






We Are Never Alone







We Are Never Alone:

Reassuring Insights from the Other Side

Anthony Quinata



4th Dimension Press ■ Virginia Beach ■ Virginia





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by Anthony Quinata

1st Printing, May 2015

Printed in the U.S.A.

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4th Dimension Press
215 67th Street
Virginia Beach, VA 23451-2061

ISBN 13: 978-0-87604-822-1

Cover design by Christine Fulcher





Dedicated to my mother, Rosalia, and my father, Antonio—soul
mates on the Other Side. I miss you.

To my sisters, Meridith and Nadine, and my brothers, Edward and
Steve, and their families.

My love for all of you will never die.

And for you who are grieving.







Worn

I'm tired; I'm worn.
My heart is heavy
From the work it takes
To keep on breathing.
I've made mistakes.
I let my hope fail.
My soul feels crushed
By the weight of this world.

And I know that you can give me rest
So I cry out with all that I have left.

Let me see redemption win.
Let me know the struggle ends
That you can mend a heart
That's frail and torn.
I wanna know that a song can rise
From the ashes of a broken life
And [that what's dead] can be reborn
'Cause I'm worn.

Lyrics by Tenth Av





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Acknowledgments

While I was writing this book, I told God and the souls that once I was finished, I was ready to go home. The peals of laughter I heard told me that God and the souls have a sense of humor, even though *I* was serious.

As I look back, I realize that if it wasn't for them, the prayers of Mary, mother of Jesus, my family and friends, here and on the Other Side, I'm not sure how I would have made it through this chapter of my life. Thank you.

Thank you, Camille and Steve Massing, for all of your love and support along the way.

Thank you, Donna Nikolla and Marianne Shotto, for your friendship and for listening.

To my "Facebook friends" who have become real friends, to those who trusted me enough to reconnect with their loved ones on the Other Side, to those who trusted me enough to ask questions about the Other Side, and to the souls who gave me the answers—thank you.

I love you.





Preface

I don't normally work at psychic fairs, but I was at Cornerstone Books for the store's Halloween metaphysical fair. The store had changed hands by that time. Deb Guinther, whom I talked about in my book *Communications from the Other Side*, wasn't the owner any longer. It was now owned by Jenny Vega and her husband, Angel.

There was a lull in the number of people wanting readings so the other readers and I were sitting around talking. "I wish Rick was here," Cathy, one of the card readers, said.

"Why?" Samantha, another reader asked her.

"I was hoping he would read my palm for me," Cathy replied.

"I can read your palm," Jenny said, which surprised us all.

"Can you really?" Cathy asked. Jenny nodded so Cathy held up her right hand and asked, "Will I live a long life?"

Jenny looked at her palm and nodded, "Oh yes, you'll live a long life."

Samantha, who was sitting next to me, held up her hand and asked

“What about me? Will I live a long life?”

Jenny gazed at her hand before she said, smiling, “Oh yes, you’ll live a very long, healthy life.”

It was the word “healthy” that prompted me to hold up my hand. “What about me, Jenny? I just had a physical, and when I left, the doctor gave me a calendar, but it goes only to May of next year. What’s he trying to tell me?”

Everyone laughed as Jenny looked closely at my hand. “Angel, come here and look at his hand!”

Angel walked over, looked at my hand, and his eyes grew large. “Man, you died, crossed over, and came back. Did you know that?” he asked excitedly.

“I’ve always had a feeling,” I told him. When I was five years old, I had to have surgery. I have no idea now what it was for, but I do remember not liking the mask on my face as the doctor was telling me a story. I tried to push the mask away because I was feeling sleepy.

Several years later my mother told the story of how the surgeon walked up to her and asked if she believed in God. “Yes, I do,” she told him.

“Then I suggest that you go to the chapel and pray,” he said as gently as he could. “I don’t know if your son is going to make it or not.”

My mother never did say, and I can’t be sure, but I believe it had something to do with an asthma attack. I was asthmatic from the time I was about three months old.

My mother went to the chapel and prayed like she had never prayed before, and kept praying until the surgeon found her there. She was relieved to see that he was smiling this time. He told her I would pull through after all.

At that time we lived in Wilmington, California in a housing project that’s no longer there. When you walked through the front door, the kitchen was to the left, and the living room was on the right with a stairway in the middle leading to the second floor. I can still remember sitting on those stairs giving a lot of thought to my birthday coming up the next day. It was not only going to be my sixth birthday, but my brother Eddie’s first birthday, as well, since we both shared the same birth day.

I came to a decision, sitting there on those stairs. I had an announcement to make, and I knew it wasn’t going to go over well. “Mom, go

ahead and celebrate Eddie's birthday tomorrow, but you don't have to celebrate mine anymore," I announced to her after much thought.

"Don't be silly," she told me. "You're going to have a birthday party too." She sounded agitated. I knew that my mother wouldn't agree to what I was suggesting, but I really didn't care about celebrating my birthday. I will admit being grateful the next day that we did though.

I found out years later that loss of interest in birthdays is common with people who have been through what is referred to as a "near-death experience." Angel seemed to confirm for me what I had believed for years.

"You crossed over and came back with knowledge you're meant to share with the rest of us," Angel continued, looking closely at my palm.

I wondered what he meant by "us." I couldn't help but smile when I thought this.

Angel must have known what I was thinking because he looked at me seriously and said, "With the world, man. You're supposed to share what you know with the world."

Seven months later in May, I was sitting in front of Rick with my hand outstretched, palm up. My book was scheduled to be released later that year, and I was hoping to get an idea as to how it would go. "I don't see you doing the medium thing for long," Lawrence told me.

"Really? What do you see me doing?" I asked him.

"Teaching . . . I see you teaching."

"And what exactly am I supposed to be teaching?" I asked. I had planned to do the "medium thing" for at least five years after my book came out.

"I don't know," he said. I can only tell you what I'm seeing here in your 'Mound of Mercury.'" After he said that, I could tell by the look on his face that the reading was over.

I got up and walked away, thinking about what Angel had said to me seven months before. "You crossed over and came back with knowledge you're meant to share with the rest of us—not just us, but with the world, man."

Making the transition that Rick predicted wasn't easy for me. Getting me to do so was an uphill battle for the souls. They got my attention the only way they could . . . by slowly causing the requests for readings with me to gradually come to a grinding halt.





CHAPTER

1

What My Father Saw

On Thanksgiving Day 2009, my sisters Meridith and Nadine went to Saint John of God's assisted living facility in Los Angeles, California, where both my mother Rosalia and my father Antonio were in the hospital unit on the grounds. My father was there having suffered a heart attack the week before. My mother was there because she had broken her ankle. Because she suffering from moderate Alzheimer's, she couldn't understand why she was in a cast and confined to a wheelchair. My sisters were there to bring them food that was typically cooked on the island of Guam to celebrate the holiday.

Nadine went to my father's room to let him know that Meridith was getting my mother from her room so that they could enjoy a meal together. While she was talking to my father, she noticed that he wasn't paying attention to her but looking off to the right at the ceiling. "What are you looking at, Dad?" she asked him.

Our father looked at her and said, "I've been there before, baby. I

don't know when . . . I don't know how . . . but I've been there before." He turned his attention back to the ceiling and something Nadine couldn't see.

"Where have you been before, Dad? What do you see?" Nadine asked, worried that he was hallucinating. "Dad, what is my name? What day is today? How many children do you have?"

My father turned his attention back to her and said, "Deena, I'm okay." With that he again looked away from her and up at the ceiling. Meredith wheeled my mother in, and they all ate dinner together. My father put aside his dessert, saying he would eat it later.

The next morning at 4 a.m. a nurse checked in on my father and saw that he was sound asleep.

At 6 a.m. when he was checked on again, he had passed away.

Nadine told me this story the day before his funeral. "What do you think he saw?" she asked me.

"Home."