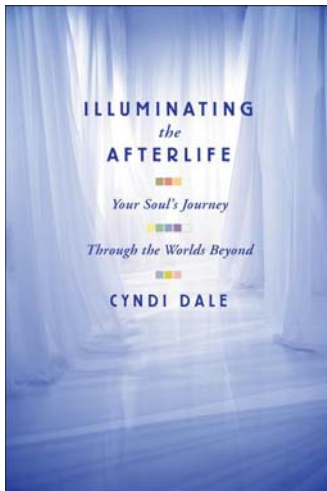




CYNDI DALE



**ILLUMINATING THE
AFTERLIFE**
**Your Soul's Journey
Through the Worlds
Beyond**

Hardcover
5 ½" x 8 ¼" / 256 pages
ISBN 978-1-59179-944-3
U.S. \$21.95 / MAY 2008

Illuminating the Afterlife **About the Author: Cyndi Dale**

Cyndi Dale is an internationally renowned author, speaker, intuitive healer, and visionary. She is also president of Life Systems Services, a corporation that offers intuitive-based healing, destiny coaching, and corporate consulting. Dale is the author of six books, including *New Chakra Healing* (Llewellyn, 2002), currently in its tenth printing and translated into nine languages. She resides in Minneapolis, Minnesota.



Cyndi's Story (from the *Introduction*)

"I am psychic. I was raised in a 'normal' family, one that worshipped in the Lutheran Church on Sundays. Psychics were not accepted in a normal world like this. I saw colors around people, which I have come to learn are the chakras and auric fields, energy bands that manage and explain our personalities. I heard ghosts, often awakening in the night to converse with the various deceased people who walked around in our house.

My parents were surprised, and disconcerted, when I knew that one of my grandmothers had died before they told me; she had already visited me, saying her good-byes. I had tea parties with angels, their great white wings dipping into my invisible tea and knocking over the real-life sugar cookies. And I lay awake at night listening to the singing of the wind fairies.

As my parents tried to discourage me from being "overimaginative," I began to wonder why I could see and hear things that they could not. And, as children often do, I decided that it must be because there was something wrong with me. I did my best to inhibit my curiosity, to close down. But then I attended my first funeral.

I was in third grade, and it was the funeral of my parents' friend Jean. Her body lay in an open casket. She wore a light blue suit and a lot of makeup. I thought she looked awfully still, so I touched her cheek to see if she would respond. She didn't move, and I started to cry. There was no one in this body!

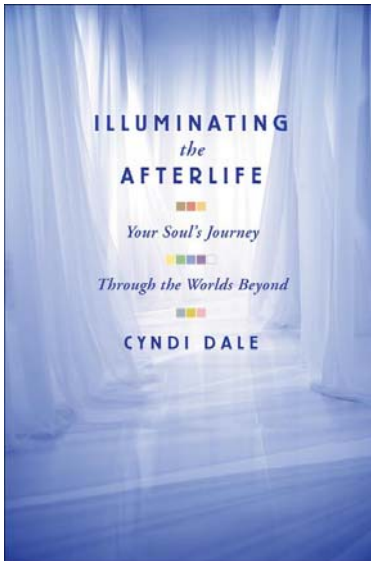
"She's dead, Cyndi," my mother whispered. I asked what that meant. "She has gone to heaven to live with God."

"What is she doing in heaven?" I asked. I had always had many questions; maybe this was the time to get some answers.

"She is singing with the angels," my mother explained, seeming satisfied with her answer.

Two thoughts crossed my mind. First, if heaven was all about angels singing, I was not sure I wanted to go there. As a blue-eyed blonde, I was always chosen to represent the angelic realm in plays at school and church. I hated to sing, and I hated angel costumes. Ultimately, being good seemed boring to me, and I thought that if Jean and everyone else were going to go to heaven, I would prefer to go to the other place I'd heard about.

The second thought was that my mother had not been correctly informed as



**ILLUMINATING THE
AFTERLIFE**
*Your Soul's Journey
Through the Worlds Beyond*
Cyndi Dale

Hardcover

5 ½" x 8 ¼" / 256 pages
ISBN 978-1-59179-944-3
U.S. \$21.95 / MAY 2008

“Dying activates this very specific transformation within the body, mind, and soul. But at this point, it’s a little late to bring the learning into your life. Why not, then, embrace the light—the lessons of the Planes of Light—while you are alive? If you do, not only will you not die when you die, but you will be fully alive while you live. “

– Cyndi Dale

to Jean’s whereabouts. Jean was certainly not lying in the coffin—that body was empty—but neither was she floating around in some remote heaven. In fact, I could see her in the pastor’s pulpit!

This was the real Jean, and she looked younger than the artificial Jean in the coffin. Without the horrible, yellowish makeup she appeared vibrant. She was barefoot and looking comfortable in an ethereal spring-green dress. I could hear her faintly; she seemed to be delivering her own sermon, about love and forgiveness. Every so often she would wave her hand and golden light would spill out, float to the floor, and swirl around the feet of those gathered to mark her passing. I wanted to talk to her and began moving toward the pulpit, but my mother dragged me back to my seat.

After the funeral I started to learn everything I could about death. I conducted in-depth conversations with some of the ghosts in the house. I read the Bible—three times, in fact, before the fifth grade—trying to find out what really happens to us when we die. It was full of stories about the afterlife, spirits, and psychic visitations. In Sunday school I learned that Ezekiel was taken up into the heavens, and so was the Apostle Paul. Elijah ascended—without dying. Jesus rose from the dead. Saul talked to a dead spirit, Joseph received dreams and did divination, and Samuel prayed and was answered by angels. Mary was instructed by an angel. People healed one another through prayer and the laying on of hands.

The notion of a single heaven and a coming Judgment Day just didn’t make sense to me. I was certain that I was not being told the truth about the worlds inhabited by spirits, and other aspects of death.

Since those early years, I’ve had countless experiences with spirits and the world of the afterlife. I have met people who have had near-death experiences and have lived to tell them. In client sessions, I have been honored to receive images or words from souls who have died to pass along to loved ones. In this book, I want to offer the fruit of all my experiences and continued research and describe to you the after-death life.

CONTACT: **Beverly Yates**
303-665-3151 ext. 153
publicity@soundstrue.com

Sounds True
413 South Arthur Avenue / Louisville, CO / 80027
www.soundstrue.com