

Flying High in Spirit

A Young Snowboarder's Account of His Ride Through Heaven

by

Mikey Morgan with Roberta Grimes

Sample Chapters

RobertaGrimes.com

Purpose and Dedication

by

Mikey Morgan in Spirit

I am thrilled to have reconnected with my mom so she and I could write this book! My dream is to give hope and peace and a better life to everyone on earth.

I want you to know that we are not far away when we transition back to heaven. Our loving connections never end! Communication is possible between dimensions. Death on earth is only a temporary physical separation. We hear you, see you, and guide you along the journey of life on earth. We show up for your important events, and we enjoy being a part of them. We still care about you and love you very much! You will see us and be reunited with us. And a hug in heaven is a hundred times better than a hug on earth. I promise you that!

Love is the key to everything.

I would like to thank Roberta Grimes for believing in my mother's communication ability and giving her the opportunity to share the knowledge that I am giving to her. This book could

not have happened without the amazing skills of Roberta Grimes! She has become a very dear friend of mine.

This book is dedicated to my many loved ones on earth, especially my parents and my brother, Joey. I want to specifically acknowledge my friends from Colorado at CSU who were with me when I transitioned back home. Please understand that this was a plan that was being fulfilled. We couldn't have prevented it. I would not have wanted to try to prevent it.

The knowledge and love brought forth through my communications with my mom are meant to give you hope, peace, and comfort for many years to come. Please remember me, and remember the message in the song "Love Generation!" BELIEVE!

- Mikey Morgan, a/k/a DJ "Mikey Mo"

Foreword

by

Roberta Grimes

I have spent my life studying afterlife communications and relevant aspects of quantum mechanics and other scientific disciplines, and at length I have assembled a fairly complete picture of what happens at and after death. I have avoided altogether reading anything channeled after 1950. I have avoided even talking with people who claimed they could channel information from the dead, for fear that the wonderfully detailed and consistent picture that I had assembled over decades might be corrupted by some deluded writer's ravings.

Then in the spring of 2011 I met Carol Morgan. Her oldest son had died three years before. Carol had learned to communicate with Mikey by pendulum, which is an ancient method of spirit communication in which at the time I did not believe. Her telling me that Mikey was claiming to be a sixth-level being made me cringe. The dead consistently describe about seven levels of post-death reality, the sixth of which is inhabited by beings who are so well-developed spiritually that they are close to rejoining the Source. Sixth-level beings have no need to

incarnate. Communications purported to come from them usually are stilted pronouncements that can sound inexplicable to people on earth.

My journey from comforting a mother in grief to making friends with an elevated being was a long one. When Carol demonstrated her communication method to me, this tentative waif of a grieving mother was transformed in ways that made me confident that at least she believed in what she was doing. She would immediately be laughing and chatting as her pendulum merrily swung. Nobody is that good an actress.

So I invited Carol to join afterlifeforums.com, a website where knowledgeable members help visitors answer afterlife-related questions. Carol began to ask Mikey to answer questions that people were posting on the website, always following her answers with, “That’s one opinion, anyway,” or, “That’s what Mikey says,” or even, “I don’t know if this is right.” She told me at the time that she found a lot of what Mikey was telling her to be unbelievable. And I was reading every response as she posted it, always ready to correct her mistakes.

But there were no mistakes. None! After a half-century of study, I have as much evidence-based knowledge of death and the period after death as do the earth’s best experts. There are few people with whom I even can discuss the more esoteric details. But incredibly, within weeks I knew that I could add Mikey Morgan to the very short list of genuine afterlife experts.

Carol Morgan began her journey knowing nothing about this field. Her interest in it had tragically begun when Mikey had died at the age of twenty. Yet over that next year, I watched as Mikey through Carol answered hundreds of afterlife-related questions, often in extensive detail, including mentions of things that no one other than a few top experts could have known. Soon I

was noticing that he even would occasionally go a step beyond what I had put together and fill in little consistent details. It became obvious to me that Carol Morgan was channeling a very advanced being.

Soon afterlifeforums.com had established a thread where only Mikey answered questions. By now, that thread has thousands of posts. And never in all those answers has Mikey deviated, even slightly, from what I know to be true based upon my study of nearly two centuries worth of evidence. Never have I had to correct a word. At this point, I have no doubt that Mikey Morgan is a sixth-level being who chose to live an optional brief earth-life so he would be able to teach through the veil in the language of a modern twenty-year-old.

To better understand what Mikey has to tell us, you should know that approximately seven afterlife levels of reality exist right where we are, but at higher vibratory frequencies, just as the channels of your TV set range from lower to higher frequencies. Right now, your mind is tuned to your own particular body on what we believe is the lowest level of reality. When you die, your mind will tune to a higher level as easily as you change TV channels, and there it will pick up a whole new solid reality. Each of the seven primary afterlife levels is enormous, perhaps as large as the entire universe. In addition, each of the levels has many gradations within it, so there are infinite beautiful and solid places to which your mind might tune at death.

Our minds are able to be comfortable at higher and higher vibratory levels as we become better developed spiritually. We can't go higher than the level to which our degree of spiritual development suits us, but we always can lower our spiritual vibratory rate. So even though our loved ones on earth are at a lower vibratory level than we are, we can return to their level and communicate with them. We can attend family reunions on Level Three, which is the lowest of

the beautiful Summerland levels and seems to be where most people enter the afterlife, and also where families congregate. We easily can go lower. And as we become more developed spiritually, it is possible for us to go much higher.

The highest of the solid-seeming afterlife levels is Level Six. Those who have attained the sixth level can travel by mind anywhere in the afterlife levels except to Level Seven, which is the Celestial level, what we believe to be the vibratory center of God. I used to accept the general view that entering Level Seven meant rejoining and merging with the Source in a one-way trip called the “second death,” but apparently I was wrong about that. Mikey has helped me see that I have been wrong about a number of things. For another example, since nearly all communications from the dead come from people on the middle afterlife levels who don’t know much about what is above them, I long had thought that the top two levels were largely or entirely immaterial. So I have been delighted to make a friend in Mikey! He actually lives on the sixth level, and he is happy to poke around and answer questions.

Mikey’s story and his perspective are unique. Wearing the persona of his recent earth-lifetime as easily as he still wears his baseball cap, he speaks as a boy just becoming a man in words that make sense to us today. Yet as a being who often dons spirit robes and frequents the universities that he assures us are abundant on Level Six, he can tell us as few communicators in history have been able to tell us how we can best use our lives to make spiritual progress. Mikey chose to enter a new earth-body four centuries after he had ceased to incarnate because he wanted to re-familiarize himself with earth-life so he could share with us what we so badly need to learn. He is joyous to find you willing to listen!

Chapter One

I Died and Went to Heaven

At the beginning of my junior year at Colorado State University, some friends and I took a weekend camping trip into the Rocky Mountains. On that afternoon, there were five of us in a truck that was one of several on a mountain trail where we could enjoy the amazing scenery. We were chillin'. Havin' fun. Not a worry in the world.

I was in the midst of the best time of my life. Going to college at CSU in Colorado and working as a DJ at the most popular restaurant and club near campus was so sweet! Whenever I had a free moment, I was hitting the mountains for some serious snowboarding. Copper Mountain was my favorite place to ride. Beautiful! Love that powder. I was livin' the dream and takin' it all in.

Choosing just the right songs to play as the DJ at Washington's on the nights when I worked was very important to me. I worked hard to be the main DJ on the big college nights. Song choice was critical, and I had my favorites. Wearing my Minnesota Twins baseball cap had long been my tradition and style.

Twice during my college years I had gone to Mexico on spring breaks, and while there I had heard the most awesome song ever! It was “Love Generation” by Bob Sinclar. He sings another song called “World Hold On” which is pretty sweet, too. Both songs talk about love, peace, and unity. Really what life is all about. I love the messages that songs can give. I would play those songs every chance I got, especially “Love Generation.” It had become my trademark.

I had only days before been telling my boss that my life couldn’t get any better. Living so close to the mountains and playing songs for all the college kids was incredibly awesome. The best! And taking time out with family and friends and going to the mountains was what I really loved. Playing John Denver’s “Rocky Mountain High” sure set the mood when I was with my family, but I never let my college buddies know that I was such a John Denver fan!

So some of my buddies and I were taking a drive through the mountains early on that September evening, not a care in the world, looking forward to another great college year. With no warning, our truck rolled off the trail and down a hill. Right before the impact, I shot out of my body. Then my physical body was ejected from the truck through the sunroof, which had shattered. It was crazy! I could see the damaged truck from above, and there I was, lying near it on the ground.

What the heck was happening? Was this a dream? It felt too real to be a dream! I knew I was fine. I felt no discomfort of any kind, which didn’t make sense, when it was obvious that my body down there wasn’t doing well. Panic and fear set in with my friends as they got out of the truck. What was going on? I didn’t understand it, and that started to scare me.

That was when I noticed that something was changing with me. I felt different. I was weightless, light, and free-flowing. I was actually in the air, just above that scene and watching

everything. It didn't make sense with what I had just been doing with my buddies, trail riding and enjoying our weekend. I was feeling this crazy sensation that was intense! It is hard to explain, but I was becoming dynamic with my energy, with my thoughts and feelings. Crazy tingling! Really a total head rush. I felt like I was everywhere! It was so easy to move. Literally took no effort. I could feel my friends' emotions, so I knew that their fear was intense and building. There was nothing I could do to stop it.

As I was focused on them below me, I realized that there were people appearing in the air around me. They were greeting me, loving me, and I was recognizing them and realizing that I knew them well, but I hadn't seen them in awhile. What the heck were they doing here? I was remembering now having done so much with them, shared so much, but not recently. They also were moving without effort, floating....

I gradually began to feel intense and radiant love. But where was it coming from? I felt a tug away from everything that I knew. It was an energy force that was guiding me, almost pushing me, but I was OK with that. As I turned and looked back, I felt concerned for my friends on earth as they struggled to save me. I wanted to help them! But I was already saved. I was just fine. Why couldn't they see that? This was what was so confusing to me. I felt great, but I was obviously having problems by how my friends were reacting.

At the same time, I felt I was beginning to go to a different place with the guidance of these kind and loving people. They told me not to worry. Everything was all right. There was a definite energy pull now. I was being drawn to something different. No other way to describe it. It had a very comfortable feeling because of the love that accompanied it. There was light, too. A warm and comforting light embraced me that was different from anything I ever had felt on earth. It

was pretty intense! I realized at this point that I must be in two different places at once. Not sure how that could happen, but that was how it felt to me. I could still see what was happening on earth, but it was gradually becoming more faint and transparent. The place I was being guided or pulled to was becoming very real and solid. The process of what I was experiencing was coming back to me. I felt like I may have done this before.

* * *

As we moved, I realized that I no longer heard what was going on at the accident scene. I was coming into a place that was incredibly beautiful and peaceful. I had no fear or worry. It felt like home. My loving companions looked at me and told me I was back in heaven.

What?! Heaven? Are you kidding me?

They continued to speak to me in ways that I would understand, giving me only comforting information in an attempt to get me to comprehend what was going on. I couldn't help but become excited as I looked around. The music I heard was incredible, melodies beyond anything I could have imagined. The scenery of nature was alive with magnificent color and texture. Brilliant in every sense of the word! There were beautiful buildings and amazing statues, rich with incredible detail and brilliant color. Some of these works of art around me were portrayals of life events on earth, and one that I noticed symbolized the unveiling of a memorial to honor loved ones who had worked hard to create positive influences for the betterment of other people. I recalled without anyone's having to say it that there are people here in heaven who take careful notice of the good that folks are doing on earth, and they memorialize it in beautiful works of art. The love and warm light that surrounded everything was incredibly comforting.

Everyone I saw around me was so happy! I could tell they were doing things they enjoyed. And what was really interesting was how they moved about. Some were walking, some were in vehicles, and some were simply floating by. The vehicles were amazing! Some looked like cars, some like little spaceships or planes, and some like bikes. However they were moving, it looked smooth and effortless. I noticed no exhaust or smoke. It really was magical to watch! People only had to think about how they wanted to move, and it happened. There seemed to be a kind of hidden energy that propelled all these people and their vehicles, if they chose to use vehicles. Some people looked like they were actually flying, yet some could simply move instantaneously. It was crazy!

Someone said that I was back in the Summerlands, the middle dimensions of heaven.

“Whatever that is,” was my thought. It was incredibly impressive.

As I stood there, looking around, people were starting to approach me and welcome me home. The hugs I received were like no others; they were filled with incredible love and comfort that empowered me. The joyous reunions with so many loved ones were tremendous! But I needed a moment to adjust and gather my thoughts of what had just happened. I needed to get a grip on this. What I had experienced obviously was not a dream. “I was just in Colorado, having a great time in the mountains with my college buddies, and now I am here, in heaven? Really? A totally different place that feels just as solid and real as earth? Doesn’t seem to be possible!”

Yet all of this was gradually coming back to me as I felt the comfort and love that permeated the place. I pulled myself together as I was taking it all in, checking things out. Then my loving companions told me I needed to continue on to the Sixth Plane or aspect of heaven. As I followed them, which was just a matter of changing the feeling or essence of my being, an

intense sensation came over me. It is hard to explain, but I felt more alive than ever! The feeling of strong, sincere love was everywhere. I was comfortable beyond anything I could ever remember. I had so much energy within me, I felt I could explode with excitement!

* * *

Moving to a higher aspect was simply a matter of increasing the energy vibration of my being. As we arrived in the sixth aspect of heaven, I was overwhelmed by the more intense beauty all around me. There were several majestic university buildings together, looking surprisingly earthlike, made of brick and stone and even some of them in wood, but the difference was that they all looked pristine. Not a bit of peeling paint or wear to be seen! And the architecture was spectacular, including steeples that went up high into the sky. Unbelievable! There was artwork, much of it lovely paintings of people who had accomplished wonderful things. The scenery was lush and richly colored, the greenery far more abundant and beautiful than earth's vegetation. The flowers were intensely bright, some in colors never seen on earth, and they actually turned their faces to me as I moved among them. There were kinds of trees that I never had seen, some with flowers on them. And they never dropped a petal.

Besides the university buildings, there were dwellings of various sizes and descriptions, around which I saw people relaxing and enjoying one another's company. No two were exactly alike. Some looked like earth homes, while others had sharp angles with unusually-shaped windows and doors and random openings. What struck me most was that everything was in such perfect condition! It was all far more beautiful, more elegant, and in every way richer than anything I had experienced on earth.

There were people busy around me. A lot seemed to be going on, and I could not help but notice all the teaching that was going on throughout that beautiful university. There were people who appeared as scholars or teachers dressed in robes of different colors. As things began to come back to me, I sat down on a bench outside one of the buildings of the university with my guides nearby, and I collected my thoughts. My vision was amazing! I could see everywhere around me, and even behind me. Wow! This was where I was to reside, and I could feel the true comfort of being at home rising in me. I felt tremendous peace. At this point, full knowledge came over me from all of my experiences from before and during my recent life on earth. I became one with this knowledge, and one with the true essence of my spiritual being.

That was when I realized that I had just merged with my Higher Self. Now I understood what I was experiencing, and the plan that was being fulfilled. My time on earth was complete. I understood now that four of these friends who had helped guide me here from that accident scene were actually my spirit guides. They had watched over me during my time on earth, trying to keep me on track. Prior to my coming to earth this last time, I had worked with these awesome individuals who actually were close eternal friends, and in their intense love and support of me, they had agreed to take on the responsibility of being my guides.

* * *

Soon after my arrival on the sixth level of heaven, my eternal home, I met with my three Higher Guides for my life review. These Guides are very advanced and knowledgeable beings who have achieved the upper aspects of the sixth level; I call them my “Elders.” We have been together for a very long time, through many experiences. Everyone has guides, although some change from time to time, depending upon our mission and what we hope to accomplish. I am

mid-sixth-level in my development. At my stage, most of those guiding us are from the upper aspects of Level Six, very near the Source level.

My Elders sat down with me in a big conference hall around a table. We all reviewed my life plan together. This particular conference hall was in a beautiful and stately building that looked as if it were made of brick, artfully done and of course looking brand-new. My last earth-lifetime necessary for me to grow spiritually had been lived in the 1600s, so this sitting for a life review was familiar, but at the same time foreign. I had managed a great deal of spiritual development since that last, long-ago life review.

My life review this time around seemed to take perhaps four hours as you would reckon earth-time. We went over all the pertinent aspects of my life just completed. It was like watching a movie in front of me, with my thoughts giving images of the many aspects of my short life. I discussed the things that had happened in my earthly life from my perspective, getting feedback from my Elders along the way. Overall, they were proud of me, and praised what I had accomplished in such a short time.

I should stress here that during our life reviews, it is the intention of our actions that is most important! We didn't go over every petty thing that had no bearing on my spiritual needs, like all the ridiculous parking tickets I got on campus. That was irrelevant to how I interacted with others. As we focused on my interactions with other people, I could feel not only my own emotions, but also the emotions of those around me in the movie of my life. Moments of sadness and moments of joy. I was reminded, and I well understood, that the only person we can control is our self. As my life review went on, I came to think that I had done the best that I could have done, especially considering how young I had been. I had always tried to be a nice kid. It had felt

so good to be loved by others, and I had wanted very much to please them. I had had a wonderful relationship with my parents and brother, with minimal difficulties at any point in my whole earth-lifetime. Becoming adult does give us more opportunity to experience various relationships and to improve our ability to deal with others, and I hadn't had much opportunity for that this time around.

My perspective here was so different! I recalled that while I was on earth, I had struggled with individuals who were homosexual. I had tried to avoid having anything to do with them. After returning to heaven, I could now understand that these individuals were no different than I was, and I never should have judged them. I was reminded to understand that no one ever is perfect while in human form. Greater understanding comes through all our experiences, even including my present one, which required that I leave the earth dimension at a young age so I could work on teaching about the importance of love and the afterlife through the veil with my mom, who is still on earth. This whole life-review experience felt like watching a movie of my life and having it critiqued by my teachers. Pretty crazy! I wasn't perfect with everything, but I had given it my best shot, and I was pleased with that. I had tried hard to deliver the message of love, peace, and unity in a way that was acceptable to my age group. I also had had a very close relationship with my immediate family, who were the ones with whom I now needed to reconnect so we could continue our plan of teaching through the veil.

* * *

As I was finishing my life review, I was suddenly overwhelmed as I felt the strong emotions of my family and friends on earth. Because of my loving connection with them, these channels were wide open! The sadness and intense grief I was feeling became overwhelming. I

needed to go and help them, and now. My Elders could see that I was becoming emotional. They understood that I needed to leave.

I quickly moved by changing the vibration of my being, drawing close again to the earth dimension. I thought of where I wanted to go, and I was there in an instant! It was amazing how I could move. I had forgotten how easy it is to get around when you are free of an earthly body. I also realized that heaven is not far away from the earth. To tell you the truth, it's actually in the same place! The process of getting to heaven is a matter of changing our vibrational frequency within our being of who we really are. I realized quickly that the earth dimension has a lower vibration to it than heaven. When we transition and leave our earthly body, it is the increase in our vibration of our true being, our consciousness, that makes us progress onward to our true home. We are energy!

As I drew close to the earth dimension, the first place I went was to the living room of my family's home in Minnesota, where my parents were hearing the news of the accident from a policeman. It was 4:30 in the morning. A paramedic and a minister were there also. They told my parents that their son Mikey had been killed in an SUV roll-over accident in the mountains of Colorado the previous evening. My heart absolutely ached, watching them and their reaction. Reality hit me hard! I began to cry as my emotions got the best of me.

What was also very troubling to me was that the story the policeman was telling them about the accident was wrong. The details were incorrect. Maybe it shouldn't have mattered as much as it did, but it was so important to me that my parents not judge or blame my friends. I followed my parents as they woke up my little brother to tell him what had happened to me. Watching them all was so painful. I just felt horrible! The emotions of my family were so

intense, but they placed no blame on anyone. They desperately wanted to comfort my friends who had been with me when I had passed. When my parents called the coroner, they were told not to come to Colorado because there was nothing they could do. The coroner told my parents that he would be sending me back to Minnesota when all legalities were met to allow my body to be flown back home.

My heart ached for them. I love my family so much! I wished they didn't have to go through this, but it had been my time to leave. I just wished so badly that they could see me. I was still very much alive. They needed to know this!