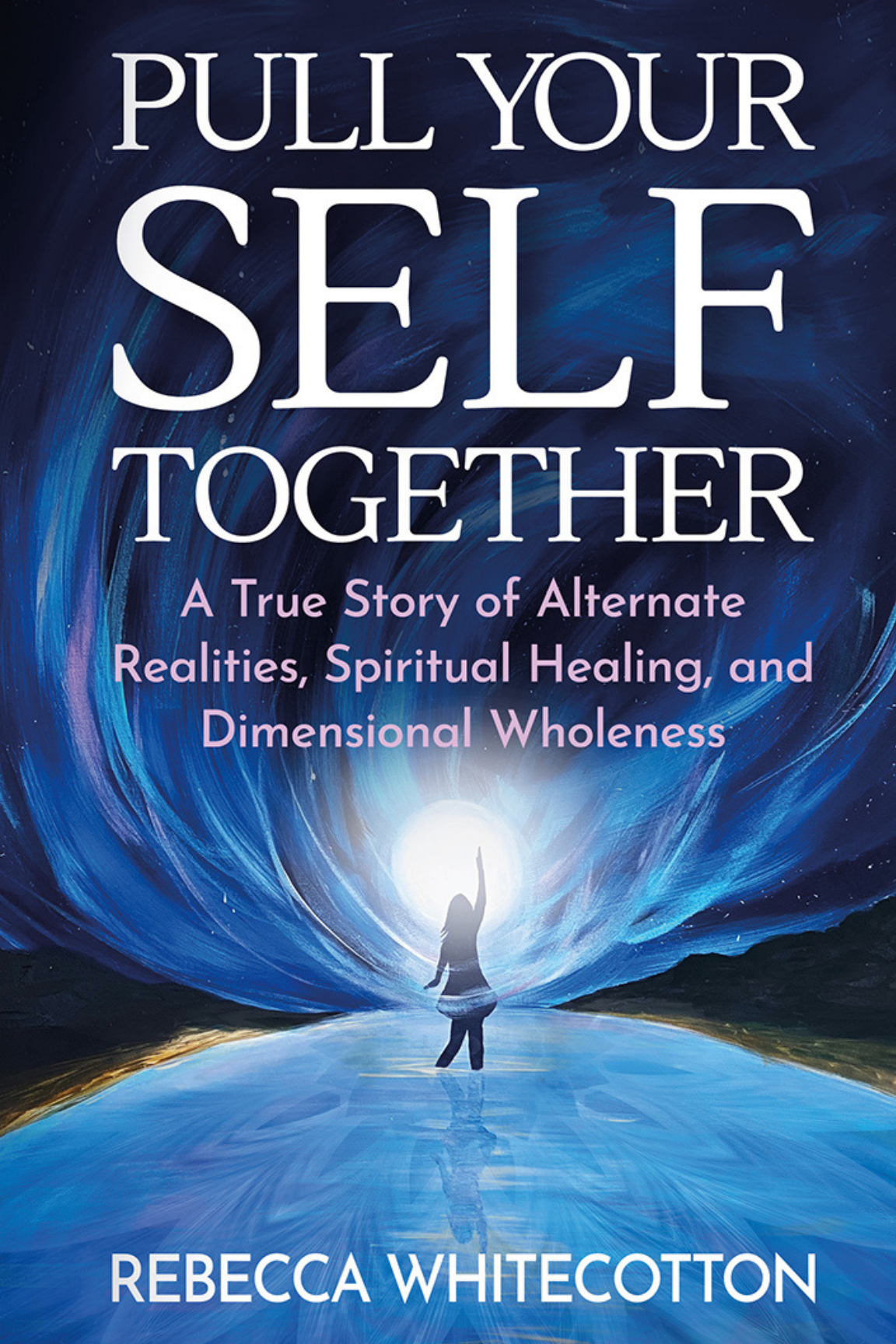
PULL YOUR SELF TOGETHER

A True Story of Alternate Realities, Spiritual Healing, and Dimensional Wholeness



REBECCA WHITECOTTON

STEP INTO A WORLD OF INTERDIMENSIONAL ADVENTURE

Imagine that you could interact with alternate versions of yourself and find out what happened on the road not taken. While on a healing journey to resolve a painful past and rekindle her spiritual connection, Rebecca realizes she can reach into parallel worlds and pull her alternate selves together into a team that experiences every possibility life has to offer. Together, they discover the multidimensional wholeness of the Higher Self, connect more fully with spirit, and create a new way of looking at life's choices.

Part memoir and part transformational guide, Pull Your Self Together merges an inspiring, heartfelt story with steps you can take to explore your parallel worlds. In the multiverse theory of quantum physics, each choice you make creates alternate realities. What if the choice to read this book is one of those reality-creating decisions?

"An inspiring journey into multidimensional consciousness that inspires readers to look at life from an expanded perspective."
—Jackie Woodside, TEDx speaker, and *author of Calming the Chaos and Time for a Change*

"When we are courageous and honor the highly uncanny circumstances in life, then, and only then, do we KNOW who we truly are as a Soul and in life today. Allow Ms. Whitecotton's awesome book to inspire you."
—Dr. Linda Backman, Psychologist/Regression Therapist, author of *Souls on Earth*

"The strategies and practices she shares can lead to higher enlightenment and bring forth a future that already exists and is waiting to be realized."
—Jan Engels-Smith M.Ed., author of *Through the Rabbit Hole and Becoming Yourself*

Award-winning children's book author Rebecca Whitecotton adds interdimensional traveler to her list of job titles, which have included reporter, editor, and graphic designer. This soul-searching inquiry into what it means to be whole follows *Child of Mine, Know This,* hailed by Neale Donald Walsch as "the single most imaginative children's book to come along in ages."

Capucia PUBLISHING

Praise for *Pull Your Self Together*

"This book brought me to tears, made me feel seen, and taught me a new depth of compassion – for others and myself.

Pull Your Self Together is extremely accessible and yet wildly esoteric. The author makes you feel like you are sitting in a room with her, sipping a comforting cup of tea, as she opens her heart, soul, and spirit to bless you with her story. As that tale unfolds, a new understanding of existence is revealed, and as with many great concepts, once you grasp it, you think, "Well, of course! Why didn't I see that all along?" Days after reading this book, I still feel like I am in the grips of an epiphany – one that will inform how I move through the world and make choices for the rest of my life.

Although the ideas explored are abstract and expansive, they also provide a framework for taking practical steps to live in a more loving, connected, forgiving, and joyful way. And there's a workbook section to help you explore dimensional wholeness for yourself, with guided meditations, journal prompts, and songs to provide the stepping stones you can use to forge your own path. Do all of your selves a favor and read this book!"

— Ellen Landsburg Monsees, Grief Recovery Specialist and author of *Lost and Found: Finding a Joyful Life After Loss*

"Rebecca Whitecotton's new tome reminds each of us to trust the unexpected, including our life purpose when the unknown becomes known. Follow the revelationary journey of this new book to ask yourself what elements of your life were intended, though you may have thought otherwise along the way. When we are courageous and honor the highly uncanny circumstances in life, then, and only then, do we KNOW who we truly are as a Soul and in life today. Allow Ms. Whitecotton's awesome book to inspire you."

— Dr. Linda Backman, Psychologist/Regression Therapist, author of *Bringing Your Soul to Light*, Llewellyn 2009; *The Evolving Soul*, Llewellyn 2014; and *Souls on Earth*, Llewellyn 2018; www.RavenHeartCenter.com

"*Pull Your Self Together* is an inspiring journey into multidimensional consciousness that inspires readers to look at life from an expanded perspective."

— Jackie Woodside, CPC, LICSW, TEDx speaker, and author of three best-selling books: *Calming the Chaos*; *Money Vibe*; and *Time for a Change*

"We live in many realities, even in our everyday existence. We might have a work-life where our behaviors, attitudes, and interactions differ in significant ways from our family life or our social life or our spiritual life. These "realities" intersect, but there is also distinctiveness and originality in each of our lived worlds. Imagine

then, the extension of this analogy into the broader presence of our being in multiple universes where we act, react, and interact in alternate realities—true to our essence and in a sustained reality that is faithful to our true self but unconstrained by limitations of space, time, and possibility. This is the realm of a quantum existence—nonrational, true, and infinitely expansive.

The expansiveness of the new sciences has exposed us to the factual consideration of the mysteries of the universe and human consciousness. More and more, we can conceive of spirituality and science as fellow travelers in the exploration of the meaning of existence by confronting the mysteries that have engaged civilization from ancient indigenous cultures to today's quantum physicists. The questions raised by these disparate groups seem to lead to remarkably similar inquiries.

Rebecca's disclosure of her journey with these different realities is breathtaking. Her suffering took her into exploring the depths of her soul and existence. *Pull Your Self Together* is filled with stories, songs, journal entries, and messages from her spiritual guides. Her journeys interface and weave together as she authentically expresses her life to her readers. The strategies and practices she shares can lead to higher enlightenment and bring forth a future that already exists and is waiting to be realized.

The outcome is one of hope, trust, and respect for the complex mysteries of life."

— Jan Engels-Smith MEd, ShD, LPC. Founder of LightSong School of 21st Century Shamanism and Energy Medicine and LightSong Healing Center. Author of *Through the Rabbit Hole: Explore and Experience the Shamanic Journey and Energy Medicine* and *Becoming Yourself: The Journey from Head to Heart*

"In her bold, intelligent, and endlessly curious style, Rebecca Whitecotton takes us on a much-needed exploration of the multi-dimensional self, one that provides us with new and challenging knowledge and with the very personal story of one woman who lived a profound expression of that knowledge. Such information provides the explorer new and unexpected resources with which to meet the sometimes overwhelming responsibilities of life. We owe Rebecca much gratitude for persisting in her search despite many obstacles, including self-doubt and understandable fear."

— Joseph Mancini, Jr., Ph.D., CCHt., author of *The Present Power of Past Lives: The Experts Speak*; *Ending the Endless Conflict: Healing Narratives from Past-Life Regressions to the Civil War*; and the forthcoming *Illuminating Your Multidimensional Soul: Healing Through Communicating with Your Past, Future, Parallel, and Counterpart Selves*

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REBECCA WHITECOTTON

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This book is dedicated to all those who have forgotten who they really are, and to their spirits who patiently wait for them to remember.

"Einstein said that if quantum mechanics
is right, then the world is crazy.
Well, Einstein was right.
The world is crazy."

— Physicist Daniel Greenberger,
as quoted in *Scientific American*

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Introduction

An alternate version of me from a different reality reached through the dimensions and showed me how to rescue myself.

Let's just get that right out in the open, so you know this is a real-life adventure that might sound like science fiction, and you can decide whether or not you're going to continue reading. I don't want to get ahead of myself and ruin the unfolding of the story, but I think you should know that there is a lot more to our existence than what most people call "reality." My experience on the edge of the tangible world is a journey into dimensional realities that you can explore, too, if you're interested.

For a lot of people, my story will sound crazy. There's a fine line between crazy and sane, and everyone I know draws that line in a different spot. I've been straddling other people's crazy lines for a little too long, so I'm ready to draw my own line, out in the open, and see if anyone is willing to join me. The truth is, I've been there all along, and I've just been hiding, pretending to be something I'm not, pretending to be "normal," and that is what's making me crazy. I imagine countless other people like me, quietly keeping our true selves hidden while we present an outward appearance that conforms to what we have been led to believe is normal. Maybe it's time we show each other who we really are.

Our popular culture is filled with science fiction ideas of alternate realities and parallel universes, worlds just slightly different from ours that exist as a result of different choices made by individuals and collectives. Many people, including me, see these worlds as a plausible reality, and that is where this story goes to play. Join me now in a world of quantum possibility and alternate dimensions, and find out what I mean by dimensional wholeness. Here's a glimpse: When you change your perception to include a universe of infinite possible timelines, you realize that every path will be taken by a different version of you, so there are no mistakes. There is only experience. There is nothing to regret. One of you had to do what you have done. You are the version of you who experienced one outcome of your choices, and as a result, other versions of you experienced the other choices. Are they happier than you are? Are they crumbled in pain? Are they crying out to the universe for help? What if you—this version of you—were the help the others were waiting for?

Your Choices In Reading This Book

If you choose, *Pull Your Self Together* can be a blueprint for your healing and discovery of a greater sense of wholeness by connecting with other versions of yourself in alternate realities. As you read, think of me sitting across from you at your kitchen table, ready to share my innermost secrets because I want you to feel the same sense of wholeness I feel.

The Dimensional Wholeness Guide that follows the story will inspire your exploration of these ideas. You'll find affirmations, meditations, journal prompts, questions, and theme songs designed to help you pull yourself together into dimensional wholeness. You can also use bonus

materials and meditations available at dimensionalwholeness.com and you can follow @DimensionalWholeness on Facebook for other ideas and resources. When you're reading, if you find parallels to your life and it makes you stare into space thinking about your journey, flip back to the guide for that chapter and take some action! Pull yourself together!

The mind-blowing possibility is that once you seriously consider a choice, the individual third-dimensional you will take one path, while the universal you—the fifth-dimensional you—will experience it all, every choice. To read the book or not. To do the exercises or not. To work to become whole or not. Indeed, consider the possibility that because you are consciously facing this choice right now, there is one of you who is going to follow this to completion. There is one of you who is going to be able to pull all your selves together. Wouldn't it be exciting if it were you?

Let's get started.

Prologue

I'm standing at the top of a very deep well. I know it's deep because years ago, I threw my spirit into it, and I didn't even hear it hit the bottom. The funny thing is that the physical me—the part of me that walked away from that well all those years ago—that's the part that hit bottom. I thought it would make me feel better to tear my spirit out and hide it away deep in the recesses of the earth, but all that did was make me feel empty and alone. For years, I've felt like an imposter in my body because I'm not emotionally connected to any of my life experiences, good or bad.

Saddened by this deep feeling of loss, I peer into the well, convinced that the only way to fix what I have broken is to dive in and rescue my spirit so I can be whole again. As my physical self gathers the courage to jump, my spirit struggles to get my attention from the other side of the thin veil that separates the physical world from the spiritual world*: I'm right here! I'm right here standing with you!*

Oblivious to her presence, I teeter on the edge, feeling alone and abandoned. Later, I will realize that my spirit has always been there, even though I can't hear the reassurances she is whispering to me now: *I love you, even though you think you can throw me away, even though you think I am the one who needs to be rescued. The veils of the human*

condition create so much drama and heartache. Take the journey you need to take, and I'll be right here with you every step of the way, waiting for you to wake up. Whatever it takes. I'll be here.

Later, I will hear her. Later, I will feel her presence and know that I have never been alone. But not today.

Today, I gather up the last of my courage and dive in, headfirst.

Part One

Amnesia

Chapter 1

The Well Of My Being

When I flung myself purposefully into the well of my being, the fall was long and dark, ending with a mighty splash in surprisingly warm and welcoming water. I went under, the force of my fall taking me so deep I had to fight to control my breath. In the depths, I surrendered, and when I let go, I gently rose to the surface where love and light washed over me. The immense and all-encompassing feeling of love was so overwhelming that tears rolled down my face, dropping quietly into the water and mixing with what I now realize was the wellspring of my sorrow.

The well is a metaphor, of course. I didn't actually throw myself into a hole in the ground. I am the well. I threw my mind and heart into the depth of my being through meditation, with the purposeful intention of reconnecting with my spirit, my higher self, the part of me that knows it is one with All That Is. In doing so, I reconnected

with joy and sadness, pleasure and pain, life and love. Jumping into the forgotten past and glimpsing alternate realities and parallel worlds opened my eyes to a new way of framing my existence. I recognized the value of my journey and realized what I needed to do. I knew I was going to be okay. Now all I had to do was climb out of this well.

Chapter 2

The End of the World as We Know It

I vividly recall the exact moment I abandoned my spirit. At the time, I was not aware of how such a seemingly small choice could upend the balance of my life, like the last block pulled from a Jenga® game, causing the unstable tower to crash. Up to that point, I had pushed my spiritual connection away for weeks or months at a time, but it was never long enough to recover from the pain of spiritual heartbreak. The simple truth was that I no longer trusted the guidance my spirit provided, so I walked away from the relationship.

On December 21, 2012, we were visiting Kauai, a breathtaking backdrop to experience the end of the world, if you were to believe what some people said about the Mayans and their calendar. As a family of modern-day nomads, we had recently moved back to Honolulu, and hopped a short flight to enjoy the holidays on my

favorite island. The first time we lived in Hawaii, ten years earlier, I felt intensely connected to the islands. When I walked upon that land, my feet would tingle with the energy of the earth. I felt the ancestors walking beside me, guiding my way to sacred spaces and allowing me to connect with them. I joined hearts with Pele, the Hawaiian goddess of creation and fire. Her power and energy pulsed through my veins, igniting in my soul a fire of creation that burned for many years. Looking back and writing about my earlier connection to Hawaii was hard because although I remembered that bond, the feeling behind the recollections was gone. Not just faded and old. Gone. It was as if they were someone else's memories, and I was only able to repeat the stories.

Like many people, I was aware of the predictions and prophecies of the 5,000-year-old Mayan calendar that ended on December 21, 2012. The Mayans were a shamanistic culture, and many thought this date predicted the end of the world, or the end of one cosmic cycle and the beginning of another. Some foretold Armageddon, while others prophesied that earth would raise its vibration as it passed into another higher dimension. I was curious to see what was going to happen.

One particular idea about alternate realities and changing timelines intrigued me. During this time, and particularly on this day, the idea was that the dimensional realities would open up, revealing the alternate realities or possible paths of a lifetime. Some writers likened it to a long hallway with doors, and each entry led to an alternate reality of your life—different versions of you created by permutations of all the choices you made in your life. On this day, the door to this hallway of dimensional realities would be open, and you could walk down this hallway of different versions of yourself and choose to enter a

different reality. As a supposedly spiritually-evolved person, I would have the opportunity to find the highest version of myself and step into that reality.

That was not what happened for me. If I did visit the hallway of dimensional realities, and I don't know that I did, I chose Door Number 3, the proverbial rabbit hole. When I walked through that door, my spiritual connection severed. I was free of the pain the link reminded me of, but it also disconnected me from the bliss of knowing I was one with All That Is.

In truth, I had become the traitor in one of my favorite movies, *The Matrix*. In a dystopian future, the heroes are awake and aware that the physical world is an illusion, created by intelligent machines so they can mine energy from human bodies who live in a dream state they think is real. But the "real" world is hard, dark, and under constant attack by the machines that want to keep the heroes from waking the sleeping humans. Cypher, the traitor, is awake. He took the pill that jolted him into the reality of his existence and opened his eyes to the illusion of the world that he thought was real. But Cypher can't take it anymore. He is tired of the fight. He longs for the illusion, the matrix, because compared to reality, the illusion is easy. Cypher chooses to give up the truth and makes a deal with the machines so he can return to the illusion. "Ignorance is bliss," he says. "I don't want to remember nothing. Nothing. You understand?"

I made the same choice. I severed the ties. I didn't want to remember anything. I thought the illusion would be easier.

I was wrong.

Before we went to Kauai, I contacted a woman who was going to do a special ceremony with a Hawaiian kahuna, or holy man, to mark the Mayan calendar's end. The ceremony would be in the wee hours of the morning at a sacred and secluded beach. Red flags flashed when I imagined being on that dark, isolated beach filled with people I didn't know. A movie trailer for a bad horror film appeared in my mind, showing a ditzy woman naively walking into a sketchy area with strangers, sure to be kidnapped, robbed, or killed. I could hear the audience groaning, wondering how someone could be so stupid. As a trusting and optimistic person, this was not generally a line of thinking I followed, so when it came up, I couldn't ignore the possibility that my gut instinct was telling me to stay away.

Logistical complications added to the mix. Since we were on vacation, we only had one car, and we were staying several hours away from the designated beach. My husband, Randy, was okay with me taking the car because I would be back before everyone else was ready to do anything that day. He offered to drive with me, but we would have had to leave our kids alone in the hotel, and I didn't want him to sit in the car when he had no interest in attending.

On that fateful day, we were in "The Grand Canyon of the Pacific"—Waimea Canyon—driving for hours, soaking in the beauty of the Nā Pali Coast, with breathtaking sheer cliffs dropping into turquoise and teal water. We pulled over at a scenic overlook, and everyone got out of the car. The scene remains vivid in my mind, like a snapshot of an important moment in my timeline preserved in archival quality to be used in my life review when I die.

The air was chilly for Hawaii since we were at a high elevation, and I shivered as the wind found ways to slip through my light jacket. I was on a short dirt trail with Randy when my cell phone rang. The woman who was planning the ceremony greeted me cheerfully when I flipped open my phone. After talking with her for a few minutes, I felt that it was best not to go to the ceremony. Part of me was afraid that if I went alone, I might actually jump into another timeline, and in so doing, be disconnected from my husband and my kids. I would be cut off from *this* version of them, and I couldn't wrap my head around what seemed like a decision to abandon them.

"The logistics are just too complicated, especially in the middle of the night," I finally said. "I don't think I'm going to be able to make it."

As soon as those words spilled out, I felt lighter. A fog lifted from over me as if I had been trying to force a spiritual experience. Relief filled me once I let it go, confirming that I made the right decision, that I wasn't supposed to be at that "life-changing" ceremony. Clicking my phone shut, a sense of peace washed over me.

Almost instantly, I heard loud arguing from our children, Ethan and Alison, who were 16 and 13 years old. Both were angry about something and were tired of driving around, looking at beautiful things. Alison stormed off and went to sit in the car. Ethan stomped in the opposite direction on the path. When we all got back in the car, the tension was palpable.

"Can we just go now?"

"I'm sick of this family."

"Why can't we just go home?"

"I'm not sitting by him anymore."

"Wow," I thought, "if this is the enlightened new world we have entered into, I'm in big trouble."

Truly, when I clicked that phone shut, there was a change in my world. I'd made a choice, and my world fell in sync around that decision. This instance was not the first time that a single, simple choice changed the course of my life, but I'd only recognized the gravity of those choices in hindsight. This time, I felt the change immediately, but I was oblivious of the consequences and unaware that the initial peace I felt was the calm before the storm.

I have often wondered about the dynamics of what really happened. If you take into account this idea of alternate realities, then another version of me said, "Yes, I will do what it takes to go to the life-changing spiritual ceremony on the beach." Is that version of me dead? Kidnapped? Enlightened?

One idea I had about my choice was that when presented with the metaphorical hallway of alternate lifetimes, I found the door to the version of me that was the most disconnected from spirit, the one who just wanted to be a part of the matrix without knowing the spiritual truth of existence. I found that door and walked through it so I could rescue that version of myself.

If that was what happened, the rescue was a work in progress. Indeed, it took me four years to realize that rescuing was even necessary.

Chapter 3

After The End Of Time

In the months and years following the Mayan end of time, when I made the choice that thrust me into this reality, I appeared to live a normal life. We returned to Honolulu from our trip to Kauai, and I shrugged my shoulders, thinking that nothing was different since that auspicious last day on the Mayan calendar. I hadn't entered Nirvana, and I hadn't been swept up by the flames of Hell. My busy, chaotic life distracted me from even checking in with spirit.

Early in 2013, however, we experienced a tragedy that would change us forever. I was standing in a tiny sunroom with rain falling beyond the sheer green drapes when the phone rang. I answered and heard Randy's voice, cracking. I knew instantly he was doing all he could to hold back tears. Randy was an Air Force squadron commander, and one of his airmen had just been injured in a serious industrial accident. He was alive but not conscious and was being rushed to the hospital.

I tried to be a compassionate and caring military spouse, sitting by the hospital bedside, bringing food, listening to stories, and trying to help his parents. In reality, there was nothing I could do to make them feel better. In the end, several weeks later, they removed this once-vibrant young man from the machines. I hugged his parents as they tried to make peace with the fact that their son died before they did.

This terrible accident and the aftermath that followed didn't have as much to do with my spirituality as it had to do with cementing me in this third-dimensional reality. I remember one night, I was sitting alone with this young man, and I felt like I should pray for him and surround him with healing energy. I felt like that was something I should be equipped to do. I did pray for him. I spent time in the chapel meditating and holding him in the light. But it felt foreign to me, like I had forgotten what to do. I knew the motions, but the experience was clouded and felt far away.

We lived the next few months in a haze of depression and sadness. This incident changed our lives, even though we acted like everything was fine. Randy could think of nothing but work, which was accompanied by a sense of failure for being unable to protect this young man, and depression that this one event could define not only his career but his confidence as a person who does the right thing and takes care of his people. I tried to assist as I could, but he didn't open up about it to me. I probably should have pushed him to talk, but I was not in an emotional place to help him. I was lost in my own unconnected world, unaware that anything had changed on a spiritual level, but feeling lost, alone, and disconnected. I thought my angst came from this incident, but I realized later that it was more profound

than that. Since I had pushed away my spirit, I had little to hold on to, and my ability to deal with this situation and help Randy deal with it had diminished. Lost in our own small worlds, we drifted apart, both quietly depressed and feeling alone, but not strong enough to throw the other a lifeline and pull us back together.

Chapter 4

Emotional Amnesia

A few months later, my new friend Marlo and I were sitting at a weathered picnic table surrounded by tall Norfolk Island pine trees in Keaiwa Heiau State Park when I realized I had emotional amnesia.

With a shock of curly blond hair, an encouraging smile, and radiant with energy, Marlo was a bright light of inspiration to me for being able to stand in her truth. We met at a military spouse conference, where her voice quavered with nervousness as she gave a presentation on meditation and manifesting to fellow military spouses. When the workshop finished, I introduced myself and told her she was my new hero for being brave enough to delve into woo-woo land in a military setting. I have a hard time admitting in military circles that I'm a Democrat, much less telling people that I meditate. We became instant friends, and I felt like Marlo might be someone who could understand who I really was.

We met for lunch and a walk in the state park, where in the past, I felt a deep spiritual connection. Years before, I would meditate near the ancient Hawaiian healing temple, or heiau, at the park's entrance. On one comical day, as I sat on the ground with my eyes closed, I was distracted by tiny footsteps rustling the leaves around me and a clucking that pulled at my attention. Wild chickens stalked and surrounded me, forcing me to find another spot for stillness.

On this day, Marlo and I shared stories and got to know each other, excited that we had found another military spouse with whom we could share our spiritual experiences. Stories poured out of me about my feelings of deep connection to the earth, especially Hawaii, a powerful mystical experience in Kauai, and connecting to Hawaii from Virginia when a tsunami in the Pacific Ocean headed toward the islands.

As happy as I was to have someone to talk to about this, something felt wrong. As I spoke, a background dialog in my head questioned the reality of what I was saying. My mouth was moving, and I recited stories stored in my brain's memory centers, but the stories didn't feel like they were mine.

"Who am I talking about?" I questioned myself. "Are these my memories? It doesn't feel like this happened to me. Who am I? Where did I go?"

All the emotion was gone. Before, when I would tell these stories, my heart would well up with joy, or sadness, or longing when I thought about the experiences. But now, nothing. No emotional connection at all.

That meeting with Marlo left me feeling like an imposter. Here I had found someone I could talk to, but I no longer felt connected to the

spiritual being that my memories told me I should be. The experience was the beginning of what I call the lost years, clouded by confusion, depression, and a sense of not being myself. The depression was hard for me to recognize because I had always been a positive, optimistic person. I continued to describe myself that way, while at the same time sitting in my living room with a glazed-over look, watching TV, and often not motivated to do anything. I felt like I had shut myself into a box of my own making, hiding from everyone, including myself, and I had no idea why.

If I had gone to one, a psychologist might have said that I was experiencing repression of emotions, or perhaps disassociation, which the American Psychiatric Association describes as a problem involving "memory, identity, emotion, perception, behavior, and sense of self." The problem was that if I were to go to a psychologist and explain some of the memories I had disassociated myself from, I would be sent to the loony bin for believing them in the first place.

From the outside, it looked like I had it all: a wonderful husband, a beautiful family, and a lovely house surrounded by nature. My spiritual children's books had five stars on Amazon and made it to the top 50 charts in iBooks. My days were filled with volunteering and activity, and my business card said Rebecca Whitecotton: writer, graphic designer, optimist, mom. Everything sounded perfect.

All these things were true. But deep inside flowed a molten river of sadness, bubbling up with an unspoken trauma that no one understood. I did not speak of the source of distress because it sounded crazy, and I don't like to sound crazy. I felt the sorrow of metaphysical miscarriage multiplied by the fact that no one knew I was pregnant. No one knew that in moments of deep connection, my spirit encouraged me to

conceive of miraculous possibilities for my life and told me amazing things that would happen in my future. No one knew that I nurtured those ideas, those hopes, those dreams, and when they died, there was no one to comfort me. No one to say, "I understand. I'm sorry for your loss." No one to grieve with me. So I grieved alone, for years.

I tried to forget what my spirit promised and what didn't happen, and I would be okay for a while. Then I would do something that would connect me strongly to spirit, and the memories would creep back: memories of what I didn't have; memories of promises my spirit made, now broken.

The memories cast a pall over the happiness I did have, which was why I had to forget. The magnitude of my spiritual trauma was large enough that I subconsciously chose to completely cut myself off from my spiritual connection so I would not feel the pain.

Slowly, I lost track of who I was. Memories of powerful spiritual experiences languished in my head, but my heart did not connect to them, so it was as if I was telling myself a story about someone else. They were amazing stories of spiritual connection that made me wish something like that would happen to me.

There should be a special psychiatric category for the pain of spiritual betrayal or spiritual heartbreak. I know others feel it. A mild version is when you are given a prediction or a reading by a spirit channel or a psychic, and it doesn't come true. Worse yet, it is when you are told something by your higher self, or your spirit guides who are communicating directly with you, and the bliss of spiritual connection makes you trust the message. You sit in the loving embrace of spirit, and you soak in the stories of possibility. You become hopeful and excited for the future, and you believe with

all your heart that what you are hearing and feeling is true. If you believed something that a channel or psychic said, you can at least blame them for being wrong and move on with less responsibility. Although several different spiritual channels corroborated what I believed, my primary source of information was my spiritual experience. I had no one to blame except myself, my higher self, and the spirit being who felt like the embodiment of love, but who seemed to have lied to me.

Part of me didn't want to admit that I believed what my spirit told me in the first place, because it felt a bit like a sweet-talking charlatan double-crossed me. People who lose their money to a hustler don't want to admit they were gullible enough to fall for it, and there was a part of me that didn't want to admit I had fallen for a spiritual swindle. I invested time and energy into a future I was told would happen, and when it didn't happen, I felt heartbroken and foolish.

The problem with the future is that predictions of this nature are all made based on the information at the time and on the possible choices that people will make. Predictions are based on probability, and the statistics don't always work out. If you bring in the concept of alternate realities, and the idea that every choice will be played out by some aspect of yourself, predicting the future is much more complex. For every major event predicted—that you will have three children or someone you love will die in a boating accident—there is a choice that causes those things to come to fruition. If there are alternate realities, then the choice that leads to those major events creates multiple realities based on the different choices that could be made. If one version of you experiences the prediction as true, then there has to be an alternate reality in which it doesn't happen.

I sometimes wonder if the higher realms give humans hope and promise so we act as if these things will happen, and having that belief ultimately pulls ideas into creation. Or, if the prediction has a negative outcome, it leads us to be more careful or make different choices. I believe we create the world around us with what we think and do, but I also know from experience that limitations occur when you work with the beliefs and the dreams of others—in human and spirit form—who are co-creators of your world.

Chapter 5

Alternate Realities

As I tried to figure out what was wrong with me, my mind kept returning to the idea of alternate realities. Had I really walked down this metaphorical hallway of dimensions and chosen a door to a different version of myself?

In 2011, before my spirit's disappearance, I was engrossed in exploring the possibilities of the fifth dimension and the idea of alternate realities. Many people were predicting that the earth would pass into the fifth dimension in 2012, which would bring amazing changes to perception and our view of reality. This idea of moving into the fifth dimension is still alive today, although it appears to be a much more gradual and individual experience than I envisioned in 2011.

From a spatial perspective, dimensions can be explained using images of geometry. The first dimension would be a line. If you lived in a one-dimensional world, all you would know is the line. There

would be nothing to the right, left, above, or below—those concepts wouldn't even make sense.

A square or other flat object that has length and width would represent the second dimension. A being in the second dimension would be able to move or see to the right and left, in front of and behind, but the second dimension has no above and below. Imagine living in a two-dimensional photograph, and your world would essentially be one pixel high.

The third dimension would be represented by a cube, which adds the dimension of height to the previous two. We are familiar with the third-dimensional concepts of length, width, and depth; the qualities that take that flat photograph and transform it into what we know as reality.

Ideas diverge with the fourth dimension since we cannot perceive it with our senses. One concept of the fourth dimension is that it represents time or space-time so that an object can occupy a specific place in time and space, and events occur linearly. Other views of the fourth dimension describe it as another spatial dimension that takes a three-dimensional object like a cube and turns it into a four-dimensional object.

The fifth dimension adds another level of perception, creating a field of all possibilities in which different versions of the third dimension are somehow visible, accessible, and happening simultaneously. The fifth dimension is where alternate realities are accessible.

Scientists talk about this field of all possibilities, but they refer to it as the quantum field rather than the fifth dimension. Quantum physicists theorize that although we as humans are aware of four dimensions—length, width, depth, and space-time—there are many

more dimensions that we don't yet understand, but that would explain how our universe works. Because we live in a four-dimensional world (if you include space-time), it's difficult to conceive of the fifth dimension or those beyond that. It seems like magic to us, but from a fifth-dimensional perspective, it is simply the way it is.

This concept is beautifully illustrated in the book *Flatland*, published in 1884 by Edwin A. Abbott. It tells the story of a two-dimensional world in which a personified two-dimensional square becomes troubled and amazed when a three-dimensional being visits his world. This magical three-dimensional being can see from above. It can, therefore, view the two-dimensional world from a higher perspective and tell the square things about his world that the square finds inconceivable. The people of Flatland are unable to imagine or comprehend the concept of above or below, so this three-dimensional being appears to be mystical, magical, unexplainable.

As the square tries to understand and explain these things to the people of Flatland, they ridicule him for saying things that go against the known facts of his two-dimensional world. This difference in perception from two dimensions to three is mind-blowing if you try to imagine what it would be like to live as a two-dimensional being. Think, then, what mind-blowing expansions in perception await us three-dimensional beings as we learn about the fifth dimension. Just like the two-dimensional square (who kept an open mind and asked a lot of questions), the fifth dimension is similarly inconceivable and magical to us until we have experienced it.

From a spiritual or energetic perspective, the dimensions are often linked to the level of density or the frequencies or vibrations of energy associated with them. There are complicated distinctions

between dimensions and densities, but I'm describing them together for simplicity's sake. We physically live in the third dimension, but we have access to the energy of other dimensions or densities. We can choose to tap into and use those dimensional energies to evolve spiritually.

The third dimension is dense and physical, marked by judgment, fear, and duality—right and wrong, good and bad, love and hate. The fourth dimension is the mystical astral plane, where there is more joy, love, and gratitude, but fear and hate are also present. The fourth dimension is the realm of dreams, ghosts, and astral travel, and thoughts manifest into reality faster than in the third dimension. The fifth dimension is marked by living from the heart, a feeling of oneness, instant manifestation, and no distinction of past, present, and future. The fifth dimension is sometimes accessed through meditation or spontaneous moments of oneness with everything around you. As third-dimensional beings, we can have moments of experience in the fifth dimension. But, we are pulled back to the fourth- or third-dimensional energies by doubt, insecurity, fear, and other third-dimensional emotions.

So what do dimensions have to do with alternate realities? When you are experiencing life from the third dimension, you have one chance at every choice. Your life plays out linearly, and you can't go back and change anything. If you could experience life from a fifth-dimensional perspective, you might see that every choice creates an alternate reality or parallel world that exists at the same time, so that every choice can be experienced by the fifth-dimensional you. The fifth dimension is a dimension of alternate realities and alternate possibilities, including the possibility of what we might call etheric time travel.

As we approached the year 2012, many people believed that the earth and all its inhabitants would move into the fifth dimension, where it would be possible to choose to jump into a different timeline or different version of yourself. In 2010, Tom Kenyon, a brain scientist turned sound healer, channeled a message about "jumping timelines" from an inter-dimensional group of beings called The Hathors. They said that our lives were just one possibility and that our collective culture had convinced us that we are limited to this one timeline, when, in fact, it is possible to change timelines. Jumping timelines is possible, they said, because timelines were converging as a result of "chaotic events" in the universe. The Hathors explained the possibility of using consciousness and intention to move your consciousness from a timeline of chaos and destruction to one of peace and prosperity because each of those possibilities is played out. When I heard this information about the fifth dimension, I felt like the two-dimensional square from Flatland as he tried to conceive of the possibilities of three dimensions.

My favorite description of alternate dimensions came from *The Ascension Papers,* written by Arn Allingham using the pen name Zingdad. His description of living from a fifth-dimensional perspective was so clear and inspiring that I copied it into my journal in 2011:

"These other alternatives are no less real, no less valid, no less lived and experienced than your life is. They are all equally true and valid. There is no difference between the life you are living and a parallel life with slightly different choices. The only difference is for you. You make particular choices, and you experience the outcome of those choices. Your experiences are just that… they are your experiences. The 5th dimension is a wave-form that includes all the possible experiences

that might be had in the 3rd dimension. You, yourself, are an individual observer. The observer collapses the wave-form into a single event. You turn potentiality into actuality. You do this for your own life, and then you experience that life as your own. That is what you do. But in so doing, you do not diminish infinity. Infinity requires that all things that can exist, do exist. They must all be equally valid. And so it is for 5d-you. All the choices that you can take… you do take. You take them all, live them all, see them all. But YOU my beloved 3d being, do not see all of them. You only see one linear and direct path. You only see one out of every possible choice being actualised."

I love the idea that infinity cannot be diminished by the confines of three-dimensional minds. All things that can exist do exist. My journal entries from 2011 and early 2012 were filled with excitement about this possibility of fifth-dimensional infinity and choices, and it gave me permission to forgive myself for what I perceived as failing to do what I thought I came here to do. This journal entry from 2011 is a perfect example:

> The most liberating aspect of this idea to me is that I cannot fail in the grand scheme of things. Even if I feel like I have been unable to do something that I was destined to do, I now know, with some certainty, that another version of me does it. It must be done, because it is one of the possibilities, and all possibilities must be played out. To make it even easier to forgive myself for what I perceive as failing, I now understand that at least one aspect of me had to experience that which I deem as failure, so I am experiencing it for my greater good so that another version of me can revel in the

bliss of completing that mission. Since all aspects of me are one, I know that I have succeeded, even if that is not the timeline in which I am living.

Are we delving into the fifth-dimensional world when we sit down and imagine what would happen if we make a certain choice? Maybe instead of "imagining," we are looking through the veil at all the possible outcomes that are all happening at the same time. If we are good at imagining, maybe we are just looking at our lives in a fifth-dimensional way.

When I live knowing that the fifth dimension is possible, I find my soul taking a divine deep breath, a breath of relief, a breath of knowing that everything is going to be okay. If I know that all possibilities, all choices, exist, that they all come to fruition for some aspect of me, then I know that where I am right now, and the choices I have made are perfection because some version of me is going to have to experience this choice. If it's a choice that makes me feel good, I can rejoice in my bliss and be grateful to those other versions of me that made the other choice. If it's a choice that makes me feel bad, I can take solace in the idea that I've taken one for the team; I tried that one out, and now I know it doesn't work so well.

Better yet, if I now know that all possibilities come to fruition, what is to stop me from now making the choices that will most certainly make me wildly happy? If I know that some aspect of me gets to completely realize all the dreams I've ever had, why would I ever be afraid to go for the dream? If I am awake to the possibilities that are guaranteed

> to happen to some part of me, why shouldn't THIS part of me get to be the one that gets to live the dream? Leave the failure and the depression to the part of me that is still asleep, to the part of me that chooses not to listen, to the part that hasn't yet gotten excited about living in the fifth dimension.

I wrote that journal entry in 2011, and in 2013 I looked at those words and wondered what the heck had happened. Where was the person who wrote that? I sat in my living room, confused and wondering who I was, trying to figure out what would make me jump into a timeline or alternate version of myself where I didn't remember who I was. I looked for clues that would tell me that was what happened, because even though it sounded like science fiction, at least it would provide an explanation.

One morning I woke from a strange dream about time. I dreamed that I erased something in the present, and it disappeared in the past. There was a bowl of fruit in a painting, and I erased it with some kind of paint eraser. In the past, Randy was looking at the painting, and he watched the fruit disappear while he was looking at it. In the past, I was not looking at the painting, so I didn't see the image disappear. When Randy told me the fruit in the painting had disappeared, I thought it had never been there. Was this dream trying to tell me that I had changed something in my past and that it wasn't there anymore?

I continued to look for clues everywhere. When we lived in Illinois, my second-grade daughter was chased around the playground by a boy in her class, and she asked me what to do about it. Now, years later in

Hawaii, I was volunteering at my daughter's school, and I met a student who had the same name and was the same age as that boy would have been. He had similar physical characteristics, and I could completely imagine him being the younger boy grown up. In military circles, meeting people one place and then years later re-encountering them somewhere else was not unusual, so I asked him if he had ever lived in Illinois. When he said no, I asked him if he was sure, like it would be something he would forget. Maybe, I thought, he remembered chasing her and wouldn't admit he lived there because he was embarrassed. Or maybe I jumped into a different timeline where he never lived in Illinois, and he's a different version of the same person.

I realize how crazy this sounds, and I hesitate to admit it, but my disconnection from my memories was so strong that I was grasping at any possible explanation that could make sense of what I was feeling.

Other days, I thought about different spiritual experiences I'd had that should have brought up some emotion in me; I could remember the storyline, but the memories felt empty. Several times, I thought about calling my friend Kendel to ask her if those things happened, or if I was stuck in another timeline's version of myself. I never called her because it sounded crazy to me, and even though I knew that she was one of my best friends, I couldn't muster up a feeling of being close enough to her to ask.

Fast forward through time (because it's an illusion, after all) to 2017, after I started writing to reconnect with my spirit. I met up with Kendel on a business trip to Kansas. We were excited because

we hadn't seen each other in years, and we had a lot of catching up to do. Kendel plopped down on the queen-sized bed in her hotel room, her hand under her head as a pillow. We were both tired but wanted to stay up and talk, to make up for lost time. I stretched out opposite her, my head propped on one hand.

"Reb, I have something I want to ask you. I think you should write about it," she said. "You weren't here, but I remember telling you about that time in my life when I did some crazy things that just don't seem like something I would do. Do you remember? Have you ever wondered if we go somewhere for a while, like another dimension, and someone trades places with us?"

Before she could finish the sentence, my eyes popped wide open, and I sat up and started shaking my hands over my head. I was so excited I could hardly get words out. "Oh my gosh, yes! I was going to ask you about the very same thing! There have been times that I was going to call you and ask you if something had actually happened because I wasn't sure it was a part of this reality."

I told her about how I had felt in 2013, when I was sitting in my living room in Hawaii, feeling very disconnected from all my memories. I could recall the hilarious details of meeting her eight years before at a sweat lodge in Kansas, but it felt like someone else's story. I could remember our misadventures around the campfire with our circle of friends, escapades clearing houses of ghosts and spirits, walking on fire, the premonition of finding feathers on a road trip, and finding a great horned owl frozen on the side of the road with a rat in its talons. That year I spent in Leavenworth, Kansas, was blessed with the support and love of a circle of women that connected me to the earth and made me happy to live in the middle of nowhere. Those experiences had filled

my heart with a sense of love and connection. When I moved away, I would recall them with a sense of sadness or ennui that we were not still able to be together and make more memories. I would feel a place in my heart that felt full, loved, joyful, connected, and whole.

And yet, just eight years after we moved away from Kansas, I could not muster up a single emotion to go with all those memories. All I felt was alone and lost and confused.

The next chapter in this sample
of Pull Your Self Together
jumps to Chapter 27, which is in the
middle of the book.

Chapter 27

Superhero

I finally took action and set aside some time for a retreat away from the house and work and daily life so I would have the time and space to connect. When I met with Lisa and Janice, my two Mastermind and writing partners, we lamented how we had not made time for ourselves and our writing, so we cleared our calendars and made reservations to put ourselves first.

Feeling good about the decision to get away, I drove to the retreat center in the mountains of Pennsylvania and decided that I would meditate and write and see what happened. If I was supposed to write about losing my identity and forgetting who I am, then that's what I would write about. If I was inspired to write about alternate realities, then I would do that. If I wrote about frogs jumping through hula hoops, I'd follow that path and see where it took me.

My cabin was spacious and had a comfy chair to meditate in, as well as a regular padded office chair that I sat in with my feet up on the legs of a drop-leaf table, typing on my 27-inch iMac that I carried across three states because I didn't own a laptop. I knew that in the morning when I opened my curtains, I would see the woods and be greeted by nature as I drank my coffee. The setting was perfect. I was so happy to be there.

As I rearranged my room, I decided to put on some music. When I opened the music app, the first thing my eyes fell on was a Tom Kenyon album cover. As I opened that folder, I smiled and knew I was being guided when I read the track title: "Alternate Realities and the Left and Right Hemisphere." Tom Kenyon explained that the doorway to the fifth dimension, which is outside of time and space, resides in the right hemisphere of the brain. When we delve into the expansiveness of the right hemisphere, we can release the constraints of the third dimension (space) and the fourth dimension (time). He said that shamanic traditions consider these experiences to be real, while western traditions say it is just a trick of the brain. But Kenyon, who came from a scientific background, said that whether the experiences are real or imaginary, they can affect the brain and the biochemistry of the entire body because the body and brain interpret it as real.

With that recording, Tom Kenyon released me from the need to know whether what I had been experiencing was real or not, because either way, I can be physically and emotionally affected by the experiences I have in meditation. This understanding released me from needing to make logical, rational sense of what happens in my right brain. What I experience can heal me even if it can't be proven in Western scientific tradition.

With that permission to release rational explanation, my mind turned to alternate universes, parallel realities, and different versions

of me and how it all fits together in the grand scheme of things. I opened my journal and started writing.

If, as some people believe, a different reality can be created with each major choice, then there are dozens, or hundreds, or thousands of versions of me all existing at the same time, trying out different experiences. A version of me has a wildly successful children's book and is a sought-after speaker with spiritual parenting groups. A version of me interviewed a well-known actress and helped her write a column for a magazine (I mean, what was I thinking when I said no to that?). A version of me studied science instead of journalism. A version of me chose to stay in the matrix and never remember who she is.

But I am this version of me, and I have a role to play in my vast, expanding universe. If, on the day that I could step into any version of myself, I chose to step into this version of me, what would be my purpose? Why would I choose this version? Why would I step into a broken life?

The broken part is the part that has to pull the rest of my soul back together. The broken part of me is the superhero. The broken part is aware of what is missing—the part of my soul that is missing—and, if it's not too shattered, fights like hell to become whole again.

Oh, my goodness. Maybe THAT is hell—being so broken, you don't remember who you are.

The version of me that made all the "right" choices and got all the lucky breaks is happy and content and sits in joy somewhere in the mountains or looking out over the ocean.

She can't be bothered with thinking that she isn't whole and looking to retrieve those aspects of herself that are missing. No, she is so happy that she is complacent. She doesn't realize what is missing. Most people don't question the complexity of wholeness when they are happy. They don't say, "Hey, where is the part of me that can't stop crying? Where is the part of me that is in pain?" No, when everything is going right, you ride the wave; you are grateful. You may be connected, but you are only connected to a part of you. It's possible, I suppose, that you could recognize this separateness, that you could realize that there is a version of you that is broken, and that you could be strong enough to reach through the ethers and hold her hand and say, "You've got this. We are in this together. You are a part of me, and I am a part of you. We are not whole until we are together."

As I typed, my heart filled with love, and I began to cry. I felt pressure on my hand and the energy of an arm around my shoulder, pulling me into an embrace. The part of me that was happy reached through the veil that separates us and comforted me. She heard me and answered my call.

My higher self placed herself at the keyboard.

Different versions of you can reach through the ethers and touch each other. That is what you are doing. You can bring them all together. You had to be in a place of pain to even think of looking for this answer.

This is what you need to write—the healing power of dimensional wholeness.

The next section in this sample is the first chapter of the Dimensional Wholeness Guide, which includes 6 chapters to help you experience your multidimensional nature.

Part Six

Dimensional Wholeness Guide

Chapter 44

Introduction

"The mind, once stretched by a new idea,
never returns to its original dimensions."
—Ralph Waldo Emerson

Dimensional wholeness is a paradigm shift, a way of looking at life from a different perspective that expands your understanding of your place in the vastness of creation. How do you feel when you consider that all the choices you have made in your life have been necessary to the whole of you, including what you regret doing or what you regret not doing? Imagine another version of you who may be holding you in love, with the deepest gratitude possible, *because* you made that choice you regret. That other version of you got to experience the other path.

Relax into the idea that you are a multidimensional being living out this life on our beautiful earth, but also existing in other places and times. You are expansive and powerful. You have the knowledge of the universe at your fingertips if you open yourself up and connect to this immense expanse of power within you. You need not focus on what those other multidimensional aspects of yourself are doing. The details do not matter. Just know they are there. Simply sit with the possibility that you are part of a vast, amazing being, a compilation of light that blazes throughout the universe and whose goal is to bring peace, love, stability, and wholeness to your life and to the world. We are journeying into a new dimension, an era of dimensional wholeness that opens up expanded possibilities for your life and the way you look at who you are and what you are meant to be and do.

This Dimensional Wholeness Guide will help you crack open the door to the dimensions so you can connect with other versions of you who made different choices, and help each other become who you were meant to be. Together, you can accomplish everything you set out to do in this human life, because one of you alone can't scratch the surface.

Step 1: Believe

When my higher self revealed the steps to tap into dimensional wholeness, the first step was simply: *Believe*. Simple to say, maybe, but not so simple to do if you have been taught all your life that third-dimensional rules cannot be broken.

Years ago, I read the book *Relax, It's Only A Ghost: My Adventures with Spirits, Hauntings and Things That Go Bump in the Night* by Echo Bodine. It's a book of ghost stories and instructions for how you can

help a ghost to cross over. When I read it, I thought, "Hmmm. That's interesting. That would be amazing to be able to help ghosts cross over." And then I forgot about it. Several weeks later, when Randy and the kids fell asleep early, I decided to take advantage of the unexpected stillness and meditate. Thus began a spooky night of spine-tingling awareness, footsteps in the hallway, toys speaking by themselves, and rattling of my daughter's crib when she did not move. The clincher was when I sensed someone next to me as I sat in bed, and felt a cool breath, as if someone were blowing on my cheek. There was a ghost in the house, and it wanted my attention. I tried to ignore it, but when that ghost made itself at home in my daughter's room, my maternal instincts kicked in, and I knew I had to do something. That's when I remembered that I thought it would be great to help ghosts cross over when I read the book weeks before. My belief that it was possible drew the experience to me. I searched my mind for the techniques the author outlined to help ghosts cross over, and I used what I remembered to help guide that lost spirit to the other side. The experience was beautiful and terrifying at the same time.

That was the first in quite a number of experiences with ghosts. I tell this story now because the book opened up for me the idea that I could help ghosts cross over. A whole new part of the universe unlocked for me once I believed it was possible. The possibility existed before—I just hadn't noticed it.

What does this mean for you? You may read my story and think, "Hmmm. That's interesting. That would be amazing to be able to connect with alternate versions of myself." If that's what you thought when you read it, be aware and open so that when those alternate versions of yourself appear to you in some way, you can recognize them and have an idea of what you can do. Consider my first experience with

an alternate version of myself: I saw her and thought at first that my spirit was telling me that she was my future, which made me angry because I wasn't ready to go there. Now I realize she was showing me the other path I could have taken while also waking me up to the idea that we could connect through alternate dimensions.

So take the first step and believe in the possibility that every path is taken, and that you can connect with and support those other versions of you. You don't have to understand or accept every detail, but if you want to be able to connect with other versions of yourself in alternate dimensions, you have to believe that it might be possible.

This Dimensional Wholeness Guide is included so you will be able to explore dimensional wholeness. I didn't tell you my story because I think I'm extraordinary—quite the opposite. I think I'm the future of ordinary. That is why I shared, and why my next step will be to start gathering your stories of dimensional wholeness to share in some way. You can find more on that, later, at dimensionalwholeness.com, but for now, let's explore the possibilities of dimensional wholeness.

How This Guide Is Organized

This Dimensional Wholeness Guide is divided into sections that coincide with the sections in the story. You might want to do the exercises in every section, but you might find that there is a section that does not apply to you, so it's fine if you skip it.

- *Amnesia: Have You Forgotten Who You Came Here To Be?* Have you forgotten who you are? Consider whether there is a part of you that you have forgotten and want to rediscover.
- *Remembering: Practices to Rekindle Your Connection to Spirit* Remember who you are meant to be and rekindle or strengthen

the connection with your spirit, your higher self, so that you can trust what it tells you.

- *Why You Forgot: An Exploration of Regret and Sorrow*
  Be brave enough to explore your pain to find the gift. If forgetting the sorrow of your journey caused you to forget the joy as well, this section will help you lovingly remember just enough so that you can use that crack in your soul to let the light in and release your spirit from its hiding place.
- *The Rescue: How You Can Be The Superhero, Even If You're Broken*
  Learn how to connect with alternate versions of yourself and create a safe space for your selves to meet.
- *Dimensional Wholeness: A Celebration of Every Single Version of You*
  Celebrate the wholeness that comes with connecting to the whole self from a fifth-dimensional perspective.

Each of these chapters will have three tools for an exploration of these ideas: an affirmation to take into meditation, journal questions, and a theme song. Let's take a look at what's in store in these sections.

Meditation and Affirmation

Meditation is a powerful tool for spiritual discovery. With many different ways to meditate—sitting in silence, using a mantra, music, guided meditations, walking meditations—you are sure to find a method that works well if you are willing to explore and persist. The important thing is that you still your mind and body for a few minutes so that you can realize there is another part of you that patiently waits for recognition. There is another part of you—spirit—that perhaps should be running the show a little more often.

My meditations, most often, are simply silence. I begin with a prayer asking my angels and guides to protect and guide me as I open myself up to connecting with my spirit. Then I sit in the silence, either concentrating on my breath, the fullness of my heart, or a simple mantra. Sometimes I meditate to music, which can use the energetic patterns of the music to transport you to a higher-vibrational place.

Everyone experiences the benefits of meditation differently. Some people see images; others hear sounds or messages; others experience a feeling or emotion, and others get a knowing or intuition. Sometimes you might not feel like you "got" anything, but then you find that you now have an answer to a problem or a creative new idea for a project. You may simply rest in the energy of peace or love, which is one of the greatest gifts of meditation. Try not to compare and expect anything specific, and be open to how your spirit wants to communicate with you. Spirit can speak to you in unusual ways, like songs on the radio, or emails that appear at the right time, or car license plates with a message.

Each chapter offers an affirmation that can be read and taken into meditation. Speaking your intentions out loud creates a powerful message to the universe about what you want to experience. Feel free to tweak the affirmation's wording to make it yours, so that it fits your situation and serves your soul. The words themselves are not magic. The magic is in the journey.

Journaling

Since I am a writer who has been healed by words, I am excited to share that process with you. Each chapter includes writing prompts

to get you thinking about how that section of the book may apply to your life. You can look over the questions or journal prompts and pick one or two, or methodically write about each suggestion so you don't miss a thing. Let your spirit be your guide.

You may find that if you connect with your spirit through meditation, then you can have a conversation with your higher self in your journal. Do this by asking a question and then writing whatever pops into your head, stream-of-consciousness-style, without analyzing or thinking about whether it makes sense. I find this to be easiest when I use my computer because I can type with my eyes closed, which helps me maintain that meditative focus and not get as wrapped up in what is being written. It does backfire, however, if you get your fingers on the wrong keys at the beginning, because nothing will make sense.

If you are not a writer—meaning you physically don't like writing with a pen or typing on a computer—you could have a conversation with yourself out loud. Ask the journaling questions and then answer them aloud. Do it while you're taking a walk. Do it while you're folding laundry. You could even put on a headset, turn on a voice recorder, and record the conversation.

If you save your journals, you might look back through them later and find surprising things (you might find a book, like I did). But the truth is, what you say does not have to be saved if you don't want to. The answer needs to be released from the deepest recesses of your soul; it needs to be known. But don't let the fear of someone reading what you write stop you from this practice. Write and delete it if you have to, but let it out.

Theme Songs

Music touches the soul in powerful, healing ways. Each chapter offers a theme song that carries the essence of the message. Music can create a powerful meditative experience, and you might find that listening to music can help you connect with your spirit.

I am grateful to several of my favorite singer-songwriters who have allowed me to share some of their music with you, both here in this book and on my website, dimensionalwholeness.com. I am excited to introduce you to the amazing work of Daniel Nahmod, Karen Drucker, Rev. Michael Gott, Bob Sima, and Greg Tamblyn. If you like the songs shared here, you will enjoy delving into the treasure troves of positive, soulful music that each of them brings to the world.

About the Author

With *Pull Your Self Together*, Rebecca Whitecotton adds interdimensional traveler to her list of job titles, which have included reporter, editor, children's book author, mom, optimist, graphic designer, and chauffeur. Most recently, Rebecca worked as the communications and marketing coordinator for Unity of Fairfax, a New Thought spiritual community in Virginia.

Rebecca's award-winning spiritual children's book, *Child of Mine, Know This,* was hailed by Neale Donald Walsch as "the single most imaginative children's book to come along in ages." *Children of the New Earth* magazine gave it their Award of Excellence; it was a finalist in the Coalition of Visionary Retailers Awards; and *Light of Consciousness* magazine called it, "A hallmark book in an age of emerging global consciousness." Rebecca's second children's book spilled the beans about Santa Claus in *Santa's Greatest Gift*, which is now available as a free ebook. One of Rebecca's favorite moments was when her son discovered *Santa's Greatest Gift* in the top 50 free children's downloads in iBooks while he was looking for something to read.

With a Bachelor's in Journalism from Northwestern University and a Master's in Sociology of Religion from the University of New Mexico, Rebecca loves to think and write about spirituality, philosophy, meditation, and quantum physics. Now that her kids are adults and don't need her as much, she has set her sights on being a modern-day philosopher—a wanna-be Socrates sitting on the digital steps of the internet Parthenon, throwing out ideas about the nature of reality.

Rebecca has lived a nomadic life, living in 15 houses in six states in 26 years thanks to the Air Force career of her husband, Randy. As this book was going to press, they were packing to move from northern Virginia to northwest Louisiana.

Rebecca would love to hear about your experiences with Dimensional Wholeness.

Connect with her online:

Website:	dimensionalwholeness.com rebeccawhitecotton.com
Facebook:	Facebook.com/dimensionalwholeness, @dimensionalwholeness Facebook.com/RebeccaWhitecotton, @rebeccawhitecotton
Instagram:	dimensionalwholeness

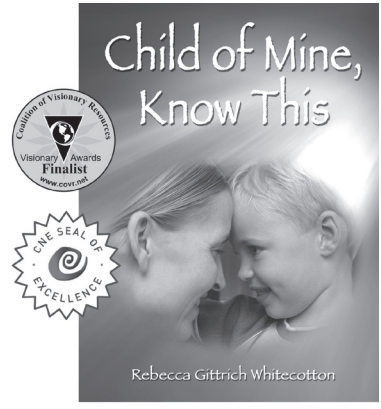
Other Books by Rebecca Whitecotton

"A hallmark book in an age of emerging global consciousness."
– Light of Consciousness Magazine

"This is the single most imaginative children's book to come along in ages. What a marvelous enticement for a young mind! I am thrilled to add my kudos to the mountain of praises I am sure this book will garner."
— Neale Donald Walsch
Author, *Conversations With God*

Let your children know you see who they really are - vast, eternal souls who have confined themselves into small human bodies in order to experience life with you as their parent.

Hailed by Neale Donald Walsch as "the single most imaginative children's book to come along in ages," *Child of Mine, Know This* is a beautiful addition



to any spiritual parenting library. The heartfelt message touches on reincarnation, eternal bonds of love, and the difficulties parents and children face because we forget who we really are when we are born.

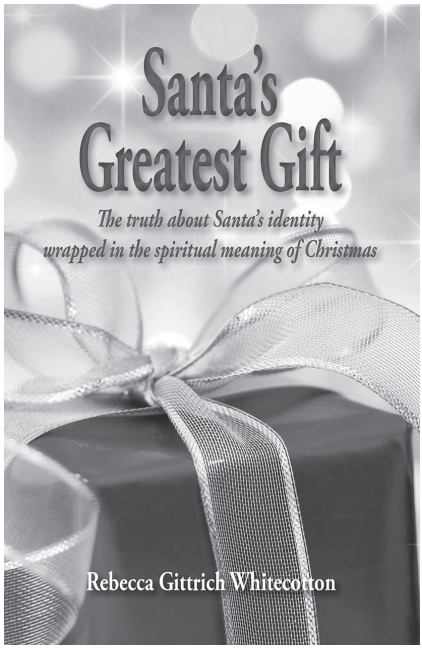
Child of mine, know this:
You are not a child
in the eyes of the universe
in the arms of God
in the heart of All That Is.

You are a brilliant light that has been shining since the beginning of time.
You are a wise and ancient soul who has come to this earth yet another time
to shine your light on all humanity.

The body you have chosen for this life now looks like a child,
for that is how the cycle of human life begins.
Though our bodies look different now, we are no different inside.

A beautiful gift for children of all ages, this hardcover book can be personalized with your own printed photographs to create a gift that will be treasured for years to come.

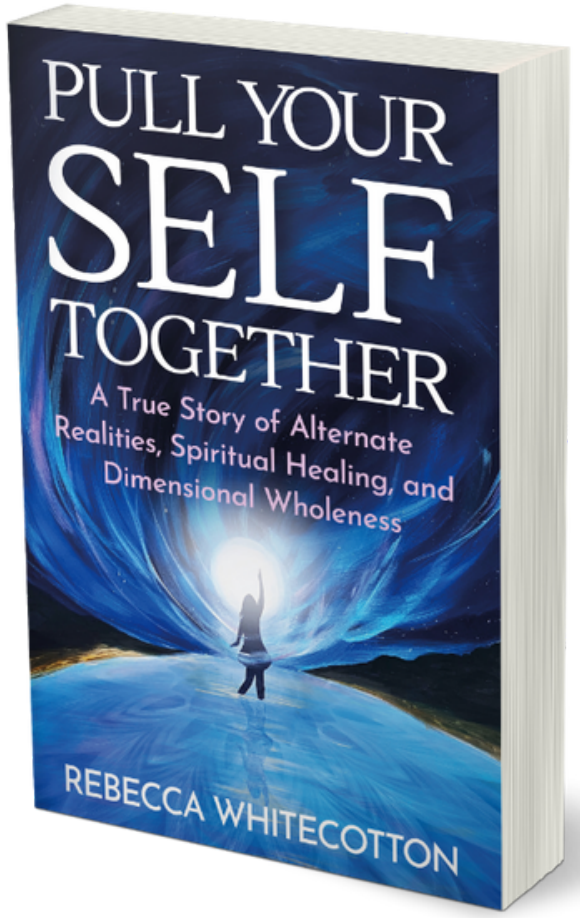
Read this book, see it as a video, or purchase it at rebeccawhitecotton.com.



Rumors are flying that Santa is not real and that he takes away from the true meaning of Christmas. In *Santa's Greatest Gift*, Santa responds to these accusations, revealing his true identity and shedding light on the true identity of every soul on earth.

This reassuring letter from Santa guides the child in all of us through the rumors of falsehood to the amazing discovery that Santa is real and living as the Giving Spirit in everyone who plays the role of Santa. But Santa's greatest gift is the knowledge that the Spirit of God that lived and was made perfect in Jesus is also alive inside each person as the Christ Spirit. The honoring of the Christ Child in each girl and boy is, in fact, the reason that Santa has been bringing gifts each year, just as the wise men brought gifts for the Christ Child on that first Christmas day.

Santa's Greatest Gift is available as a free download at rebeccawhitecotton.com.



Read the rest of the story and discover Dimensional Wholeness for yourself! Available at all major book retailers and ebook platforms.

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