



SUE FREDERICK

BRIDGES  
*to* HEAVEN

True Stories of  
Loved Ones *on the*  
Other Side

## **Preface:**

*Grief pushes you into the deep ocean of your soul's wisdom; it breaks your heart wide open.*

*In a dream...*

I'm standing on a beach surrounded by a vast expanse of dark sand as far as I can see. Gulls are squawking in the distance. I'm looking into my father's watery blue eyes. He's animated and young, explaining something to me with more passion than I ever saw in the last years of his life. His brother, my beloved Uncle Pete, who died soon after my dad, is standing beside us, laughing.

We're enjoying the vivid openness of the sand and sky and sharing stories, when behind them in the distance, I see a huge tidal wave rolling along the sand toward us—maybe a hundred feet high and towering ominously over the flat landscape. We turn and see another powerful wave rolling directly toward us from the opposite direction. We're standing between these two oncoming waves, and in an instant, we realize there's nothing we can do.

I grab their hands. “How will we remember?” I ask, staring into their eyes. “How will we find each other again?”

“Don’t worry,” answers my Uncle Pete. “We always find each other.”

He shouts something else, but I can’t hear his words through the sound of the crashing waves. I wake up gasping for breath—still feeling their strong hands wrapped around mine—longing for that moment again, hearing their voices in my head, unable to get back to sleep.

Do we always find each other again? Isn’t that endless longing the tyranny of grief? Or is it simply our limited perspective on time and space? Aren’t we longing for the divine realms, where everything and everyone is luminous and connected—and aching to return to a home we can’t quite remember?

When our loved ones step into the other realms, they never fully leave us. We abandon them—by not believing they’re still with us. We stop listening. Our pain blocks them out.

Of course, we’re angry that our loved ones left us alone when we needed them. And we’re angry with the doctor who didn’t diagnose the cancer or the drunk driver on the road that night. But mostly, we’re angry with ourselves because we might have prevented it if only we had...

Yes, there’s plenty to be angry about in the physical world and life is unfair—until you realize it’s all on purpose. This tragic event is only a brief blip in your soul’s journey. Grief is in your life today to help you. It’s your divine reveal—pushing you to remember who you really are and what you came to do.

There's no teacher as powerful as Divine Mother Grief—the spiritual master of pain and enlightenment. If you've chosen Mother Grief as your teacher, you're clearly a powerful old soul who came here to do great work and to help raise the consciousness of humanity. You're here to be a beacon of light for others. And yes, of course you'll make your living from these gifts and find the love you crave. It's all waiting for you to take a step in a new direction.

Let me take you on a journey to the divine. I'll unfold your wings and help you remember how to fly. We'll soar into the vast ocean of the higher realms. We'll leave your pain behind.

Then you'll remember that you came from a world of grace and light and will return to it soon enough—and that this earth-bound life is your brief dream. You'll see your departed ones dancing in the ethers and soaring through your house like children at play.

This part here—this physical world—is the hard part. But you came here on purpose to educate yourself, expand your boundaries, and emerge brilliant and powerful. You're not a victim—no matter how tragic your story.

When you're stuck in your grief, your departed loved one sees you wrapped in a grey cloud of negative energy and longs to take away your pain. Your grief keeps your loved ones from communicating with you. It becomes a wall they can't break through.

Those wasted days of feeling not good enough, strong enough, smart enough, or saying, "I don't care" are when we disappoint our higher selves and push away our departed.

When you once again open your heart and trust your intuition, you'll hear your departed speaking. You'll embrace your spirituality and help others. You'll walk away from the bitterness that damages your soul and separates you from love.

Mother Grief will teach you ultimately that your life must have meaning and purpose or there's no reason to be here, and only you hold the key to finding that purpose. This book reveals your soul's mission and illuminates your next steps. But you have to take the first step...

If you seek only to stop the pain, your pain increases exponentially. Addictions and distractions pull you off course and make your journey harder. When you trust your higher self instead, you become a beacon of light for the world. And this is why you came here.

This painful moment is your spiritual reawakening—provided courtesy of your higher self. It's your moment of grace. There's only one solution now—fulfill your soul's mission and become the light being you came here to be. Here and now, you get to choose. Everything you need is here. All is forgiven. And you—YOU are divine. And this is your moment.

## ***EXCERPTS FROM Chapter One: Stories of Visitation***

*The veil between the realms is thinner than you think—thin and transparent.  
Close your eyes and feel it...*

### ***My Father...***

My dad, diagnosed with lung cancer **four weeks earlier**, has been in a coma for days, struggling for breath. My family takes turns caring for him at the hospital. I want to stay at his side today because I sense he's leaving. Yet it's my turn to babysit his five grandchildren—including my three-year-old daughter.

I kiss my dad on the forehead, tell him I love him and will see him soon. Back at Grandmother's house, I put the kids down to nap. Finally, they sleep. I'm free to meditate as I've done every day for thirty years.

Sitting on the couch, I close my eyes and repeat a mantra—an ancient Sanskrit sacred sound. Right away, my mind settles down. Instantly, my father is vividly in front of me, laughing and being goofy. He's young and healthy. I'm delighted to see him happy and animated. This image is so real and tangible, that I smile and say playfully, "Dad, what are you doing here?"

“DAD!” I repeat out loud opening my eyes—realizing that I’ve just clearly seen my dad who’s in a hospital miles away—dying. I pick up the phone to call the hospital room. My brother answers.

“Jim, what’s happening? I just saw Dad.”

“He’s had a heart attack. We’re trying to stop the CPR efforts. It’s chaos.”

“I was meditating and he appeared in front of me—alive and happy.”

“That’s amazing, Sue. You’re psychic,” he says sweetly but sarcastically. “Now put the kids back in the car and come down here.”

By the time I reach the hospital with my entourage of cranky toddlers, Dad’s body is laid out peacefully on the hospital bed and my family is gathered around crying. I’m upset that I wasn’t with him.

“He’s gone,” Jim says as I enter. “But you were with him more than we were. It was chaos here when it happened. You saw him as soon as he crossed over.”

I’m still upset that I wasn’t at his side to help him. But eventually I realize that Dad’s spirit wasn’t caught up in the crazy chaos going on in the hospital room. He was with me, and he was clearly happy and free! I’m grateful that I was sitting in meditation and able to see him so clearly.

Days later, as family gathers in the living room to discuss funeral arrangements, my three-year-old daughter runs into the room and stops suddenly. “Why is everyone crying?” she asks looking around at our sad faces.

“Because Grandpa died and we miss him,” says my brother Tom.

“I just saw him fly past the window and he looked happy,” she says with absolute innocence—looking at us confused, as if we’ve got it wrong.

My brother kneels in front of her and says gently, “Tell me what you saw, Sarah.”

She describes my father looking young and happy—flying past the window and waving to her. It makes us all smile to imagine it. We believe her. It helps us.

### *How Our Dreams Can Heal Us*

I met my lifelong best girlfriend Crissie in second grade on the swing set of our Catholic elementary school playground. Her crazy brilliance and insane wit bonded us instantly. Our first conversation went something like this (although she was doing all the talking): “Don’t you think the word nunnery is weird, like a cannery? Why would a girl choose to be canned...er...nunned? Do you think nuns all come out the same from a nunnery like peas from a cannery? What if Shakespeare said, ‘Get thee to a cannery!’ ” As she talked, she cracked herself up, bending over in peals of giggles that had me laughing uncontrollably along with her. I realized I had found a true friend—someone who thought outside the box. I didn’t always understand her, but I loved her instantly.

Years later in seventh grade, the Beatles appeared on Ed Sullivan. Crissie and I were the only ones in our Catholic elementary school to have our lives changed at that moment. We knew the Beatles meant more than wonderful music and that they were showing us a bigger, more exciting life that we both wanted. We promised each other that we’d get out of the South as soon as we graduated high school and fulfill our huge dreams. She never let me forget that promise.

Her brilliance put her at the top of every class and got her accepted into Georgetown University in 1969 as one of a small group of the first women ever accepted to that prestigious college in Washington, DC. When I told her I had been accepted into

University of Missouri to study journalism she forever called it “University of Misery” and told me I should have “aimed for a coast.” (She was right! But I wasn’t as smart as she was, so I was grateful for the chance to attend University of Misery.)

Our friendship lasted long beyond my stint at Misery and hers at Georgetown. Her first true love had been a fellow student at Georgetown University named Paul Frederick, to whom she became engaged. Two months before the big Southern wedding her parents had happily planned, Paul Frederick dumped her. Crissie never truly got over it.

Later when I moved to Colorado and met a handsome mountaineer named Paul Frederick (not the same guy), I was immediately leery of him. Would he break my heart too? (Turns out he did.) Crissie was the first friend to come visit us and meet my new love whose name was the same as the man who broke her heart. She liked him instantly.

When my Paul Frederick was diagnosed with cancer, Crissie’s frequent phone calls helped me cope. With Crissie, every conversation was about exploring new ideas, asking tough questions and searching for the truth—all done in a gleefully witty way. I adored her. She asked me the toughest questions anyone ever did. And she made me laugh harder than anyone I knew. She always told me I was a gifted writer and should “just write, dammit!”

Six months after Paul died Crissie came to visit. She cheered me up and challenged me simultaneously. What was I doing with my life now? Was I moving forward? Was I writing? She prodded and poked as we drove to the mountains to ski. She seemed healthy, energetic, lonely as usual, but generally happy with her California graduate student lifestyle. (She was getting a PhD in botany.)

On her flight back home to California, she noticed bruises appearing on her body. By the time she landed in San Francisco, she was covered in bruises and rushed by ambulance to the hospital. Her stunning leukemia diagnosis so soon after Paul's death was overwhelming. After this devastating news, I suffered several anxiety attacks where my throat would tighten up and I couldn't swallow or eat. I felt nauseated most of the time.

Crissie's mother moved to California to take care of her and her father got her into the most advanced treatment of the time—a bone marrow transplant at Fred Hutchinson Hospital in Seattle. Surrounded by friends and family she went through chemo and radiation treatments and nearly died during the torturous bone marrow transplant. I couldn't understand why someone as bright, loving, and good as Crissie would have to go through such suffering—as horrible as Paul's experience. In deep despair and grief, I sold my belongings and moved to Mexico to teach fitness at a resort. I needed healing and was dropping out of a world that made no sense anymore.

When Crissie was finally in remission, she moved back to California and resumed graduate school studies. But she was only thirty-one years old and had been through hell. She was in a deep spiritual crisis, wondering what the purpose of life was. I understood her pain.

We stayed in touch with letters and phone calls. She began getting her life going again and started to feel better. She yelled at me when I told her I was in love with a married (but separated) Mexican man named Emilio who ran the local dive shop. "Sue Ellen, you'll only get your heart broken! You're a writer so you can use it in something I guess...but really. Come back home and write, dammit!" I couldn't come home yet. My

peaceful life of snorkeling and diving everyday with Emilio was a form of healing for me—even if I knew Emilio would never be my lifelong partner. I loved him anyway.

Crissie and I made a plan to see each other back on our childhood turf. Crissie flew to the Gulf Coast to visit her family at the same time I flew home to visit mine. Our dads both owned fishing boats and had beach houses. Crissie’s dad brought her over to the harbor near our beach house to spend time with us. My dad (who loved Crissie) took us fishing and boating. When we got bored with fishing, he dropped us off at a remote island to talk while he fished around the island.

Crissie and I walked and talked for hours along the sandy shore and crystal-clear water of our tiny remote island. We talked about her ongoing struggle with leukemia, her bone marrow transplant, her feelings about death, my grief over Paul, my attempts to end my ill-fated relationship with Emilio, and her heartbreaking belief that she would never find a soul mate or have children. She felt alone and unlovable. “What’s the hardest part?” I asked her. “Disappointing my dad,” she said as tears flowed. “He wants me to live so badly...” I knew then that she was dying, no matter what the doctors said. I recognized the process of letting go that she was experiencing. It was the same conversation I’d had with Paul.

When my dad picked us up on the island, he took us back to the marina where Crissie’s dad waited on his fishing boat. As our dads laughed and joked with each other, Crissie and I hugged one last time. She couldn’t look me in the eye as she turned away and stepped onto her dad’s boat. As their boat moved out of the harbor, Crissie and I waved. When she was out of view, I broke down in uncontrollable sobs. My dad gently asked, “Why are you so sad? She looks great. She’s going to make it.” I turned to him

crying and said, “Dad, this is the last time I’ll ever see her. I know it.” Crissie returned to her home in California. I returned to Mexico. Three months later she was dead.

The night of her death, before I knew she had died, Crissie came to me in my dreams. We spent the entire night laughing and giggling together (the way she and I always did). When I woke up, my stomach muscles were actually sore from laughing so hard. I’ve never before or since experienced such physical sensations after a dream as I did from that night with Crissie.

That morning as I was making coffee and about to call the states and check in with Crissie, I got the phone call telling me she had died during the night. I realized she had visited me in my dreams to let me know she was fine and to tell me that death wasn’t the end of anything.

But Crissie wasn’t done teaching me yet. A year later, I was finally back living in the states, heartbroken over Emilio, and trying to get my life and career on track. My grief over the loss of Crissie, Paul, and Emilio was weighing me down with sadness and depression.

One night, Crissie came to me in a dream and healed my heartbreak. In the dream, Crissie and I are standing on a white stone balcony overlooking an emerald green sea. It’s peaceful and extraordinarily beautiful and I feel so content standing beside her. We’re talking as we always did but not using words. She’s standing a bit behind me and to my left as we look out over the water. I notice that her physical body is shimmering and seems to be more like dappled light than a fully formed physical presence. The form that I know as Crissie is changing. Her hand is on my back, rubbing it in circles while she talks to me. We’re discussing my heartbreak over Emilio.

She pulls out several handwritten letters on many different pieces of stationary that Emilio had written to his estranged wife (who lived in another city during our relationship). In the letters, Emilio is professing his undying love for his wife. Page after page contains stories of how well his diving business is going and how wonderful their life will be when he returns home to her. Crissie makes it clear to me that Emilio never really loved me and I have to let him go and move on. As she shows me these letters, my pain and grief from all of my losses wells up in my chest. While she rubs my back, a loud wailing cry escapes me; the sound soars across the emerald sea in front of us. It's powerful, ancient, and deep—louder than any sound I've ever made. As this pain pours out of me and flows across the water, Crissie lovingly rubs my back and encourages me to let it all go.

When I've finished crying, Crissie slowly disappears beside me. I wake up still hearing the sound of my painful wailing and feeling Crissie's hand on my back. I cry most of the morning. But as the days go by, I realize that my grief has subsided. Finally I'm able to begin a journey of reinvention and spiritual exploration that pushes me towards the work I do today.

**(Chapters excerpted from *Bridges to Heaven: True Stories of Loved Ones on the Other Side* by Sue Frederick, author and intuitive. Frederick is also the author of *I See Your Dream Job & I See Your Soul Mate*. For more info visit:**

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