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Foreword

As we go through the journey of our life, there are many times that we have questions that we pray to have answered, questions that deal with the very essence of who we are. Is there truly a spiritual world, or is it the creation of poets and mystics? If there is a spiritual world, what is our relationship to that other dimension? Are we mortals, whose existence is confined to our earth experience, or are we souls that God has granted immortality and eternal life?

For over 1,600 years religious teachers have tried to persuade us that we only have one life to live, that salvation and redemption can only be achieved through their churches and that there is a punishing God who will condemn your soul to eternal suffering if you do not abide by the dogmas and doctrines that they are preaching to us. But a spiritual consciousness is spreading throughout the world today. More and more people are recognizing that their minds are the gateway to their hearts and souls, and they are now opening the gates to allow information to come into the hearts and souls that five years ago would not have been available.

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More than ever before in history, people are trying to understand their relationship with God. Are we human beings, who coincidentally have a soul? Or are we souls that are having a human experience? There are some individuals who are born with a special gift. For some, the gift may enable them to be an extraordinary singer or a dancer, or a world renowned artist. Or the gift may be of a spiritual nature, in that God has blessed that individual with the ability to not only understand, but also to be able to see into that other dimension, that dimension where God, Jesus, and all the great avatars reside as well as our angels, who are our spiritual guides; into the dimension where the spirits of our loved ones who have passed on have made the transition before us. Echo Bodine is one of those individuals that God has blessed.

I met Echo when I was traveling on a twenty-seven city tour giving spiritual symposiums after my book, *The Messengers*, had been introduced. In Minneapolis, the sponsor and producer of my symposium told me that there was a very special person he wanted to introduce me to, a person that God had given special gifts. I could feel her energy and her spiritual strength.

When she gave me a copy of her manuscript, *Echoes of the Soul*, I read it in two sittings. It had met every criteria that I had established for myself and in other books that I read, in that it was written with love, clarity, and with the intent of helping people to understand their purpose in life and to enjoy the journey that they are on. In *Echoes of the Soul*, you will literally feel that you are sitting in a wonderful, peaceful space and having a personal conversation with Echo Bodine. It is as if one of your best friends is sitting across from you, and in a gentle,

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loving, conversational manner, is sharing with you her experiences and her insights. And you do not want the conversation to end. Not only does the information being shared with you make sense intellectually, but even more important, your heart and soul will ring with truth, as you come to have a greater understanding of the journey you are on and the true purpose of your life. You will travel with Echo into the spiritual world, and your hearts will be filled with hope and joy, when you truly recognize that there is no such thing as death, but only transitions. You will have both an understanding and a wisdom of the purpose of your life, in that we are all truly on the same journey.

Echoes of the Soul will ease the pain in your own hearts that you experience when you lose a loved one. You will recognize that your loved one and you are only temporarily separated from the material world, but not in the spiritual sense, and that the life that you are living is just one chapter of a magnificent book. Echo Bodine shares her gift with you, just as surely you will share this same gift with others once you have opened the package and witnessed the beauty to the truth and hope that is found within.

Your own soul will echo with joy and peace from the wisdom that is being shared with you. God bless you as you continue on your journey.

— Nick Bunick
Author of *In God's Truth*

The Recovery

*The moment I awoke I knew the darkness had ended.
The anesthesia had finally worn off and nothing was
ever going to stop me from remembering.*

*Who I was, places I've been, lives I've lived, all began
to unfold, layer by layer, just as the rising sun slowly
burns off a cool morning fog. There was a slight feeling
of discomfort, suddenly realizing the truth, but the
clarity made it tolerable. A new form of nakedness
enveloped my body and I was fully aware of every minute
cell making up my existence. Never had I felt so complete.*

*Problems ceased to have relevance. I now viewed all past
lives as learning experiences, specially designed to get
my soul to this specific point (dare I say) in time.
The process had taken an eternity, yet I feel that it all
took place over the course of one night. Now I understand
how God created the world in seven days.*

*Yes, creation and consciousness really did explode into
being. Doubt it and you'll continue living in darkness.
Wake up and the fun will truly begin. Never ending.*

— Sam DiPaola

Introduction

I was seventeen years old when I discovered that I was born with psychic abilities and the gift of healing, and it took me completely by surprise. Nothing in my mainstream midwestern upbringing, except maybe the voice I heard throughout my childhood, indicated that I or the other members of my family had paranormal abilities.

It all started one night in the fall of 1965 when one of my brothers, who was in the beginning stages of learning to play the drums, went down to the den to practice. My parents, my sister, my other brother, and I had just finished dinner and were still sitting around the table.

My brother played his amateurish best for about five minutes. Then suddenly the clanking noise stopped and beautiful music came from the den. We all looked at Dad, thinking he could somehow explain. But Dad said it must be the Sandy Nelson record he had bought my brother, although we could tell that Dad wasn't convinced, either.

Then the music stopped and my very frightened brother ran up the stairs, hysterically trying to explain what just happened: He was

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sitting at his drum set with his eyes closed practicing a piece, when a white figure floated through the door and over to him. This figure rested his hands on top of my brother's and began to play the beautiful music we just heard. My brother was so frightened that he had difficulty talking, but he managed to say that even though his eyes were closed the whole time, he could easily see the figure. Then the spirit — or whatever it was — let go of his hands and floated across the room and out the door!

We were stunned. We knew nothing about the occult, as it was called back then. We'd never given much thought to ghosts, spirit guides, or guardian angels other than being taught at an early age that we all have an angel that watches over us. Nothing in our Presbyterian training had prepared us for what just occurred. We sat there not knowing what to say, yet we were filled with questions. We knew my brother would never make up such a story, and we'd just heard the music, so what did it all mean? Why was this happening to my brother? Would the white figure appear to the rest of us?

Mom belonged to a prayer group, and a woman in her group had been to a medium. She called the woman, hoping she could shed some light on what had happened, but she gave Mom the medium's phone number instead. Mom called her right away. Without hesitation the medium told Mom she had been expecting her phone call. She explained that the white figure was my brother's spirit guide who was trying to make himself known. She said that when the guide was living on earth he was a drummer, among many other things, and that he was going to be a teacher for my brother. She also told Mom that

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Mom and her four children were all psychically gifted and that she wanted to see us soon for readings.

This information didn't give any of us much peace of mind. A spirit guide that played the drums? We were all gifted? What did *gifted* mean? I asked Mom to make an appointment so that we could find out what it all meant, and a week later I was sitting in Eve Olson's reading room, about to have another life-changing experience.

Eve Olson was a very sweet woman in her fifties who had moved to St. Paul, Minnesota, from England. She had a diploma on the wall from a college in Indiana, and her degree was in mediumship. I had never thought about where people got their psychic abilities, and I was surprised there was actually a college where people could develop that sort of thing. She started my reading by telling me that I was born with the psychic abilities of clairvoyance — the gift of seeing visions, images, or pictures — and also of clairaudience, the gift of hearing spirits. She also said that I was born with the gift of spiritual healing and that I would write books, be on radio and television, travel, and be known throughout the world. As I became older and learned how to work with my abilities, I would then teach others how to develop their psychic and healing gifts.

I told her that I didn't think I had any of these abilities and that I just wanted to have a normal life with a husband and children. She said that ever since I was a little girl I have been able to sense other people's feelings, and it came so naturally to me that I had become used to it and didn't think it was anything special or unusual. She said the reason why I was having so many health problems was because I was very

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sensitive and didn't know what to do with all the feelings I was always having. My path would be very different from what I had imagined, but this was what my soul wanted for this lifetime. I found this very curious — I had never thought in terms of what my soul wanted.

Eve told Mom that she was also very gifted and that someday she would be a well-known psychic doing readings for people fulltime. She said that my sister, Nikki, wouldn't develop her psychic and healing gifts until she was in her forties, that my brother Michael would be a professional psychic, and that my other brother, whose drumming had started all this inquiry, would choose not to use his abilities. It's been thirty-three years since we first saw Eve — and everything she predicted that night has come true.

Before my session ended, Eve told me to go home and place white hankies on my father's head. She knew he was in bed with a migraine, even though neither Mom nor I had mentioned anything about it. She said to ask God to work through me and to channel healing energy to my father. She said that then I would know what she was talking about.

During our drive home I asked Mom, "Why me? Why do I have these weird gifts? Why can't I have a normal life? What's happening to us? What does all of this mean?"

When we arrived home, I told Dad what the medium had said and asked if I could give this "spiritual healing" a try. He said he was willing, as long as I didn't hurt his head. I neatly laid two hankies on top of his head, placed my hands on top of them, and in a none-too-confident voice asked God to please work through me. Within seconds my hands warmed like heating pads and I could feel energy coming

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through them. My hands trembled from the energy for a bit, and then after about five minutes they cooled. I slowly took my hands off Dad's head — and he said that his headache was gone!

I didn't sleep at all that night. I lay in bed with an endless stream of questions floating through my head. Should I quit high school and travel around the world healing sick people? Was I responsible for healing all the sick people in the world? Did this mean I was special? Why had God chosen me? Should I join Vista — the domestic Peace Corps? What would my friends say? I wondered if my parents had really named me after a friend of theirs or if they had known there was something different about me and that was why they had given me such an unusual name. How would I become internationally known? How would I overcome my shyness? How do people write books? How would all of this happen? Should I go to church more? Read the Bible more? What about college? I thought back to the male voice I had heard throughout my childhood that would reassure me in times of fear or worry. I wondered if this was why the voice had always told me to go to Sunday school and learn all about Jesus because Jesus was my older brother and had come to earth to show us how to live our lives. As I lay there, I tried to make sense of everything the medium had said. Little did I know it would take years to understand all of it.

Shortly after our first session with Eve, Mom and I began taking psychic development classes from Birdie, a Spiritualist minister in Minneapolis. She was a gifted psychic as well as a tough teacher, which is exactly what I needed. She had the tenacity to stay with me through all my skepticism and endless questions. I wasn't trying to drive her

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crazy, but all that she was teaching us — astral projection, reincarnation, spirit guides, angels, auras, dowsing, life after death, *plus* psychic development — was rapidly challenging and changing my reality, and I fought it every step of the way. I didn't want my reality to be different from my friends'. I wanted to fit in with everybody else.

Birdie understood what both Mom and I were going through, having been there herself, so she hung in there for a couple of years, presenting new ideas and beliefs to us week after week and helping us develop our psychic abilities. We practiced on friends. It was fun at times and scary at other times — fun to predict good news and scary when I saw difficult or challenging things that were to come.

Part of our psychic development was getting to know our spirit guides, and that idea was scary and fascinating at the same time. I imagined that I might actually have spirits that walked around with me all day like Topper did in the popular TV show at the time. Topper had two deceased friends, George and Marian Kirby, who only he could see and communicate with. The idea that I might have my own George and Marian seemed like fun. Birdie always encouraged us to get to know our guides. "Talk to them," she said, "even if you can't see them. Tell them you want a relationship with them. They will help you a lot on your journey."

But I was afraid, and getting to know my guides was a slow process. I slept with my lights on, so if they floated through the room, like my brother's guide had done, at least I wouldn't be frightened half to death — or so I hoped. I always kept a radio on because the silence scared me: I was worried that they might start talking to me. I

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wondered what they would sound like.

The first time I heard my guides, I was washing dishes. A very soft voice, rather like a thought, said, “My name is Theodore — but you can call me Teddy.” Then a female thought came: “My name is Anna.” These “voices” didn’t sound very different from my thoughts. I asked them to talk to me more, but that’s all they said. Birdie had told us that guides are not always chatty. They just say what’s important for us to know. From that point on I kept the radio off in the house and in my car just in case they wanted to talk to me — and slowly, as my fear of them lessened, we began communicating.

My guides helped me in my psychic work and helped me understand my healing gift. Doing psychic readings seemed more acceptable back in the ’70s than being a spiritual healer, so I practiced on only my family whenever they got sick and did some healings on a few trusted friends. My guides and my intuition would always help me know where to place my hands, how long to keep them there, and what to say to the person. They taught me about certain techniques and about ethics and boundaries. They helped me understand that death is a healing, a beginning and not an ending. They continually hammered in my head to keep it simple.

Over the years my guides have changed. The old ones move on to help others and new ones take their place. I’ve had Native American spirits who’ve taught me about exorcisms (clearing a person of another soul’s possession), honoring Mother Earth, and some healing tools nature provides for us. In a few instances when a client is going through a difficult healing process, I’ve had Native American spirits

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come into my office and perform a healing ceremony. They sing and dance around the healing table, place herbs on different parts of the client's body, and give me step-by-step instructions where to put my hands and how long to hold them there.

Many times the spirit of Jesus has come into my office to work through my hands. One time he lifted a client's soul out of his body (while the client was sleeping) and left the room carrying it. I had a psychic vision of Jesus taking the soul to a river to cleanse it of negativity, and after he was done he returned with the man's soul and gently laid it back into his body. When my client woke up, he told me he'd had a dream that Jesus carried him to a river and cleansed him of his sins. Usually when the Native American spirits, Jesus, Yang (an ancient Chinese doctor), or various angels work with me during a session, my clients can feel their presence.

In 1983 my guides told me I needed to write a simple book that teaches others how to channel spiritual healing. I told them I knew nothing about writing books and they reassured me they would help every step of the way, which they did. My first book, *Hands That Heal*, was published in 1985 by ACS Publications and revised in 1996, updated with all the information I had learned since the first publication. In 1989 my guides told me I needed to write another book about all the unresolved emotional issues people have that cause their physical problems. That book, *Passion to Heal*, was published by Nataraj Publishing in 1993.

I also discovered in the 1970s that I have the ability to see ghosts. My brother Michael also has this ability, so we formed a brother-sister

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“ghostbusting” team in the 1980s and have been clearing homes of unwanted spirits for years. Because of my ghostbusting abilities, I’ve been on several local and national TV shows, including Sally Jesse Raphael, The Other Side, The Un-Explained, Sightings and Encounters, Strange Universe, and Looking Beyond. My family was featured on Paranormal Borderline as America’s most psychic family.

As difficult as the journey has been at times, overall I feel very fortunate to have these abilities. I’ve had some wonderful guides who’ve taught me incredible things. I’ve had a successful psychic and healing practice for more than twenty-five years in Minneapolis. I teach beginning and advanced psychic development classes and workshops or classes on how to channel spiritual healing.

The Evolution of This Book

This book was originally written as a ghostbusting book with bits and pieces strewn throughout about the soul and its attitude about life, death, and life after death. Publishers were interested in it, but there was always some kind of glitch and nothing would happen. Months would go by and the book would just sit on my shelf. I couldn’t seem to get clear about what it needed to move forward. The only thing my guides would tell me was to be patient because timing was very important.

In the spring of 1997, I asked a psychic friend, Warren Anger, if he could get any information on what the book needed, because my agent kept calling and asking me how the manuscript was coming and I was feeling completely stuck. Warren told me that the focus of the book

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was all wrong and that there was a woman in my life who would help put the pieces together.

The following week I told students in my advanced psychic class that I was taking a few months off from teaching and seeing clients to finish the book I was writing on ghosts. I told them the frustrations I was going through and asked that if any of them got any psychic information on what I needed to do, to please pass it on.

When we drove home after class that evening, my teaching assistant, Sheryl Grassie, suggested to me in her wonderfully bold and knowing way that between the two of us we could get the book done the way my agent wanted it. She had grown up around writers and felt comfortable editing. Right away I thought about what Warren had said — there was a woman already in my life who would help me see what the book needed. I gave her a copy, and she called a week later to say, “I know what’s wrong with this book. The focus is all wrong.” I had chills all over my body. I could feel that her vision was what I was searching for.

We met for coffee, and Sheryl said she had a question for me: What was most important to me, teaching people about ghosts or about the soul? I said that the soul was most important to me, but that because all the TV shows I had been on always focused on ghosts, I thought that’s what people wanted to read about. Sheryl said she felt that I needed to focus more on the soul’s journey rather than on ghost stories, and she laid it out for me chapter by chapter, rearranging, changing, filling in a lot of the blanks. With Sheryl’s help I was able to change the entire focus, taking out the ghost stories for later use and

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still retaining most of the original book.

My students always comment that they really like the stories I have, so I decided to stick with what works and share the information largely in story form. The stories in this book, then, are as close as possible to the original events, with occasional changes of minor details to protect the people involved. Most names are also changed.

For months we could not come up with a title for the book. We knew we had to be patient and wait for the title to come to us rather than come up with something that didn't fit. One day Sheryl said she was told during meditation that my name needed to be in the title of the book. She said she was also given some possible names, but had written them in her journal and would call me later. I said, "Right, my name in the title of the book? I don't think so. What would it be, *Echoes of the Soul*? Sheryl, I think you've lost it. Call me later and give me the titles that came to you." She called about two hours later and said that *Echoes of the Soul* was exactly the name she had written in her journal. The idea of putting my name in the title of the book seemed really grandiose, so for two days I tried putting it out of my mind. But it wouldn't go away. One of my spirit guides told me to look up the word echo in the dictionary. It said, "repetitive, repeats." That is exactly what the soul does. It repeats life over and over, experience after experience, until it achieves perfection.

This book is about the soul and its entire journey, from conception to completion. It answers a lot of questions many of us have had: When does the soul enter the body? What does the soul think about the birth experience? What is the soul's attitude about life on earth?

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What does the soul really feel about death of the physical body and where does it go? Does the soul fear death? What does the soul do after its body has died? Does the soul meet with loved ones after death? Is there really a hell? What about reincarnation? Does it exist? What does the soul think about it? And last but not least, who and what is God and where does He fit in?*

We are all so much more than just our physical bodies — and my hope is that you'll have a deeper love, respect, and understanding of yourself, of other people, and of God when you're finished reading this book.

* Most of us have been raised with a male concept of God, and I find it much easier to refer to God as male throughout this book — even though I've come to know that God is a perfect balance of male and female energy.