they are and what a blessing they have been in my life, and our sons, Charles and Grant, brought into my life through my marriage to Doreen. My attention then drifted to our new and stunningly awesome grandchildren, Jaden and Genevieve, and my fresh role as a grandfather. From there I went on to other members of our family and our friends. I thought of the men in my life I was close to – my spiritual brothers – ones I trusted with my life. I was appreciating those who had passed on to the spirit world, followed by a procession of images of others in my extended family.

Then I heard the voice say, “Exercise your love muscle.”

I couldn’t help but chuckle softly because, well, being a man, when I heard that, I confess that my mind went immediately to... well, you know. But then immediately I saw a faint outline of a figure. It was Grandfather, whose voice had spoken to me just a few moments ago, standing directly in front of me, his etheric hand extended forward, finger pointing to just below my belly button. From there he slowly lifted his hand up, stopping at my heart, finger pointing to the center of my chest. Then a bright white strand of energy emerged from his finger and slowly snaked its way to my heart.

I was lovingly jolted such that I stood up completely straight as I felt my heart being filled with the power of that cosmic energy, that bang from Source channeled through this spiritual Being before me, flooding my body, mind, heart, and soul with an overwhelming sense of peace, gratitude, and love. It was a moment of revelation, of the most basic remembrance anyone can have; of the I AM that is both spirit and flesh, embodied as this Being in physical form that happens to have my name. Rather than feeling breathless, I was filled with breath. During those moments of revelation, love was not a concept but an experiential reality, breathing in, breathing out, connected with All-That-Is, which I had this opportunity and these few moments to experience before I started once again thinking about it.

After my shower – or perhaps I should call it a baptism – somehow the world was now different yet still the same. Next the real test would come, where the rubber hits the road, as is true of any spiritual revelation. As the Vietnamese Buddhist Monk Thich Nhat Hahn once said, “The real miracle is not to walk on the water; the real miracle is to walk on the earth.”

I hear these words now, and send love to everyone who reads this: “Come out from behind the veil.” Namasté.

Steven D. Farmer is a best-selling author, speaker and leader. Please visit www.hayhouse.com for a listing of his books and scheduled appearances.