



moms and dads, siblings and grandparents, family and friends who struggle to find the answers that will never truly be realized. All they have left is the emptiness that is filled only with the echoing of their sobs and unanswered questions.

I am reminded of the words of Thoreau, as paraphrased in the movie, *Dead Poets Society*, that poignantly dealt with teen suicide, *“I went to the woods because I wanted to live deliberately. I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of Life. To put to rout all that was not Life; and not, when I had come to die, discover that I had not lived.”*

“Not lived,” is Life as defined by teen suicide. And it all seems so hopeless and sad.

But there is a Life beyond this Life. I have always been a spiritual person, and I have always held the belief that there is something more beyond the veil of this Life. Some of us define that with religion, some of us with consciousness studies, but none of us really knows beyond a shadow of a doubt that there is an afterLife. And even when we do believe it exists, we hold to so many different interpretations and beliefs, that we are left unsure of anything beyond a distant hope or that warm fuzzy feeling.

But what do you do when someone speaks with a voice that pierces the veil? What amazing realization comes rushing in when a kid who’s taken their own Life finds a way to express why they did what they did, and what they are experiencing on that other plane. Many times they try to tell us through small signs and things that we can sometimes miss when we aren’t tuned in to looking and listening for what they have to say. We are so involved with our daily lives that we forget to look! And we can miss the beautiful messages sent our way.

Teresa has written a wonderful book, completely filled with pathos and sadness, yet delivering an unswerving message that speaks with the voice of those teenage kids who took their own lives. They have found a voice in Teresa, who I would call an almost unwitting medium for these kids to once again speak out loud to the living. Page after page I found myself overwhelmed and sometimes in tears as I read the words of these kids speaking from the other side.

If you are skeptical of the spiritual, you may find this book difficult to swallow. But even more, you will live a Life that is void of knowing anything beyond the tangible. The universe is a pretty big place, and it is filled with Life and wonder. Here in these pages, you will find the tragedy of Life ended too soon, but the hope of knowing that Life goes on and can speak to us if we are open enough to listen.

*Jenny McCarthy*  
Los Angeles, CA  
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## CHAPTER FIVE

THE GANG IS ALL HERE!

*Knock.....*  
*Knock.....*

I look over to the clock and it is 2:22 a.m. I pull the covers back over my head, and I hear an even louder ‘**KNOCK KNOCK**’ on my bedroom door.

I say out loud, “Hey, I worked all day yesterday and worked last night helping people pass over, and I’m tired. I don’t want to work another night.”

*For a few brief moments it’s quiet.*

Now I feel something poking me through the blankets, and I know it’s my **GUARDIAN ANGEL** because she is the only one allowed in my room while I’m sleeping.

My rule is: when I work at night (which I do often), any **SPIRITS** that are in need of help adjusting to their passing must keep a distance, as my only sanctuary is my bedroom.

**GUARDIAN ANGEL:** They’re here!

**Teresa (pulling the covers back):** Who’s here? When we worked in the past you’ve never said, “They’re here!!”

**GUARDIAN ANGEL:** You have to get up. They want to talk to you.

**Teresa (in my unique, smartass way):** Really, I got to get up? Can't we do this tomorrow?

**GUARDIAN ANGEL:** No, get up.

I peer over towards the threshold of my bedroom, and there are so many **SPIRITS** smiling and waving excitedly looking at me.

**Teresa:** Who are they? What do they want?

**GUARDIAN ANGEL (very gently and sweetly):** They have heard that you are writing a book about teenage suicide. They are here to help you write your book. They want to be part of the book by telling you their life stories.

Resolved that I am destined to get no sleep tonight, I get out of bed, put my robe on and walk out of my bedroom into the hallway. All the loving energy I feel makes me cry.

I compose myself and the first **SPIRIT** that steps forward looks vaguely familiar to me.

I've seen her before. As I'm trying to wrap my head around all of this, she steps forward, and she hugs me. I realize it's Michelle.

**Teresa:** What are you doing here with all these people?

**Michelle:** I've been working on the other side telling everybody that you're writing a book, and they want to help.

With this, every **SPIRIT** says in unison "We want to tell our stories."

*This completely takes me aback.*

**Teresa:** Michelle, what have you been telling them?

**Michelle:** The ANGELS and everybody here know when we were in a reading with you we can't tell everything we know because it's too much for our parents to handle emotionally. We can't tell them everything we want them to know, and there is so much more to tell them than what is given in the readings.

**Teresa:** What do you mean?

**Michelle:** We want to talk about what goes on here after we pass. We want others to know what our eternal life is like.

**Teresa:** I know from all the work I do that passings are much more complex. There is so much more in the HEAVENS that goes on that so many people don't even know.

**Michelle:** Exactly, that is why we want to help you write the book.

I look around and I see many young **SPIRITS**, many of which I've never met before, and a few which I have, and they introduce themselves to me one by one.

*As I look around I ask everybody...*

**Teresa:** Do you want me to tell your stories and all your personal details?

*Every SINGLE SPIRIT in my hall way responds with an overwhelming, "YES."*

*One young girl steps forward. She is about 11 years old. Her name is Britney, and she gives me a big hug.*

**Britney:** Can you call my Mommy to tell her I'm OK?

**Teresa:** I've never met you, and I do not think I have spoken to your mom.

**Britney:** No, my mom doesn't believe. I send her signs that I am with her. Please call my mom.