



YOU ARE MY VOICE

HOW LOVE'S VOICE
NEVER DIES



Lisa Kolas Cooper



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INTRODUCTION

*“Although I’ve left the physical world,
you can hear my voice, if you listen with
your heart and know that I am near.”*

ELEANOR KOLIAS

Growing up, I shared a special bond with my mother, Eleanor Kolias. She was my rock and sturdy foundation, as I traversed the ups and downs of childhood, teenage years and college independence. As I started a career and moved away from my hometown, our relationship evolved into one of best friends. There wasn’t much we didn’t share. Even across the miles, her wisdom and unconditional love helped me become the woman I am today.

Her zest for life, hearty laugh and love of nature helped shape my perspectives, as I



developed and defined my priorities as an adult. Her ability to relax and restore her spirit allowed me to better understand the notion of “human being” versus “human doing” before the term was ever popular. Most importantly, being my mother’s daughter enabled me to learn how to mother and how to love.

With time, came the inevitable parent-child role reversal, where the tables began to turn. It was my turn to be her rock and support. It was my turn to listen, plan and help her navigate aging and an eventual fall from good health.



Shortly after my mother passed on, I began sifting through her belongings. Among her clothes and random knick-knacks, a common theme emerged. I picked up the neatly folded T-shirts from beach vacations, the sunny beach photo of the two of us in a frame made of tiny white shells now faded with time, and the jars of



special shells we both had collected on the beach together. I remembered how we had recollected those trips as she lay dying. I now heard her voice in my head:

“Just as the shell leaves the ocean, we leave our physical bodies behind. But if you hold the shell to your ear and listen closely, you’ll still hear the waves, even though the shell is far from its ocean home. Although I’ve left the physical world, you can hear my voice, if you listen with your heart and know that I am near.”



Just as my mother had predicted, when I opened my heart, I started receiving vivid Dreams and frequent Signs from her. These helped me believe, without a doubt, that she was not only out of pain and healed, but also an active participant in my life. I knew that the Dreams and Signs were real. The universal synchronicity was too perfect to discount. The



inner voice words were too real to forget. And from these experiences, I discovered that after a physical death, there's no pain, but there are plentiful seafood buffets and boat rides into the bay. There are no limits, no worries, no fear and most importantly, only love.

Soon, I began recording my Dreams and writing about the Signs, with the intention of helping others understand that our deceased loved ones are with us in Spirit. I read my stories aloud to a good friend and mentor, sharing my hope that my writing might offer help and solace to people, as they coped with the loss of a loved one.

As we walked out of the local coffee shop together on one of these occasions, a bright shiny object on the ground caught my eye. Right at my feet was a shiny penny from Heaven, and a penny for my thoughts to share with you. May you find that they open your heart and feed your soul!

