

Viva

*A promise made between friends is kept
in this detailed account of life after death*

Marilyn Barry



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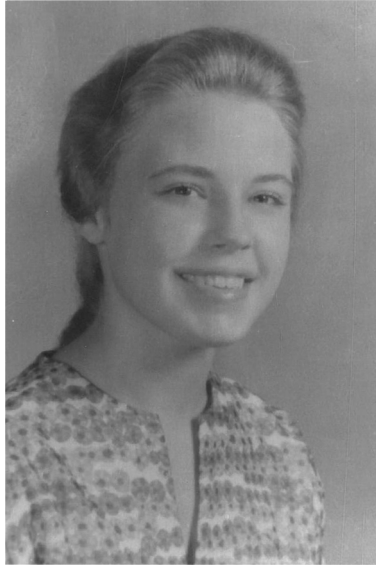
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In Loving Memory of Vivian Kay King
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Meeting Vivian

I first met Vivian in September 1985 when I arrived on her doorstep in Pasadena. The old Pasadena Psychosynthesis Centre had recently closed down and she was now teaching classes in her home, a beautiful detached house on the corner of South Arroyo Boulevard and Bellafontaine Street. I had travelled around the world looking for a training in which I could be steeped in Psychosynthesis and, against all the odds, I had found it. Vivian invited me to move into her house and become her secretary, cleaner and gardener. I typed up all of her classes, recorded onto cassette tapes, cleaned the house and cared for the garden. In exchange I lived in her house, took her classes, and experienced her sweet presence on a daily basis.

It was love at first sight and for the next two years we were inseparable. She worked in the office in the mornings; I worked in the office in the afternoons. Sometimes she would pop her head around the door when I was typing up her classes and say, “Do you want to go see a movie?” We would sneak out of the house, giggling like naughty school girls playing truant, and take in a matinee performance. She was lovely to be with – a truly authentic and enchanting human being.

Our lives could not have been more different. Vivian had grown up on a farm with brothers. I had grown up in London, an only child with a widowed mother. She beguiled me with tales of roaming the land, testing the cow-pats to see if she could stand on them. She told me so much about her childhood that I often felt we had known each other as children. Whereas I had been isolated and introverted, she had been outgoing and popular, becoming the local Dairy Princess in Kansas, and marrying young. I had never married.

Vivian was the most integrated person I had ever known. Even when she was upset, she did not stay upset. She never had

mood swings. When her ex-husband wanted custody of their son, she told Mark she would always love him whatever he decided to do whereas Mark's father told him he would disown him if he decided to live with his mother. Mark went to live with his father and only saw Vivian in the school holidays.

When Vivian worked in the office in the mornings, I was either cleaning the house or working in the garden. Wherever I was working, I'd hear Mozart, which Vivian loved to listen to. Having had a traumatic childhood, I often questioned my sanity, but Vivian always reassured me by saying "You're a joy to be with."

On one occasion I pretended to be her English maid when she had visitors. I appeared wearing a white apron and carrying a tea-tray. I was always included when Mark stayed and we watched teenage movies such as *Revenge of the Nerds*. Once he stayed up all night playing *Dungeons and Dragons* – much to Vivian's horror. He was a typical teenager.

Vivian told me that when Mark was four years old he said he had been her boyfriend but had been killed in an accident. She was shocked because she had never talked to him about reincarnation or mentioned the boyfriend who had been killed in a motorbike accident before she married Mark's father.

I would have had a third year with Vivian if I hadn't fallen in love with a man I met in Scotland in the summer of 1987. However, at the end of 1989 I returned to Pasadena because the house was being sold and Vivian had to move out. I returned to help her and collect the things I had left in the house. I was back in my old room overlooking the garden. We were together the day the Berlin Wall came down which would bring big changes into Vivian's life. I encouraged her to buy the house, which we both loved, but she decided instead to move to Santa Fe in New Mexico. She moved there in 1990.

Vivian was offered an adobe house on Spirit Mountain where she was the caretaker of a beautiful piece of land which included a lake, woods, stream and even a waterfall. I visited her there in

1991 when she proudly gave me a tour of the land and shared her one-room adobe house with me. It was December and very cold. One night, after seeing a movie in town, the lock on the gate into the property had frozen, and we had to climb over it.

Vivian now taught Psychosynthesis in Russia, Latvia, Poland and Lithuania, which had been opened up after the fall of the Berlin Wall. Her friend and mentor, John Cullen, had taken Psychosynthesis into Eastern Europe and encouraged Vivian to teach there. She also worked on her Inner Theatre material for children, teenagers and adults. She told me the solitude on Spirit Mountain was something she had longed for when running her busy Psychosynthesis centre in Pasadena.

In 1996 Vivian visited me in Southern Spain. She had been teaching in Switzerland and had no idea how far it was from the Costa del Sol. She travelled on trains to Paris, Madrid and finally Malaga. She arrived exhausted and spent a couple of days in bed. She had come to celebrate her fiftieth birthday. Having raved to her about the warm winters, it was unusually cold, and she wore her fleecy-lined slippers outside as well as inside.

On the early morning she left to catch her flight I remember her bursting into song in the deserted street as we waited for the taxi to arrive. She had a beautiful singing voice and loved to sing.

In 1997 Vivian stayed with us in Scotland to visit and work with my editor on her book *Being Here When I Need Me* which I was publishing. During the time she slept in the house I had nightmares in which I saw something crashing into me from the right. As I leapt out of bed to avoid it, I thought "I knew this was going to happen. Why didn't I do something to stop it?" This nightmare repeated itself and now I believe it was a premonition of the car-crash Vivian would experience in less than a year when a truck turned onto the freeway without looking, and she crashed into it.

Earlier in 1997 we had started to link up in a Triangle Meditation with Willem, a man in Belgium. This involved linking in

with each other once a week through meditation. We had no idea then what an important link this was going to be. In May 1998 Vivian wrote:

I established a triangle from Sante Fe. It seemed really nice to have that three-way connection. As the light of the triangle grew brighter, I saw/felt Christ in the center, saying 'You are my beloved disciples. Live in my holy presence. I surround you, protect you, and go with you. You are never alone. I am with you always.' I envisioned us all surrendering our human wills, and taking one step at a time – led by Christ. This was very reassuring and relaxing, since I didn't have to try and figure out the future by myself. I didn't have to worry. I just had to take one step at a time, listening to the inner directive.

I am aware of how much of the time I try to figure life out. It is so futile.

I felt a lot of appreciation for Marilyn for publishing my book. It is really a labor of love. I feel her love and accept it fully. I feel so supported. When no one else would take the risk on my book, she did. Now I hope it sells much better than we can imagine. One of the nice things is that my book Soul Play paves the path for Being Here. As soon as I receive it, I'll be taking it to bookstores around. Since it is beautiful and the title is great, I think it will sell itself. However, I will do what I can to promote it also.

I feel appreciation to you (Willem) for holding the third corner for Marilyn and me. It just seems important that you do this, and also that you are a male. Thank you for adding stability and presence.

Love to you both, Vivian.

I sent her a box with copies of her book which she received just before the car crash. She had some in the back of her car at the time of the crash. She was never able to promote them.

Vivian writing about her life

I had the good fortune of growing up being seen, loved and trusted. My down-to-earth Christian parents provided the fertile soil in which I grew. True gardeners of the spirit, they nurtured the growth of me and my three brothers, and watched us blossom without trying to change our colours or patterns. They trusted our unfolding.

Even as a barefoot young girl growing up on the plains of Kansas, I knew that my family experience was unusual. In my contentment and gratitude, I wanted to give back to the world the gifts of love and caring that I had been given. I wanted to bring healing to those who suffered from not being loved.

In college, I entered nurse's training because that was the healing profession about which I knew. Then, for the first time in my life, I experienced disillusionment. I didn't really enjoy my "training" yet I valiantly tried to fit into the structure that was intended to be healing. I graduated and worked in various hospitals, but I didn't feel that I was getting to the heart of the suffering people were experiencing; I was merely "binding wounds" – a "hand maiden" to the doctors.

At nineteen, I married a man to whom I was drawn by his good looks, intellect, and theological interests. In exchange, I offered love and emotional stability since he had grown up in a broken home and dysfunctional family system. (My heart was wide open and willing to give this man the love he never had!)

For ten years I worked as a psychiatric nurse learning to identify, understand, and "treat" mental illness. But while I became psychologically sophisticated in dealing with problems, I experienced a depression of my own spirit.

During this time, I supported my husband through seminary and he became a minister (which made me a minister's wife). But our marriage was tumultuous and unhappy, compounding my

existential questions: “Why, with my psychological and theological orientation, could I not make my husband happy? Why was my spirit numbed?” I knew my intentions were good, and my love was consistent, but good intentions and love were not enough. The thought kept coming to me: “I am just not myself.” I longed for the equanimity of my childhood. I wanted to experience the freedom of my spirit that I had felt before, but what was wrong? Like Dorothy, I was on the yellow brick road with my straw man seeking clarity of mind, my tin man (who had an enlarged heart), and my lion looking for courage. We were searching for the Wizard who would help us find the answers.

Along the road, I took a weekend workshop introducing Psychosynthesis (a psycho/social/spiritual approach to the self) and recognized its importance to me immediately. Driving on the 210 freeway from Pasadena to Claremont in California, the thought occurred to me: “My self is always with me. I can stand by my self instead of standing alone or depending on someone else.” Seeing two parts of my self standing side by side, I began to let this sink into my consciousness.

It further occurred to me that even if everyone I knew deserted me, my self would never leave or betray me. Laughter welled up as I exclaimed out loud: “I found it. I found what I have been looking for.” What I had was the Wizard who was me at a higher dimension. I also found healing. I continued in this education of the self and was given gentle support in identifying and acknowledging my own truth. I began to discern the processes within the medical, psychological and religious institutions that had “educated” me away from myself. In a sense, I had unconsciously given myself away bit by bit to my husband, the doctors, the theologians, and the psychiatrists (male authorities in our society).

I realized that being medical did not mean being healing, being psychological did not mean being integrated, and being

theological did not mean being spiritual. What was important was to stay in touch with my own (feminine) inner guidance moment by moment – to trust what was coming from within.

Feeling self-empowered, I left nursing and obtained a Masters Degree in Psychology, establishing my own program in Psycho-synthesis counselling and education. I began to guide others in gaining access to their self in the most direct way that I knew. I also enjoyed nurturing my dear son, Mark, who was a very good teacher. At the same time, the illusion of my marriage became clear and our relationship dissolved.

As a girl, I had a strong sense of myself within my nurturing environment. Upon leaving home, I needed to independently develop a sense of who I was. Travelling down the Royal Road of the Self, I have at times slid in the ditch, I've taken wrong turns, and I've travelled down the roads of others, believing them to be my own. But, each time my inner voice calls me and I find the way back to my road more quickly than the times before. I have not found myself once and for all. Instead, I am continually discovering new aspects and dimensions of the person that I am.

Paradise lost

Part one of A Divine Comedy by Vivian King

*Welcome to paradise, say I to guests weary of the rumble of
daily life as they get out of the car in front of my casita.*

*A gift from the Goddess of Spirit Mountain,
my adobe dwelling cuddles up to the mountain
and opens to 1500 acres of pristine forest.*

*Come with me to the waterfall - a gentle hike by the stream
amidst wild flowers, ponderosa pines, and pinion trees.*

*If we walk further, we'll come to the walled-canyon-bedroom
where my love read his poetry as we lay beside the gurgling
stream; where Mr. Serr pitched the pup tent while I grilled
chicken over the open fire; where Gabriella's perfect sapling
was trampled to death by a trespassing bull; where my hermit
friend dreamed of hiding out to meditate for the world.*

*On the way back, let's wade in the stream
and pick aromatic mint for afternoon tea.*

*Home from our hike, the shade of the cottonwood is the
perfect place to sip tea and eat freshly baked apple pie.*

*If you have time, you can help pick apples
before the brown bear harvests the crop.*

*After resting, we'll paddle the canoe across the lake
to look for the family of mallard ducks in the cattails.*

*Let's go ashore to pick bouquets of wild flowers
for the kitchen table, and then sit on the deck
to watch swallows swoop for their supper.*

It is so still. Can you hear the silence?

*When ready to leave this Garden of Eden,
my guests breathe a prayer for the preservation of quiet places.*

*After waving goodbye, I pack one bag for a weekend trip,
lock the gate, and drive down the dusty road.*

*Mercifully, I do not know that I am being ushered out of the
Garden as gently as I was ushered in.*

...

Before Vivian died in December 2000, she promised to stay in touch with me, as a friend would before embarking on a long journey. Vivian kept her promise. The following is an account of what happened after her physical body died on December 18th, 2000.

Vivian had asked me to light an orange candle when she died, which I kept burning until she woke me up in the middle of the night and told me to extinguish it and light a white one. I kept the white candle burning for three days and three nights.

Four days after Vivian's physical death I had a dream in which she was singing. She always loved to sing and would often burst into spontaneous song. This had ended with the car crash after which she could barely whisper. In the dream she was singing from her heart and telling me telepathically that it was a song John Lennon wrote after he died. It was a beautiful song that I did not recognise and cannot now remember. I don't know how she could have heard this song or known that John Lennon had written it. I can only conclude that it was in the ethers.

Four days after this I had another dream in which I was searching for Vivian in a watery place but the water was not wet. Esoterically this is called Cosmic Liquid, which Vivian would have passed through immediately after death. It links the physical and the astral plane. The Buddhists call it the Bardo and it is where we face our fears and missed opportunities. Vivian did not spend long in the Bardo because she had spent the last two years of her life in it. I arrived at a house and was invited in by a young woman whom I later recognised as Vivian's mother from an early photograph. Vivian was waiting for me inside and we had an ecstatic reunion. Another friend arrived but he could not see us. It was as if we were hidden behind a veil. We both thought it was

hilarious that we could see him but he could not see us. The friend later shared that he had a dream about travelling through water which was not wet.

It has been written that usually after death people go to a rest home where they are reunited with their guides who gently break the news that they are no longer in a physical body. Vivian had been preparing for her own death and therefore did not need a guide. Instead she was reunited with her beloved mother who had died five years earlier. So it is not surprising that I found her with her mother whom I had seen in Vivian's room the night she died.

A week later Vivian was doing her Life Review which she found fascinating because she could view any event in her life as if it was a movie. She could even rewind it and view significant events. She could also see how she had affected others and how she appeared through their eyes. The Life Review and the funeral, which Vivian did not have, are final proof that the physical form and its life on earth have ended.

After the Life Review Vivian started to detach from her personality.

2001

Two months later Vivian appeared in a meditation. We had been in a Triangle Meditation with Willem, a man in Belgium, since February 17th, 1997 in which we meditated together at the same time once a week but usually in three different countries. We sent reports to each other, the point being to synchronise our inner experiences. We continued with the meditations and Frances replaced Vivian in our triangle. This became an important link and point of contact for us. We usually met in what we later knew to be the Ashram gardens. The Ashrams or Halls of Learning are where many of us go to in our sleep and continue

to attend after we die. We all saw Vivian who was wearing a white robe with a pale blue sash. She looked radiant. We sat in a quiet corner of the gardens amongst the fragrant flowers. She said she was helping to liberate people from the astral plane and working with a small group preparing them for entry into the Ashram. They were making their transition from the astral to the mental plane. She asked me to stop grieving for her. I'm ashamed to admit that I grieved for Vivian for far too long. It felt as if a light had been extinguished in my life. Although we had lived in different countries, we emailed each other almost every day and knew the intimate details of each other's lives

In a later meeting, on the first anniversary of her passing, Vivian silently communicated her sense of freedom, which was in sharp contrast to my feeling of being in exile. I wanted to be where she is.

In a later meditation Vivian took me away with her to a quiet corner of the Ashram gardens where we could be alone. What is interesting about this experience is that Frances saw Vivian taking me away. When two or three of us in the triangle shared the same inner experience, although we were often in different countries, it was a confirmation.

All three of us saw Vivian when she started teaching inside the Ashram. In the same meditation we all saw her sitting on the grass under one of the trees teaching a small group of students.

In another meditation Vivian told me that what happened to her was a test. "How it makes you feel is your test," she said "Working through your grief is your work."

My grief was so intense that in a dream she called me on a telephone and said, "Grieve for what happened to me. Don't grieve for me." It was such a vivid dream that I woke up crying.

A meditation, which began with the song *Let It Be*, continued with Vivian's appearance holding a Tibetan bowl. She sounded a note on the bowl and said, "Each life is a note which the soul

makes into a song.” Her life and death was just a particular note that her soul needed to make. “Every life sounds a note which only makes sense when it is incorporated into the soul’s song.”

Let It Be is a song Paul McCartney wrote about his mother who died when he was only thirteen. It set the tone for his life and helped him to create beautiful music out of the tragedy of losing his mother.

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