


1. Greetings!
2. In John's Words
3. Letters
4. Stories, Articles, Poems
5. Readers' Experiences
6. Angel Connections
7. Earth Rhythms
8. Communication from John
9. Choices in Action

You are where the stars are shining
You are where the rainbow ends
You are why the war is over
You are how the peace begins

Whisper the wind over the water
Whisper the wind all through the night
Whisper the wind along the canyon
Whisper the wind into the light

Whisper the wind brothers and sisters
Whisper the wind all the same
Whisper the wind love one another
Whisper the wind Your precious name
From Foxfire Suite by John Denver

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GREETINGS

Hi Friends,

It is unbelievable all the things that are happening lately. John's energy seems stronger than ever. He continues to bring his lightworkers together, and the pace of the connections is really picking up! Just recently, two new friends of mine have been "initiated" so-to-speak into this wonderful spiritual family. Whether or not they will choose this path remains to be seen, but the potential is certainly there. They are experiencing some of the situations and coincidences that many of us are familiar with, and maybe they will allow their stories to be told in a future issue! I have also connected with some other JD fans and family members who share my beliefs and experiences regarding John working with us from the other side. Margit Voell submitted this website that has some information on what is happening on Earth that is compatible with John's messages, and with all that's been happening. Here is a small excerpt from it:

From "The Kireal Shift Reports"

In the year 2000, many will enter the realm of the Light Workers and a positive essence will have begun to permeate the Inner Light of Mother Earth. Through the electronic media, such as the Internet, little gatherings are starting to create waves of energy throughout the Earth plane. In the year 2000, many of these little groups will join together and realize the beauty of "The Shift." Like the ripple effect of a pebble in a brook, the Light will continue to amass the people. They will come from afar, my friends, and you will not be able to distinguish these people by the color of their skin or by the shape of their eyes. And although they will speak in many different languages, they will have one thing in common: They will recognize the need to awaken the healing Light within. They will know that in preparing to move to the next journey (Fourth Dimension), they must be willing to exist in the harmony of the Creator. The one ultimate understanding will be that no one has a God better than someone else, and that all the wars fought to prove these old belief systems must come to an end.

Speaking of John's messages, I have added a section entitled "Communication from John" due to the fact that a number of people around the world have been receiving information from him. I believe John's stance on this is that when one of us has an experience of communication from him, that experience is meant for everybody, or more appropriately-for our "body of one"-our family. So in this way, these communications can be passed on and shared for us all to benefit from. It will include some past as well as recent messages from our dear brother. I know that all-in-all there is a lot of heavy material here, but I guess John feels that we're ready for it cuz he's the one who helps me orchestrate this! I have omitted for now the sections Song Discussion, Meditations, and Good Readings; however I will definitely want to discuss sometime in the future the book I mentioned in the last issue, because there are some amazing similarities in ours and the author's experiences, and it has provided some answers for me as to what happens after we die, and how some souls are able to continue their relationships with those still alive in the body.

I also found something very interesting having to do with the number 27, called "Focus 27," which I have also included in this newsletter.

And how's this for JD synchronicity? Tuesday my husband Lance had to get his arm reset from his dislocated shoulder that happened back in February. The suite number he had to go to at the medical center was 270. I joked with him before going in that maybe there wasn't a Suite 270-like no 27th floor in the movie "Oh God." He went into the operating room at exactly 10:12. While he was in there, the receptionist got on the intercom to page somebody. She said, "George Burns, you have a phone call." I had to laugh! Then when I went to fill Lance's prescription at the pharmacy there, my change was \$3.55. And he was discharged to go home at 12:43. Needless to say, it all went well!

The following is an excerpt from a letter written by John to his World Family. Some of what he says I feel could very easily be what he would say to us, even now, seven years later, from spirit. And on that note I will wrap it up, as you have enough to read as it is!

Peace,

Eileen/Hummingbird

IN JOHN'S WORDS

From a letter John sent out on March 23, 1993:

* * * * *

Dear Fans and Friends:

I just had a flash in my mind's eye of some of you picking yourselves up off the floor in a mild state of shock at receiving a somewhat personal communication from me after all this time. This is probably more likely the case for those who have been actively involved in the various JD clubs around the world than for those who follow my work from a polite distance. In any case my apologies for staying so distant and out of touch for so very long. This is an attempt to make amends for the past, to clarify (at least from my perspective) the present, and to give some sense of positivity and possibility to the future.

Let me say from the very beginning how very, very much I appreciate your interest and your support over all these years. I may not have said so before, but I want you to know it means the world to me.

I have never been a strong believer in the formal organization of groups, the purpose of which is primarily to report on the public and private goings-on in an individual's life. I must, however, admit that when these organizations go beyond that to become a further expression of that individual, what he or she might stand for and believe in, and in the process find ways to work actively together to make a positive difference in their community and in the world, as a reflection of that artist and his work, these organizations can become very valuable. In fact, the partnership that is created and the subsequent opportunities that go along with that and their potential for a positive impact on the world is immeasurable. It is because of that I am most grateful to you for what you have done with, and for each other, in my name.

As most of you probably know, I have been going through rather difficult times. These events in my personal and professional life have been emotionally draining and incredibly frustrating. To say the least, they have been an enormous distraction to me and have gotten in the way of my being able to work and perform at the level that I want to. Within that it seems that I have had to work harder and harder as these situations have become more and more intense. As a result, and because of my desire to come to terms with these circumstances in my life, I have chosen to minimize my activities so that I can reflect on where I am, how I got here, and what I really want to do with the rest of my life. This cessation of work in no way negates my commitment to my music, to you, to The Windstar Foundation, or to a better quality of life for all living things. Quite the opposite. What I am doing at this time is the best thing that I can do to support making any kind of positive contribution to the things we all care about in the future. Also, I am still planning to participate in the Windstar Choices Future Symposium in Aspen this summer.

Already I have realized several things. On one hand it feels like I have been on the road since 1964, and I need to make a break in that pattern. It seems that with the enormous opportunities that have

been presented to me, I have tried to do too much too often and have spread myself way too thin. Whenever that has occurred, I have not been as effective as I would like to be in the areas that are most important to me.

As I grow older (and I still look forward to growing old), I no longer have the time, the talent, or the energy to live in this way. It also occurs to me that what I have created in my life is now running my life. I cannot allow this to continue.

Consequently, I am pulling back. I want to get back to ground zero. To find out really who I am, and how I want to live and again to determine what it is I really want to do with my life in the future. This is exciting, a little scary, certainly long overdue. I will make an attempt to keep you posted as to how things progress and what I expect to be doing.

Once again, I appreciate your love and support more than I can say. I am grateful for the gift you are in my life, and I look forward to singing for you once again.

Peace!
John Denver

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LETTERS

Dear Eileen,

Last week I received two Spirit Newsletters from a friend, # 4 and 1. He didn't have # 2 and 3 and since I enjoyed reading the other ones so much, I don't want to miss these !!! So, here I am .... begging .... pleading .... ;o) ... I also asked him to send me your email address, and I'm happy he did.

I'm Adriana de Jong from the Hague, Holland, Europe. My life has been totally changed since John's death, and there have been several experiences I'd like to share with you.

I was so happy to read you experience him close in your life and even are able to let him guide you in your life. I've been searching for this since his death, for I feel him near, but also experience from my side too many limitations to be open for him, and I'm aware there are many things I still have to learn and solve. I also feel he is very patient, and tries to 'get through' any chance he gets! :o)

Your 4th letter was the first I received and was like coming home ... The items were not new for me ... they had passed my thoughts, dreams and hopes already through these last years. I've been dreaming about starting a center like Windstar where all the items John was busy with / interested in would be discussed and planned and learned to practice in life. I've become active in Attitudinal Healing, A Course in Miracles and The Hunger Project. But I also became sick ... RSI ... and I have to be careful with my greatest love and possibilities : my computer and email activities. Neither had/have I strength to be really active ... I'm very tired throughout the day ...so at the moment I have to be extremely patient with myself ...- very difficult, there's too much in my head that I would like to work on - .....and wait and pray for better days. Well, in the meantime there's time to think and learn and I spent my time reading books... feeling John teaching me all the time !

I feel so affirmed reading your Newsletters .... I'm not alone ! There are others, too ... I'm convinced this is what John wants me to know !And boy, do I want to be involved with all of you ... and read your stories and experiences ... like pieces falling on it's place ! How much I would like to help you with all your JD plans ... if health and strength will be back again ... !!!

Thank you very much, I hope you have time to write me ? I'll be looking forward to it ! And I hope we're able to work together in the future ... with the things John were busy with ... !

Peace,  
Adriana de Jong

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"I know that life goes on just perfectly..."

Hi Eileen!

I just got an e-mail from a high school buddy of mine. We had been writing back and forth for over a year now. I finally got enough nerve in my last letter to her to fill her in on some small things that have been going on with John. Actually I never mentioned John by name because she isn't a fan and I don't want her to think I am crazy. I have been trying to help her deal with the death of her father. He died three years ago and she's still having a rough time with it at times.

Anyway, I finally got up the nerve to tell her that his spirit is still around her, watching over her and communicating with her in ways that she would recognize if she allows herself to become aware of it, open to it.

Well, she just wrote back and told me that her dad really loved hawks and since I wrote she's been seeing hawks at the oddest times and places, places she has never seen them before. She said that a Cooper's hawk was sitting in their sugar maple tree, facing the house for long periods of time. She had never seen one there before. And there have been times when she was thinking of her dad and suddenly a hawk will appear, close range. She said she can't explain it, but there is something different about these birds and that they brought a peaceful feeling. Neat! Huh??

I just think it's neat when others have these experiences with other spirits. Makes me think that perhaps I'm not crazy after all. Just wanted to pass that along!

Peace,

Pat

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Hi Eileen,

I received your beautiful newsletters via Adriana de Jong. I think that sharing of experiences is a good way to continue in the process of learning.

As a staff member of The World of John Denver, here in the Netherlands, I would like to ask you if you could put me on your mailing list as well. We try to publish a newsletter 6 times a year with information. My goal is to give people more, than just information about John. This exploring spirituality is a warm welcome to me, since I try to encourage people to not being afraid, but to love, for a long time now....I try to do that in my profession as a practitioner of Classical Homeopathy, where I love it to use some of John's words as encouragement and I also try to do it in our club, where people sometimes don't agree with one another and argue. I think that John has taught us so much and that it is now up to us to practice...

Your newsletters encouraged me to share some of my experiences with you and I think that by sharing, I go on in the process of healing.

As a small child I always wondered what I was doing here, on earth. I tried some acrobatic tricks on the 9th floor of our apartment building walking on the outside of the fence, together with my little brother Ron (yes, my brother is also called Ron) until my parents, scared to death, decided that it was time to move to another house. We moved houses a lot, in my childhood. I asked many questions but no one could give me answers and I had to search myself. I felt different and even looked different with brown eyes and blonde hair. In those times one could not say that that was lovely for a little girl, but instead they told me that I did not wash my eyes. It made me feel sad, like I had done something wrong. And who on earth was named Jolly? I did so much my best to please people.

I was 23 years old in 1978 when I went to my first John Denver concert in Amsterdam, with a colleague. It opened my eyes and my heart to see someone who was like me, and more. He had the

courage to sing about his thoughts and doubts. Time passed and I needed to become a member of the fan club, to not miss anymore concerts. I did not like the word fan club, but, well, it turned out to be the best thing that I did. This world of JD accepts people from all ages and education, without asking or judging. And that is unique. This made me want to become a staff member.

A lot of things happened in my personal life, not just happy things and in all those 22 years it was always John's music and lyrics that I heard and felt when I needed it. I met John before and after concerts from 1994 and on and I felt so much at ease, while others were nervous and did not want to give him an album, a magazine or whatever. In fact, I do not remember anyone else that I felt so much at ease with, from the very first day that I met him personally. I also knew, from that very first day, that one day I had to do a lot, when John would pass away. I just knew that.

We had our Denver day in September of 1997 and the last prize in the lottery was one of John's plectrums, used in England in spring of that year, framed with a photo. I won that beautiful prize, but thought that I should give it back, since I am a staff member, etc., but a voice in my head told me clearly: "No, you have to keep this one, it is for you, you must receive it".

One month later was the tragic accident. I was in shock when I did 2 TV and 5 radio interviews, and some for newspapers. I was not nervous, had no emotions. They came only one year later, on the Windstar land, during the JD meadowland celebration...

Some six weeks after John's death, my mother in law, astrologist, explained me about the accident and also explained John's birth horoscope. She wanted to do this, because she knew that it was important. During those two hours I got colder and colder and I could hardly talk or move and some more strange mystical things happened in the following hours. It was both wonderful and scary, since I ended up thinking that I know that we are all from one and the same source, and how could this happen?

Sometime later I went shopping in Amsterdam, made an appointment with my 18-year old daughter to meet during the day (cell phones are handy) and when I stepped out of Central Station I felt someone's presence on my right, with hat, who led me to a big warehouse, to the top floor, where the bookstore is. I had to move my hand to a blue book, picked it up and it felt open on the right page. Here were all the answers that I needed... I was not crazy. What I had experienced is possible. That day I felt so much fun, so much relief. Since that day, I never shop alone in Amsterdam. John loved Amsterdam.

'I came looking for the answers...' Well, 'it amazes me', that I am so open, but it feels good.

Peace to you, Eileen. You do a very good job reaching for higher ground.

Love,

Jolly Determann (JD)

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### **STORIES, ARTICLES, POEMS**

JUDGEMENT (I think John would have loved this story!)

There was an old man in a village, very poor, but even kings were jealous of him because he had a beautiful white horse. Kings offered fabulous prices for the horse, but the man would say, "This horse is not a horse to me, he is a person. And how can you sell a person, a friend?" The man was poor, but he never sold the horse.

One morning, he found that the horse was not in the stable. The whole village gathered and they said, "You foolish old man! We knew that someday the horse would be stolen. It would have been better to sell it. What a misfortune!"

The old man said, "Don't go so far as to say that. Simply say that the horse is not in the stable. This is the fact: everything else is a judgment. Whether it is a misfortune or a blessing I don't know, because this is just a fragment. Who knows what is going to follow it?"

People laughed at the old man. They had always known that he was a little crazy. But after fifteen days, suddenly one night the horse returned. He had not been stolen; he had escaped into the world. And not only that, he brought a dozen wild horses with him.

Again the people gathered and they said, "Old man, you were right. This was not a misfortune, it has indeed proved to be a blessing."

The old man said, "Again you are going too far. Just say that the horse is back. Who knows whether it is a blessing or not? It is only a fragment. You read a single word in a sentence - how can you judge the whole book?"

This time the people could not say much, but inside they knew that he was wrong. Twelve beautiful horses had come.

The old man had an only son who started to train the wild horses. Just a week later he fell from a horse and his legs were broken. The people gathered again and again they judged. They said, "Again you proved right! It was misfortune. Your only son has lost the use of his legs, and in your old age he was your only support. Now you are poorer than ever."

The old man said, "You are obsessed with judgment. Don't go that far. Say only my son has broken his legs. Nobody knows whether this is a misfortune or a blessing. Life comes in fragments and more is never given to you."

It happened that after a few weeks the country went to war and all the young men of the town were forcibly taken for military. Only the old man's son was left, because he was crippled. The whole town was crying and weeping, because it was a losing fight and they knew most of the young people would never come back. They came to the old man and they said, "You were right, old man - this has proved a blessing. Maybe your son is crippled, but he is still with you. Our sons are gone forever."

The old man said again, "You go on and on judging. Nobody knows! Only say this, that your sons have been forced to enter into the army and my son has not been forced. But only God, the total, knows whether it is a blessing or a misfortune."

Judge yea not, otherwise you will never become one with the total. With fragments you will jump to conclusions. Once you judge you have stopped growing. Judgment means a stale state of mind. And mind always wants judgment, because to be in process is always hazardous and uncomfortable. In fact, the journey never ends. One path ends, another begins: one door closes, another opens. You reach a peak; a higher peak is always there. God is an endless journey. Only those who are so courageous that they don't bother about the goal but are content with the journey, content just to live the moment and grow into it, only those are able to walk with the total.

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## FOCUS 27

Focus 27 is the Afterlife area of greatest free will choice for its inhabitants. It's an area created by humans and often resembles physical earth environments. Contact and communication is open between all inhabitants. Many people living in Focus 27 provide assistance to new arrivals in their adjustment to living in the Afterlife. It is a highly organized and structured area. There are Centers of activity here providing for the needs of human beings in their continuing development in the Afterlife. In my explorations, I've found Centers for: Education, Life Review, Health and Rejuvenation, Planning,

Scheduling, Rehabilitation, Humor, and many others. These Centers also coordinate activities in the physical world to assist in human development.

From <<http://www.afterlife-knowledge.com/>>

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"John Taught Me About God" by Rev. Tim Carpenter

Reprinted from an article in The United Methodist Review, October 31, 1997:

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A friend of mine died recently. I heard about it on the radio. I had never talked with him personally, but I knew him. And he knew me. And he knew other friends of mine.

One could simply mention his first name, "John," and the others of us would know of whom was being spoken.

I met him on side two of an album, the first song on that side. It began with a very faint sound of a guitar being strummed high up on the neck of the instrument. As the volume built, so did the song. As the instrumentation soared, so did the lyrics:

"Oh, I am the eagle, I live in high country  
in rocky cathedrals that reach to the sky!"

I thought it was one of the most beautiful things that I had ever heard. Such poetry. Such musical majesty. I had never heard a song that was more powerful. I knew then that a friendship was beginning.

As the years went by, I discovered more and more of my friend's songs. There were those that everybody heard on the radio but more wonderful for me was the wealth of incredible music found in the untapped mines of his albums. I must have listened to his songs 10,000 times. These were the songs that drew me to John.

While most of my schoolmates were listening to heavy metal and hard rock, I would find solace in my room listening to Calypso-his tribute to the work of oceanographer Jacques Cousteau-over and over again.

As I learned to play the guitar, I listened to and learned everything I could find by him. As I listened, he forever became a friend of mine.

The day I heard of his death, I sat in the dark and I put on that old record where I had first met John. The song was just as powerful as when I first heard it. As a tear came to my eye, he sang:

"I am the hawk and there's blood on my feathers,  
But time is still turning-they soon will be dry.  
And all those who see me, and all who believe in me  
Share in the freedom I feel when I fly!"

His songs praised the good things in life and spoke to the better side of it all.

They appreciated God's creation and held us to a greater responsibility for it. They called us to faith, hope, love and all the virtues of life. For a man who endured criticism about his music, his looks, his personality and his beliefs, there was something very deep and very real about John Denver.

He had very strong opinions about the world and politics, and his passion to feed children and care for the earth never dwindled. He had views of religion and life that were different from most. He had problems with drinking and driving. But even if I disagreed with something he said or did, I always loved the man.

And most of all, it is the man whom I will miss: his passion, love, talent and undying hope. And there was always his music. God, there was the music. And someone who wrote such beautiful music had to be someone special inside.

And I will always be inspired to live my life after the call of the eagle in his song:

"Come dance with the west wind and touch on the mountaintops  
Sail o'er the canyons and up to the stars,  
And reach for the heavens and hope for the future,  
And all that we can be and all that we are."

John did.

Good-bye old friend.



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A POEM FOR JOHNBECAUSE ~ by Eileen Stein

Because you were here, the grass is a little greener  
Because you were here, the Earth is a little cleaner  
Because you were here, my purpose seems a little clearer  
Because you were here, love seems a little nearer

Because of your songs, people learned to love music  
Because of your laughter, people learned to love joy  
Because of your compassion, people learned to love giving  
Because of your example, people learned to love living

Because we miss you, that's why we were grieving  
Because we know life goes on, that's why we're believing  
Because we made a decision, that's why we're not leaving  
Because we know we can change things, that's why we're succeeding!

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**READERS' EXPERIENCES**

#1

I want to say that I am so grateful, as I feel I have found a home. I have been reading and contributing to RMH's guest book since just after John passed on, but have never felt like I could really talk about some things there because, every time someone did, they would get a lot of "uncomfortable" comments from people who were jealous or who tried to make something else out of it and who just didn't understand. The thing is that people who are on a conscious spiritual path are a completely different kind of "fan" of John Denver's. I wish I could meet all these new people.

I am going to include here for you something I have written - an account of an experience I had last year. Many other things have happened since this incident, but this is the only one I have written up; the rest are just notes so I wouldn't forget details. Anyway, I hope you enjoy what I have written. I am still blown away by what happened and feel so good whenever I re-read what I've written.

Talking with John Denver - 1999 by Corie Campbell

I was going to drive from Des Moines out to Colorado on a business trip in May of 1999, and the day finally came for me to leave for Colorado.

Oddly, John Denver - I swear it was his voice in my head! - woke me up an hour and a half early, after only about four hours sleep, and he would NOT let me go back to sleep. I kept saying, "No, let me sleep; I'm so tired; it's too early." But he kept saying, "No! No! You have to get up now and go." He was very insistent.

I could see it was a losing battle, and I finally said, "Well, OK, but you're going to have to help me stay awake because I am so tired and won't be able to make the twelve-hour drive on so little sleep."

So he said, "OK. Don't worry. But you really have to get up now and go." I could not believe I was even talking to John Denver in my head, arguing with him back and forth!

Later on the trip, I never did get tired. Instead, I spent most of my time singing with John's tapes and some other music I had, and I felt so energized and enjoyed the whole trip. More importantly, when I got out into western Nebraska and the edge of Colorado, there was a huge tornado storm moving northeast and actual tornado sightings and warnings throughout the area, and I was able to get into Colorado just about 30 minutes in front of it, and all I got was a little sprinkle. John had been right! If I had waited to leave until later in the morning, I would have been right in the middle of it and would surely have been delayed for hours or even hurt in the storm. I really do think John helped me out with this.

While driving west all day, I had been asking John, "Where are the eagles? I want to see eagles!" I figure he's in charge of eagles or something since he loved them so much. Then just as I began making the turn toward Denver - about an hour away - I asked again, "Where are the eagles?" Right away, inside my head as usual, I very distinctly heard John say, "Look! Look up!" So I glanced up at the roof of the car.

"No," John said. "Look at the sky!" And I had to move the sun visor to do it, but when I did, I realized there was a huge eagle-shaped cloud stretching across the sky! I couldn't believe what I was looking at! I was completely stunned.

I quickly pulled to the shoulder and stopped and jumped out of the car and took a picture of it. In fact, I stopped several more times to take pictures of the eagle cloud which just seemed to hang there in the sky. As I drove on toward Denver, I felt like I was being enfolded in the wings of the eagle as I was driving right up under it.

A half hour later, after the eagle started to dissipate, John said, "There's your gold ring! Look!" And I thought, what gold ring? What do you mean "my" gold ring? I still don't know why he put it that way, and I wonder about it.

But I looked around, lifting the other sun visor, and over to the right I saw a cloud with a blindingly bright gold ring all the way around it, very beautiful. I stopped and took a picture of it. I had never seen a cloud with a gold ring all the way around it like that. And it was a small cloud and there was no reason for the sun to be hitting it that way and not hit the other clouds too. It was very strange.

A moment later, driving again, I heard John say, "And that's for you. Look over to the left." And I did, and it was a beautiful rainbow. I stopped again and took a picture. Then I just stood there, looking around at all the splendor in the skies and feeling so amazed. Very reluctantly, I got back in my car.

There were tears in my eyes. Was John Denver really talking to me and showing me all this? Once again, I felt hesitant to even think it. It wasn't the possibility of such a thing; I could handle that. I believed in that, and I had had contact all my life with my grandfather who had passed on when I was three. No, the incredulity I felt was because I had never even met John. I had always been so fond of him, but I had never been to one of his concerts and had only heard him sing live once for an environmental thing in the 70s. He certainly never knew I existed; I was absolutely no one to him.

But this wasn't the first time I had heard him talking to me after he passed away. I had heard him talk to me several other times. I had seen him too, waking up one morning with him sitting on the edge of the bed, leaning over me and telling me something important that I could not remember. But now the question came: If he was truly there, then why was he? The question remains unanswered.

Just half a moment later, the entire sky darkened, and the wind rose up and swept everything past me and away toward the northeast. If I hadn't gotten going that morning when I did, I would have missed

this beautiful display that - I am shy to admit it, but I somehow really believe - John created for me. I was completely moved, and I thanked him for showing me such beauty, even though I didn't know how he had managed it. I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't been there myself. But this is still not even the most meaningful or truly blessed thing that happened.

The next day, I was hiking by myself near a little stream in a place north or west of Golden, Colorado called Coal Creek Canyon. It was a place I just happened to find while I was driving around in the mountains. On intuition, I had stopped the car and started hiking along this beautiful little creek - Coal Creek -and it was incredibly silent except for the creek. The silence seemed actually tangible, like a blanket wrapped around me.

I thought of John Denver then and, more as a wish than anything else, said, "Oh John, I wish I could have met you!" And right away, he was there, and he said, "You're meeting me now." I felt the tears start in my eyes; I couldn't believe he was there so fast. I couldn't believe he would respond with that, and surprise me. Yes, I guess I was indeed meeting him now, out on the highway with the eagle cloud and now here in these soft woods. I was just blown away.

And I said, "But it isn't as good as meeting you while you were alive; that's what I really always wanted." And he said, "You wouldn't have liked me as much when I was alive." I was amazed at his saying this. And I said, "Oh yes, I would." And he said, "No. I wasn't as able to be who I truly am then as I am now." And I didn't believe him, but I said, "Why?" And he said, "Because of all the pressures I was under and all the habits of living I had. And there was so little time."

I suddenly found I was weeping. I felt heartbroken, not only for me, but for him. And for everyone else who lives. I knew he was telling me the truth. It's the truth about physical earthly life - we can't be here all we are, and we can't see all anyone else is. I also knew it must truly be John talking to me and not just me talking to myself because I would never have thought of all this myself, never have figured it out. Those of us left behind when John passed on are so aware of what he was in THIS life that we don't look at who he was/is BEYOND THIS LIFE, the life he has now returned to. Here in the woods, John had explained things so I could finally understand this about life. I could finally accept his leaving, even with so many broken-hearted people still wanting him to be here, and before I ever got a chance to meet him. I think I understand a lot of things about his life now.

The most valuable thing I realized is that the limits of human life are the same way for all of us. We are all more than we seem. Here on earth, none of us can be how we truly are beyond this life. I know he said things like this in his songs, and I have heard it before, but I had never really understood it. I think during this time in Coal Creek Canyon, he was sharing a very spiritual principle with me, and I'm eternally grateful to him to finally be able to understand this. We are all of us so very much more than what we seem to be or what we can be here on earth.

I slowly finished up my short hike, gathered up a few stones, asked the river and the earth there if I could borrow them for awhile -something I always do. I promised to bring them back to the same place. Then I got back in my car and started driving down the mountainside. But it was not over yet! There was still another gift.

On the way down the mountain, my heart was just overflowing with the whole experience. I felt so happy, and also like crying. I wanted to tell someone, anyone, all about what had happened. I wanted to write it down, but I knew that wouldn't even be enough. All my life I had been a writer and poet, but had never been able to write a song, though God knows I had tried! And yet, now, driving down the mountain, in this gentle, quiet place inside myself, I spontaneously started working on a little song! It seemed to be the only way to express my heart and create a space for what had happened.

As I played with the first few words, John was suddenly right there with me! I could actually feel him showing me -in some vision inside my head and inside my chest - how to experiment with the words this way and that. He urged me to change the tune this way and that to find out what fit together and

what made it express my feelings better. He said, "Try that line going down on the end and that other one going up. Then the third line will flow." So I changed the tune and what he suggested really worked! I could actually hear it all there inside me. I could even see it. And I could see him. I could even smell him! It was an amazing experience for me! I just don't know how this could have been, and I still marvel at it. And I don't know why I didn't drive off the road!

I asked John how he wrote songs, and he told me his songs came out of his own experiences the very same way, where something happened in his life or affected him, and he just had to find a way to sing about it. I think I understand that now, and I never did before.

I ended up with a pretty little song that reminds me of Coal Creek and the way it felt there, the beauty, and the peace. It is my own special song about my experience there, and I know John helped me with it. He isn't actually mentioned in the song, but he was there and is a part of it, and the song is a gift from him just for me. I still don't know why he did it or why he was there.

I know it's not a great song, but it's all mine and brings the experience of that time back to me whenever I sing it. And it brings back the incredible feeling of the master's guiding hand on mine in creating it. I sang it for someone recently who didn't know of my fondness for John Denver's music, and she said, "Hey! That sounds like a John Denver song." I laughed. I couldn't believe she said that! It was just great to hear it.

Although I can't supply the tune here, which is very sweet and simple, here are the words of my little song:

COAL CREEK CANYON by Corie Campbell

Well I've never been to Aspen  
But I've been to Coal Creek Canyon  
The laughing of the river there  
Is the only sound you hear.

With peace so deep inside of me  
As far as I could wander  
The splendor of the sunlight fell  
Upon me like a prayer.

I hiked along the pathways  
And up into the forest  
Nowhere in the world is there  
A kinder place to be.

The mystic Rocky Mountains smile  
Far up in Coal Creek Canyon  
Where the laughing of the river there  
Is the only sound you hear.

Later on in my trip, I did finally go to Aspen for the very first time in my life, by driving over Independence Pass. I walked all around the town and all around the John Denver Memorial in Rio Grande Park there. It was just great - very peaceful and with huge mountains all around, going straight up to the sky!

As I was leaving Aspen, I got out of the car in the rain to mail some postcards, and the rain was hitting me on the head! I had never felt such a hard rain! I looked up at it, and all these millions of Big White Marbles were coming down on my face! It was hail! It felt like a blessing! When I realized what it was, I started laughing right out loud. It was a perfect astounding finish to my trip.

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#2

Submitted by Debra Chilton:

I went to the Rocky Mountains for a 4 day seminar in May of this year. One night I sat alone looking up at the magnificent sky.....billions of stars were visible. I was questioning and doubting my part in the One World Cloth. As I sat looking up at the sky, I strongly heard a message that popped into my head. I was told that I would see an eagle before I left Colorado and that would be a sign from John. As I heard this voice, I gazed up to see a star go shooting across the night sky. Tears welled up and I said a prayer of thanks.

Time passed and I had forgotten about the message of that night. I sat on the shuttle bus heading to the Denver airport with the other members of my group....sad to be leaving the Rocky Mountains. As we left I watched a storm come across the mountains and thought of the song Back Home Again..... As we drove down from Estes Park, I watched the scenery and felt sad at leaving...then someone yelled that a colt had just been born. I turned and looked out the window to my left and watched in amazement as a newborn colt tried to stand for the first time...as we passed the colt I turned to gaze out the window on my right and gazed upon three eagles swooping and playing on the wind...they were so close I could have reached out and touched them had I not been in a bus. We reached Denver and I flew home....

After I had arrived in Vancouver, I shared with the John Denver group my experiences in the Rocky Mountains, and then I remembered the message that I would see an eagle before I left and that would be a sign from John that he was with me in the Cloth Project. I had seen not one but three eagles...I knew then I had my message and I had chills as I realized that....

The next morning driving to work I was listening to a JD tape, and the song Eagles and Horses began to play...the full impact hit me then, not only had I seen the eagles, I had seen the horses just prior I got goosebumps as I listened as if for the first time the words to Eagles and Horses....

Flash forward to a month later...a Saturday...Kim and Kelly, friends of mine, were coming over for a JD day at my house. I went to pick up Kelly and as we drove back to my house, I wanted to stop at a local department store. (There was one near Kelly's house, but at the last minute for some unknown reason I decided to go to the stores near my house instead.) Well, being the true JD fans that we were, and figuring we had enough time before Kim got to my house, Kelly and I decided to check out the CD section for John. We had a hard time finding the JD section, and then we found him under easy listening. Kells had been looking for a particular CD that was a tribute CD...it was other people singing John's songs. Well, this store had one copy. I didn't know that you could listen to tracks before you bought a CD, but Kells did and she knew how to work the machine. She plugged in the tribute CD and hit track 1....As we stood there she got a weird look on her face, and kept turning the CD over and reading the selections...Kells looked at me and said, "This is John." I put the earphones on and sure enough it was definitely John singing Back Home Again....We both looked at the CD and figured, well maybe they didn't list that John was singing....Kells hit another track and I heard the voice on the machine say, "Track 3," and the opening to Eagles and Horses began. It was the most amazing version I had ever heard....I looked at Kelly and said, "Wow, this is definitely John and I want one too!" We asked but they only had one copy of the CD, so Kells bought it and home we came. First thing we put on the CD that she had bought...there was no John on that CD. We stared across the table at each other wondering what the hell....I had bought a John CD also and we thought well maybe we had gotten the CD's mixed up but the two CDs I bought did not have Back Home Again as track 1 and Eagles and Horses as track 3....As we sat there trying to figure out what the hell had just happened, I received a phone call...Kim had been in a car accident on the way to my house. She was okay, her car was totaled and she and her son had minor injuries, but she was okay....We realized a little later that we had been hearing John sing at the time of Kim's accident....

Later on that day, after things had calmed down and I had picked up Kim and her son from the hospital, we turned on the computer....Word had already gotten out about her accident. The first post we read was from a friend of our, Jenn. She said, "I was out in the garden and had just read about

Kim's accident. As I was praying for her, Back Home Again popped into my head and I knew she was okay....

I went back to the store later that night and checked out that machine; I scanned CD after CD, track after track and they all were what they were supposed to be...there was and is not logical explanation for what occurred....I went through every CD I own and I have over 40, there is not one CD that has Back Home Again as track 1 and Eagles and Horses as track 3...it does not exist....

One week later, the following Saturday, I heard from Erma...and since that time there have been numerous incidents that have occurred in relation to those two songs. The message is clear to me...I believe John sang to us....Kelly did not hear Eagles and Horses, only I did...Eagles and Horses is what I saw in Estes Park. That song has come to hold a very powerful meaning for me...and each day, each step of the way now, I feel John's presence in the work we are doing for the peace cloth....I know I am an instrument. The occurrences that have come together for this project are far beyond anything I ever imagined...and the miracles continue....

\* \* \* \* \*

And here's Debra's story about John and the Cloth...Peace Project:

My story of the peace project is another interesting one. I don't even recall now how I found out about Jimmy starting the program to teach those that were drawn but I knew it was something I wanted to do. I applied and was accepted into the first "study" group. About the time I learned I was going to be part of the Beloved Community I also "accidentally" (I don't believe in accidents) found John Denver. I knew somehow Jimmy and John were connected and yet I didn't know how or why. I sought the answer and had some experiences that for me verified that. One was when I was talking with someone about trying to figure out the connection, I was in the virtual classroom and Jimmy was "talking" --he asked us a question and we were responding and he "said" FAR OUT. It wouldn't mean anything to anyone but me but I felt like it was a message. I continued to ask and then Jimmy told us that he had just been invited to make the Cloth part of the UN ceremonies and that he was giving the Project to us as our first Project. I immediately thought of John and peace and working this together. I didn't know how to approach this at the time so put it in the back of my mind. The thought never left me. Then, a friend lent me a video to watch and that was the kicker -- the video was on John's involvement at a Peace rally in Denver and a talk he did on "Town Hall" about peace. I knew then without a doubt that this is why Jimmy and John had come into my life at the same time. I wrote and my idea was accepted with open arms and heart. It has literally taken off from there. The interesting thing is James, the project director, used to live in Aspen during the 80's and knew about Windstar and the wonderful work that was done there. Then as we continued to talk about the John Denver part of this project -- which he said he would leave totally in my hands -- he wrote me an email that ended with -- "I love it that John Denver is part of this project from the other side of the veil." He told me on the phone later that he had not intended to write that and he had no idea where it came from -- I knew. John is and continues to be a major part of this project. I know that I feel it with all my heart and soul. I also learned that Jimmy sang at the Windstar gathering in 1998. So - it seems that Jimmy was also connected to John Denver.

\* \* \* \* \*

Debra also feels that we "have made a commitment many lifetimes ago to come here and do this and that we made this commitment with John." She writes:

There is no doubt in my mind any longer, too many things have occurred that have given me the strong knowing that John continues to work from the other side...he is pulling us together...all of us, his spiritual family, and we are now his voice....I feel that with all my heart and soul....I know John deeply, almost as if he were right here with us, I feel his presence so strong and this has never happened before....At first I was going through hell because I just couldn't understand the pain and grief and feelings I had for a man I never knew. Now I accept it....I didn't find John until October of 1999, and it was a series of these kinds of events that led me to doing the peace cloth....I feel strongly that John called me into this service and I feel even more comfortable saying it now...whether anyone believes me or not...there are too many coincidences...and look what has occurred in my life in less than a year...this is a connection that is meant to be....

\* \* \* \* \*

And in a related story:

Dear Friends,

It is with great joy and tears in my eyes that I share this news with you regarding the One World John Denver Memorial Peace Cloth. Saturday, Erma Deutschendorf called me and we talked about the John Denver Memorial Cloth. Today in the mail I received Erma's contribution...from clothes that belonged to John. The impact of this has hit home for me, John's cloth will join with all of ours and together we will all stand as family while the One World John Denver Memorial Peace Cloth is wrapped around the UN on September 19th. WE have stood together with John as our center, now we physically stand together through our cloth with John at our center. As John's cloth joins ours, we are now truly standing together face to face, arm to arm, we are standing at the threshold of a dream...and now John stands with us....

I told Erma about our desire for her to receive a portion of this cloth and the scrapbook as a gift from us to her in John's memory, she is pleased to accept this. If any of you wish to send a card or letter for Erma to be added to the scrapbook, please send them now. And please let us show our support in making this magnificent cloth in John's memory as beautiful and large as possible by sending in your cloth for peace and for John's memory....We are making a difference....Thank you all...and thank you to Erma, for this gift beyond measure....

Debra Chilton

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#3

From a post on the Rocky Mountain High message board This says it all for so many of us. Living proof he also connected with all age groups as well:

\* \* \* \* \*

I was working seven days a week when John first became popular, so even if I had the chance I could not have attended his concerts. I remember "Leaving on a Jet Plane" but it did not make much of an impression on me then. "Country Roads" touched a part of me, but still no great thrill. Then when I was 78 years old and the news of his death came on the TV, there was a cold chill that went over my whole body. I asked myself, "why on earth are you so affected by this young man's death"? I had no answer and still have none. But I began to collect his CD's and each and every song of his had such an effect on me that I thought I might be losing my mind. My family can not understand it either. They looked at me in strange ways many times. Some members think it is because he resembles my second son, but I do not think that is the reason. I only know that I cannot get enough of his songs into which he poured so much of himself. Yes he is so very much alive yet!

When he sings, there is a certain vibration in his voice that reaches right into my heart. How proud his mother must be of him!

When I found this group, I knew I could say anything that was on my mind and you all would understand. I have never worshipped an entertainer before in my whole life so I know that this feeling is more than just mere grief. It is like a message from the other side. I'm sure many of you understand this. No one person has ever made the impact on me that John Denver has. I never got to see him in person, which is now much to my regret.

Bless each and every one of you.

Parke Bogle

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ANGEL CONNECTIONS

RUDY'S ANGELS by Wilma Hankins Hlawiczka

I walked into the grocery store not particularly interested in buying groceries. I wasn't hungry. The pain of losing my husband of thirty-seven years was still too raw. And this grocery store held so many sweet memories.

Rudy often came with me, and most every time he'd pretend to go off and look for something special. I knew what he was up to. I'd always spot him walking down the aisle with three yellow roses in his hands. Rudy knew I loved yellow roses.

With a heart filled with grief, I only wanted to buy my few items and leave, but even grocery shopping was different since Rudy had passed on. Shopping for one took time, a little more thought than it had for two.

Standing by the meat, I searched for the perfect small steak and remembered how Rudy had loved his steak. Suddenly a woman came beside me. She was blond, slim and lovely in a soft green pantsuit. I watched as she picked up a large pack of T-bones, dropped them in her shopping cart, hesitated, and then put them back. She turned to go and once again reached for the pack of steaks. She saw me watching her, and she smiled.

"My husband loves T-bones, but honestly, at these prices, I don't know."

I swallowed the emotion down my throat and met her pale blue eyes. "My husband passed away eight days ago," I told her. Glancing at the package in her hands, I fought to control the tremble in my voice. "Buy him the steaks. And cherish every moment you have together."

She shook her head, and I saw the emotion in her eyes as she placed the package in her basket and wheeled away.

I turned and pushed my cart across the store to the dairy products. There I stood, trying to decide which size milk I should buy. A quart I finally decided, and moved on to the ice cream section near the front of the store. If nothing else, I could always fix myself an ice cream cone.

I placed the ice cream in my cart and looked down the aisle toward the front. I saw first the green suit, then recognized the pretty lady coming toward me. In her arms she carried a package. On her face was the brightest smile I had ever seen. I would swear a soft halo encircled her blond hair as she kept walking toward me, her eyes holding mine.

As she came closer, I saw what she held and tears began misting my eyes.

"These are for you," she said and placed three beautiful, long-stemmed yellow roses in my arms. "When you go through the line, they will know these are paid for." She leaned over and placed a gentle kiss on my cheek.

I wanted to tell her what she'd done, what the roses meant, but still unable to speak, I watched her walk away as tears clouded my vision. I looked down at the beautiful roses nestled in the green tissue wrapping and found it almost unreal. How did she know?

Suddenly the answer seemed so clear. I wasn't alone. "Oh, Rudy, you haven't forgotten me, have you?" I whispered, with tears in my eyes. He was still with me, and she was his angel.

"PENNIES FROM HEAVEN" (Remember Foxfire?)

From Sue:

When my best friend died a few years back, I found a penny every day for 3 months. I often found them right next to my car as I left work. Why I stopped finding them after 3 months, I have no idea.

When my father-in-law died a few years back, I started finding dimes. My father-in-law was a very religious man, so perhaps that is why he is allowed to send dimes as opposed to pennies.

Here is a true story, as I experienced it. It made me a true believer of life after death.

Tom is my husband, and my father-in-law's name is Jim. It's been a while since I shared this story, but I cannot keep to myself.

I had a visitor to my web page who signed my guest book and listed ADC as his resource. I wrote him and asked what ADC was. Turns out he found my home page link at the "after death communication" website. How I ended up there, I will never know.

We corresponded for a bit and I decided to look up a couple of books he had mentioned. Tuesday night, Tom and I went to the local bookstore and I headed for the "Religion Section" while Tom went to a different section. I started looking at the ADC books and started reading a story about a family who asked for a departed loved one to send them a dime as a sign that they were okay.

I sat and thought about that and suddenly remembered the next day, (today) was Tom's Dad's birthday. Tom was very close to his Dad and he misses him terribly. I sat and prayed, "Jim, if you are listening to me, could you please send Tom a dime tomorrow?". I didn't say a word to Tom about my prayer.

Tonight, as we were driving into town, I casually asked Tom if he had found a dime today. He said that indeed he had!

Tom carries a rosary in his pocket every day in a nice carrier. He opened the holder and took out the dime he had found. He told me when he saw the dime, he just knew it was a gift from his Dad, that's why he popped it into his rosary carrier.

How did he know it came from his dad??? Because less than a few feet in front of him was the license plate of JFS, his Father's initials.

Then I told him about my prayer and we both realized instantly that we had just witnessed a miracle; a true sign of life beyond death. Our departed loved ones are as close as a prayer away.

(An ADC website <<http://www.after-death.com>>)

* * * * *

From Donna:

I read an article about pennies. It said they say "Trust IN God." I have been finding quite a few!

It was funny, when I just got up from the computer for a moment, before sending this, I saw (what else?) a shiny new penny on the computer worktable. I hadn't noticed it before!

From Mary Ellen, Angel Scribe:

Dearest Readers,

I promised to tell you the amazing events which are beyond chance, and which led up to the Denver trade show.

The miracles started a year ago with a phone call from an airline pilot named Warren.

It is amazing how our lives are mapped out divinely ahead of time.

I met Warren on three occasions. He is a friend of a friend.

Warren is one of the kindest men I have met and when he heard of the Angels and Miracles Good-Newsletter he joined the mail list and the rest is...well a tale of miracles.

In Warren's own words.....

ANGEL CLOUD SIGHTING And Its Message - by Warren of Gig Harbor, WA

I consider myself incredibly fortunate to have my dream occupation.

I am a pilot for a major US airline, and I have spent a considerable amount of my life "slipping the surly bonds of earth and dancing among the clouds on laughter-colored wings" (apologies to John Gillespie Magee, Jr.). [Editor's Note: I wonder if he knows that John sings it!]

Last September, my dear friend and fellow employee (and now wife) Claire, decided to spend a little time one late afternoon at her outdoor community swimming pool.

The two of us are avid readers of Angelscribe's newsletter and truly admire Mary Ellen's inspiring work in publishing and spreading wonderful stories from around the world of everyday miracles and unconditional love. Mary Ellen and I share the same hometown and I have had the good fortune of making her personal acquaintance on several occasions.

Her newsletter stories of angel cloud sightings have been particularly intriguing to Claire and me. Although we spend a considerable amount of time aloft, neither Claire nor I had yet been so fortunate to have seen an angel cloud ourselves.

While basking in the twilight sun and swimming a few laps at the pool, Claire and I discussed a recent change in our company's space available travel benefits. This change would soon permit single employees such as us to designate one individual as a travel partner. This individual would then be entitled to enjoy travel benefits in a manner similar to the spouse of an employee.

As the conversation between Claire and I unfolded regarding potential designees, Claire mentioned she had a very close friend she was going to designate for this newly expanded benefit for a short time. She then very appropriately suggested that her sister would certainly be a good candidate for my designation if my expanded benefits were to otherwise go unused for the near future.

At that point, I stated that I was thinking about designating Mary Ellen so that she could better spread her message, but I would need to call her first to see if this was something she might be interested in.

Claire responded with a smile; "Far be it for me to stand in the way of God's work. "That would be a very good thing to do. Just go ahead and do it." We resumed swimming.

The community pool was ringed with trees, essentially framing a most beautiful azure twilight sky.

In the middle of a lap, Claire, as she later told me, felt a need to stop and abruptly did so. As she stood and looked skyward, she immediately called to me and said, "Warren, LOOK!"

There, perfectly framed by the local maples in the late afternoon rays of the western sun, was the unmistakable image of a most perfect angel. The image was the only cloud that could be seen and filled fully twenty-five per cent of the overhead sky, an image that begged desperately for a photograph and, of course, neither of us had a camera handy.

This was not a cloud that required any imagination to be an angel. It was so real! It had a beautiful face with clear and distinct features, long flowing hair floating in the afternoon breeze, a full length gown that appeared to be pure chiffon, fully extended wings on her back, a staff in her hand as she perhaps tended to her flock, and delicate feet that appeared to be crossed. It's an image that is still indelibly imprinted in my mind and one that Claire was later able to accurately reproduce from memory in a pencil drawing.

As we stood arm in arm admiring our tremendous good fortune, Claire's only words were "You need to call Mary Ellen right away!"

We laughed, I promised I would, and we treasured the moment.

Message received.

To this date it's the only angel cloud that I have seen. If I never see another, that would be OK. It might well be impossible to top the setting, lighting, color, and image of this most beautiful figure on a perfect fall afternoon. But if I have learned anything when the Lord's work is involved, nothing is impossible. I'm a believer.

AN ANGEL WITH A SENSE OF HUMOR

To continue Warren's story. I was to activate the wonderful card of privilege he had gifted me with on my flight to Denver.

I went over to their home and Claire and I searched the flight schedules for a flight out of Seattle on Thursday. It was also the week school had finished here in the Seattle area.

ALL flights were booked solid, over sold by 26, 23, 19 folks. No seats were available.

I thought "Oh Oh" as I had to get to Denver to participate in the three day show.

Claire said, "Wow, things do not look good at all. But whatever happens, remember your angels are with you!"

I thought she was nuts <grin> as I gazed disbelieving at computer screen after computer screen of oversold flights. (I later learned Claire was thinking there is no way I could make a flight out, and she was trying to be positive and upbeat.) When a flight is over sold the odds of getting on one are about minus 26.

It did not appear as if this was going to be easy. I would indeed need some angelic help. Wednesday morning the strangest and strongest feeling wrapped around me. It was as if a voice was demanding, "WAKE UP. GET UP and GO. NOW!"

I had to pack, do errands, E-mail and drive an hour to the airport. I did things fast as if an inner helper was speeding me up.

My friend Syd drove me to the airport and I told him, "I am scared. This is a major book event. I have no training to do it. All the flights are sold out and where will I end up sleeping tonight?" Before I flew out of the house I had emailed friends in Dallas, Denver, Salt Lake, and Portland that I might be calling them for help. It was apparent leaving Seattle was going to be hard and I would take any stand by flight out. Then I turned to Syd and said, "This is a God job. I promised to show up and do my work...no matter what ... and I plan to."

At that moment all the fear lifted and a sense of adventure/excitement gently descended over me.

I arrived at the terminal, signed in, and sat down to wait and wait for flight after flight until an available seat showed up. I was the poster child for optimism.

The first flight out called my name. I had a seat!! Baffled, I got on the plane wondering how had it happened?

Sitting next to me were a couple in their late seventies. You know the game..

"Where are you from?"

"Oh, you are from so and so....?"

"Do you know so and so?"

The couple said they were from Tulsa, OK.

I said, "Oh, I only know one person from Tulsa. Dr. Robert Parish, who has a story in my first book, EXPECTMIRACLES. He has recently died."

Well, the couple sat up straight, their eyes widened, and they said in unison, and in shock, "BOB DIED?"

Apparently the man had worked with Dr. Bob at the university for 30 years and the couple's children had baby-sat Dr. Bob's children.

Claire was right...I did have a very special angel with me.

When Dr. Bob was alive he was known for his sense of humor ... apparently as "Angel Bob" he still has a sense of humor. [Just like our John! ;-)]

EARTH RHYTHMS

TWO DOGS

Native American elder describing his inner struggles:

"Inside of me there are two dogs. One of the dogs is mean and evil. The other dog is good. The mean dog fights the good dog all the time."

When asked which dog wins, he reflected for a moment and replied: "The one I feed the most."

TAVI MOWISHIGEE - Dawning of a New Day

"It was New Year's Eve, 1999. Grandma (Bertha Grove) was in Ceremony with family and had a vision. She saw the Rainbow Trail from the 1900's to the new millennium. We had many trails, deaths, and changes to reach the end of the rainbow trail, the end of the millennium. A whirlwind took us into the mist and we emerged to sunlight.

We stepped onto a new road. Grandma saw the dawn of a new day, a new era. She saw new spirituality, new awareness, and new concepts. She saw a new way of looking at things, many blessings. She saw us inhaling luminous; everything was positive. All moved to a higher spiritual level. All things will be better for the new millennium. We must stay positive."

AN EARTH BLESSING ~ from Susan
Just this side of heaven
spins a planet we call Earth
Filled with such fields of wonder
how could we neglect their worth?

Perhaps our busy days and weeks
make us forget to look
At all the bounty she hold forth
in cranny, hole and nook.

Above, below and side to side,
in spite of our destruction
She blooms and grows and mass creates
around all our construction.

And all she asks of us each day
is what we each want badly,
For someone just to notice so
that she does not feel sadly.

These pages could remind us all
to take a quiet moment,
And bless a wonder shining bright
each day we're blessed to roam it.

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**COMMUNICATION FROM JOHN**

#1

Kathy Hall wrote:

I went to the Twin Cities to hear two lectures/seminars by Dr. Doreen Virtue. This is a psychologist from LA who has started teaching people about communicating with their angels and asking for and receiving divine guidance. One of the exercises we did during the all day seminar was to practice "automatic writing" - a form of asking for and receiving guidance from angels and those that have passed on. We only had a few minutes to decide who to contact and the questions just came during the course of the conversation with that person/entity. I chose to contact John. Here's the transcript of my conversation with him. I will leave it up to you to decide for yourself if you feel this was a conversation with him or just my overactive imagination! LOL :-)

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KJ: Do you know how many lives you've touched?

JD: Yes, now I do -- I didn't always know this. Sometimes I felt alone, like no one was listening. It was frustrating to no end. But I know now and I am touched, deeply touched and grateful.

KJ: What inspired you most?

JD: My family. Without them I couldn't have done what I did. And God, my faith in the Creator of All.

KJ: How did you find the energy to do all you did?

JD: {Laughs} It was, just, like, there, you know? I was driven to do it, I couldn't stop, I couldn't rest, I felt I had to make the world, God I had to make the world a better place for my kids, you know, for everyone. I just had to do it. I know I lost a lot of things, caused some pain, and hurt in others and I'm sorry for that, but I wouldn't change what I did.

KJ: Why hunger? How did you pick that?

JD: It's a shame, really, how much food we waste, how much gluttony and greed when others don't have any. I'd go to bed just literally stuffed, you know, and feel miserable -- acid indigestion, heartburn - it's sick. I had to do something for those babies who cried because their bellies hurt from hunger.

KJ: How should I continue your teachings?

JD: First, I'm flattered you have me as a role model, although I don't feel comfortable with that pedestal. Be nice to each other, care for each other, love yourself and others. Only after that will there be peace on Earth. Once we love each other, we won't want to see hunger, hate, war, killing -- I don't have any specific need or request, just love each other, forgive each other and work together to save the planet. She needs us.

KJ: Where are you and what are you doing?

JD: Well, I still sing - ha ha - like that's a surprise! Man, talk about a Rocky Mountain High - it's far out. Yes, I said that! You know, the sky's so blue, everything is green, I can fly whenever I want - without a plane ....Fantastic - Awesome. I do have work to do, I still am very involved with Planet Earth and what is being done to Her. I still have a hand in energy conservation and resources, saving Mother Earth actually. I want Jesse Belle and her kids and her grand kids to have a healthy home. Man, just blew me away to think of Jesse with grand kids!! Ha ha

We can't start soon enough to turn it around, you know, the pollution, the smog, the rain forest and logging. Man, She is hurting and you guys, not you specific, but mankind - those in power - can't hear Her screams. It's up to you, you my family, to help Her, help Her cries be heard, help the business men to listen. Plant a tree, don't cut down needlessly.

KJ: What about the space program?

JD: Far out, you know, I can see the galaxy, Mars Jupiter all that I wanted to see. Andromeda. The shuttle would have been fantastic, but it doesn't compare to what I can see now.

Unfortunately, time was up - I would have loved to have heard more about the last question!

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#2

Colorado Fires June 2000 - through Margit

In every aspect, in every small incident that is going on on your Planet these days, there is a purpose!! Don't see things as they are, see them as they can and will be. The Earth needs to let go of what doesn't belong to her, anymore. You are in the same process, that is because you decided to go to the Light and the Real Life. I wish you hadn't go through these ordeals but pain is one very strong aspect, and as much you're experiencing it now, you have to let go once you passed through it. It's your choice; you are creating each moment, "good" or "bad", the "bad" ones will be gone, soon, though. I SEE THE LIGHT! Mother Earth sees it, too!! She MUST cleanse herself, and she will NOT take any misbehaviors just because you can't hear her voice, although she speaks to you all the time. She doesn't need to explain what she has to do to reach 5th dimension, though, she has her own free will and she is using it! The trees will be fine, they are more than matter; more than what you are aware of. When the Earth is healed, she will show you more than just her physical form. She will be all that she IS! Fires destroy matter and cleanse and heal at the same time. You have to see all aspects to understand this. The forests are not gone, not in the sense that the Earth herself won't be able to breath. Remind yourself of what you know already; EVERY THING consists of pure energy. A new world is being built, and what you think is gone, has only disappeared on the physical plane. As beautiful as it was, it will be more than you can imagine! You've seen only a small part of this Beauty, and you want to keep it for that's all you can comprehend and fill your senses with. So I understand, for I felt the same. Your "paradise" is a little scratched, but there's still enough beauty, you'll see it! The old ways must end in order to reveal the new ways. The Earth keeps her Beauty as much as is possible while she is moving through the changes which are necessary.

But isn't the dry weather the reason for the fires? Aren't those people responsible, who caused her real bad damage, worldwide?

The heat and wind are part of Nature and Nature is the center of Mother Earth. Like I said, there's a purpose; sure you people experience the consequences of what has gone wrong as you treated the Earth the way you did. That includes MANY MANY years, and we all were in it, together!! So, yes, part of what happens now is a result of man's actions, part of it is Mother Earth's decision to grow, to change and to heal for the best she can be in the end - when the change is completed. Don't

worry and don't hang on to what was or how things looked like, there are SO MANY WAYS, so many things your mind has never known; don't close your heart and see only what your eyes see, or don't see, anymore.

If you choose to go to the States, to beautiful Colorado, you will find beauty in many things, around you but also within you. It's all waiting for you, it's all "in the game", and it's about Joy and Peace and Tranquility, laughter and song...the echo of the mountains is as strong as ever; it was in my blood and is connected to my soul and spirit, now. Do you think I would want to see this wondrous things be gone forever? Why do you think I am here?

To help healing the Earth and to help "plant" new Life, as it was supposed to be and as we planned. You know it! So don't despair, it only brings you "down" to a very low level where it's hard to see the Whole. I'll welcome you in Colorado, whenever you are ready! It IS a sacred land and you feel this. I felt it, too, with all my heart and it still means a lot to me. But if you could see what I see ? you wouldn't feel discouraged and sad. Keep the love flowing, YOU are the Love and the Light that the Earth needs to see and feel. Be strong and don't fear the winds of change, in fact ? those winds ARE winds of change. They are very forceful but you are forceful, too, in your continuing misuse of Earth and Nature. Without her power, she would get lost in the power YOU hold against her. She MUST and will free herself through her own willful choices and actions. So be it. I am with you in her breezes, in her rain and in the sunshine. And you are standing at the doorstep of experiencing the same oneness. It is Life in all its Glory, in its completeness. Love is with you in these times of struggle, keep your eyes focused on the Light, but most of all ? the Heart sees what really counts, the Truth that is always near you and you will awaken to it, soon!

My love is with you, I am never too far away to see and know what's going on with you and in your life. I am here. Here and now is the only moment. Love.

Life is so peaceful here, that's what I wanted to show you while I was on Earth. But since I did not see everything as clear and whole then; it was hard to grasp something you only feel or get simply in small glimpses. That's why I was never sure it would come across in my words and instill that feeling, yearning in other people.

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Editor's Note: I was on vacation at the beach when I heard the news about these fires. I was in a store shopping for souvenirs. As I listened to the report, I started to get upset about all the thousands of acres being burned, and I heard John's voice very clearly say to me, "It's a cleansing." Then when I returned home Margit sent me this channeling (or whatever you choose to call it), and that confirmed it for me!

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For anyone that is interested, I have started a new John Denver Community on MSN called "John Denver Lives." I feel that John still lives in us through his music and the things he believed in and worked for. This site is still under construction, but please feel free to come in and look around. Join if you would like and post a link. It's a public community and open to all John Denver fans.

The url is: <<http://communities.msn.com/johndenverlives>>

Dorothy

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The Poems, Prayers and Promises website is part of the Yahoo Club by the same name. At this site is also a link to another new site that helps JD people connect with others in their area. Here are the links: <<http://members.tripod.com/bethieboo/JohnDenver.htm>>

<<http://clubs.yahoo.com/clubs/poemsprayersandpromises>>

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#2:

PHOENIX Network

The Phoenix Network was founded in July 1994 and is based in Hamburg, Germany.

At this stage we are a group of 18 active members and 22 promoters. We want to live love and peace. We regularly have meditations for Earth and Humanity. There is a group working for the healing of our forests. We intend to bring the "Oneness of Humanity" into our physical world. We are looking for contacts with other networks or people having the same vision as us.

Contact: PHOENIX Netzwerk, c/o Sabine Fiedler, E.-Thaelmann-Weg 7, D-22880

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## From New Galactic Council Meets with Dolphins and Whales:

When we talk about mass consciousness, we are talking about the mastermind. In the mastermind concept, if your belief systems are that your world financial markets are crumbling, then that's all you focus on. But if you focus beyond the crumbling into the beauty that can come from it, then the mastermind begins to shift itself into a process where people start to think beyond crisis. Since we are still going to be here, what might we be able to do beyond crisis? With regards to the world financial crisis, what if all of us pooled the monies that are left over and worked with it from that standpoint?

What if we masterminded everybody as healthy, wealthy and wise? It only takes a few to begin the mastermind, but suppose we put 600 million people in that mastermind.

This is what we did in the One-Billion Person Peace Meditation on Dec. 24, 1998. Let's suppose the stock market takes a plummeting dive in October. If everybody sets that mastermind in motion, it happens. But if we tell everybody, don't mastermind it. Instead, mastermind it in this way: If it does happen, you are going to spend the day sending light to the billionaires who are now poor. So when you see a fear-based mastermind coming, be in a state of readiness with a mastermind of light (solution) ready to move into it. While we don't have to cure the ill, we have to make it known that the ill can be cured. Oh, what have we got here? A complimentary healing mastermind.

And a curious note to end on:

10 years ago:

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"My real hope is to be able to fly in a space shuttle one day. I'm not going to write a song about space until I'm up there and can write about the real thing." - Singer John Denver.

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"I had to watch my death. I had to see myself in the coffin. I had to be present for my funeral - really sort of blew me out of the water." - Patrick Swayze, on his role in "Ghost."

**This is the end. Until we meet again, peace, my friends!**

[illegible]