



Special thank yous to Vitae Bergman, THE ALL GAME, and Evelyn Jones for inspiring the creation of this book. © Copyright 1982 by P.M.H. Atwater

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> FIRSTEDITION, NOVEMBER, 1980 SECOND EDITION, MARCH, 1998

Published in the United States of America

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NEVER SUCH A MORNING

Never was there such a morning,

alive and sparkling, fresh and new.

Pungent whiffs of mint and clover

skip across the garden dew.

Prisms wink and blink at me

as rainbow splashes tint the scene.

Sunshine dances soft with soil,

leaping high to fingers green.

Wings unfold and heartbeats waken;

cadence echoes slope to slope.

Soul-deep longings from inside me



MAMMA AND DADDY

- I didn't have a mother when I was young, like most people do, yet I called her mother. She was short and plump with the whitest of hair, and a name like the sounds of a song.
- It was her face I saw from my cradle and her hands that ever reached out to me. It was her bed I ran to when nightmares came, and her breasts I snuggled and hugged for warmth.
- I don't remember a father at all, not a real one. Father was a title I called many men. But daddy was a thin man with the mellowest of eyes and a mustache that tickled each kiss.
- His hair was as white as mamma's and he filled each day of work or play with a smile. There was so much love and laughter between us. I loved mamma and daddy so much.
- People made fun of my loving them. They aren't your parents, they would chide. Only blood counts, blood-kin, blood ties. They have no legal claim to you nor you to them.
- Your own mother hired them to care for you. She paid money hard and good. Their so-called loving was a business deal, paid for proper, bought and sold.
- I cannot deny the truth of that, my real mother so lost within her own world she could not provide for me. I cannot deny the money paid, the extras in clothing, dolls and schoolhood costs.
- Yet the love that flowed transcended all, and it grew and grew and grew. There came a time as age crept by that monies ceased to be, and still the bond between us three grew stronger still.
- It was at mamma and daddy's house I spent each summer, holiday and more. It was with them I grew to womanhood, fell in love and married one bright day.
- It was to them I brought each newborn child, each dream and each concern. It was by their side I rushed to be when daddy hurt and mamma cried.
- No, they were not my parents, not by law or courts or judges, not by blood or kinship dear. My own mother finally settled down with other children and another life.
- I don't begrudge her that nor am I bitter. I love her and I truly wish her well. But the love-bond deep within me for two old people ceases not. It is a gentle, sweet reminder of a love that would not stop.

MARRIAGE



How can marriage be defined?

It is as different as the two people who enter into it. It is as manyfaceted as the reasons people have to marry. It is good and it is bad, indifferent and exciting, a prison and a dream.

Marriage to me is the structured form which allows two people room to grow and learn in har mony with each other. It is the free dom to share lifestyles together, and the promise to respect and honor their many differences.

Marriage to me is like willow branches growing ever to the sun, compromising winds and storms, bouncing ever sky ward after each bending of the branch.

The willow is the most flexible of trees, giving and sharing, yet never losing it's true identity or individual form. It is ever true to The Force which guides it and the sun it seeks to reach.

I see marriage like a willow patient, enduring, simple, joyful, accepting, unique - a growing form to reside in yet ever ready to bend and love.

Marriage is what two people make it to be, no more or less. As you begin your marriage journey, I pray for you both the bles sings of - willow branches.



<u>LIVING</u>

Life is a strange thing. Sometimes it's just plain odd.

We cry at our birthing. We kick like a clod.

Though growing comes easy, time comes to plow sod.

Sweat pours and the tears start. Rules spring from a rod.

We discover long pathways, crooked places to trod.

We learn and we grow some, like a horse we are shod.

Craggy cliffs we climb upward. Fingers stretch for our Yod.

It's Point leads to hilltops, where at last, we find God.



BIRTHDAYS

The steady throb of time clocks so many things -Babies come, people go, a lover sings.

Its beat sounds across the long passing of years As it records all our glories, laughter and tears.

Our meanderings through life take us far and then wide. All those travels made easy with friends by our side.

Another day cometh, and yet soon it is done. A birthday creeps yonder with the promise of fun.

The meaning of birthdays as life slips us by? Well, they're goal posts and sign posts in ribbons we tie.

They show us our growing and what we have learned. They highlight our failings and what we have spurned.

We each, no matter the tenor of days, Bow and pray thank you, Dear God, for Your Ways.





LAST NIGHT

A woman came to my house last night - to talk. She cried instead.

Heartbreaks of the past had overcome her. She touched my hand and wept.

Pressed on by darkening shadows, her story was revealed. It was was and long.

And though it caused her pain to speak of it, she found relief in trying.

We shared many quiet moments 'til a softness began to glow. She smiled at me.

For from my large bright window came a dawning, and the sunshine of a brand new day.







they drew a butterfly,

War-torn children

waiting silently to die,

Lonely children

knowing deep inside -

Death and Life

are friendly arms spread wide.

I saw their drawings

and they touched my heart.

Why should I have doubts,

tear myself apart?

Life is good

and Death a warm cocoon.

Butterflies stretch free

to their own tune.

Little children know

the truth of this.



Humbly, I touched the wall,



and left a kiss.

GOODBYE

You're leaving.

Tomorrow I'll drive you to the airport and feign the cool reserve of motherhood, that all-knowingness which really comes from years of trial and error - nothing more.

You're leaving.

My little tousle head is gone, and in his place a tall handsome man, complete with stylish beard and stance, just-right jeans and shoes just so.

You're leaving.

Now I must bid goodbye to all my silly notions of your future. You'll choose your own best path, a wife to love and cherish, children to hold dear.

You're leaving.

My tears cannot convey my feelings. Words fail me. Return someday if you can, but not to stay. It is time for you to go. Your life awaits.

Son -

I love you . . .

Goodbye.



REMEMBERING MOTHERHOOD

The day greys on.

A misty rain kisses earth.

My heart wanders back to other places, other times.

Muffled voices float across my mind, pangs of memory sigh.

There was a moment once when tiny feet and hands found mine.

There was a moment once when laughter rippled 'cross my breast and I was many - not just one.

Days grow on as Nature deems they should.

Moments spread to years.

Years fan out the dust-trails of our past.

A million miles ago in the silent center of my heart, there strums the rest of me

Long gone to worlds of their own making,

Gone from sight and sound and path.

But in this place within me, lying deep and safe from time, are warm images of priceless children

Gifts on loan . . . for just awhile.



5 DIVORCE

- When two people have shared the passing years as we, there is pain in parting, for such was never intended or planned in the beginning.
- It is strange how the most innocent desires and motives can become tools of torture, begetting problems that reproduce themselves, creating landslides we seem unable to control.
- How can two people share a lifetime and never see or hear the other?
- Perhaps what we loved was an image we created of the other, an image that was never really there. Perhaps we loved too much or blindly. Perhaps we never loved at all - lost in our own fantasies whatever they might have been.
- We never knew the other, you and I. In our own way we tried but missed the mark. We never really looked and saw the other's anguish, or heard the other's heart cry out.
- Life became a maze of tunnels, a prison we constructed by ourselves.
- No one was right. No one was wrong. There is no blame to give. We both ran through the years forever seeking the ideal we projected in our own imaginery mirror.
- All things created must of nature someday end. It is best that we cease our race with hell, for such is not the goal of life.
- We both deserve another chance to see ourselves and know in us our own best friend, to laugh and sing, to cry and fall, to climb and run, to love again not as one possessed but with a wisdom born of letting go, a patience forged from understanding.
- There needs be no apology, no excuses, no defense. We did our best and now are finished.
- It is time to face the future, to explore the depths within ourselves, to scream and tumble and get up again. There is so much to learn, so much to see, so much to do.
- Thank you, my beloved, for all you shared with me in days long past. Know that my heart is ever open to bid you welcome should you ever seek it as a friend.
- I wish you peace, joy and love. But above all else, I wish you life!

IF ONLY

If only I could see the sky ablaze with summer red, And tiny tots wee toys in hand acuddlin' into bed.

If only I could watch the moon seduce the silver sea, And couples new in love spread wings alive and young and free.

If only I could gaze upon the emerald green of mountain moss, And tear-stained faces bowed in prayer beneath the tall and lonely cross.

If only I had eyes to see. Oh, God, if only . . .

LIFE STOPS

As we scurry along life's pathway, we sometimes forget a simple truth.

It is by standing still that we make our biggest strides!

There comes a time when each of us must face our self,

what we've done or haven't done, how we've failed or stepped up high, what we've made ourselves to be.

Life stops!

Only during such times of collapse, so total and so still,

Can we free ourselves from past glories, past concepts and beliefs.

By giving up and letting go, we can begin again with a newer vision and a clearer mind.

The result is change . . . seldom ever what we planned on or even dreamed.

All life progresses by its seasons.

We must all have our winter, before we can ever discover spring!







I'm lonely....

I miss the sky birds call and the whistling winds which sing of home.

I'm lonely.....

I miss rumbling tractors and tallstacked hay, potato sacks bulging fat.

I miss home-canned jam and vension steaks, shanks of beef hung up to age.

I'm lonely.....

My children each are grown and gone, their private lives to seek.

Memories of their laughing faces linger yet upon my mind.

I'm lonely.....

There's now no home for me, no crackling fire or hugs and song.

I left it all one day. Just upped and walked away.

And now the miles between stretch farther than my thoughts can dream.

I'm lonely.....

Oh Great Spirit of us all,

I am so lonely!



INNER VIEWING

I can only speak of what I see and know.

I cannot speak from knowledge and vision I do not have. I hear your words.

I know their construct and form, but I do not understand what you are saying.

I cannot feel what you mean inside of me.

I'm alone a lot these days.

And in my aloneness, I have discovered the universe inside me.

All I do shapes my pattern of response.

Patterns change.

I change.

I'm beginning to see a different view of me. Just beginning.

I feel sick inside sometimes when you speak to me like you do. You sound so perfect, so all-knowing.

I come across like that sometimes too.

I can tell by the way people react to me,

but it's not true, though.

I deeply question all I believe, say and do.

I wonder about myself and my own perceptions.

How do I really see what is before me? How do I respond to life instead of always reacting? How do I let go of the past? How do I find the future? How do I be me?

My hell has been my mistakes, living with the results. It's hard to live everyday with things you don't like.

So why do I do it?

Because it makes sense to.

It makes sense for me to learn from my mistakes, to see things for what they really are, not as fantasies of my own creation.

It makes sense for me to grow T H R O U G H myself and my world, not over or around it

to face both my successes and my failures. I value being human.

Soon I'll be leaving.

It's almost time for me to go.

Before I move on, I want to touch you and look around once more.

I want to take one long, good look.

I want to know where I've been.

A SALUTE TO LIVING

I too have winged the endless byways of my dreams . . . Whispering with the winds of my soul, Laughing at Tomorrow's gay fantasies.

Yet in the earth world of reality I find exciting arenas . . . Crammed with more color, sound and smell Than my human heart can hold.

Let the dreamer flee life's pace and all its problems . . . Let him follow his teasing whims And chase the far-flung stars.

As for me, I'll scrub the dishes and iron the clothes . . . Nurse the sick and feed the lonely, Plant and harvest my chocolate brown earth.





THE PASSAGE OF ONE DAY

- Kisses of sweet dew greet eyes of morning. Their silver threads skirt human nests, then suddenly vaporize with the first warm fingers of sunshine.
- Thoughts stir as this new day lingers momentarily. What can it all mean this business of living?
- Yet before time can etch its name upon this day, activity drums and the ground shakes. Human machines begin to ebb and flow like swells of a giant ocean.
- Work must be done. Words must be said. Seeds must be sown. Time must be used. Lives must be lived.
- Soon enough the buzz and clatter grind down like an old record wearing out. A tired parade of humanity weaves home to food and family. Vesper breezes softly blow the gown of twilight 'round the sky.

Problems solved become questions answered.

- One day is like four seasons, four seasons a lifetime. One cycle enriches and mothers another, yet all are the same, bearing fruit when their time has come, fading when their time has waned.
- One span of life is the sum total of a country, for each is know by the other, and so the world.
- The passage of one day is a measure of all things.
- Only man names good and evil, right and wrong for energy is just the balance of rhythm, mathematics and music . . . unowned, eternal.
- Life is sweet, so very simple. Yet mankind relentlessly creates a mystery where none exists, spins webs of blindness where there is only light, makes complex the oneness of truth.
- Is it really so hard to face ourselves, and see what's there?

I took a walk this day and happened upon a fallen tree - yet alive. New growth had from its roots took sway, Quietly I stood when the tree began to sing to me . . .

"You need not yearn for freedom or travel ribbons of road.
You need not carry more in life than your appointed load.
Love you have and riches too which you take for granted.
See yourself. Be yourself.
And grow wherever you're planted."





I do not pretend to be a poet, but rather feel called to share the sounds life sings to me. This, then, is a brief rendering of what I've heard through the rhythms of newness, a confused childhood, young marriage, adulthood, children leaving home, divorce, deep despair, loneliness, selfdiscovery and a new marriage. This little book records the sounds of my own heartbeat, as I learn how to listen. Perhaps you'll hear your own sounds blend with mine.

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P.M.H. Atwater, Lh.D.has distinguished herself internationally for her ground-breaking research of the near-death experience and its aftereffects. Her books "Coming Back to Life" and "Beyond the Light" have challenged the entire field. With the publication of "Future Memory" she has expanded her work into areas of brain development that call for a reconsideration of what is presently known about the transformation of consciousness. Interwoven within her startling new discoveries are revelations she was given while on the "other side" of death's curtain. Often forgotten is that she, too, is a near-death survivor with her own story to tell. An engaging speaker and visionary, Atwater's passion is born of experience tempered by over twenty years of objective research discipline.

An accomplished rune caster specializing in the Elder or Yin Runes, she authored "THE MAGICAL LANGUAGE OF RUNES" (now out-ofprint), and the newly released "GODDESS RUNES" and the "GODDESS RUNES KIT."

A recipient of numerous awards, her biography is in sixteen Who's Who books, half of them international editions. She has lectured extensively, her writings appearing in many national publications. She attended Boise State University in Boise, Idaho, and received her humanities doctorate in 1992 from the International College of Psychic Studies, Montreal, Canada.

Look for her newest book in Spring 1999 (from Three Rivers Press), "CHILDREN OF THE NEW MILLENNIUM" - a major study of children's near-death states and the millennial child. "LIFE SOUNDS," "THE FROST DIAMOND," and "I DIED THREE TIMES IN 1977,' are all reissues of earlier work.