

I

LIVERPOOL, AUSTRALIA 1971

After our arrival on the 14th of November 1968, at the East Hills migrant hostel near Liverpool NSW, my husband could not find work any more, because it was too close to Christmas. A few days after the new year of 1969, a representative from the Steel Works at Wollongong, (a major coastal steel and coal port about 60 km south of Sydney) came to the hostel to recruit workers for the mill. With no other work in sight, we accepted the offer and moved to Wollongong, where my husband worked rotation shifts at the steel mill for about six months. He did not like the job and we decided to move back to Liverpool, where he found work with a transport company. Being used to work in the outdoors, he did not like being in the enclosed work environment of the steel mill.

Soon I discovered that I was pregnant, which made it necessary for us to talk about a name for our unborn child. We decided; if it was a boy we would call him "Kirk" if it is a girl, her name would be "Jessica." On the 28th day of June 1971, our son Kirk was born. He was a strong and healthy boy, weighing in at eight pounds and one ounce, and we were very happy with the new arrival.

In March 1973, we moved from the rented flat in Liverpool, to our new home at Mt. Druitt New South Wales, where we had our first experiences with spirit, giving us the feeling that death was not the end of life. One of our friends suggested we should play with the Ouija Board. We drew up the letters of the alphabet and the numbers from one through to nine on paper, cut them out in small pieces, together with the words yes and no. A circle was formed with the letters, and a drinking glass placed upside down in the middle. All participants then placed one finger of their hand on the glass and one would ask the question; is there anybody there? We did not really know what we were doing, for we could have easily opened a Pandora's Box, anything could have happened.

What we did not know, was prior to the commencement of any circle work or attempts to contact spirit, a prayer asking for protection and help need's to be said as there are many earthbound spirit entities hanging around in the astral plane, just waiting for an opportunity to latch on to an unsuspecting or unprotected and open person. Also one never asks; "Is there anybody there?" Asking for anybody can be a dangerous practice. It is best to leave things alone for the fourth dimension or astral plane is very similar to our dimension, and one never knows, what can come through.

I now realise that what we did was wrong. To start with, some of the people at the table were not sincere, and did not care what was about to or could happen. After several unsuccessful attempts to make contact with spirit, the glass started to move and it became too spooky for some people in the group, so we decided to discontinue with the experiments. However the pull towards spirit was there, we just did not know what to do about it, so we just kept on living with this knowing that there is more to life than just this single lifetime on earth for many more years to come.

Life went on for the next few years without any major events happening. My husband had gone into business for himself, and being a transport man, he was happy in this environment; however a lack of work and consequently a shortage of money coming in caused severe hardship for the family.

First Visit from Germany

During the autumn of 1974, my mother came for the first time from Germany to visit us. I was very happy, for it was good to have her with us. We had a wonderful time and on many occasions we talked about God and belief. My mother firmly believed in God. During one of our conversations I told her, "Somewhere along the line I had lost faith," and my mum respecting my feelings impressed me very much. I have often thought about this issue and have come to the conclusion, that I had not really lost my faith, it was only through my husband and his questioning of the issue of God, that I had lost my way. After realizing what had happened, I was determined to turn him around. My husband did not realize I had started to work on him, and it became a very slow progress that would involve many years.

In November 1976, my parents in law came to visit us for the first time. They stayed with us over the Christmas and New Year period. It was a very hot and sweltering summer, with temperatures soaring to forty-five degrees Celsius, with my father in law suffering greatly under these extreme heat conditions. We celebrated Christmas in our place in the traditional European way with our family and some friends.

Our son Kirk, who was five years old at this time, had been christened on Christmas Eve at the St. Mary's Lutheran Church and Christmas came and went by in a quiet and peaceful way.

On the 30th of December 1976, at 10:30 am a telegram was delivered to our place of residence. It was from my mother in Germany, notifying us that my father had passed away on the 26th of December that year. This news had a devastating effect on me, for I had wished so much to see him one more time. On the 10th of January 1977, we took my husbands parents to Sydney's

Kingsford Smith Airport, where they boarded a Singapore Airlines Jumbo Jet for their return flight to Germany.

The year started off quietly, and with my husband working as a contract carrier, it was a lean time, for business was not very good. The months passed by and there was nothing exciting happening until that faithful day in September, when the postman delivered another telegram. This time it was from my eldest sister Margit!

Heavy heartedly I opened the envelope; the telegram only contained three words, "Mum dead Margit." The loss of my mother only nine months after the passing of my father affected me deeply. I would have loved to go back home to see the rest of my family, but this however was not possible due to our financial situation, which created a great deal of pain for me. At least the remaining three months of the year passed by without any further upheavals.

With Christmas 1977, approaching rapidly, my parents in law invited our daughter over Christmas for a holiday to Germany, so we celebrated the festive season without her. At the beginning of 1978, I noticed that I was pregnant again. If it is a girl, her name would have been Jessica, if it was another boy, we had not yet decided on a name for him.

Around this time I was given a book to read from a friend, titled "Life after Life." It was the first book I read dealing with out of body experiences. It also explained the theory behind life after death. This reinforced the belief in me, which I had already formed, that there is life after the physical death. This new found belief now makes me realize the meaning of my favoured saying, "When I ever come back."

At about this time, I also started talking about reincarnation, making plans for a rich and easy life upon return to earth in a new body. Many people think that the saying "When I ever come back" is an old superstition, for me this is not so! I know because of a deep inner feeling but this may not necessarily relate to other people.

A Difficult Year

End Of Sample