

Life After Death - A New Revelation

by
William Allen LePar
with
Sherilyn Highben
and David Ries

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For more about William LePar and The Council visit - <http://www.WilliamLePar.com>

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Man rarely looks at the shortness of his stay in this learning place that you call “Earth” or that you call “Life.” Man looks into a mirror and feels that he will always be, that he will never leave. This is his inner self, his higher self, letting him know that he is everlasting and eternal, but his physical body is not, and it is in this use of his tool, that physical body, that he grows the fastest and most profoundly. Use your time as if you did not have a tomorrow. Use your time as if there were no more tomorrows for you. Use your time as if this is all you had left.

The Council

Dedication

This book is dedicated to all who are seeking true spiritual enlightenment and who wish to cultivate a more intimate relationship with their Divine Source.

Acknowledgements

The authors wish to express their deepest gratitude to all who worked so diligently to bring this effort to fruition. The list is long, but it must begin with the members of the SOL Research and Study Group which spent five years on the subject of life after death. They performed research, posed questions, reviewed answers and formulated new lines of inquiry to create the Life After Death Trance Series, a spiritual treasure that will stand the test of time. Many thanks also to the SOL Associates who studied the hundreds of pages of material to help select key passages so that a concise yet complete picture could be assembled.

Among those whom we relied on most for proof-reading, editing and constructive criticism are Cheryl Hostler, Greg Goldsmith, and Ethel Ruse. An extra special thanks goes to Don Weisgarber for the professional finish his artwork and graphics gave to this book.

Finally, we thank those unseen souls who have trod the world we trod, who have labored in the fields we labor, who have felt the joys and heartaches we feel, and who have, as an act of love greater than we today can understand, looked back to us on this world, in these fields, to point the way...

Introduction

By Denny Highben

(Editor's note: Denny Highben is a veteran journalist who first interviewed author William Allen LePar in 1979. In a career spanning four decades, Highben covered individuals and issues ranging from local interest to international significance. The recipient of numerous awards for his work, he also authored a popular column for eight years before leaving daily journalism to focus on free-lance writing. In addition to the introduction, he has contributed the prologue to this book.)

Questions about what lies beyond humanity's far horizon have teased us since our earliest days upon the earth. We yearn to know, to peer through the mists of the last tomorrow and perceive forever. Or we turn our attentions elsewhere and shun the subject, convincing ourselves that it really doesn't matter. But it does.

This book, *Life After Death, A New Revelation*, will answer those questions. An astounding claim? Most assuredly; of that there is no doubt. Yet I confidently join the authors in saying, "Read, and know for yourselves."

There is a chain of trust in the affairs of humanity that binds one act of progress to the next. It is what causes us to take steps we would otherwise forgo, steps into the wilderness of ideas, into the uncertain arena of change. It was this chain of trust that led me to discover the remarkable events involving psychic William Allen LePar, the man you are about to meet in this book. Perhaps a brief explanation of how I came to know him will help you understand what a truly unique and valuable resource LePar is, especially in matters involving life after death and the realities of the human soul. In the late 1970s, with college, a tour in the Marines and more than 10 years of journalism behind me, I was confident that I had the right understanding of life. I was long on skepticism (and short on patience) for any trails branching off the path I had chosen to follow. But that chain of trust was about to lead me onto a trail to which I had

never even given a second thought, let alone accept or endorse.

An older reporter at the newspaper, a man whom I had grown to respect as a man of integrity and intelligence, approached me one afternoon with a shaken look on his face. He had just talked to a woman he had dealt with professionally for years, a woman he had grown to trust.

“She said she knows a man who goes into a type of trance, and beings from another realm speak through him,” David, my colleague, said. While I considered myself more atheist than agnostic, I knew David to be a devout Lutheran who once studied for the ministry. So I was curious how such a claim would sit with him. When I asked, he said, “Have you ever heard of Edgar Cayce?”

Confessing that I had not, he gave me an overview of the Cayce history and added, “Jan (the woman) said the trances are similar to Cayce's.”

“But where are these beings supposed to be speaking from?” I asked.

“In some area of Heaven, according to Jan,” he replied. An area of Heaven? As astounding as it sounded, David's trust in Jan and my trust in him led us both to investigate further. Our independent efforts led us to the same conclusion: LePar and the trance phenomenon are legitimate.

At the same time as David and I were first digging into this extraordinary situation, a psychologist and professor for a major university was concluding a lengthy study of LePar and his paranormal abilities. In addition to verifying the trance state, he wrote that “LePar has demonstrated a remarkably high level of accuracy of psychic awareness for countless verifiable events.” LePar has also worked with police and with doctors, psychically diagnosing medical conditions.

Through the years, thousands of people have heard LePar's lectures, participated in classes and research groups, and attended trance communications. Those who are or have been long-term participants come from a wide spectrum of backgrounds: educators, medical professionals, businessmen, millworkers, scientists, civil servants, homemakers, rich and poor, liberal and conservative, young and old.

It was that very mix of individuals that led one of this book's authors to become involved in studying the trance information. Even though I had become confident the LePar phenomenon was genuine, my wife, Sherilyn, still scoffed. She wanted no part of such fringe activities. But after we attended a social function with LePar and other participants, she saw for herself that there were no third eyes in anyone's forehead. In fact, over the years I've observed a number of people leave after a brief encounter with the trance information because the situation was not bizarre enough for them.

Joining LePar and Sherilyn in writing this book is David Ries. He is a senior computer operations analyst for a major industry. Like Sherilyn, he is endowed with a healthy skepticism, and neither is he prone to gullibility or to leaping onto the latest “new age” bandwagon.

Specifically, LePar authored Part One, “On Death and Dying,” joined Sherilyn in composing Part Two, “The Man-Made Heavenly Realm,” and joined Ries in writing Part Three, “The God-Made Heavenly Realm.” The book was completed in that fashion as a visible example of a principle crucially important in life: We are communal beings who perform best and succeed most when we create in concert with our brothers and sisters. It could be said that there is a fourth author of this book and that would be The Council, the source which speaks through LePar when he is in deep trance. All quotations in Life

After Death, A New Revelation, are drawn from the meticulously recorded and preserved communications between humanity and The Council, a union of 12 souls who are an excellent example of cooperative creation. There are more than 2 million words of dialogue with The Council on record. Here is a further explanation, right from the source: The Council:

Let us explain a little of ourselves, who we are and what we are. In order to get a better picture of who we are, you need some information.

In that area which was originally created by the Divine [the God-Made Heavenly Realm] you have three basic levels of growth, the Spirit Level, the Angelic Level, and the Celestial Level. The Celestial Level can be easily compared to the portico that surrounds the House of the Divine. Now this is purely symbolic but it is something that you can relate to. It [the portico] is just before you enter the Divine Presence.

This Celestial Level is where we exist. Never in the history of mankind has this Level spoken to man. All sources of information in the past, at the present time, and in the future will come from the Man-Made Realms. In this God-Made Heavenly Realm our task is to act as a council, to give suggestions to your perplexing problems. We are not here to tell you what to do. We are not here to tell you how to live your life, but we are here to offer you suggestions, to encourage you to use the God-given mind that you have, to use the God-given will, to think and to grow, to open yourself up so that the godly state that lies within the very core of your being can come out, for each of you have a speck or a spark of the Divine in them.

While their process of communication with humanity is nothing short of astounding, The Council has repeatedly stressed that the trances are a spiritual event and not a mere psychic event. When I think of the trance phenomenon, I am reminded of the Biblical advice, "By their fruits you shall know them." The fruit, the product, of LePar's efforts and of those who have worked with this situation has a quality, a value, to it that cannot be found elsewhere. Many people have experienced positive, productive changes in their lives through their association with this material. The Council underscores this value, and the distinction between the spiritual and the psychic, in the following quotes.

The Council:

Many forms of belief have been created over the eons of time. Some of them have built, shall we say, a strong avenue of existence, others somewhat weaker; others have been totally consumed by other thoughts, other beliefs. This particular information, these attitudes, our efforts to clear away the misunderstanding brought on by man's words and ignorance, by his desire not to accept what is, will eventually develop into a form that will, how shall we put it, be equal to even the greatest thoughts, at least. . . .

Some may believe; some may not. For those who do believe, good. For those who do not believe, use what you can use in what we are offering you; what you cannot use, do not be foolish and toss it completely out of your grasp, for a day may come when it may be useful to you then.

Remember, much of the psychic information that man has gleaned over the time of his existence has very little sustenance to it; this on the other hand is food for life for those who are willing to partake of it, and that is the difference.

Indeed, the trance information is often startling, but to me it is also startlingly logical. It provides many surprises and rattles some old beliefs while being consistently inspiring. So partake of this material and you will come away with an awareness of your own

eternal nature. I am confident you will know deep inside that you have encountered something special — and you will also have glimpsed beyond humanity's far horizon.

Prologue - A Life in the Wilderness

The summer sun assailed the old neighborhood unmercifully that day, but the cruelty of weather is not something a child takes much note of, or permits to affect the truly important rite of summer: Play.

Bill, however, was not the average child. Oh, he could play and frolic, explore, and imagine with the best of his peers, and he did. But there was something unique about the short, dark-haired lad. It was something that only his closest family members were aware of, and it was not something they wanted known to the world at large, much like the eccentricities of a strange, old uncle. Yet, this element of Bill's personality, of his very identity, was something that would not be denied its expression in life. In fact, you could almost say it had a life of its own.

As the sun continued to beat down that day, it found young Bill on his aunt's front porch in the old neighborhood. It was a big porch, perfect for a little boy, and he walked around its inner perimeter, behind the hanging swing and his uncle's rocking chair. He sat down at the top of the steps and leaned against the porch post. For awhile he studied the pattern of wear, the chips and the zigzag cracks in the coat of paint on the steps and up the post. In a few moments he was thinking of nothing in particular as he sat there, watching the air magically ripple up off the brick street and then re-vanish. It subtly teased his imagination, his sense of wonder: The invisible air becomes visible and then disappears again . . . why?

A gray coupe was coming down the street. A little girl, in red pants and a white top, ran out from between the houses to Bill's left. It was his cousin, Aunt Stella's little girl. A flash of horror bolted through him. Before he could move, or even scream, Susie darted into the path of the car. The brakes squealed too late, and with a sickening FUMP, his cousin bounced off the grill of the car and was tossed onto the pavement, arms and legs flailing like a rag doll.

"Aunt Stella!" Bill screamed as he ripped open the screen door. "Susie, Susie — She got hit! She got hit!"

Stella was in the kitchen preparing supper when her nephew charged down the hallway, screaming hysterically. For a moment she could not understand his words, but she recognized his terror. Then, instantly, she knew.

"Oh, my Lord!" she mumbled desperately. She dropped a pan and rushed to the front door yelling her daughter's name. As she flung herself through the doorway, she stopped dead in her tracks. Susie was climbing the porch steps.

"What's wrong, Mommy?" Susie asked. There was not a mark on her. Bill had followed his aunt out the door, and he stared at his cousin in disbelief. She was not wearing red pants and a white top, but blue jeans and a yellow t-shirt.

The reality of the moment dropped all the weight of the world onto the small boy. It had happened again! He could hear his own voice, inside his head, crying, "Why? WHY ME?" He began to quake inside, knowing what was about to take place.

Aunt Stella grabbed his right arm, yanked him off the porch floor, and began spanking him.

“You've got to stop that. It's bad, do you understand? You scared me half to death!” She continued screaming and spanking as she dragged him into the house. He was ordered to stand in a corner until his parents came, and Bill knew he would get an even worse spanking from his parents.

Never, never, never, again! He silently promised himself between the sobs: Never, never, never . . .

A week later, Bill was at his aunt's house and it happened again. Susie ran into the street. She was wearing red pants and a white top, and the brakes of a gray coupe squealed in vain to stop. The scene played out before him so quickly that he only had time to realize the difference. The first time, he now realized, he somehow seemed connected to the event, as though his presence was required for the action to unfold. This was different. The horrible sight was the same as before, but he knew he didn't have to be there for it to occur . . .

Susie recovered in a few weeks from her injuries. But the confusion and shame and agony that tormented Bill continued for years as he battled to fulfill his promise to himself:

Never, never, never again.

The working class neighborhoods in the industrial city of Canton, Ohio, is where William Allen LePar grew up. They were almost independent enclaves, with their small groceries, fix-it shops, family-owned clothing stores, and corner restaurants. Each found its own identity in the rich diversity of ethnic and cultural backgrounds, for many of the inhabitants were the original pioneers of their families. Or, they were the children of those who mustered up the courage and the fare to buy passage on a thousand different ships from ports throughout Europe, the Middle East, and Asia, bound for the enchanted land of America. Irish, Greek, Lebanese, Italian, German, they all lived together along with many blacks, who were not Americans by their ancestors' choice.

As the first half of the 20th century was being ushered out, first by a brutal depression and then by the most horrendous war in the written history of man, the people of these multi-national neighborhoods were bound together by pride in their own backgrounds and by an accompanying respect for their neighbors' pride. But, principally, they were bound together by the granite-firm awareness that their differences paled in the face of the one absolute fact of their American identity: They were working-class people, proud, strong, and supremely confident that the riches they enjoyed were those that built value beyond the shallow parameters of material wealth — loyalty, fairness, honesty, and trust in the institutions that had served them for generations. Their lives, their beings, were inextricably united with church, family, country, and community.

As young LePar matured in this atmosphere, he was infused with the culture and traditions of his Italian family, some of whom were born and raised in the old country. He also learned there was a special quality to a few members of his immediate family. They had, as did he, the ability to occasionally know more than what the five physical senses told them. It was not something they permitted to be generally known, and not something they would deliberately use to impress or entertain or to gain any type of advantage in life. For, to them, the gift carried with it a responsibility.

That knowledge blended with the passing of years to soften the memory of the summer day on his aunt's porch, and to soften Bill's resolve about suppressing his mysterious but troublesome talent. His acceptance of his psychic side finally blossomed in high school, when he became close friends with a classmate. The young man, Walt, knew there was

something special about Bill because he, too, had the knack.

Unusual that two boys in the same small high school would be gifted with paranormal powers? Yes. And yet, there is no such thing as coincidence, no such thing as an accident . . .

With Walt's encouragement, Bill began to utilize his ability more frequently and in a greater variety of ways. Walt introduced him to a Spiritualist Church in nearby Massillon, and together they often served as "sensitives," tuning into messages from the spirit world for members of the congregation.

But other ways in which Bill and Walt used their gifts were not as helpful to others. Instead, their abilities were manifested as curiosities, and to startle and to impress. Then an incident occurred that was more frightening than anything before, a prophetic vision the two teens unleashed during an evening of psychic experimenting that was so powerful and intense it seemed to have a life of its own. When it ended, Bill slammed the door tight on that aspect of his being, absolutely determined to never again let it see the light of day in his life.

Almost 20 years later, hippies had replaced beatniks and Sputnik wasn't much more than a half-forgotten fluke that inspired America to reach for the stars. But for all the technological progress in America, for all the education that had been obtained year after year, for all the economic growth, America was in a bigger mess than ever before. Young adults, united under the banner of "do your own thing," had launched a full-scale assault on many traditions. Drug use and promiscuity were rampant; deceit and corruption were evident if not already ingrained in the highest reaches of public and private institutions. Anxiety, uncertainty, and hedonistic cynicism among the people became more common each day.

William Allen LePar was well into his career as a machinist, laboring in a steel mill. As he was growing up, he had yearned to be a priest, but family needs kept him home, and he had entered the workforce before he finished high school.

He became more resolute than in his childhood when it came to his unusual abilities, building a wall around that aspect of his being. Now, recently married and relocated to a farm in the quiet hills an hour east of Canton, his life was taking on the trappings of normalcy.

"My gosh, that's Walt," he blurted out one night as he and his new wife, Nancy, sat at the dinner table. The phone had only rung once, and Nancy looked at him curiously. Bill cringed.

During the course of their friendship, courtship and marriage, Bill had told her a little about his knack for knowing things beyond normal means of perception, for he never felt it was right to hide any truth from the woman he took as his companion in life. But he didn't go into much detail, to say the least, and demonstrations — either planned or impromptu — were the last thing he wanted.

Indeed, the caller on the telephone that night was his old friend, Walt, who was back in Ohio to visit. Many years earlier he had settled in California, where he was successful both in business and in the business of psychic phenomena. Nancy probed her husband after the incident with Walt's telephone call and, wanting to be a supportive wife, encouraged Bill to utilize his abilities. His response was simple: "You have no idea what's involved, so forget it."

Bill and Walt talked about many things when Walt visited the farmhouse a few nights

later: Walt's career, life in California, Bill's marriage to Nancy, changes in Canton through the years. The one subject they both knew would have to be broached, however, remained as the night wore on. It grew ever closer, like the closet door at the top of a long, steep staircase. On the conversation went, and up, closer to the inescapable. Each step was a little more labored until, finally, they were there. No more steps, no more excuses to wait. The door was before them.

"Are you doing anything?" asked Walt. His old friend knew precisely what he meant.

"No. I told you a long time ago that I've put it all behind me."

Walt sighed and smiled, "Bill, you know you can't hide it and you know you can't hide from it. You were given those abilities for a reason."

"My life is finally getting to a stage I like, Walt. All that stuff did was cause more grief than it was worth." Bill shook his head for added emphasis. "Besides, it doesn't make one real bit of difference if Bill LePar is a psychic freak or just another guy who works in a mill."

Walt retreated. "OK. Someday, though. Someday."

For the slightest instant they both felt something, something separate and yet, it seemed to them individually, something shared. Someday?

Before Walt left, they agreed to make a better effort at staying in touch. Bill's reading and composition skills were painfully bad, so he suggested that they exchange letters on audio tape. Walt agreed and a few days later Bill had a new portable tape recorder just for that purpose.

It was a beautiful late summer morning when Bill decided to tape his first letter to Walt. Armed with a fresh cup of strong, black coffee, a pack of cigarettes, the recorder and several new tapes, Bill went to the front porch as Nancy was driving away to her job as a nurse.

A few moments later Nancy's car was returning down the long, gravel lane. Bill was startled by the sound, and realized he must have fallen asleep.

"What did you forget?" he asked as Nancy approached the porch.

She stopped and stared at him. "What do you mean, 'What did I forget?' I'm home."

"But why? You're going to be late."

"The day's over!" Nancy responded, mildly irritated at his prank. "I've put in my eight hours. What did you get accomplished today?"

Bill could only stare at her, perplexed by the situation unfolding around them. The confusion of the moment gnawed at them both, causing an edginess that bordered on anger. It wasn't an anger at each other, but an anger at the inability to get beyond the confusion, and to arrive at a point that made sense. Bill finally broke the silence.

"I, I thought I just dozed off a little when I sat down here to tape Walt that letter," he stammered. "I haven't even started the . . ." His voiced trailed off as he looked at the patio table next to the chair in which he had been sitting. The new tapes were unwrapped and stacked, and one was in the recorder. But he had not unwrapped the tapes. At least, he did not remember and he found himself desperately wanting to remember those mundane actions.

The tapes, Bill and Nancy discovered, had been used. Their confusion became an even more entrenched, more powerful tormentor as they listened to the tapes.

The tapes held messages for Walt, and the voice was Bill's, although it took a conscious effort to decide that, in fact, it was Bill. But the ideas, the references, and even many of

the words that emanated from the recorder were as foreign to Bill as an ancient, forgotten language.

Years later, even after he had told the tale of that first trance communication many times, William Allen LePar still occasionally found himself shuddering inside. It occurred in those moments when his guard was down, and the memory of all his futile efforts to escape his abilities rushed over him.

“I thought I was going insane, or even worse,” he once told an interviewer. “There was just no rational, logical way to understand what had happened.”

The tapes went to Walt, and Bill went in search of an answer, to his priest, his doctor, the Bible. His search for answers was reassuring but unsatisfying. He was not going insane, or worse, he was told. But no one could tell him what was going on inside of him. Or why. Walt described what had happened as an involuntary trance through which a source of information beyond earthly restrictions was speaking. That only served to reinforce Bill's anxiety and confusion.

In the months that followed, other trances occurred, and he felt impaled on the realization that he did not control his own life. The trances were always preceded by a peculiar and increasingly powerful weariness. It did no good to resist, and the principal result of resistance was an excruciating migraine.

Eventually, Bill found an elderly woman who helped him come to terms with the upheaval in his life. Her name was Ruth, and she regularly invited a small group of people to her home for discussion and investigation of the spiritual and the paranormal. There was a unique strength, an authority, to her that Bill sensed. Through her encouragement, he permitted his long imprisoned psychic talents to surface again, and he stopped fearing the trance.

At Ruth's house he became acquainted with a young man he perceived as having plenty of higher education at the expense of common sense. The young man, David, was fascinated by LePar's account of the trances. He repeatedly requested the opportunity to witness a trance until LePar agreed.

The next time the peculiar weariness began, LePar called David, who rushed to the farmhouse. It was in the season of Christmas, several years after that morning on the porch. The source of the information spoke to David and told him much that he needed to know, about himself and about the phenomenon that he voluntarily had become involved in. In the ensuing months, LePar learned how to control the trances so that they could be scheduled in advance. Others were permitted to attend and to ask questions of the source, which identified itself as The Council. Information was gathered on an array of topics, astounding information on whatever subject occurred to those asking the questions.

The Council suggested that one subject be selected on which the group should concentrate for a series of trances. That way, an in-depth and extensive body of knowledge could be obtained on one general subject, making the questions more productive and the resulting information more complete and easier to utilize.

Meanwhile, LePar had started a Bible study class, covering the Gospel of John. He would prepare intensely for each session, reviewing the texts and speaking inspirationally about the events, customs, and traditions of the time of John. (LePar describes his inspirational speaking as “a radio clicks on” in his head, and he just explains what he hears.) David and another early member of the group would record and outline the material. LePar used the outline as a basis for the class, but would often find himself speaking inspirationally

again, adding even more body and depth to the material.

As more people learned of LePar the trance psychic, LePar the man learned that many were not sincerely interested in what The Council had to say. Rather, they wanted only to dabble in the phenomenon, to associate with someone possessing a degree of fame or, even worse, to somehow profit materially from their association with the situation.

Whenever someone asked for guidance or help, Bill always did his best in spite of their true motivations.

But he was immovable when it came to maintaining an identity as someone no more special or unique than any other, and when it came to maintaining the integrity of the trance phenomenon. Once, when he accepted a speaking engagement on the West Coast, he was made this offer: State the source of the trance information is an alien race, and he would be made a wealthy man. LePar's answer was, of course, no.

Besides being known as a psychic, LePar has been referred to as a mystic, a medium, a modern seer, a prophet. He has also gained stature as a motivational speaker on the human potential and on the spiritual potential. In his classes, lectures, interviews, and in his writings as an author, it is easy to understand how these descriptions apply. For LePar, however, the preferable term is sensitive. He is the same as others, with strengths and weaknesses, hopes and fears, dreams and realizations that some dreams will be nothing more, at least in this life. What sets him apart is that his most noticeable strength is an extreme sensitivity to insights, influences, and awarenesses that few others possess.

Hundreds of people from all stations in life have sought his advice and counsel, including those from positions of considerable influence in the public and private sectors.

Can he see tomorrow? If he sees more than other humans can, he doesn't say. But he also sees what we all can see if, as he says, we only exercise our God-given wisdom and common sense. Tomorrow is no secret, just look at what we are doing today. To change tomorrow, change today.

When The Council suggested a single topic be pursued in detail, participants from the previous trance sessions and members of LePar's Bible class joined to form a research group. As their topic, they selected life after death. Five years later, it was decided a sufficient amount of information had been gathered from The Council about life after death. The next step was to let mankind know what awaits in the world beyond.

That is the purpose of this book.

Denny Highben

Chapter 1 - Death

A Realization

Life can only be lived and experienced when we look around us and above us. Life can only be experienced when we look into our own eyes and realize there is a living soul that needs sustenance as does the body.

- William Allen LePar

Part One - On Death and Dying

How many of us believe that birth is the beginning of life? Most of us believe this but, in

actuality, what The Council says is that we are not really living life. Rather, from the moment we are born we start the journey towards death. In most situations, when people talk about death, they admit that they have a certain amount of fear of death. But we should not be afraid of death because death is nothing more than a changing.

In this portion of the book, we will be dealing with the near death experience. We will also be dealing with the actual process of dying and with our very first experience in our new state of existence. The foyer experience is the first experience that we will have when we actually make the final transition we call death. We will start on our path of discovery with a quote from The Council, which is a concise explanation of the death process.

The Council:

Death is instantaneous and what death actually is is simply a refocusing of your consciousness. That is all. Once the consciousness has been refocused then it does not need a material manifestation [or a physical body], and there is no real sense of change other than being able to view what is going on in the surrounding area.

At the moment of death, there is absolutely no pain in the separation of the soul from the physical body. It is a refocusing from the physical to the spiritual. At the moment of death, the physical body is totally useless to us. Instead of seeing the world as a participant as we did when we were physically alive, we now begin to view life as if viewing a play or a television movie.

The moment of death can be compared to tax time. For those of us who make out our own taxes, we know that when we are working on that form we are intently concentrating, intently concentrating because we do not want to make a mistake, for fear of the IRS's wrath. We are concentrating very hard when, suddenly, the door opens and closes, which draws us away from our point of concentration. We realize that we are back in the world; we are no longer lost in the figures on the paper. That is similar to the way the soul works with the material manifestation. At the moment of death, we are still very concentrated on physical life; our attention is focused on the material manifestation.

With this intense concentration on our physical life, do we ever know when we are going to die? The Council gives us this insight.

The Council:

You see, the entire death process is again the refocusing of your attention, and you are well aware of your changing; whether you are willing to accept it or not is another thing, but you are aware that the time for the change of your focus is near. In other words, you are aware that death is coming. So regardless of what is done to the body, and in some cases the physical container is given drugs that may cause the outer awareness a certain amount of hallucinations, but the inner awareness, never. You see, the mind or the consciousness does not go to sleep, does not diminish; and these medications, these machines, do not change the awareness or cause any illusion in the death process.

This process of change that we call death is in actuality not a death. Our soul is immortal. We simply focus, or refocus, our attention from the physical world to a spiritual world or to a spiritual reality.

Let us return to the original question: Do we ever know when we are going to die? Yes, we do. At one level of our awareness or another, we do have a degree of awareness of the impending death.

If we have older people in our family, for example, we will notice that there comes a time

when they may want to take a trip that they had always dreamed of. Or they may want to go see old friends that they have not seen in 10 or 20 years. Perhaps they begin tagging articles in their house and say, "This belongs to Sally and this belongs to Jim." They are preparing for their death. There is an awareness inside that something is coming, and it is all going to end. They know it deep inside. Rarely do they know it consciously, but something motivates them to make preparation or to get ready. With some people this can begin, at times, weeks, months or even years in advance.

When we actually reach the moment of death, it registers on the conscious or subconscious mind that we are going to die. Under normal circumstances, the moment of death only comes when we are willing to accept or embrace it at a conscious level, even though at the subconscious level we may have accepted it. Have you ever noticed that before some people die, they seem to linger on and on? That's because they are not willing to accept death at the conscious level. This awareness of death can either be subtle or it can be obvious as death approaches.

The reason why we fear death is because we are not sure what really happens. No matter what we read or what we believe, there is still that fragment of doubt in our mind. The soul or the higher self tells us that we are immortal, but the conscious factor or conscious mind has a hard time completely accepting that, because there is a doubt or a fear as to what can be expected. We must reeducate ourselves to the fact that death is nothing more than a question of change, not an ending to anything.

The subconscious and conscious minds are constantly bombarded with the ideas that death is an unknown or final experience. We find this more and more in our society because of its materialistic attitude toward life. The soul or higher self tries to influence us with the fact that life is everlasting. This dichotomy causes confusion in the conscious and subconscious minds and in that confusion then we begin to develop fears and anxieties. The higher self says, "Look, I am immortal." But the materialistic world says, "Everything is here and now. Once the lights go out, that is it." This causes that dichotomy.

Now, let us deal with that portion of the last quote in which The Council talks about the drugs and machines with which we attempt to keep people alive. Do these measures affect our consciousness? The Council says no. They affect only the physical body, not the consciousness.

An example of this is the fact that many times when people are anesthetized for operations, they come out of the operation and are able to inform the doctor about what was discussed. Or they can tell the nurse, "I heard you say this or I heard you say that." Yet, they were undergoing very serious surgery and were, apparently, totally unconscious. The body may be anesthetized and incapacitated physically but the consciousness is not.