

# Death and Revelation

## A Personal Story

My wonderful wife of forty-two years of marriage passed away in my arms on 27 August 2005 after eight months of treatment for esophageal cancer. Maureen had endured extensive chemo, two regimes of radiation for six weeks each, and had nine separate surgeries. I provided her home care. She was emphatic that she was to be at home as much as possible. Maureen passed away at a very young 59. I was deeply in love with her. I still am.

Maureen and I met at a high school football game when we were just fifteen years old. We immediately bonded. Two years later, at seventeen, I was out of high school and attending a local college. Her parents were getting a divorce. My parents were both suffering from cancer. By mutual agreement, our parents had forbidden us to see one another since we were fifteen. Maureen's family had moved to another city, and she was in a different school district. Both sets of parents were necessarily self-focused now and not paying attention to either of us. We had surreptitiously reunited after locating one another after some months apart. At seventeen we decided to run off and get married. All our friends knew about our relationship. So did our siblings. The only people who did not seem to know that Maureen and I were together were our parents.

It was not legal in those days for a seventeen-year-old boy to get married without a judge's permission, at least in California, so we crossed the border into Mexico. Once married (quite a story in and of itself), we returned home and after a couple of days, got up the nerve to tell our parents. Sometime later, due to pressure from my mother, I would get a judge's permission to marry Maureen legally in California. Shortly thereafter, we had a quiet ceremony in a Baptist church, in Long Beach, California, at 10<sup>th</sup> and Pine.

Turns out Maureen's passion was children. I used to tease her that she must think she was the matriarch of the universe. Over the years we would have eight children together. We adopted another, and thirteen times had foreign exchange students in our home to live with us for a season, sometimes a school year. Ten times from Mexico, two from Japan, one from Brazil. The Mexican kids were all related. Some were repeat visitors for months at a time. The Mexican kids formed life-long bonds with our family, and at last count, 17 of our 27 grandchildren have exchanged to the homes of the grown children living in Mexico that once stayed with us as teenagers. The children of our former Mexican exchange students have all visited and lived for some period with my grown children. The collective of all these grown kids and grandkids are like a large litter of puppies mixed with another of kittens. They come from different cultures and backgrounds but love one another and hang out together as a stitched-together giant family. It's incredibly sweet.

A few weeks after Maureen passed, I was lying on my cemetery plot next to

where Maureen was buried. I know that sounds strange, it was the only time I had done it. In truth it was a bit surreal. Our grown children got together and bought side by side cemetery plots for both Maureen and I just days before her memorial service. The plots were located on a beautiful green hilltop overlooking an equally beautiful valley. It was a stunning gesture of love and concern from the kids, done swiftly at a time when I was basically unable to think clearly. Our children also ordered a rather large tombstone that was prepared for both Maureen and me. I suppose they didn't think I would live much longer after she passed. Truthfully, neither did I. The granite slab extends across the two plots. I'm listed on the tombstone with details. The only thing missing is my death date. By looking at the side-by-side gravesites and the memorial slab extending across them, it would be natural to assume I had died and was already buried there.

It was a lovely late summer day in Oregon. I had not been sleeping well, and was recovering from two recent back surgeries, so unable to stand for any length of time, I simply laid down next to where Maureen's body was now interned. I really didn't think of her as actually being there, but the warmth and beauty of the place had its way with me. There was no one around, so lying on my back, staring skyward, I began talking out loud, as if she was there. I needed her counsel as to how and what I should do without her. I was then faced with serious trials including prosecution from the federal government for my offshore business activities and publicly outing federal officials for abuse of power. I had written one of the very first books regarding the internet, including chapters on the need for a private, audited, digital, gold-backed currency that everyone in the world could access and trust. Since less than 2% of the world population can qualify for a US dollar account, I believed something like this was absolutely needed once the internet became widely accepted. The Secret Service had a very different opinion.

The Secret Service is charged with protecting the presidency, foreign dignitaries and the sanctity of the US dollar. In their minds, my writings and frequent media interviews were a threat to the dollar. They claimed that my plan for private quarterly audited currency, coupled with my barter activities around the world, would undermine the authority of the US dollar. They raided our business offices, seized computers, and surreptitiously broke into my home. In the end, they were unable to prosecute, so they passed the matter on to the SEC to pursue. The SEC decided digital currency should be considered an unregistered security. My primary company was publicly traded, so they had the basis to sue me civilly. They then compiled a file of half-truths and outright lies in a dossier and passed it onto the IRS who charged me criminally. It was all a huge farce driven from within the beltway of Washington DC. Even the senior court justice who handled the charges understood this and called it a travesty of justice in open court. It was all driven by DC bureaucrats that I had earlier outed for federal abuse of power. Weaponized federal agencies took everything I had built over a lifetime of world commerce. They effectively threw me to the ground

and stomped on me, and a son-in-law, and another friend and work associate. Maureen passed away in my arms, amidst all this drama. I was still neck deep in the government's unholy persecution.

About a half-hour into voicing my despair with Maureen whilst lying on my back in the cemetery, she began to reply. Perhaps not out loud, but it was her voice, likely within me. It was wonderful, and of huge comfort. She told me we would be rejoined when it was my time, but I had other work to do while still on earth and I needed to get up and get on with it. She did not tell me what that work was. In retrospect, I imagine it had to do with service to others.

The impact of that powerful contact experience at the cemetery has never left me. It immediately reoriented me. I got up, called my only sibling, a sister in California who I was sure would not ridicule me for telling her what had just happened. I shared my hilltop experience with a couple of my children. It was clear they thought I had lost it. In other words, "Dad thinks he is talking to our dead mom." One even gently asked me if I was taking drugs for depression. I did not mention it further. I probably would have reacted the same way, had I been them.

Skip forward three weeks, or thereabouts. I decided to drive the roughly 2,000 miles to Cabo San Lucas, Mexico, from our home in Oregon, which is essentially on the border with Washington state. Maureen and I had done the exact same drive just weeks before she passed. I literally had lifted and carried her from her sick bed to the car, put her wheelchair in the trunk and drove south. It was a great experience for us both. Getting her out of her sick bed and away from the gray skies and continual rain, was incredibly valuable for both of us. While we were gone, a call from her radiologist announced that Maureen was now cancer free. Twenty-three negative biopsies throughout her body proved it. For a short time, Maureen mentally bounced back and was glowing. It was a very special time.

The day we returned to Oregon, Maureen decided to have extensive and complex surgery that had been recommended to her by a renowned surgeon. Her oncologist was outspokenly opposed to the surgery. As was her radiologist. Maureen had been through way too much already and was not even close to recovering. However, Maureen was emphatic. She wanted the dead cancer tissue out of her. It was her body after all. A determined Maureen had the surgery and endured severe complications. She was in the hospital twice as long as planned. She came home but never recovered. She passed a short time thereafter.

Maureen was sitting up when she took her last breath. I had moved her to a chair that could electrically lift her up to a sitting position. The saline tube, G and J tubes, going into her body, kept sustenance and fluids moving, but without moisture in her mouth she would get overnight infections that were rather horrible. After carefully cleaning her mouth I fed her watermelon, trying to keep her mouth and throat moist. Her breathing was loud. Very loud. She struggled for

every breath. It was to the point of being frightening. I knew it was time. So, as we had earlier planned together, I gave her a blessing of release. It was entirely her choice as to whether to leave or stay. Clearly, that final blessing is exactly what she was waiting for. She never took another breath. It was unnerving hearing her struggle to breathe moment by moment for more than a week. Now, no breath at all. After an immediate short bout of panic, I did as we had agreed and read out loud our favorite scriptural passage of about 30 verses. I held her hands and prayed, choking through the tears. I never saw her spirit leave, but I knew precisely where she was. She was towards the ceiling in the corner of the room watching my sorrow. I was so certain, I even turned and talked to her there.

Within a short time, and as required by local law, because we lived on an 80-acre forested property 17 miles from the closest town, I called the sheriff's department. They told me I had to wait outside the house and not reenter until they got there. I was not to move or change Maureen's position in any way. I did as I was directed. To my surprise, the first person to arrive was a pastor from a church in Sandy, Oregon. He had driven seventeen miles from his church. We sat outside at a table talking and staring at the magnificent view of Mt Hood. It bothered me to leave Maureen's body slumped in an upright chair, but the law declared I stay outside until they said differently. The pastor and I discussed the meaning of life, and although of different Christian persuasions, he was more than welcome. He was thoughtful and very caring. I was deeply grateful for his gesture of goodness.

Now, here I was, a few weeks later, about to retrace our recent Mexico trip. This time I was alone. At least alone until after I reached my sister's house in Long Beach, California, about eight hundred miles away. Desperately wanting to communicate again with Maureen, as I had at the cemetery, I began talking out loud as I left the Mount Hood area in Oregon. I was still pleading, talking, sometimes crying, 12 hours later when I reached the foot of the Grapevine. That's a section of Interstate 5, the winding superhighway that comes up from the flatlands of central California to climb over the coastal mountains before dropping into the Los Angeles basin. I was literally hoarse from talking non-stop, pouring out my heart reviewing our life together, intermittently sobbing, grasping for deeper meaning to our life together.

Maureen's voice came to me. It was unbelievably soothing. This time she, or another provided answers to anything and everything I was asking. It was the most incredible experience one could possibly imagine. For the next 40 minutes or so, as I drove up into and through the coastal mountains, Maureen answered every question I asked. It wasn't always her voice, but it was always incredibly loving and kind. Nothing in my entire life compares with that single experience while driving the Grapevine.

Literally anything I asked, or even thought to question, was answered in the most magnificent way. Answers were immediate including brilliant visuals with

patterns, overlays, and examples of multiple fractals and how everything fits together. The entire universe made perfect sense. It was one amazing Ah Ha, after another. Throughout it all, nothing seemed to disturb my driving. Clearly, driving was on subconscious autopilot, which is probably normal for most of us, much of the time. It became abundantly clear to me that everything was connected. Everything. From the structure of the universe to the plan of our existence to an understanding that we have always lived, and that this life is but one in a series of experiential studies designed for us to learn and grow. This was both amazing and startling.

Although I've always sensed a pre-existent state to our earth life, the huge abundance of life experiences prior to the present was not what I had ever seriously considered. This smacked of reincarnation. I had previously rejected this concept as essentially unchristian. I was aware that there were Biblical scriptures that spoke to our pre-existence. In addition, I had read the Dead Sea scroll translations, the Nag Hammadi transcripts and other Gnostic gospels, where this was a theme in some evidence. I had even written the odd research paper on somewhat related historical subjects.

The short version of what I can share is that there was a fundamental understanding that Maureen and I had been together for a very long time. Our inseparable connection with one another had existed well before this mortal life. Whether on earth or somewhere else, I cannot say. Further, it became obvious to me that **The Purpose of Life is to Evolve**. It seems that our ultimate mission on earth is to become something greater, finer, and of higher vibration than when we arrived. We learn through experience. Our sojourn in this biological life is our current classroom. Eternal progression is the essence of it all. Therefore, life experience is not a one-time deal.

Ultimately, I was only able to retain a cursory grasp of what was revealed. However, it was made obvious that love is the greatest power in the universe, and all of us on the planet are here to evolve, to expand, to become something better. In an evolutionary sense, the concept of good, or right thinking and positive action, "righteousness" is whatever supports life and enhances the movement towards greater enlightenment, perfection, and godliness.

Forgiveness is an act of love. Love over-arches and undergirds all personal evolution. It is the force that includes and governs all others. In the distilled words of Albert Einstein: "Love is light. It enlightens all those that give and receive it. Love is gravity, the attraction between people, and all life forms. Love is power. It multiplies the best we have and allows humanity to not be extinguished in their blind selfishness. Love unfolds and reveals. For love we live and die. Love is of God, and God is Love."

As the contact faded, so did the clarity of almost everything I had just experienced. I became almost desperate to hold on to the revelatory information. Especially the quantum and astrophysics part, which made up a lot of my questions. Whispers of insight remained, but not entire concepts. And, although I

have never shared this experience with others in writing, I did incorporate some of what I was able to retain in a 2010 book titled, "It's All Thought! The Science, Psychology, and Spirituality of Happiness." I did not mention this deeply inspirational event that began to change my focus, nor did I mention reincarnation or anything close to it. Social pressure was simply too strong to dabble in the mysteries. I received many Book Show awards for this book, due to my sister's submissions. If I were inclined to update it, I would rewrite much of the science presented in the book considering how far we've come since then. I might even muster the courage to write about past lives. There are so many incredible sources of information flowing into public forums these days. It's simply AMAZING.

I was both thrilled and disappointed as the incredible communication wound down. Thrilled at the most powerful experience of a lifetime. Deeply disappointed to lose the link and the source of all that amazing insight. However, amongst a host of other things that I gleaned from the experience: I no longer fear death. Death is merely a transition. We've heard it before. I am certain it is true.

I arrived at my sister's home about two hours later. I was ecstatic and blurted out the entire experience in as much detail as I could recall. She was super supportive! A highly educated woman of considerable accomplishment, a professor and author of numerous books, (26 books at last count), what is not widely known is that my sister is a spiritual sensitive. My only sibling, Sherry, or Dr. S. L. Meinberg, as the world knows her, is seven years my senior. I have been aware of her unusual focus since we were children. Sherry has fed me unusual books since I was very young. I was encouraged to read everything from the nine volumes of Lopsang Rama and the Tibetan High Lamaseries, to the more traditional five volumes of the Masters of the Far East, then multiple books on Buddhism, the Bhagavad Gita, elements of the Vedas, English renditions of the Upanishads, Paramahansa Yogananda, Zen, Astral Projection, the Bible, (multiple times), the Quran, Kabbalah, and over a hundred translations of early Christian writings, such as the Testaments of the Patriarchs, and finally, the Book of Mormon, Pearl of Great Price, Book of Abraham, Edgar Casey, David Hawkins, etc.

My sister and I share a common love of both books and spirituality. We had gone different ways in religious practice but maintained strong ties and withheld judgment on each other's approaches to spirituality. Our father was an atheist. Our mother, a Protestant Christian. My sister was what I once described as being more of an Eastern Occultist, whereas I was closer to being a fundamental Christian with more expansive views.

The very next day, Sherry decided it was time she took me to meet some others of her ilk that were holding a meeting at a Lutheran church. The pastor's unique ability was to communicate with those who had passed on. I was wholly unprepared for these gifted people, due primarily to my personal prejudice, skepticism, and religious training. Although the offer had been made before, it

was an issue of trust. The problem is in thinking they were a bunch of weirdos that were into borderline mysticism.

Sherry arranged for me to meet with four spiritualists at the Lutheran church. Each meeting was to be for thirty minutes in duration. Each of these gifted individuals had different specific sensitivities. Everyone was incredibly kind. The last interaction was with the Lutheran pastor himself. His session was simply beyond anything I ever imagined possible. The encounter was humbling, a result of my prior personal hubris and false sense of knowledge. The totality of it all was pivotal in my subsequent thinking. At the time, these sessions raised more questions in my mind than they answered. Evidently, it was too much, too soon, given my religious convictions. Later, I would struggle to integrate what I believed was true with what I had undergone. Given the depth of my response, and how it conflicted with what I previously assumed was true, it seemed unwise to share my revelatory encounters with anyone. Only my sister was aware of what had happened. Even good friends and family were not prepared to hear about what I had learned. And I was still not sure how to integrate it for myself. This took time. A lot of time.

It's now been many years since my sweetheart passed. I live in Cabo San Lucas, Mexico. I talk to Maureen every day. If she is responding, I am usually not getting it. I sometimes have impressions, but I surmise there are just too many distractions in our day-to-day biological life here on planet earth to maintain the connective bond and higher vibrational frequency needed to communicate with a loved one on the other side. I yearn for an interactive connection. But apparently not enough to invest the time and focus to reestablish that depth of connection. Yes, I meditate sometimes. It is calming, but my huge consumption of caffeine coupled with an active work schedule likely interrupts the quiet communication I might otherwise receive. Nevertheless, I am extremely thankful for the powerful and personal revelation I was able to have. It is still more real to me than anything I have experienced in the living of life. Thankfully I have retained a clarity of life's purpose, and this has changed my views in many ways.

On a personal level, I am still me, but a softer, gentler, and less judgmental me. I see things differently, much more as an integrated whole, where what it takes to be happy is primarily the fundamental decision to be that way, notwithstanding the stressors and distractions of everyday life. The fact is, we decide how to feel. I grasp this principle but must remind myself of it all too frequently. Curiously, in my late seventies I have no pain. I've dealt with bodily pain most of my adult life. Now, it's all gone. My only physical complaint is allergies. Notwithstanding an occasional inclination to slow down and smell the flowers, work still calls me. I charter yachts for both private and shared tours. On balance, I feel incredibly blessed. Life is good. Very good. Eventually, we figure out that love, compassion, and forgiveness, resolve most of our struggles. I'm still here, so I must have more lessons to learn.

Love, Terry

