

## NICHOLAS

Nicholas, in his last incarnation, was my older brother. To me, he is still my brother, but living in the world of spirit, having made his way there in the early hours of 10<sup>th</sup> February 2015.

As children we were quite close and I recall happy times playing with him. I always felt privileged when he chose to play with me, because of the considerable age difference. Deep down, I loved him very much, but I only realised how much I loved him and valued his presence on this earth, when faced with his departure from this physical reality.

He had been in poor health with heart problems and worse than that cancer of his throat, which eventually started to spread to his lungs. He went through all of the usual treatment with chemotherapy and an operation to remove the cancer, but it came back, and he declined further medicine for it, choosing to let it run its course. “The treatment is worse than the disease”, he told me.

It is relevant to point out that when a cousin asked him, if he would like spiritual healing, he declined, saying that he did not see the point. Like others in my family, he was suspicious of the metaphysical, and more of a scientist by nature. He jokingly called it all witchcraft, said in derogatory tones. In any case, I was quite clear that although he knew I had studied these things at some length in pursuit of my spirituality, he was not open to discussion. I realised that it might put a quick end to my friendship with him if I did not respect his wish not to discuss the spiritual world. So, I never spoke about these matters to him. He knew about my books, but appeared to have no interest in any of their content. He felt more comfortable not believing in these things, or so I surmise.

This particular year, I was recovering from a persistent case of shingles, so I had missed my usual visit to see him on the other side of the country in early October 2014. Not long before his death, by which time he was in a care home and receiving visits from relatives who live over that way, he told one of them that he would like to see me and that it would be nice if I came to his cremation service. When it was explained to him that the travel would probably seriously reduce my chances of a proper recovery in the near future, he agreed it would be better if I stayed at home, so I did.

I knew I must stay where I was, even if there were outcries of disapproval from any remaining family members and from him, as any long journey would be a nightmare to me in my sickly state. Nonetheless, I was greatly comforted by the knowledge that Nicholas understood and also by the love and understanding that came from my cousins and others, who backed up my decision not to attend the cremation.

The evening after his passing, I saw Nicholas with our mother standing at night in the room where he had “died”. Very approximately 10 days before he passed over, I had heard her calling, “Nichol!” She is the only person who had ever called him that name, and I had completely forgotten she did so until I heard it again. She obviously knew that his time on this earth was nearly up and she was ready to meet, greet and help him on the other side. It thrilled me that my mother had taken him there to see his old physical body, which was all beautifully laid out with flowers on his chest and dressed in his favourite clothes. Seeing this would make it much easier for him to fully understand he was not in that old physical frame any longer, but now in another dimension living in a spirit body. My mother was doing exactly the right things with him, and all so important for a spirit who had passed over without any real idea of what to expect. Sometimes, people do not understand that they are “dead”. Finding themselves very much alive in a body, they think they are still incarnated. Viewing

## NICHOLAS

the lifeless corpse is an effective way of helping them to understand what has taken place.

Knowing how unprepared for the next world Nicholas was in many ways, seeing this scene was greatly comforting.

My mother was standing back a bit to give him his space. I could not see his face, but he stood tall and straight with his dark thick curly hair restored to its full glory and neatly cropped, as it was when he had been a healthy young man. He was tidily dressed in dark clothes, which would have delighted his mother in her lifetime. My father, a kind and loving man, was much further away, but I knew he would come closer to Nick at the right time.

Very soon after his transition to the spirit world, when I was speaking to one of my cousins on the phone, as the cousin asked what he should do to arrange things how Nicholas would like them at the cremation, I was aware of Nick at my shoulder pointing to some writing and saying, "Tell him it is all written down". I knew this might be true, as another cousin had told me in an email, he thought there were written instructions. It turned out that they were all on a memory stick, as my brother was very good with technology. In a later conversation, the question was where his ashes should be put. Out of the blue, Nick was suddenly present and showing me where exactly in his garden he wanted them sprinkled. I had been suggesting somewhere else. Another time, when I became brave enough to reveal that these replies were coming directly from Nicholas and not from me, I pointed out to the cousin in question that he was honoured, as my brother had not had anything to say to me at all. I spoke light-heartedly, as I was not in anyway distressed about this, but Nick was obviously listening, because just as I was putting the phone down, he was there in the kitchen with me putting his arm affectionately around my shoulders and said, "You know I love you too" I was moved.

In my experience, when a body is laid to rest in the ground or cremated, it is like a completion. Before the cremation of my brother, I spent the time feeling as though I had lived the end of his life with him. I had followed events from afar, sending him postcards and flowers towards his last days, and received reports from my cousins on his state of health. It weighed heavily on me. It was as though his pain was still with me. He had had some happy days, but also many problems and dark times. I was aware of all this. Then the cremation and it all changed. I felt much lighter, and although the grieving was not over, I was strangely happy.

If a person has some spiritual education before death, it makes it much easier for them to get used to the next world. There is far more adjusting to do if, like my brother, one knows nothing. I am making this assumption about him, but bear in mind that he did not talk about these things, so I do not know for sure what he would have said. I was told he revealed that he feared death and dying, but mercifully someone stayed with him at the end.

My thoughts are that there are no rights and wrongs about how to live life or whether it is necessary to believe in one's immortality. If one leaves this world in a relatively ignorant state as my brother did, it is simply a different experience from which the soul can learn. It was his choice not to know on a soul level. It is my choice to have a greater understanding. Neither way is better or worse than the other, as both are part of the education of the soul. It is like two ways of doing it.

Although I knew that he had not wanted spiritual healing in his lifetime, I could not help thinking that perhaps now he might be thankful if I sent him some Light. So I did. I saw the Light reaching him as he walked beside my mother. She felt it and looked round at me visibly moved by the little act of kindness and the healing

## NICHOLAS

vibrations I was sending, but my brother was unable to perceive it. It seems that spiritual Light was not part of his reality in life, and he needed time before he was ready to appreciate what it is. Nothing proven, but those are my conclusions.

Some time later, one of my cousins asked me if I had heard from Nicholas and did I know how he was getting on. Actually, although he had been very frequently in my thoughts, I had not been aware of his presence around me since the cremation, which seemed to lay everything quietly to rest. However, he chose to come at that moment to tell me that I could write some of these things down if I chose. I think he thought it would help both me and others who might one day read my words. Thus the creation of this little article came about.



Nicholas's Flowers