

Window in Time is not appropriate for young readers. Parental discretion is strongly advised.

## *Visionary*

Welcome

A visionary is one who sees beyond the normal realm of sight. Over the past eleven years I have been experiencing visions. Some of these visions are quite profound, some are mundane, but they are always enlightening. This section of my web site, "Visionary", is about my gift of insight: how I discovered it, and the many stories of people that I've been blessed to help with this unique gift.

Each month I will bring to you a new story. This first month is dedicated to the series of synchronicities that led to the discovery of my gift.

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Soft my sight  
In the presence of the Lord  
Who graces upon me ecstasy  
Cherished are my thoughts  
Everyone I touch  
Every smile I create  
Will grace  
As grace fall from my fingertips  
As I embody this aspect of who we are  
Everyone will know immediately  
That I am  
For they will see  
Their own grace reflected  
And be drawn  
Into truth of spirit

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## WINDOW IN TIME

### CHAPTER ONE

#### The Intuitive Path

My experience has informed me and those I've come to know, that we belong to a greater body of existence, safeguarded in sanctity, cradled by compassion, and manifested through a window in time.

On my birthday, January 6<sup>th</sup>, 1990. I was given a book, Reincarnation: the Phoenix Fire Mystery<sup>1</sup>, from my dear friend, Debbie. She knew that the subject was of interest to me as I was in the process of writing a book about my own past life remembrance that took place some fifty-two years before.

I have never been a pleasure reader. Most of my books I use for reference, so after reading some of the historical views on reincarnation and a few short stories, I put it down for a later date. However, that later date came sooner than I expected.

A few days had passed. I was sitting on my couch writing philosophy down in my blue-paper notebook, when I wondered if what I had just written would have any references in my new book on reincarnation. When I found a word in the index that seemed good to pursue, I looked it up. To my surprise, I came across a passage that had the exact same words I had just written! The following passage happened to speak of elephants; the night before I had a strange dream about elephants.

This coincidence marked a beginning. I would spend my mornings writing and afternoons teaching art to children. Several times a week, I would write something profound, and then invariably find the same concept or exact words in one of my books almost immediately. A pattern was forming; I was receiving instant verifications for the path I was on.

A month later a new experience happened. I was in the middle of writing when suddenly, I found myself in a vision. It was like looking through a hazy portal into another dimension or time, yet what I saw was crystal clear. I wrote in my journal:

February 16, 1990 10:30 morning. I picture myself stepping up onto a rock. We are hiking up a somewhat steep trail with rocks and green grass. The mountain is very high. We can

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<sup>1</sup> Julian Press, New York, *Reincarnation: the Phoenix Fire Mystery*, by Joseph Head and S. L. Cranston, © 1979

see for miles and miles. The air is crisp and the sky is blue with a soft breeze. There are goats. We have a guide with a beaded hat. We are on a spiritual journey in a foreign land, like Tibet. I keep a journal. I'm going to write about our trip. We will be on our path of great influence. I see nothing, but spiritual power in our connection. We are traveling to visit someone considered otherworldly. I picture a cave, incense, many birds, and simplicity. We had come across a great rope bridge.

Lured by my vision, I asked my daughter, Carissa, an avid reader who happened to be on her way to the library, to check out any books on Tibet that she could find, as I really knew nothing about the country. An hour later she returned with several books, one of which was a biography on the Dalai Lama, the exiled ruler of Tibet.

As I began reading the book, what fascinated me was that Tibet chooses their Dalai Lama, which means 'sea of wisdom', by finding his reincarnated soul in a young boy. Until the Communist takeover in the fifties, this had been going on for over five hundred years. Sometimes the visionary lamas would go to a sacred lake and meditate until they had visions that would show them where the Dalai Lama would be reborn. In 1935 the acting Regent, a Lama at the Sera Monastery in Lhasa, saw in a vision three letters of the Tibetan alphabet; a monastery with a roof of jade-green and gold; and a house with turquoise tiles. This detailed description was kept secret.

Together with other wise men they traveled eastwards with a full entourage in search of the newborn, and soon found the turquoise-tiled house next to a green-and-gold-roofed monastery.

The regent, who was the leader in search of the Dalai Lama, had posed as a servant and was invited to wait in the kitchen, whereas, the "acting" leader was shown into the alter-room. A two-year old was in the kitchen and wanted to have the "servants" rosary around his neck as if it was his. The wise Lama asked the boy if he could guess who he was. The boy answered correctly, "Seraaga," which, in the local dialect meant Lama of Sera Monastery in Lhasa. The rosary had belonged to the late Dalai Lama. Afterwards, many difficult tests followed, which the boy easily passed.

All I could do was shake my head and wonder. Why is it, that through the experience of having my own vision, I learn about a whole country that chooses the reincarnated Dalai Lama, their ruler, through visions? Suddenly my simple vision had validity and was not mere imagination.

One of the other books Carissa brought back also peeked my curiosity. Prior to writing my past life story, I had begun writing a novel. My characters and their personal history had been fairly developed. One of my characters was a therapist, and his father was an ambassador to

India. As a young boy, he traveled with his father and witnessed the destruction of many monasteries, and the inhumanity and murder committed against the people of India. Because of this influence, he became deeply philosophical and sought a career to help others.

The author of this other library book had almost the exact background as my fictional character. His father was an ambassador to India and he too, witnessed mass destruction, which was the reason he became interested in the plight of the Tibetans who suffered the same inhumanity from Communist China.

Had I seen the future? Had I somehow known about this book my daughter would get for me at the library?

In March of the same year, my mother and I were in the produce section of the grocery store, each with our own carts, when suddenly I heard a deep voice in my head. It was clear and commanding. "Go down the book aisle," said the voice. Immediately, I turned my cart and began rolling it towards the aisle filled with paperbacks.

My mother turned and asked, "Where are you going?"

I looked back and replied, "I don't know, I just got a message to go down the book aisle."

My mother, Yvonne, who has since proven to be my prime witness for these strange events, followed me with as much curiosity as I had. She knew that, unlike her, I seldom read fiction and would never even consider buying a pocket book from the grocery store. I could tell she was patiently waiting and wondering what, if anything, I would come up with.

I stood, looking sideways, peering at all the romance and western books, until one popped out and grabbed my attention. It was called, Everyone is Psychic<sup>2</sup>. After picking it up and showing the title to my mother, I exclaimed, "This must be the book I'm supposed to get!" She just shook her head, smiled, and quietly accepted what she had just witnessed.

The book contained relevant information that explained some of the experiences I had been having, and some of the experiences the author had were very similar to my own. One of the areas covered was how to follow and increase intuition, which happened to be how I found the book! It also covered psychometry, remote viewing (viewing at a distance), telepathy, channeling, dreams and premonitions, astrology, past lives and reincarnation. The Edgar Casey Society, called the A.R.E. or Association for Research and Enlightenment, endorsed the book. This book became a signifier for me. I continued to innocently follow my intuition until my life soon exploded in a series of profound psychic phenomenon.

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<sup>2</sup> Berkley Book, New York, *Everyone is Psychic*, © by Elizabeth Fuller, 1989

In May of 1990, my friend, Debbie, my mother and I decided to see a play in Nevada City, a quaint town in the mountains about an hours drive away. We opted to eat dinner in town first to avoid the traffic. After ordering, I told them about a strange dream I had the night before. In the beginning of the dream I was in a small cottage, then traveled by car into some hills near a sacred pond. Part of the dream included me throwing into the sacred pond a baseball with the skin coming off. A golden carp jumped out of the water and swallowed the ball (which in the dream meant I was to have twins). Then, to prove I wasn't going to have twins, I found an egg in my other pocket and threw it in the pond. Again, the golden carp jumped out of the water and ate the egg (revealing inside a double egg yoke. Remember, this is a dream!) After explaining this part of the dream, Debbie exclaimed that she had been digging in her garden the night before and found a baseball with the skin coming off! We were amazed.

About ten minutes later our Asian waiter came to the end of our table to fix our Caesar salad as we chatted about the play we were going to see. I happened to look up and noticed that the waiter stood frozen, staring into the large wooden bowl, with a peculiar look on his face.

“Something wrong?” I asked.

With a strong Asian accent he answered, “Oh, double egg yoke. That never happen before!”

We all looked at each other in disbelief.

On the way to the play, I realized that the foothills reminded me of the hills in my dream. I pulled my body closer to the steering wheel. *All I need to see now is the pond.* Rounding the very next turn was the pond!

This dream created a strong desire in me to uncover the mystery of precognition. So, the following day I sat on my bed, scribbling out ideas and diagrams, trying to figure out the true nature of time. I knew that time was not linear. *If it's not linear, is it spherical?* I drew diagrams of spheres hoping to attain the truth. I couldn't come up with a visual that satisfied me. *If something hasn't happened yet, how can I see it? What is time?* My puzzlement continued for over an hour. My mind was full of possibilities trying to squeeze out answers, when suddenly I heard a voice.

This voice was not commanding like the one in the grocery store, it was suggestive. The words were soft, feminine and clear: “In order to be spiritually free, you must step outside of time,” she said.

Upon hearing the words, I understood their meaning and magically stepped outside of time. Simultaneously, on my bedroom wall, a hazy portal appeared, except this time I was not peering through the portal, something was emanating from the other side!

The heart of this round portal was dark like midnight, and about six inches in diameter. Golden rays of light, with a translucent rainbow of colors intermixed, slowly radiated out from the core and entered my room, not straight on, but slightly askew. The light was pulsating, and emerging. The light was life itself, not from a source, but was Source. From its center, the blackness, emerged tiny blue sparkles, and I knew it was female in essence. She had no particular form except the emanation of these tiny blue dots of flickering light. As the blue sparkles came into my room, above my head, they began to slowly descend upon my body like soft, glittering mist and I was filled with unbounded joy. I sighed deeply. The vision evaporated and I joked, "I've seen the light! I've actually seen the light!"

The following day I went out of town for Memorial Day weekend to Carmel with a good friend, Cindy, her daughter, Magen, and my other daughter Lara, who had known each other since preschool. Cindy's husband had opted to stay in town due to impending rain. This was not just a trip to the coast, it was a special journey; we were to stay at Cindy's grandparent's home who had both recently passed on within a few months of each other. Her grandmother was 82 and her grandfather 90. This was to be her last time visiting as the home was to be sold.

When we first walked in, I could see the sadness on her face as she looked about the sparse living room. Many pieces of furniture had already been taken away and the rest were going to be cleared out in the upcoming weeks. I gave Cindy a hug and a comforting smile, knowing what it is like to lose a loved one.

Cindy looked at me, and said with a sigh, "It's hard."

That evening, after we had taken in the sights of Carmel we prepared our meal in the "hobbit" kitchen as she lovingly called it. Cindy told stories about four adults bumping bottoms and elbows in that tiny kitchen space preparing meals. After dinner our eight-year-old girls played with their Barbie dolls until we insisted they go to sleep. Cindy dozed off in the chair, and then finally went to bed. I was wide-awake due to the strong coffee and the desire to write down my thoughts in my blue-paper notebook. As I was contemplating, I heard noises outside that startled me. It was about 1:30A.M. I got up and peered out the window between the curtains and noticed it had just begun to rain. Reassured, I curled up again on the couch, this time comforted by the soft, pattering sounds. I went back into deep contemplation, ready to write, when suddenly

I felt the presence of two other beings. Instantly, I knew it was Cindy's grandparents wanting me to relay a message to her.

The moment I became aware of their presence and that they wanted to relay a message, I made a decision that it was real and my faith, my knowingness, bridged the two realities. I have come to believe that there is an inner sense of knowing. Faith is not a thinking process. It is not derived from logic. Faith is acknowledging the reality of what is invisible through human eyes, but visible through spiritual eyes. Faith is the agreement that allows one to perceive the unseen.

Cindy's grandmother began speaking to me, and I, with pen in hand, wrote what naturally flowed as a poem, in the space of about five minutes:

*To Cindy, My Face of Angels*

*Gun in a cabinet*

*Book on a shelf*

*Scarf in my pocket*

*Made of pure silk*

*Robe of velour*

*Warm to the touch*

*Scents fill the room*

*Pipes full of rust*

*Flowers in the garden*

*Birds sing from a branch*

*The sky is my heaven*

*The Lord is my staff*

*My shepherd is waiting*

*To bring us all home*

*Our children are crying*

*Tell them to weep no more*

*We love all our family*

*And we'll play again soon*

*In the garden of Angels*

*The garden in full bloom*

*Our chariot's awaiting*

*The sky has opened up*

*The river is flowing*

*To fill every cup  
Do not weep my children  
I am the light from above  
I sing with the Angels  
I shower you with love  
Smiles are my bounty  
Laughter my joy  
Sing to the heavens  
Carry my voice  
I wrap my arms 'round you  
And give you a hug  
Sweet kisses I abound you  
And blow you sweet love  
I tickle your toes  
And brush your long hair  
Tell stories and woes  
And show that I care  
My life was a long one  
But will never be over*

*I'm just changing places...come rover, come rover*

When the poem was complete, I sensed that her grandparents were pleased, and thanked me. Then, as quickly as they first appeared, they were gone.

I read the poem several times, half not believing what had just occurred, the other half wanting to validate the truth of my perceptions. I looked around the room for some kind of verification of the first line, "Gun in a cabinet". Near the dining room table was a hutch. Quietly, I opened the few drawers, wondering if I would find a gun, but there was none. Then I thought about the second line, "Book on a shelf". I knew a bookshelf was already taken out that was in the hall, and I began to gaze about the room. To my right was an end table that had a cubby. Inside was a black book and I thought it was a Bible, as Cindy had told me her grandparents helped found the local Presbyterian Church. To my surprise, the book was Science and Health, by Mary Baker Eddy.

I opened the book that was marked by a burgundy ribbon to page 298, and found the heading, "Science of Being," and read, "What is termed material sense can report only a mortal temporary sense of things, whereas spiritual sense can bear witness only to Truth." Two lines

down read, “Spiritual sense, contradicting the material senses, involves intuition, hope, faith, understanding, fruition, reality.” The two following sections spoke of Thought-angels and Our angelic messengers.

Had I received these thoughts from angelic messengers? I sat back and tried to take in what I was doing. It was odd that I really didn’t know what to think. When I put the book back, I noticed that in dark recess of the cubby was another book. With quiet anticipation I picked it up. Its title was Shepherd of the Hills. The book opened to a folded up letter that was tucked into the middle. Should I read this? I asked, then instantly answered. Yes. I had to remove a rusty paper clip that was actually stuck to the letter, which made me realize that it had been placed there many years before. Carefully, I removed the clip and unfolded the letter.

The words revealed a hand-written story by Cindy’s grandmother, which related PSALM XXIII to the analogy of a shepherd’s life. PSALM XXIII is read at many memorial services, and begins, “The Lord in my shepherd; I shall not want.” It also contains the words, “staff,” and “cup overflows,” the same words found in the poem I had written down moments before.

I had enough verification. It was now 3A.M. and I needed to sleep. I wasn’t sure what Cindy was going to think about what had just occurred, but I knew I had to share it with her.

Early the next morning we settled into breakfast. I tentatively explained the events from the night before and Cindy wanted to hear the poem. As I read it, tears came to her eyes. She felt touched, as was I, and she thanked me. She told me how her grandmother used to brush her long hair and how much the poem sounded like her.

“My grandmother loved poetry,” Cindy added. “They even found a poem by her bedside that was used for her printed epitaph, and read at her memorial service.”

That day we went to a beautiful emerald cove where the kids played in the ocean and I painted until the rain began to meddle with my oils. When we got home, Cindy gave her daughter a bath in the second bathroom that we hadn’t used. She walked out, matter-of-factly, and said, “The pipes are sure full of rust.”

“The pipes are full of rust? Remember, that was in the poem!” I exclaimed.

She stopped and looked right at me. We both laughed. How strange, yet wonderful it was.

Four days after we returned home, I hand printed the poem in calligraphy for Cindy and took it to my framer. When it was ready I called her. She relayed to me that when her family went back to finish clearing out her grandparents’ home, they discovered a red velour robe in one of the closets. Not only that, she gave me a copy of the poem read during her grandmother’s epitaph, marked author unknown. This poem became another confirmation of the unseen universe.

*“Do not stand at my graveside and weep;*

*I am not there. I do not sleep.  
I am a thousand winds that blow,  
I am the diamond glints on snow.  
I am the sunlight on ripened grain,  
I am the gentle autumn's rain.  
When you awaken in the morning's hush,  
I am the swift uplifting rush of quiet  
Birds in circled flight.  
I am the soft star that shines at night.  
Do not stand at my grave and cry.  
I am not there; I did not die.*

Do not miss Chapter Two of [Window in Time](#) where my search for answers goes beyond my wildest imagination! Feel free to contact [Kerry](#) with questions, comments or your own synchronistic stories!