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INTELLIGENCE FROM THE AFTERLIFE
Consciousness, Creativity, and Our Quest for Love

by

Thomas Clark Jacobson

Preface

Intelligence from the Afterlife is a story of hope.

It begins with my gangling quest for evidence of life after death and the startling eleventh-hour contact received from the Afterlife mere moments after deciding to quit what I thought had been a failed three-year search.

It was my hunt for meaning within the hinterlands of human consciousness.

It is, however, more than that. Much more. It is chiefly our story as human beings who—witting or not—are each on a search for the greater truths and awareness. It is an obligatory odyssey of our soul that can, at times, leave us mentally cross-eyed, spiritually bewildered, and with a flagging desire to live the day—no matter how far up the mountain we may have come.

Intelligence from the Afterlife is a guided firsthand walkthrough of the elegant, common sense, and at times astonishing teachings given to us from the Other Side. It is a chart for navigating the open seas of life from within our true Self—a soul incarnated into the human drama with specific purpose and fantastic potential.

With their illumined spiritual psychology, Spirit provides us with tools for a freshened, inspired, and reinvigorated engagement of life “upon this, the beautiful but difficult school called Earth.” Here, from this side of heaven, is a slow dance with angels.

Thomas Clark Jacobson

Part I

My Story

[pages 1-7 of the book]

Chapter 1

Crack in the Door

I was an angry young man though I didn't see myself as such at the time.

I had no ambition, tended to be a loner, and lived absent hope. Life had no purpose, so I had no purpose. For me, God didn't exist. Given the horrors of life all too common in our world, how could there be? Yes, there is art, beauty, and majesty in nature. So what? The same miserable outcome awaits in the foggy moors of our life finale—a sure and certain death, nothingness forever.

That was 1976, and this lack of meaning gnawed away at any tree of life concealed within. It sapped the willpower I would occasionally conjure up with my short-lived stabs at a heroic re-emergence into the mainstream. Carousing at strip clubs and the like cooled my fevers of melancholy well into the tranquilizing nights only to feel the scorch of reality with each rising sun.

Going to the j-o-b, going to bars, going to bed, going it alone was getting me nowhere. It was survival purely for the sake of survival.

“What's the point?” I'd cry on the off chance I could provoke a reaction from some god lingering near or far. “Why even bother?” I'd sigh aloud that I might spur a sympathetic comeback from an untapped holy-of-holies, an inner sanctum otherwise obscured.

The response? Nothing. Nada. Dead silence.

Of course.

“Life is just a game we all lose in the end,” I would profess with the cheeky certainty of my twenty-something years. The only remedy I had ever come across was the oft-repeated, “You

must have faith, my child.” Well, I’m sorry, I guess I didn’t have the inner fortitude to accept that Simon-says instruction.

How could I drink from an empty chalice?

Why seek the good and better within absent enduring tomorrows? Why even bother?

The chilled and meaningless years clopped by, and I knew I must confront this confounding malady head-on. Is there a purpose to life and the living of it? Or is there not? Nothing else mattered to me, but I needed a plan. Either that or inspiration from some Divine Providence.

Uh-huh, like that’s gonna happen!

Dangerous Dan

However, things were about to change, big time! It was as if my life pendulum had reached the top of its ponderous swing and cracked open an etheric door sufficient for my better Self to squeeze through—if I would but try.

The details of that experience are etched in my mind forever.

It all began when I woke up one morning from a dream so real I was surprised to find myself in bed. To this day, it moves me. Back then, it blew my mind because it seemed impossible. No way.

Closing my eyes, I replayed it over and over.

Returning home from work, I pull my car over to the curb in front of my modest apartment complex in Buena Park, California. Getting out of my car, I see my pet parakeet, Dangerous Dan Defoe, in flight, circling the pool area counterclockwise three times, as if awaiting my arrival.

Sure enough, he swoops down. Hovering a couple of arms' length away and peering straight at me, he beams what seems to be an acknowledgment of my care for him, perhaps even his affection for me.

However, it feels like he is saying goodbye.

Sure enough, with a hard turn to his left, he soars up and away, disappearing into far skies. He's gone. Staring after him, I feel abandoned. Why is he leaving?

I loved Dangerous Dan. In the mornings, he would tweet his variations on 'Hi, Tom...cup of coffee?' while I'd toss him comments about my workday ahead or today's television news. He seemed so happy. Lowering his head to the side, he would musically tweet to me as if slyly inquiring about my evening-out. He was full of life and gave me cheer. Awakening from the dream, I found myself feeling so seriously sad.

But, hey, it was just a dream and time to get going with morning chores. Exhausted from my 60-hour workweek, I snapped out of my meditative reflections and pried myself out of bed. Walking to the kitchen, I tossed a quick over-my-shoulder "Morning, Dangerous!" in the direction of his birdcage next to the front door.

Wait a sec.

Why is the front door open?

And where's Dangerous Dan?

Stepping up to his cage, I find him on his back, lifeless. Time stops.

Instantly I knew what had happened. Returning home from a late night of wanderlust and cocktails, I had gone directly to bed and left the front door wide open. With the breezy cold night air battering his little body for hours, my Dangerous Dan Defoe had died of exposure.

Yeah, as in exposure to me!

I felt a chill through my entire body; I sat down, rightly wallowing in my guilt.

Minutes later, I remembered the dream where my friend, Dangerous Dan Defoe, had said goodbye to me.

Now I wake up and find him dead?

Really? No way!

It seemed that upon his death, he had—somehow, somehow—come to me in my sleep to say goodbye.

I tell you, face forward, and without apology, this changed me.

For weeks I drifted in and out of prickly self-examination. My Dangerous Dan dream had spurred me on, but to what? Was life just an exercise in survival? Nothing more? I needed to take hold of the here and now. That, or give up the ghost already.

It was during one of these mental meditations that I recalled a book read in my youth, “*THERE IS A RIVER: The Story of Edgar Cayce—The Classic Biography of the Sleeping Prophet, the Father of Holistic Medicine, and the Most Documented Psychic of Modern Times,*” by Thomas Sugrue.

Cayce was a medium who purportedly received information from the other side of life for the relief, even healing of physical maladies.

Medium? The other side? Communication from the other side!?

Bizarre at the onset, Edgar Cayce’s story gave me a fantastic new context for what may be going on in this thing called life. As I recall, there was no philosophy, per se, in the book, but the concepts of higher intelligence and a life beyond this life gave me pause. I had no idea if the story of Cayce’s life was legitimate, and I had a hard time imagining any kind of Afterlife as a

reality. Wouldn't all of us know it already or at least feel in our gut the fact of life after death? How could there be spirits, and no one sees them? Furthermore, wouldn't science have at least a thread of evidence for an afterlife?

Regardless, I was deeply affected by Sugrue's account of Cayce's work. It felt good, but it mostly felt right. I was pretty darn excited. When I talked about it to family and friends, however, their responses were indifferent at best. Unsupported by people in my little corner of the world, I had forgotten about it.

My dream about Dangerous Dan, together with Thomas Sugrue's life story of Cayce, ricocheted off the back of my mind for weeks. It was as if they had a life of their own, refusing to relent to my inertia. Together, however, these two memories inspired an inner 'permission' to initiate a search. As if salt had been poured on an icy road, I found sufficient traction mentally to drive myself into a sphere of consciousness undocumented by science and generally panned by the religious community.

It was an expedition into the unknown, though far short of any crusade and provisioned merely with hope. No inner fires of courage lighting the way, no pipes and drums to send me off. My quest was but a plea on spiritual knees for truth, a private petition to the gods.

My task was to transpose that ethereal prayer into reasoned action in the grit of the here and now.

Though I had no plan, I knew that, if nothing else, I must immerse myself fully and unconditionally. I could not be the critical observer in the balconies waiting to be handed the facts of the matter. Of course not. It was I who must act. I must place myself amid the possibilities, though they lay outside my beliefs and experience, then let them have their way

with me. If I expected to discover truth beyond my assumptions and bias, I must allow myself to be moved *by* others—not the other way around!

Let the hunt begin. Is there an afterlife or not? I intended to find out. Up or down, I wanted the facts—if they could be had—before my own earthly demise.

I didn't know what traps or deceits might await on the path forward. Inevitably, any speckled gold stones prospected along the way likely would be but fool's gold. The one thing I knew for sure was that nobody in my 'real' life must know. This oddball odyssey must remain undeclared, undisclosed, and unvoiced.

It was 1977, and I was marching straight into the mythical land of 'woo-woo.'

Part II

The Teaching

[pages 80-81 of the book]

From This Side of Heaven

When I was presented with a beautiful philosophy for living thirty-seven years ago or so, the likes of which I had never previously nor since encountered, everything began to change—on a dime. This simple yet somehow all-encompassing teaching flat-out made sense. It seemed to embrace the panorama of human experience *as is*.

Here was a life view that might be the real deal, a spiritual purpose that seemed to clothe and fit the real world. At least, for me.

This bright light upon the human predicament gave me a reason to wake up on the right side of the bed, to move into the day with a step progressively hardy and long. My life began to change; I began to change. Whereas previously, I believed myself to be existing in the humdrum of a nonsensical life that surely was mere happenstance, I now began to experience a reconstruction of sorts, a soulful metamorphosis. It was as if high-grade premium oil had been poured on the moving parts of my human engine. Where once I had seen life as a dog-eat-dog competition, I began to fathom a reasoned design for the engagement of life far beyond mere survival. Increasingly, I saw a gentleness, grace, and elegance in the human spirit to which, previously, I had been somehow blind. For the first time, I entertained the idea that there might be ‘connectedness.’

Life became interesting. Even I became interesting. I mean, not *that* interesting, but, yes, I became curious about me, myself, and I. *Who am I? How do others see me? How do I affect their life and person?*

*What is my impact on the environment? What is my relationship with life? With men?
With women? Nature?*

What is the source of my creativity? Of what might I be capable?

Do I, can I contribute to vibrancy in life? Am I accessible?

*Why is there pain? What is my pain? Why am I so hard on myself? Why am I so hard on
others?*

*Why am I here? Why am I the way I am? Why was I born in this culture? Why was I born
to these parents?*

What is death? What happens after death? What happens before birth?

*How can I find more happiness? Is it alright to feel happy in this world of suffering? How
can I find peace of mind? How can I experience more friendship and intimacy in my life?*

Can I make a real difference? Meaningful contributions?

For me, this intelligence received from the Afterlife was a wholesome explanation that was soaring yet stout, beatific but do-able.

All told, it was an evolving willingness to enter the fray, to go out into the day, an emerging excitement about being alive. I had work to do on myself, to be sure — big time. But now, by God, I knew what the work was to be. I committed to a closer relationship with life. It was from that aerobics of my spirit that I began—step by step, inch by inch—to experience love within and without.

I remain captivated to this day by the potency and dignity of these teachings for those who apply them in good faith. For me, it is a user-friendly guide that lifts me to my better Self, even—for moments here and there—my greater and higher Self.

What began as a skeptical if hopeful search became a personal breakthrough, not only as to the purpose of life but my living of it. It was a resurrection, a re-engagement of my soul's yearning to touch and be touched, to stir the Divine seed. It was my awakening.

I now know that our personality is the face of our soul, a soul in the throes of its evolutionary development. I now know that we survive death with cognition and intelligence—ourselves fully intact.

This elegant spiritual psychology is given to us from spirit on high to assist we humans who, they explain, are incarnated souls living “upon the school called Earth, as students of the Divine.” When studied in earnest, it can be transformative. We become the pilot more so than the passenger. We are increasingly present—responsive and engaged. Our creativity shoots up two-fold, three-fold, even ten-fold. You inspire others by merely being yourself—who you *are*, not some caricature of what you think you *should* be.

You make a difference because the outer you *is* the inner you. And life likes that!

Is there a higher purpose? Do we live beyond this life in a meaningful and conscious state? We witness horrific suffering, intense conflict, never-ending crime, appalling abuse, and obtuse prejudice. Can we reconcile these to a loving God, a Divine and intelligent life system?

Yes, yes, and yes.

Our position in social strata—high or low—and our professional situation—good, bad, or indifferent—matter not when measured against the condition of our soul's animate heart.

Does our political or social popularity matter so very much when we live in a constant state of fear, suspicion, or anger? Or when, increasingly, we live absent emotional intimacy in our relationships—a masked or compressed sense of caring? Does our extensive library of

knowledge from academia matter when, evermore, we find ourselves cynical to a higher purpose? On the opposite tack, if we are a long-term social dropout, how is that working? In the short term, we may feel a certain freedom, but we are alone and contribute nothing in the long run.

Our lot in life is anything but an accident. The surroundings into which we find ourselves immersed at birth are intended environments—threads spun from our soul’s evolutionary wheel woven to whole cloth.

Our earthly life is a soulful quest, in part of our own choosing though unconscious to our thinking mind. We plot our course with free will using communication, creativity, engagement, and perception as sails on the seas of life. The purpose is not arrival to a destination. Instead, it is discovery, with a heightened love of the journey itself—our Self increasingly fascinated.

And there, perhaps, to touch the very face of God.

Our life is not an exercise in futility; what we do here matters. It echoes off the heavens and grows our soul.

Shimmering Presence

My labor of love is to present a thorough, clear, and compelling procedure for using this teaching from Spirit in the grit of our everyday world. Simple in its parts. Do-able. No bling.

A rising tide lifts all boats. As we increase our awareness of Self—our capacity to love and, separately, to *be* loved—all benefit. The ripple effect is self-evident.

In other words, it *is* a good and healthy thing to be interested in our Self. As we progressively understand our engagement of life around us, so do we contribute all the more to that environment—human and otherwise.

I hope that your reading here will rouse that shimmering presence of you, the real you, the vulnerable you, so enriching to we who share this journey with you.

Say “yes!” to a slow dance with angels.