

*“Not to fear, life does not cease with
the grave, it only begins!”*

Preface

by Helen Gregory

The thought of spirit contact has fascinated me since childhood, an interest increased well into adulthood by the book *Life After Life*, by Raymond A. Moody, Jr., MD. and the writings of Ruth Montgomery and Jess Stearn. The works of Edgar Cayce also caught my fancy – could it be that I might be able to channel spirits as well?

I wanted to find out! Rereading my copy of Montgomery’s *A Search for the Truth* only increased my thirst so, I wrote a letter to Ms. Montgomery and mailed it to her publisher. Several weeks later I received a reply from Montgomery herself, advising me: “... *please don’t attempt ‘auto writing’ except at the same hour, after meditation and a prayer for protection. It can be dangerous. Bless you.*”

After months of library research, I began my attempt, offering a brief but earnest prayer to the Almighty for His Divine Protection and wrapping myself in white and purple and blue layers of light. Eyes closed, I sat, holding pencil to paper, and tried my utmost to relax. To concentrate. To meditate – for thirty minutes per session, three or more times a day.

On day three, that pencil moved! My heart skipped a beat and goosebumps peppered my skin! I recognized the motion as other-than-mine, having worked the Ouija Board in years past. A peek at the page showed significant lines and loops which looked

rather like a road map of sorts – my journey into the unknown world of spirits had begun.

Transcribed herein is a true account of my interaction with spirits, mistakes and all. Please understand: I cannot know for certain if the messages I received were true or not, but validation did appear later for many of them. I learned to ignore frequent misspellings, lack of punctuation, parts of words or scribbling I could not decipher and replies that might be in some language I did not recognize.

The first response came from my Guardian Angel, Amy, who relayed messages from departed family and friends. Later, as my concentration improved and my meditation advanced, writings appeared from a spirit named David. His writing differed from Amy's, in both penmanship and tone.

Amy called me *Helen*. My Guides already knew me from previous lifetimes. They called me *Shamra – Lady of Light*.

* * *

*“Beloved lady, you are our Shamra,
chosen to help the less understanding,
the unbelievers to believe,
the unhearing to hear,
the unfaithful to faith,
by light of your shining example.”*

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