

the
KNOWING

*Eleven Lessons to Understand
the Quiet Urges of Your Soul*



**SAJE DYER &
SERENA DYER PISONI**

BOOK EXCERPT

CONTENTS

Foreword by Marcelene Dyer . . . ix

Introduction:

Returning to the Knowing . . . 1

CHAPTER 1 *What Is This Teaching Me? . . . 7*

When you *challenge* the way you look at things, the things you look at change.

CHAPTER 2 *Parented in Pure Love . . . 29*

If you choose love, life will respond with love.

CHAPTER 3 *The Mind Forgets but
the Soul Remembers . . . 55*

Become a host to miracles instead of a hostage to circumstances.

CHAPTER 4 *From No Where to Now Here . . . 83*

You'll see it when you believe it.

CHAPTER 5 *Stars in Daylight . . . 105*

When we experience joy,
we experience God.

CHAPTER 6	<i>Choosing Sooner . . .</i>	129
	Be the student of your circumstances, not the victim.	
CHAPTER 7	<i>Take Your Shoes Off . . .</i>	149
	How can I still my mind and hear my heart?	
CHAPTER 8	<i>The Geometry of Forgiveness . . .</i>	177
	A simple prayer can change your life and the lives of those around you.	
CHAPTER 9	<i>Yielding to the Signs . . .</i>	195
	Pay attention to the green lights.	
CHAPTER 10	<i>The Path of Least Resistance . . .</i>	215
	Surrender everything— <i>intentionally</i> —and let God.	
CHAPTER 11	<i>Especially Love . . .</i>	239
	Returning to love, kindness, and receptivity.	
	<i>Acknowledgments . . .</i>	255
	<i>Notes . . .</i>	259
	<i>About the Authors . . .</i>	265

CHAPTER I

What Is This Teaching Me?

“We live knowing that our true being is deathless. This is a great comfort, as we can leave sorrow behind and be inspired.”

DR. WAYNE W. DYER,
LIVING AN INSPIRED LIFE

THE CALL

The most difficult year of our lives didn’t make or break us—it revealed us.

Serena was the one to get that first awful phone call. It was August 30, 2015, and much of our family was at Mom’s in Boca Raton, celebrating the birthdays of our sisters Sommer and Skye. Serena noticed that she’d received a voicemail from Dee, our dad’s friend, coauthor, and assistant on Maui, where he lived most of the time and where our family spent summers. Dee followed the message with a text asking Serena when she had last talked to Dad. And then another. It was starting to feel urgent, so in the middle of the celebration, Serena called Dee back.

When she answered, Dee said she was standing in the hallway at the Westin Hotel in Kaanapali, where our dad had been staying while his condo was being renovated. Dee sounded frightened and anxious as she waited for the security guard to unlock Dad's door. This was weird, because Dee had a key, but for some reason, the deadbolt had been flipped (something Dad never did), and she couldn't get in.

As Serena waited for Dee to tell her they had opened the door, she knew in her heart something was wrong. Very wrong. It was like being in the climax of a movie, but the image was out of focus, the sound was blurry, and she couldn't fully grasp what was happening. Dee came on the phone to say they'd gotten the door unlocked, there was a shuffle on the other end of the line, and then she screamed, "*Wayne!* He's on the floor! He's on the floor!"

Serena didn't want to accept what came next, yet at the same time, the only thing she could do was press that phone to her ear so she could hear it and hear it and hear it, as if that would somehow force things to make sense as Dee repeated, "Oh my God, Serena . . . oh my God . . . *oh my God.*"

"Dee, do CPR!"

Serena heard Dee take a steadying breath before she said, "If you want me to do CPR, I will do it for you. But if you were seeing what I am seeing, you would understand . . ."

In that moment, Serena knew she would love Dee for the rest of her life, because she had heard Serena's pain and would have acted on her behalf to give her comfort, even though it was a lost cause.

As they figured out what was happening, our mom, Marcelene, our sisters, Stephanie, Skye, and Sommer, and our brother Shane, and everyone who was at the birthday party in the Florida house began sobbing—everyone was devastated, yet nobody was ready to accept what was unfolding. In the next instant, Serena was on the phone with a police officer.

“What is your relationship to the deceased, Ms. Dyer?” he asked.

“Who is deceased?”

“Oh, I thought you knew . . . I am sorry to tell you that this man is deceased, and we need to collect information.”

Serena handed the phone to our mom. She couldn’t talk while simultaneously processing that our dad, who we’d each been in touch with via text or phone or email just the day before, was no longer breathing. Serena pulled herself together enough to call Saje.

Saje had returned home to New York City two days earlier after a trip through Australia and New Zealand with our dad, Skye, and Skye’s husband, Mo. She was a bit jet-lagged but nonetheless excited to be back and to start her next semester studying for a master’s degree in psychology at New York University. She was sitting on the couch with Anthony (her then-boyfriend, now husband), who was engrossed in a preseason football game on TV, when the phone rang. She remembers thinking it was strange that Serena would call during the family celebration.

As soon as Saje answered the phone, she could tell something was horribly wrong. Serena’s tone of voice and energy sent terror through her. Serena asked Saje if she

was alone, and when she told her she was with Anthony, Serena said to sit down. Saje was confused but did as she asked. That was when Serena spoke the words that have resounded in our minds more times than we can count: “Dad doesn’t have a pulse.”

Saje didn’t understand what Serena was saying; she panicked, screaming, “What do you mean? What do you mean? *What do you mean, he doesn’t have a pulse?* Are they trying to give him a pulse? Are they giving him a pulse?” (Later, when Saje asked Serena why she had phrased it “Dad doesn’t have a pulse,” Serena said it was because she could not utter “Dad is dead.” Those words were impossible for her to say aloud or even comprehend, and she simply couldn’t bring herself to do it.)

Anthony turned off the television and rushed to Saje. At this point, she had dropped the phone and stopped speaking. She could not understand what was going on, and could no longer formulate cohesive thoughts. She was hyperventilating as the life she knew evaporated. Serena screamed through the speaker, asking, “Are you okay? Are you still there?” but Saje couldn’t make her arms move to pick up the phone.

Anthony comforted Saje while simultaneously retrieving the phone. He asked Serena what was going on. At this point, Saje still thought that Dad was going to be okay; he must be in an ambulance or being resuscitated. She got ahold of herself and asked Anthony what Serena was telling him. He looked at her, tears streaming down his face, and said, “Saje, I’m so sorry. Your dad died.”

It’s impossible for Saje to fully convey what that moment was like. It is difficult not only because she

doesn't have the language to describe what she felt but because her mind has put a sort of filter on this memory. When Anthony gave her the awful news about our dad, she blanked out. She went numb. She was in disbelief, in shock. Until then, she hadn't fully understood what it meant to be in shock. It's not a feeling that is possible to communicate to someone who hasn't experienced it. But if we were to try, it's like being given information that shatters your entire world so suddenly and profoundly that your mind attempts to reject it as a way of self-protection, and then your body becomes unreactive to your thoughts.

Saje began to gasp and sob. She kept thinking she should call our dad—something we all did regularly with news large and small, from college acceptances to a joke we knew he would like—and then she realized that she would never get to do that again. Heartbreak set in.

Serena had to call Tracy, our eldest sister, next. She was devastated, and there was complete silence on the phone until Tracy said that she needed to process this and would call Serena back. Our little brother Sands was in Nicaragua at the time, and Serena had to call him next. Realizing this made her feel like she might vomit. Sands and our dad had a father-son bond like no other. They spoke the same way, moved the same way, lived by the same philosophy. The idea of telling our brother Dad was dead was too great a burden to bear. Serena handed the phone to Mom again and watched as she fell apart, trying to find the words to tell her son.

We could hear Sands throw the phone, screaming “No! No! No!” His friend got on the line and said, “Sands

took off running for the ocean.” Sands jumping into the water—that’s a scene we’ll never be able to let go of. Our brother, after finding out that our dad wasn’t alive, ran to the ocean, the thing that has given him indescribable comfort since he was a little boy, the very thing he was named for. It breaks our hearts to think about it.

After that phone call, Serena walked outside. Skye came out to join her. They looked at each other—they couldn’t cry, and words seemed useless.

What followed were dozens of phone calls and texts and emails to all the people in our dad’s world: Maya, our dad’s other assistant of thirty years; Reid, his publisher and best friend; and our dad’s two brothers, who couldn’t fathom that their younger brother, so healthy and full of life, was suddenly gone from the Earth, his body on its way to the morgue.

AN ODD YET PERFECT ONENESS

The rest of that day is blurry for Saje. She wanted to know the details of what happened to our dad but could not speak. She wanted to run and break free from this insane agony but could not move. She wanted to talk to our dad, but it was no longer a possibility. She started to feel so claustrophobic in their small studio apartment that she asked Anthony if he would walk with her to the Hudson River.

Being alive felt surreal on that walk. Saje wore sunglasses, and the tears flowed from under them as, hand in hand with Anthony, she passed person after person. She felt great compassion toward these strangers because she was aware

of how much she was suffering in that moment and knew that they did not know that she was suffering, which made her wonder if *they* were suffering and *she* did not know it. Looking back, it seems like an odd time to feel this kind of oneness, but it also makes perfect sense.

Once Anthony and Saje had walked the four blocks to the Hudson River and arrived at “their” bench, where they often sat and had breakfast on sunny days, Saje did a lot of reflecting, and tears fell as Anthony did his best to comfort her. Her phone started to buzz with calls, texts, and social media messages from friends, loved ones, and strangers around the globe. She decided to turn the alerts off, to suspend all contact with the outside world, and to see Dad in the waterbirds flying above, in the wind blowing her long hair off her face, and in the river flowing with such quiet force. For the first time since Serena had called, Saje experienced a sense of calm.

Our dad used to love to quote a line from *A Course in Miracles*—the classic text of spiritual transformation that influenced so much of his teaching: “I could see peace instead of this.”¹ Saje did not feel in a state to even have meaningful or logical thoughts, yet up popped this remarkable advice that offered immediate relief . . . *she could see peace.*

Although it was brief, it was significant. She had touched the Knowing—her elemental divine self—something we would both learn to look to for guidance and comfort during the turmoil that overtook us during the hours, days, and months of grief that followed. Saje might have believed that the idea of being able to be peaceful in the worst moments of her life came out of nowhere, but that’s

not so. You see, these kinds of thoughts are not always random, nor are they necessarily our own thoughts. It's up to us to tune in and listen.

Connecting to that moment of stillness, of peace, helped Saje move forward with the practicalities of the next few days. Her first step was to join our family in Florida as soon as possible. While Anthony booked their flight out for the following morning, our brother Sands called her. When she saw his name on the buzzing phone, her soul lurched. She wanted nothing more than to speak to the person who is most like our dad on the planet. In some illogical way, it felt like our dad was calling. On the other hand, her heart broke into even more pieces as she realized the agony Sands was in at that moment.

She answered, and they both sat in silence—a silence that was full of understanding. Here was a person who completely understood what she felt, just as she understood what he felt. In that moment, a wave of gratitude washed over Saje as she realized how fortunate she was to have not only Sands, who could completely understand what she was going through, but six more siblings—Serena, Shane, Skye, Sommer, Stephanie, and Tracy—plus our mom to console and heal with. Many people in the world lose someone and are alone. We knew we would never be abandoned in our sorrow, which was another reason to see peace and have gratitude on that sad day.

Eventually Sands and Saje spoke, and although the conversation was one of tears and shock, dismay and despondency, there was also laughter and pure love for our father, a mutual Knowing that this was his time to

go, as they reflected on the ways they knew for sure everything was perfect. Because Saje had been traveling with Dad for the past three weeks, Sands asked her a lot of questions about what he was like during the trip to Australia and New Zealand. He wondered whether Dad had seemed tired or less like himself or if there was any other sign that those would be his final weeks in his physical body. Saje told Sands that they had had an amazing trip, full of laughter and making memories. Based on Dad's physical health and state of mind, she'd had no warning that those were to be his last weeks.

Later, as his death launched a series of events in our lives both practical and spiritual, worldly and transcendent, we all came to believe that Dad might have known what was going to happen all along.

LINES OF COMMUNICATION

When Serena finally drove home that night, she got into bed but couldn't sleep. She lay there, trying to talk to our dad and say what she might have said to him during a normal phone conversation the day before. Eventually, she arrived at a place of Knowing that she was in one of the most profound events of her life—right in the center of it—yet couldn't process her immense fear of eternity, of forever. Everyone who knows Serena knows she is a talker. Our dad was a talker too—her conversations with him were her favorite things in the world. That was the hardest part for her about all of this. Their relationship was built on talking to each other. They spoke on the phone almost every single day. Like all our siblings, Serena called Dad

first whenever anything important happened. Even when her water broke in the middle of the night as she went into labor with her daughter, Sailor, she called him before anyone else despite the fact that she was in Florida and he was in Maui.

This time, she tried but felt fake talking to him. It was not at all like speaking with Dad on the phone or in person; instead, it seemed vacant and empty. She knew from the things he'd said while he was alive that continuing to speak to him, to connect with him, even in her mind was important, no matter how weird or uncomfortable, so she continued to try, eventually asking for a sign. Dad had been talking about when he would die and what the "other" side was like for as long as we could all remember. His "next adventure" was a regular topic of conversation at the family dinner table, and we often discussed how he would communicate after he passed away.

When Dad's mother (our grandmother) died, he received some of her ashes, and we'll never forget how, while touching those ashes, he repeated these opening lines from an Emily Dickinson poem² from memory:

This quiet Dust was Gentlemen and Ladies,
And Lads and Girls;

He went on to tell us, "Surely my mother, who was once a girl with curls, a lady, a friend, and so much more, surely she is not just quiet dust. I can feel her now with me as I say this. The soul is not limited to the physical body; it transcends this temporary limitation and lives on."

While Serena recalled these memories about our dad, she felt an odd urge to listen to his weekly podcast. She had never listened to his or anyone's podcast before. She didn't even know there was a podcast app on her phone, but she was drawn to the idea and clicked the button, typed in "Wayne Dyer," and pushed play on the first episode that came up.

The podcast was adapted from his radio show. Callers asked him questions or discussed things that mattered to them, and Dad had provided them with comfort or calming wisdom. As she listened, his voice soothed her, and she relaxed, all the while thinking that it was great to hear his voice, but this wasn't exactly the type of sign she had been hoping for. Then, at the end of this randomly chosen podcast, he said: "And now I want to take a moment for my daughter Serena, who is going through a hard time, so if we could all send her love, that would be great."

Serena bawled her eyes out! She had never cried so hard in her life. It was a shock to hear him mention her name and ask his audience to send love. She eventually stopped crying and said out loud, "Okay, Dad. I get it. You are still here, but I can't believe you pulled it off. I seriously can't believe you actually died and pulled it off."

It seems weird that the words that kept running through her mind were "pulled it off." She still couldn't grasp that after an entire lifetime of hearing our dad talk about how he genuinely looked forward to the next adventure, he was now embarking on it. She decided she would do her best not to remain stuck in the grief, fear, or lingering sorrow losing a loved one causes. She would remain open to learning to see and hear Dad but in a new and distinct way. This was, like many things in life, harder than she thought it would be.

TRUSTING THE PERFECTION

That night, before her early-morning flight to Florida, sleep eluded Saje as well. After a few hours of intermittent sobbing, she decided to turn on her laptop. She did not know what came over her, but she had a burning desire to write.

Today I lost the most important man in my life—my father. To so many people in the world, he was a great teacher and a person of infinite wisdom. Although he was these things for me, even more so, he was always my dad. He was the person I turned to whenever I had an issue. He was the person who I always called first when I had good news. Every time I got an A on a paper, I immediately sent it to him, and he would praise my work and make me feel talented.

My dad was never the type to tell me what to do. Even when I asked, he would respond, “Saje, I cannot tell you what is right for you, only you know that. It wouldn’t be right for me to impose my desires on you.” As I have gotten older, I have started to realize that my father’s way of parenting was not the norm. I am infinitely grateful for the wisdom he allowed me to gain by insisting I choose my life—because even though at times I may have chosen wrong, the lessons I learned were my lessons and no one else’s.

I cannot truly comprehend he is gone. I am filled with images of him lifeless and of what his last moments would have been like. My heart

aches in a way that I did not know it could. Tears flow as I'm filled with the greatest sense of loss I have ever experienced. Amid all this chaos and turmoil, I am reminded of so many of the truths my dad gave to me and to the world.

I was blessed to have spent the last three weeks traveling throughout Australia and New Zealand with Dad, Skye, and Mo. We shared so many laughs and we all grew even closer. During our five days in Australia and New Zealand, I listened to Dad speak and lecture to many gatherings. On countless occasions he talked about the beauty of death, how he envied those who have passed on to the infinite world of love. He spoke about the new book he co-authored with Dee—*Memories of Heaven*—stories of children recalling their experience of heaven before they incarnated into their bodies on this earthly plane. He also shared his belief that whenever we are confronted with the death of a loved one, we have the choice to get over our sadness “sooner or later,” and said, “I always tell people and myself to choose sooner.”

The entire experience shifted my perception of death, so tonight, despite this great chaos and turmoil that my mind insists I experience, I am reminded of so many ideas my dad taught, like that we are not our bodies, nor are we our minds. There is a part of us that is infinite and that is pure love, and that is who we truly are. While I am still a person with a body and a mind, I am not able to

abandon the deepest sadness that I have ever felt in my life. However, when I get still and am able to hold my sobs back for a moment or two, I am comforted in an unexplainable way because I know that my dad is now part of this infinite world that he so ardently studied and taught about.

Writing this is the calmest I have felt since I got the news earlier today that my dad no longer had a pulse. I will miss my father for so many endless reasons—but Dad, I know that you are with me now, and forever. I love you more than I feel I can explain, and I am forever grateful for the wisdom, the laughs, and all the memories that you have given me. I love you forever.

Remembering these things, Saje connected to being still and her Knowing that Dad was with us forever and we could trust that everything is perfect. It confirmed that he was already comforting us and guiding us from the other side. It proved we were stronger than we thought. We'd need that strength in the days ahead, because our lives were going to get a whole lot harder before they got easier.

THE QUESTIONS THAT BRING PEACE

Even in these early, heartbreaking days, we inherently knew we had to allow our perspective to shift from overwhelming sorrow and longing to asking, “What is this teaching us?” We began to take our first steps toward experiencing miracles and wisdom, entering the Knowing.

Not wondering, “Why us?” but “How we can use what we learned from both of our parents—our father, who has passed on, and our mother, who is still with us—to serve our loved ones and our own deepest calling even during the most difficult times?”

Throughout our lives, our dad often quoted the psychologist Carl Jung, who wrote, “Thoroughly unprepared, we take the step into the afternoon of life; worse still, we take this step with the false assumption that our truths and ideals will serve us as hitherto. But we cannot live the afternoon of life according to the program of life’s morning; for what was great in the morning will be little at evening, and what in the morning was true, will at evening have become a lie.”³

We were gradually waking up to the afternoon of our lives. At first, we believed we were thoroughly unprepared to deal with the grief of losing our dad but also to navigate all the difficulties and conflicts that arose in our personal lives after his passing.

Who would walk Saje down the aisle when she got married? Who would give her a sense of worth and accomplishment every time she achieved anything, from making a vegetable soup to writing a term paper? Who would throw her future children in the air as they squealed with glee and tickle them silly? Who would she phone to discuss anything from life’s biggest questions to that day’s small news?

How would Serena ever teach her young daughter how incredible her grandfather truly was? How would she pass Dad’s wisdom to her growing family without him to gently remind her when she slipped? How would she

make it through this difficult time in her life without his daily (sometimes hourly) words of wisdom and support? How would she mirror his unconditional love to her own children without his presence?

As we learned to connect to our Knowing, we sought and united with a higher spiritual understanding of the unfolding of events in our lives and realized that—like Dorothy and her ruby slippers in *The Wizard of Oz*—we had the tools to enter this new experience. This truth was within us all along. The roots of our Knowing reached back to the moment we were conceived. Our parents, who would never tell us what to do and insisted we knew what was right for ourselves, had been training us for exercising our Knowing for our whole lives.

When discussing “God,” our family saw the term as interchangeable with *universe* or *spirit*. We firmly believe that “it” doesn’t care about a name. As the poet Rumi famously wrote, “What was said to the rose that made it open, was said to me in my heart, when I met You.” Rumi was speaking of meeting God, all the while never doubting the Knowing that resided within him and that he only had to “polish the mirror” to see God’s face.

Seven centuries later, in *Man’s Search for Meaning*, Holocaust survivor and psychologist Victor Frankl wrote, “We must never forget that we may also find meaning in life even when confronted with a hopeless situation, when facing a fate that cannot be changed. For what then matters is to bear witness to the uniquely human potential at its best, which is to transform a personal tragedy into a triumph, to turn one’s predicament into a human achievement. When we are no longer able to

change a situation—just think of an incurable disease such as an inoperable cancer—we are challenged to change ourselves.”⁴

This wisdom evolved into our dad’s most famous line: “When you change the way you look at things, the things you look at change.” When we lost our dad, we faced a fate that could not be changed. Because we could not change the situation, we had to challenge our experience of profound loss and devastation and staying stuck in that grief into something that could help us to grow. Dad left at just the right time just as he was born at just the right time, just like we all are. Allowing yourself to shift your perspective allows you to connect with so much more, especially the Knowing.

Go within and ask yourself what it is that you want. What are you trying to do? Is it something that fulfills the ego or is of service? You’ll arrive at your highest self when the answers to these questions bring peace—not what your ego wants. The ultimate peace you can arrive at is to feel God within yourself, and that is your Knowing.

A Way of Knowing

When you *challenge* the way you look at things, the things you look at change.

That first year after Dad died was so difficult because we were finally coming to know ourselves and to reevaluate our identities without his support and mirroring. We felt like we had to find

our way home in the dark—until we realized he was there all along. Anyone who knows our dad’s work is familiar with one of his most famous sayings: *When you change the way you look at things, the things you look at change.* We’ve found this starts with bringing your awareness to each situation you are in—the Knowing that personal tragedies can always be turned into triumphs and opportunities to grow.

When you find yourself in situations that are outside your control, we’ve found the best thing you can do is ask, “What is this here to teach me?” as opposed to saying something along the lines of “Why me?” Another line we heard frequently from our dad was, “You’re only stuck if you choose to be.”

When Saje was in her early twenties and struggling through her first real heartbreak, she was sitting at the dinner table with Dad, barely holding it together. As she pushed the food around her plate, he asked her if she was okay. She began to let it all out, and he realized how much she was hurting in that moment. Dad spoke some words that Saje has carried with her ever since. He explained that life is often like a wave. When we are riding the crest, it is exhilarating, and we can find ourselves feeling almost invincible. But then we make our way down to the trough, and compared to the crest, life can just feel difficult, almost impossible. The key is to realize that the troughs are just as important as the crests and

often have the most to teach us. The troughs provide us with the opportunity to truly challenge and change the way we are looking at life and thus to grow as people and watch as the things we are looking at evolve before our eyes. Even more important: we are never stuck unless we choose to be. Bringing this wisdom into Saje's heartbreak allowed for the healing to settle in, and it was a catalyst for the life she now lives and for which she is eternally grateful. As the saying goes, "No storm lasts forever."

When we made the conscious decision to shift and choose to see Dad's passing not only as an opportunity to get to know him from the other side but also as an opportunity to become more compassionate and selfless people, the whole situation changed before our very eyes.

If you change the way you look at things, the things you look at change . . . Although this might sound like just a clever little play on words, the reality behind this maxim is found in the field of quantum physics, which has proven that at the subatomic level, the act of observing a particle changes the way the particle acts; the energy of the person viewing the particle actually changes the particle itself! In other words, the way in which we observe these particles can determine what they ultimately become. Everything that makes up the physical world can be broken down into particles and then subatomic particles, including the human body. So it is not

a stretch to believe that when we change how we look at a situation, the situation will quite literally change. This is the same as the simple truth that until you are ready to receive a lesson, it doesn't matter how many times you hear that lesson in a thousand different ways. You must be in alignment with what the lesson is trying to teach you in order for the message to stick. The energy that you bring to each situation you find yourself in determines the outcome you ultimately experience.

Applying this to death or anything that feels hopeless, insurmountable, or tragic works elegantly. Making this shift in perspective makes way for miracles (which are the opposite of accidents). Although we can view death as accidental, surely there is something greater than us moving the pieces on the chessboard that is our life. However, we must surrender to that Knowing and trust that it is all in divine, perfect, order. We cannot always see the "why," but we can choose to believe that something bigger than us *can*.

At some point in life, everyone experiences profound loss, and most of us experience it again and again, because death is simply a part of life. Grief is all-encompassing, and when you're in it, it's blinding. It can feel like it will never end. Joy can feel so out of reach that you can't even relate to the concept of it any longer. So is there anything that you can even do when you find yourself in this pervasive type of grief? Take a

deep breath. What you are feeling is real and it is profound and it is important, but it does not last forever. Remind yourself of this when it starts to feel hopeless by saying, “What I am feeling now is real, but I will not always feel the way I do now.” For us, saying these simple words can instill some hope, and hope is really all you can ask for in those early days. Unfortunately there is no magic pill that can take your pain away. But by instilling some hope, you will open yourself up to the miracles that your loved ones who have passed on are waiting to share with you. Repeat the words from *A Course in Miracles* that have brought us so much comfort in those moments when it felt hopeless: “If you knew who walks beside you on the way that you have chosen, fear would be impossible.”⁵ Seek that place of *knowing* that your loved ones are beside you and say these words until you really feel it. Every single person who has lived on this planet has either already passed on or will pass on. So where have they all gone? They are here with us, simply in another form. Contemplating this idea has always brought us comfort, and our sincere hope is that it can do the same for you as well. It challenges the jarring notion that not only are our loved ones gone forever, but their death was some sort of accident or tragedy, when in reality everything happens according to divine timing.

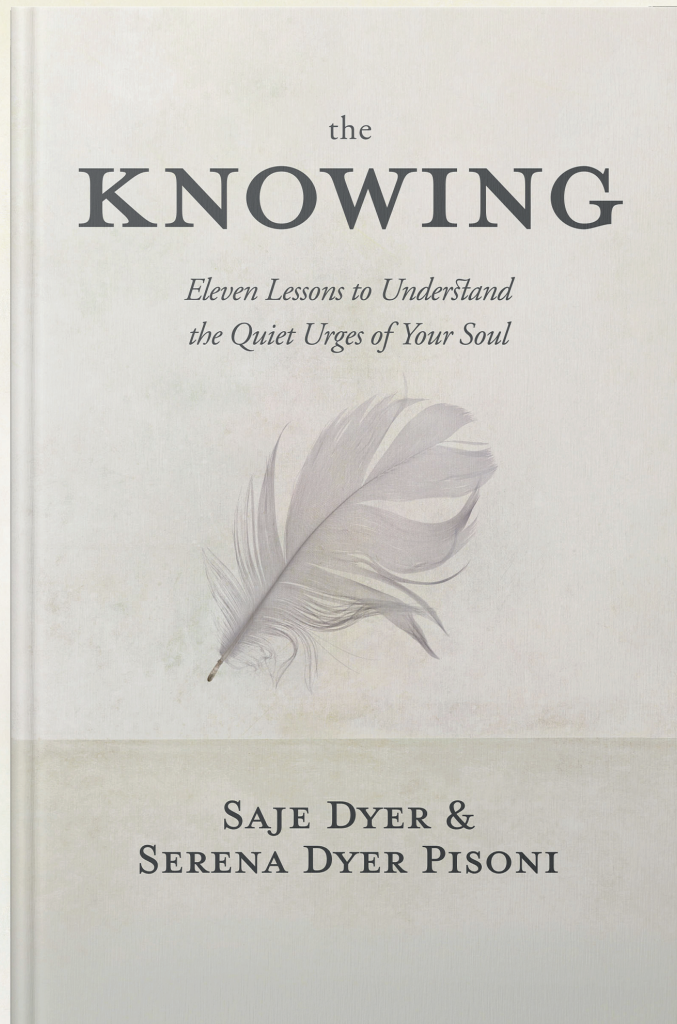
When we give up our own ideas of the way things should have or could have been and instead adopt complete faith that it was the way it had

to be, we experience the miraculous guidance that has been available to us all along. That's why, for us, the lesson has evolved into "When you *challenge* the way you look at things, the things you look at change," because when our dad died, we were challenged to change the way we looked at his death—not as tragedy but as divine timing—and this changed the experience of receiving his guidance and signs and ultimately reconnected us with our own inner Knowing.

NOTES

CHAPTER I WHAT IS THIS TEACHING ME?

1. Helen Schucman, *A Course in Miracles* (Omaha, NE: Course in Miracles Society, 1976), Workbook, Lesson 34.
2. Emily Dickinson, *The Complete Poems*, ed. Thomas H. Johnson (Boston: Little, Brown, 1960), 395.
3. C. G. Jung, *The Collected Works of C.G. Jung: Complete Digital Edition* (Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 2014).
4. Victor E. Frankl, *Man's Search for Meaning* (Boston: Beacon Press, 2006), 112.
5. Schucman, *A Course in Miracles*, 378.



Saje Dyer is the author of *Good-bye, Bumps!: Talking to What's Bugging You* and was a featured speaker in the 2014 Game Changer Global Summit. She was part of the national PBS special *Dr. Wayne Dyer: I Can See Clearly Now*. For more, visit sajedyer.com.



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