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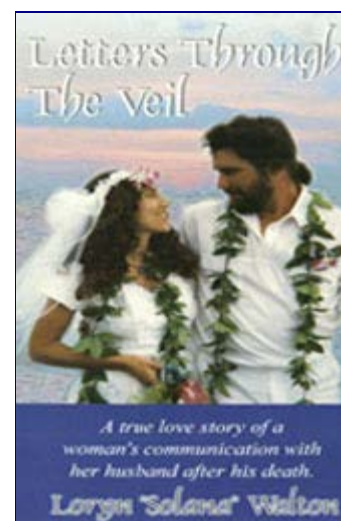


## *A READER'S JOURNAL*

**Letters Through the Veil**  
**A true love story of a woman's**  
**communication with her husband after his**  
**death**

by  
**Loryn 'Solana' Walton**

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Losing a loved one is tragic at any point in one's life, but three weeks after marriage it is heartbreaking. Shown in the wedding photo, the author's husband was only thirty-three and died of a heart attack quite suddenly. This book is Solana's story of coping with the trauma, surviving alone, and thriving afterwards. But in a very real sense, following her beloved husband's death, she was not alone.

**[page 1] In the middle of the night after his death, I woke up hearing his voice in my head. He was singing the words of our wedding song to me. He continued to comfort me all through the night. I felt his presence whenever I was alone.**

Our usage of the word *death* glosses over the fact of our survival in the spiritual world and leads to the usage of *transited* instead of *died* to talk about the loss of a loved one. The word *transited* reminds us that we are immortal beings who have come into physical form on the Earth for a time, from which we transit back into the spiritual world in spiritual form at later time. The process of death is the flip side of birth, but unfortunately while we can say *dying*", we have no equivalent verb form for birth, as *birthing* refers to someone assisting with the process of birth or the mother giving birth and the word is used an adjective. So there is no verb form from the perspective of the one being born, which allows us to talk about birth as we do death, up until now. But it is clear that we both *birth* and *die*, is it not?

Life is a puzzle with an enigma at both ends. And the puzzle and two enigmas will remain until we understand that the spiritual world experiences our birth as a death, just as our material world experiences our death. In other words, we leave the spiritual world at birth, just as we leave the physical world at death, both are transitions into each other. We live in the physical world during our time between birth and a new death, just as we live in the spiritual world during our time between death and a new birth. While this will seem strange to many ears hearing these words for the first time, as a scientist, the symmetry of these two descriptions is compelling.

Perhaps if we looked at it this way: We start work at a new job, and the first words we hear from our companions at the new job are, "Where did you work before?" If we were given an amnesia drug as part of our severance package for each job, our answer would be, "This is my first job." or "I don't know." So far as we know, we would consider this our first job, and our last job. One shot, at one job, and we're done forever. But it's not that way with jobs, is it? We can move to new jobs and can tell others where we worked before. We are hired by employers who expect us to use the experience we had at other jobs to do

our current job. With each new job, our abilities increase, and we are given bigger jobs to do. Our friends at our previous job are sad, because we may be moving across the country or to a distant city where they won't see us again, but they are comforted to know that we are available for us to talk to over the phone or write letters to.

Some people leave one job, perhaps voluntarily or perhaps via a lay-off, and they spend a lot of time without a job. What do they do? They can try-on other work activities while they decide what they want to do for their next job. Seen from the job market, these so-called idle times when one is not working appear wasted. But anyone who has gone through such an out-of-work time will likely admit that when they went back to work, it was in a new job with a new attitude, and they felt rejuvenated. So, the dead space in one's job history, as seen from a résumé, can be a lively time of growth and learning which prepares one for a new job.

In the author's case, her husband, Rock, transited to the spiritual world and remained in distant contact with her, helping both of them immensely to cope with their mutual loss. The author's self-stated goal was "not to prove the truth of life after death" but instead to speak of what helped her.

**[page 2] Mine is a love story, a self-help book, a journal, and, through an introduction to metaphysical concepts, a glimpse into the greater mysteries of existence.**

About a year after Rock's transition, Solana began writing her first letter to him. In it she dealt with her shock over his sudden death. The doctor was cold and unfeeling and ordered her to leave the room, and she refused, saying, "I will sit right here outside his room. As long as you're still working on him I need to stay close and keep praying." In another letter, she recalled getting into bed and crying out for help.

**[page 26, 27] First after climbing into bed I remember crying out for help and asking the angels to be with me. I was feeling such extreme emptiness in my heart. I called out for some relief from this depth of pain piercing my heart. I immediately felt a loving energy come and comfort me. It was as if a huge wing of love came and enveloped me until I finally fell asleep.**

Each of us has a Guardian Angel who follows us around like an agent follows around a movie star from job to job, only our angel follows us around from life to life. Whenever we call for help, our agent angel will come to our rescue, rarely seen, and often the agent-angel's deeds are also unseen and thus unattributed and unappreciated. Something good *just happens*, and we say it was a lucky thing that it did. But direct intervention such as the author received was felt immediately by her like a *huge wing of love*; the very metaphor she uses reveals why angels are so often depicted as having wings. Obviously angels, as spiritual beings do not require wings for motion, but people over the ages have had similar experiences after asking for help, and thus wings have become part of our understanding of angels.

On the day my mother died, I had picked up my dad and took him with me to a stockholder's meeting downtown. Mom had gotten her hair done that morning, but it pained me to look in her eyes so much that when she took a photo of me and Dad with my camera, at my request, that photo came out with my eyes closed. I spent that morning with the first two people I knew in this lifetime, my nuclear family, as I was the oldest child. This was the last day the three of us were together in the flesh. That day she spent alone at home, but she called all her sisters -- she was one of ten girls and seven of them were still alive, living a long-distance phone call away. Mother hated to pay for long-distance phone calls, but on this day, she called and talked to each of them, as we found out later. Looking back, it seemed as if she were calling them to say goodbye.

A similar thing happened to the author and her husband in the three weeks leading up to his sudden death.

**[page 31, 32] Just within three weeks we had met about fifty new people through the firewalk, sweat lodge, and the energy healing night. They were all shocked how one minute you had become a new friend to them, and the next minute you were gone. It**

**really seems to me that those last three weeks of your life were like a huge, long going away party. And how strange it seemed that you had reconnected shortly with some old friends that had ended up being a goodbye for you.**

A time eventually came when writing letters to her departed husband that Solana began to hear him communicating back to her. Here is one of the first replies she received (marked in *italics*). Bear, as she calls him, elaborates an important truth which I call [EAT-O-TWIST](#) for Everything Always Turns Out The Way It's Supposed To, where supposing is what you do when you think of possible future realities. What you suppose eventually becomes a reality.

**[page 58] *It's never a waste to create beautiful, purposeful thoughts even if they don't physically manifest. Everything you think does get created at some level. So, watching your thoughts is important, if you want to consciously know what energy you're putting out into the universe.***

There is a tradition in Greek and Shakespearean tragedies where the blind man can see what is oblivious to the sighted man; consider the plays *Oedipus Rex* and *King Lear* as prime examples. The spiritual world is all around us, but in this stage of human evolution, most of us are unable to see it, so we wander like blind men through the spiritual world. But with our feelings we have direct access to the spiritual world, and it is through feelings that the blind are able to see what the sighted cannot; feelings provide insight into the spiritual world. Bear explains it this way, referring to seeing as what happens in our conscious mind, and feeling as what happens in our heart:

**[page 67, 68] *There is mystery about human life that is meant to be there. Everything is not meant to be understood with the conscious mind. The conscious mind is not always capable of moving into that understanding. Some things are meant to be felt by the heart, and allow the mind to rest by knowing it's okay to accept the mystery of life. If there is a time when the mystery is to be revealed to you, then it will be when the timing is right.***

The time came for Solana as she walked through the airport after her week of meditation in Delphi, feeling "glowing and beaming with love and light" as if "walking on clouds". Then she experienced a chance to feel sorry for someone and something happened to her.

**[page 70] The most profound part that remains strongly in my memory today is when I saw a black man around the age of 60 sleeping in one of the chairs in the airport. I could sense my first reaction would be to think he was a bum living in the streets. I then had a vision where I saw his soul as being this beautiful being that had purposely chosen to live his life in this manner. I could see he was choosing some particular life experiences for his soul. My whole viewpoint changed and I saw him as someone to be honored for his decision rather than judged for his way of living.**

In other words, she saw the man, not as a victim of circumstances, but as an immortal being on a journey of exploration, on a journey worthy of being honored. Later she shares her understanding that there are no innocent victims to be pitied or felt sorry, but rather to be respected for their life's journey.

**[page 141, 142] It takes a lot of strength to be able to stand by and support someone. I want to give compassion without allowing their feelings to bring me down. I need to stay strong and centered and not feel sorry for them. There is no need to feel sorry for anyone. There are no victims in this world. All experiences, even those that seem bad, are in some way beneficial, but seldom clear in the moment.**

What is frustration? The author writes on page 168, "Frustration always shows up when I do not use my energies to create my life." To my mind, frustration is when your illusion of *the way things are* does not match your illusion of *the way things ought to be*. Rightly understood, one has complete control over one's frustration because one need only change one's illusions. Imagine a control knob which allows you

move your illusion of the way thing ought to be until it matches your illusion of the way things are. Your frustration will be gone! With the disabling effects of the negative emotion, frustration, out of the way, you can devote your attention to supposing how you would like things to turn out and thus set the positive emotion of EAT-O-TWIST into motion to create that new reality.

Our thoughts create elementals, primitive spiritual beings, which can directly affect other people. Solana comes to this conclusion after a demonstration done on her during a Silva Mind class.

**[page 197] It is important that we realize that when we are angry at people we are actually shooting hurtful energy at them and possibly weakening them.**

Her departed husband has become a guide for Solana through her letter-writing process, as she wrote to him and then listened to his replies and wrote them down. Let us read the last of his letters to her.

***[page 280] We will continue to work together in different ways throughout the rest of your life on earth, which includes more writing at another time period as you continue on with your other life experiences. I am one of your guides and am grateful for this opportunity to be able to watch over you. You're safe in the world, dear one, and I am with you.***

This book is a testament to the author's courage and fortitude in pulling herself through the depths of despair after her beloved husband died so soon after their marriage. Was she communicating with him, or with her idea of him? It's not possible to know for sure, but clearly this book will help others get through the loss of a loved one. That makes this book valuable for her, to have written it, and valuable for others to be able to read it.

