

the challenge

of

september 11,

a memorial

. . . from the pen and the  
heart of p. m. h. atwater,  
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THE CHALLENGE OF SEPTEMBER 11 P. M. H. Atwater  
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Out beyond ideas of wrongdoing and rightdoing,  
there is a field. I'll meet you there.

Rumi

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## INTRODUCTION

I was there, at least in spirit form, as a witness to what happened during the attack on America, September 11, 2001. I was doing what I could to help the souls of the dead when the second plane hit. What I witnessed is contained in this small offering as my way of sharing, of adding to the voices across our fair planet who wish somehow to speak up and let others know how "9-11" affected them.

The first version of a book manuscript I had been working on about death and dying was sitting on the desk of a New York City publisher when the attack occurred. As fate would have it, not only was I in attendance via spirit, but a physical expression of my soul was there as well in the way of the manuscript. And of all subjects, a book about death. I flew up to the City several months later, and have been there on numerous occasions since. My husband and I live two hours from the Pentagon and were overwhelmed by telephone and e-mail outages and difficulty with mail service for over a month afterward. Many late charges on bills had to be forgiven as we simply never received the notice of payment due in our mail.

I rewrote the book on death and dying and included in it what I had witnessed in spirit form while on the "inner planes" over New York City. Publishers dropped the revision like a "hot potato," as did my then-agent. I was told that the added material would date the book (probably correct), and that the public was not ready for what I had to say (incorrect). The people of this great nation are more than ready to hear my sharing, and are perfectly capable of deciding for themselves what "rings" true and what doesn't. I lost an agent over this issue, and had to redo the book a third time. It is finished. We'll see what comes of it. In the meantime, here is the censored material. I've written it with enough interpretive material to give it some sense of context and meaning.

Ever since I died three times in 1977, each time having a near-death experience and later becoming a researcher of near-death states, my books and writings have been devoted for the most part to research findings. I'm still the objective researcher I always was; but, from now on, you'll be hearing more and more about the subjective side of my life ñ that part of me open to the spirit realms, and to the grandeur of the soul.

Thank you for your kindness and your caring. PMH

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### Chapter One

#### THE ATTACK

“If we could read the secret histories of our enemies,  
we should find in each man’s life sorrow and suffering  
enough to disarm all hostility.”

–Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Among spiritual teachers and seekers, the secret of life and death is referred to as “the sacred mysteries.” What survives from seers in ages past and holy writ about this most hallowed of secrets, has established a foundation of knowledge and understanding that, far from being a finished commentary, continues today as on going revelation thanks to new people, fresh perspectives, and inspired vision. Each generation is challenged anew in this regard, to reconnect with the source of sacred mystery and redefine what it might mean.

The attack on the United States of America that occurred September 11, 2001 is the place where we will begin “seeing anew,” as that single event defies whatever we claim to believe about the mysteries of life and death. For Americans, as well as for many other people around the world, 9-11 (as that date has come to be called) will forever represent the unimaginable. . . mass death. About this I have personal testimony to offer.

A sudden downpour the night of September 10th threatened my flight home from a speaking engagement in Asheville, North Carolina. I insisted on flying because of a pressure I felt in my heart, a knowing that something was about to happen and I must be home when it did.

The next morning my youngest daughter called and alerted me to turn on my television set. A plane had just hit one of the World Trade Center Towers in New York City. Instead of watching what was happening on the screen, I instantly “became a child again” and mentally found myself back in Twin Falls, Idaho, where I was born and raised, hearing the news of the attack on Pearl Harbor over the radio. All the sights, sounds, screams, smells the utter horror of that attack rushed back into my consciousness in vivid detail.

You cannot protect children from the impact of an event this large. They

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know. Even the little ones. At times such as this children need caring adults to talk them through the scenes as they unfold, adults with enough presence of mind to let them ask questions, cry, talk, express their feelings, be hugged and heard. And they should be encouraged to draw pictures and write poems. This is how the young process their emotions and adjust to changing conditions.

No one helped me in this manner back then. I, like the vast majority of children in the pre-therapy 40's, was left to deal with the specter alone. As a result, Pearl Harbor deeply imprinted my childhood: rationing, air raid drills, standing in line blocks long to buy sheets, victory gardens, grocery stores with little on their shelves but boasting huge tables and canners at the ready in case you had enough produce from your garden to can. You paid for the tin you used at the check-out stand along with the items you wanted to purchase. On occasion my mother and I would walk to the local library. Women gathered there in a basement room to roll bandages for the troops on the battlefield. My job was making Q-tips. I wasn't very good at it.

Every morning I walked a lengthy "path of death" along Shoshone Street on my way to Washington Grade School. In those days, if any member of a family died in the war effort, those who survived put a large decal of a gold star in their living room window. I knew what those gold stars meant. Once I passed a house where six new gold stars had been added overnight. I just stood there, sobbing. I do not recall a single morning in my entire first-grade experience when I did not have to quiet my shudders or hide my tears to feign bravery. It wasn't until I was in my fifties that I was finally able to trace my aversion to gold, gold stars, the gold color, or anything that had to do with golden riches or rewards, to the path of death I walked as a child.

Once I could shake myself free of the images I associated with Pearl Harbor, I knew what I must do about what was happening at that moment in New York City. I needed to leave my body behind and journey in spirit form to the disaster scene to help with the souls of those who were killed. My body slumped as I shifted in consciousness from body awareness, me as a personality, to a deep state of prayer and meditation where the real me, my soul, resides. This was accomplished by breath control and intention. As I made the shift I focused on the vibratory rate of the spirit realms with a special "feeling sense" I had gained from my own death and near-death experiences (three times in three months in 1977). Immediately I was at what would later be referred to as Ground Zero, alert and aware, just in time to see the second plane crash into the North Tower. Another soon split open the Pentagon, and a fourth dove into a field in Pennsylvania. What happened in New York City I witnessed as if suspended in air from a position about two blocks away and at an angle above the Towers. The other tragedies I viewed at a distance.

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Death that comes from violence or that happens unexpectedly can confuse or disorient a departing soul. That's why I was there in spirit form, to assist my fellow souls as a soul, to cross the threshold of death to The Other Side of life. But there were so many physical bodies and body parts flailing in the air, souls twisted in disarray, that I couldn't separate the souls of the dead from dying bodies or from those who were hurt yet still alive. It was that chaotic. Too many. Too fast. Overcome, I reunified with my body back in Virginia, and did little else that day but join in consciousness with others across our country and the world who were helping in the only way they could through prayer.

Prayer is truly powerful. It can heal, guide, inform, steady, warm, soothe, calm. It is the medium of miracles. By affirming God's Greater Will when we pray, we free ourselves from judgments, attachments, and desires, and place our point of awareness where it will do the most good for the highest possible purpose. Without hesitation we call upon Source in this manner, irrespective of our varied religions or beliefs. We are "programmed" to do this, not by what we were taught, but by the beating of our heart. Heart wisdom supersedes the intellect. It is the connecting link between us that of love.

Wednesday morning, September 12th, and again in spirit form, I entered that state where the inner planes of the spirit realms are fully visible. I define the "inner planes," by the way, as that dimension, that vibrational frequency, wherein lies the untarnished soul (our Higher Self) and the reality of God's Greater Plan for humankind. Other levels of spirit are also visible from there.

Instead of finding the confusion and disarray of the previous day, I was surprised to observe the departed souls forming a huge oscillating wave the shape of a "hand" stretching upward. They were coming together as if one energy mass and they were "waking up," becoming aware of what had happened to them the terrorists and their victims alike for the shock-blast from the cataclysm had first numbed, then snapped the assemblage out of the trance they had been in.

I have helped at many tragedies and led numerous prayer vigils, but never have I seen anything quite like this. I came to realize that it was the accumulation of prayer, the power unleashed by millions of caring people all intent on a singular mission of mercy and compassion, that had enabled the souls who were part of this drama, all of them, to make the transition from living in an earthly body to existing "elsewhere" faster than what is typical. The souls of the dead no longer needed emergency assistance, so I turned my attention to those still embodied who hurt or were injured to do what I could for them.

I say "elsewhere" because I am not certain what became of some who were involved, and here's why. The day before, while I hovered as a spirit at Ground

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Zero and witnessed the second plane hit and the aftermath, I had seen close up the faces of three of the terrorists in that plane, as well as a few images of what was going through their minds. One of them was in the cockpit of the plane, jaw locked, eyes firm and determined. He acted more like a robot than a human being and expressed no feelings. The two others were just outside the cockpit doorway.

The younger of the two was in a state of utter disbelief as fire leapt toward him. He died screaming, "They lied to me." (I heard him in English although what he spoke sounded Arabic to me and with a different word phrasing.)

The third man expected to die, and was convinced that he would ascend into a beautiful paradise upon his death. He welcomed the fireball with open arms, until the "heaven" of his expected reward turned out to be a nightmare. He, too, had believed a lie.

Of the two, one had been deceived by men he trusted, the other by his faith. Both lost their bodies. Did they also lose their souls?

I cannot speak as readily of the politics that was embedded in September's attack (I make that attempt in my article "Special Report" which is on my website), but I can talk about death itself, the soul, and the life that continues to exist in another form in another place after the physical body ceases to function. This "elsewhere" is familiar to me. It is a territory I have often visited and know well.

Most of us are frightened by what we do not understand. The best way to make peace with such fear is to learn as much as we can about what makes us fearful. By confronting the unimaginable horror of 9-11, we free ourselves to seek new answers to the greatest mystery of all. . . death.

Belief will not help us here, vision will.

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### Chapter Two

#### SOUL WAVE

"You are man, You are woman; You are youth and maiden, too. You are old man who totters along leaning on a stick. You are without beginning and beyond all space and time."

–Upanishads

When death tolls reach catastrophic levels the mind is staggered and our ability to respond in a conscious manner is greatly reduced. Shock numbs the psyche. Yet tragedies on this scale happen fairly often in our world, either caused by weather and earth disturbances (like mudslides in India, earthquakes in Turkey), or from the carnage that results when values clash between people and the urge to eliminate opposition overshadows the willingness to compromise (what happened in Rwanda and Zaire). Those caught in the throes of such disasters seldom grieve, as their pain is too deeply buried inside themselves to reach without extensive counseling –if then. Many become the walking wounded.

Even the death of a friend, a loved one, a pet, or of people not known to us personally but still special in some way, can catch us unawares and leave us vulnerable to unexpected distress and fear. It never ceases to amaze me, though, how resilient most of us are, and the extent to which we can adjust and go on with our lives irrespective of the loss suffered—as if on some level deep inside we "understood." This resilience doesn't necessarily heal anyone, but it can strengthen resolve and fill those in need with courage.

A sobering e-mail message I received from a woman in Sri Lanka after 9-11, while supportive of America's plight, cautioned: "You will have to learn how to live with terror, like we have. You cannot let death stop life. You are a great nation but you are finding out now how it is for most of the people in the rest of the world – what we face every day in our country."

She's right. September 11th was America's wake-up call –for many reasons. But what happened was not solely aimed at us (regardless of what the perpetrators planned). No country, no people, escaped feeling some effect from the blow we received. And the reverberations from the wake-up call that sounded continue still.

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Why do I call the disaster a wake-up call? Because of what I witnessed on Thursday morning, September 13th when in a state of prayer and meditation I returned to the inner planes with the intention of going to Ground Zero. I never quite made it there. The soul wave was in the way.

The day before I had been surprised to see the departed souls coming together and forming a soul wave the shape of a giant hand stretching upward, high into the sky. When I came back on Thursday, however, the soul wave was fully formed, with each soul totally conscious and possessed of knowing.

The formation shimmered from all the lights it held, soul light, the holy fire we bring in with us when we are born and take back when we die. And the sound the souls made in that wave, their tonal vibration as an oscillating energy force of strength and power, was one of the most beautiful sounds I have ever heard. It was music, the music of a great love, a love of those willing to die for the benefit of others. Their sacrifice touched me and permeated to the very core of my being.

Before I could think, the soul wave and I merged. What I witnessed, what I came to know while inside the wave transcended my childhood memories of World War II, and the constant replay of the terrorist attack spilling into my living room from television newscasts.

This is what the soul wave revealed to me.

Each person involved in the tragedy, regardless of who, victim or perpetrator, had agreed before birth to be part of this event –to be there at that location at that time as that person. They had not committed as souls to be killed or to kill, necessarily, but, rather, to be present and accounted for, to ensure that the energy needed for the emergency to occur and have the effect it did would be available. It was only as time neared that final decisions were made as to outcomes, that is, who would do what. It was their purpose as souls to create this great "wake-up call," one so horrendous that it would shake up the entire earthplane, affecting every government and every religion, every man, woman, and child, and the environment as well.

I came to understand that in a previously arranged "soul agreement" the people who died or were injured in the attack had offered to sacrifice themselves in order to make the statement that none of us can go on living the way we have in the past. It is time to awaken, to effect significant change throughout society. Our country, especially, has been protected by oceans, soft borders, and a legacy of people committed to creating a free and open society. The passion that birthed the United States became a worldwide beacon, grounded in law, tempered by a willingness to air our disagreements and learn from our mistakes. I've noticed, though,

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that our complacency comes from putting "things" ahead of service and long-term investments, and to such an extent that consumerism has replaced the importance of the family unit and the spirituality that supports worship and "worthship."

Educated people worldwide, who can no longer find decent and fair employment, look at the newly emerging global village and scoff. And I don't blame them. It's not a class war that looms as much as it is a desire, even a need of individuals everywhere, to experience the satisfaction and security that comes from a fair return as a result of their labor, and the stability that comes from communities and schools designed to meet the changing needs of those who reside there. Either new or better systems of living and the distribution of resources are implemented or the anger that fuels terrorism will become a way of life for untold millions, shadowing our future.

I saw that the attack on America will not be the only incident of such a drastic nature to occur (consider the "shoe bomber" and a host of others caught at airports in other countries). There will be as many "shocks" as it takes to ensure that no one misses the point –that in order to awaken we must be willing to rethink the values that drive our behavior. (The Enron scandal, for instance, is an example of "corporate terrorism;" the Palestinian/Israeli conflict, "religious terrorism;" the destruction of numerous nations in South America and Africa, the "terrorism of incompetency and lust.") The Office of the Presidency is not immune to the force this call has sounded. (Bush's presidency falls under the "Curse of Tecumseh" – death to Presidents elected in a year ending with a zero; he has already suffered a "fainting spell" supposedly from choking on snacks.) Nor is the enemy who we believe it to be. (The obvious struggle to see who develops the massive oil fields of the Caspian Sea Basin, and the refusal of particular Islamic sects to undergo the process of self-examination, are only symptoms of larger issues.) I believe the real enemy is the age-old conflict between control and creativity, domination and free will.

We were told by our government that there were no warnings of any import that presaged what was to occur, other than the recognition that terrorists were afoot and that anything that symbolized wealth was a target. Although we now know the falsehood of our government's claim, there were in fact many other warnings, countless numbers of them, via specific shifts of mood and feeling throughout our population. And these were quite noticeable.

It has been my experience that human behavior, as well as changes in the environment, can be "read" as if watching a barometer. The "atmosphere" created by earthplane affairs and coming trends for the immediate future have their own energetic "pressure and pulse." I began to observe this correlation at four years of age when I recognized a connection between a person's thoughts, response patterns, weather fluctuations, and the state of his or her health. However, the inter-

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weavings between human consciousness (awareness/attitudes) and manifestation (what physically occurs), have become more readily visible to me since my near-death episodes. In consideration of such "readouts," I would submit to you that an abundance of "clues" existed, not only in our country but in others, signaling that a tragedy of massive proportions was about to happen and in the United States.

My sources for making this statement came from the hundreds of e-mails I receive each week, the networks I belong to and the publications I receive, from my travels, and numerous letters and phone calls. I am well-known as a researcher/experiencer of near-death states, and it is not unusual for large numbers of people to contact me and confide personal details about their life.

What first caught my attention was a barrage of similar messages that began on July 5, 2001. People, myself included, suddenly became seriously ill from unusual bouts of flu, throat problems, heart and lung distress. A level of frustration, almost a low-pitched anger, was apparent everywhere I turned, no matter who I spoke with. This picked up in intensity July 15th. At the same time clusters of tectonic activity and earth crustal slippage were reported by various global monitoring stations. August reports also covered vicious shark attacks and bee stings, the eruption of Mount Etna, and, by the end of the month, so many multiple tremors and oscillations across our planet that it seemed to me as if the earth's pumping system was revving up for some type of "big event."

None of this, in and of itself, meant that much to me at the time, but taken together, a pattern was beginning to form from all these events, one that bothered me deeply. By late August and early September mishaps dominated the conversations I was privy to—things like cars that wouldn't start, enterprises that failed, people's backs that went out, folks falling down and hurting themselves. While of course this sounds like the daily rounds of "business as usual," almost on cue, phone calls and e-mail messages took on a desperate tone as people confided about a feeling or dream or premonition they had had about a crash or an explosion that would soon occur, a building would topple, and the loss of life would be catastrophic. The majority were so bombarded by these warnings that they developed unexplained headaches, coughing fits, and stomach problems. Numerous individuals were specific: "A plane is going to hit the World Trade Center in New York City." None knew exactly when, except that it was really soon; the cause. . . terrorism.

Of those who contacted me, Robert A. Fortune (formerly of Virginia but now living in California) is of special interest. Portions of his dream vision follow.

On the night of September 6th, I went to bed with little on my mind except wanting some good rest. The majority of the dream

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I saw that night involved learning about the Soul and the way it works when in a body, how the personality self or ego can go off track from one's divine nature, and how often people can wind up in a no-man's land, aware they're disconnected but not knowing how to fix it, how to become one again. The specific vision came with the understanding that one has to let go of the past to change, that thoughts are as powerful and as solid as any highrise building. The building [I saw] was a representation of a stuck mind, a stuck way of thinking and seeing.

Then I felt like I was in mourning, and a sense of loss and overwhelming grief took hold of me. I did not understand it. I felt as if a horrible tragedy had occurred. This dream shook me to my core, and left me with a sense of foreboding, anxiety, and a bit of curiosity. I felt that the dream was a warning and trod very gently through the next few days, scanning the newspaper and the Internet for news of any highrise buildings falling down.

In essence, Fortune's dream vision reflected what I had learned while inside the soul wave –that we as a people and as a nation were stuck in a pattern of thinking and seeing that ignored the connection between our personality (our lesser self) and our soul (our greater or higher self). That pattern was powerfully fixed in our minds to the point that it had become as if the concrete and steel of a highrise building, tall and impressive, but misaligned with the type of foundation necessary for lasting and meaningful value. The building(s) fell, and at great cost, as a warning that the past, what we have achieved, no longer serves the greater good. . . it is time to change.

When Fortune first contacted me, he was emotionally distraught and caught up in the drama that was unfolding, screaming, "It happened. What I dreamed about happened. The building collapsed. Oh, God, what do I do now?" Learning that he was one of hundreds, perhaps thousands, with similar premonitions reassured him; at least he now knew he was not the only one who received the frightening message. But when he sent me the full text of his dream, I realized that it was more interpretive than predictive. What he had been shown was the real issue at hand.

Author Brad Steiger, a good friend of mine, sent me this news report shortly after the crashes: "Scientists Dean Radin and Roger Nelson have been conducting a fascinating research project at Princeton with random generators. Prior to the horrible events of 9/11, the random generators indicated that global consciousness had reacted significantly several hours prior to the attacks." (Emphasis added.) Brad's response was that it would seem that the random generators had demon-

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strated a metaphysical truth that has long been observed by psychics and mystics . . . great and terrible events cast their shadows and echoes before them.

We are all members of the same family, linked together in ways few suppose; responsible for the creation of destinies we blame on God. As we awaken to the wake-up call that has sounded, we are charged to re-vision the relationships we have with others and with groups and nations.

The Great Plan for humankind and Creation itself was set in motion hardly a heart beat ago, as God reckons time. The challenge of co-creating with our Creator, of living out the details of that Plan while in human form constitutes an opportunity far grander and more glorious than what any angel can ever know. There is reason behind what seems senseless. There is another will to consider, another agenda, besides that of our own.

## Chapter Three

### THE WILL OF THE SOUL

"All things are connected like the blood which unites one family. Whatever befalls the earth befalls the sons [and daughters] of earth. Man did not weave the web of life, he is merely a strand of it. Whatever he does to the web, he does to himself."

– Chief Seattle

I speak of God in the sense of Deity, an intelligence beyond that of our own. Since our earliest beginnings as a human family on this planet, we have nurtured and cherished varied beliefs about gods and goddesses, a heavenly father or mother. Yet, it is a new breed of scientists who are moving us ever closer to the heart of the sacred mysteries – the secret of life and death – once named by the chosen few as hidden or "occult" knowledge.

As an example, David Bohm, a professor of physics at Birbeck College in England, has been able to demonstrate that subatomic particles respond and relate to each other in ways not explainable by the law of cause and effect, and that relatively independent elements are actually folded together and intertwined to the extent that each part reflects the whole. He dubbed this "the implicate order," the idea that creation is threaded together in a seamless web of responsive, conscious intelligence – an unbroken wholeness.

His 20 years of laboratory test results show that time and space made no difference because, in a way invisible to human perception, at the most basic level of existence, everything is connected to everything else.

Findings like this, and others even more mind-bending, address human affairs as readily as the subatomic realm that underlies physical matter. We cannot divorce ourselves from what this implies. . . that the only reliable geography is consciousness. Fact and faith are now merging because, at the fundamental core of existence itself, past our ponderings and questions, is a central source and a central vision.

Violence, death, the rise and fall of cultures and climates, our individual trials

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and accomplishments and heartaches, begin to take on different characteristics once we shift the level of our focus. A new worldview is rising, one that is large enough to embrace the range and scope of this altered landscape.

What follows is a brief rendition of the new worldview. Explanations are my own, based on what I saw during my near-death experiences. Examples in italics of how this applies to activities in the natural world I took from numerous scientific journals and papers.

Each member of creation links into a network that in turn interweaves systems that interconnect grander patterns –like glistening threads in a lattice of layered intelligence–extending from the tiniest microbe to the complexity of the universe, including supportive substances not yet visible as physical form. Our world is both mutually related while also mutually interactive and interdependent. In other words, everything is joined. And that which is joined actively works to maintain the integrity of its wholeness. When you notice the connections between things, the "webbing" of interrelationships that holds Creation together is easier to recognize.

Examples: pesky ants were destroyed by city planners in Southern California, and months later there were no butterflies. It seems the butterflies were dependent on the ants for part of their life cycle. Dust blowing in from the Sahara nourishes the rain forests of the Amazon. Without the dust, the rain forests suffer. A tourist concessionaire set up shop in a cave near a forest of saguaro trees in Arizona. The cave turned out to be a roosting place for Sanborn Bats, which cross-pollinate saguaros; ridding the cave of bats disrupted the pollination pattern for hundreds of miles around. This jeopardized future saguaro growth and reduced their numbers by 75 percent.

Our earthly bodies, our immune systems, animal and plant interdependence, weather patterns, subjective and objective states of perception, alternate realities and multiple facets to our own reality –anything and everything you can imagine –exist within the webbing. Nothing is hidden, only ignored. What we see and experience depends entirely on the angle with which it is viewed for definition. To put it another way, where we stand determines what we see. Only our attitudes, our beliefs, block us from recognizing the makeup of the world as it really exists.

Examples: a field of crops not in proper nutritional balance will emit a sound, much like crying, which will attract to it the very insects,

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bacteria, and substances needed for its restoration or destruction. A human being not in proper balance physically, emotionally, mentally, and spiritually, will subconsciously set up a vibrational "signal" which will attract to him or her the very diseases, accidents, or incidents necessary for that individual's redirection, rebirth, or death.

As you can sense from the new worldview that has emerged, there is more involved in our decisions or lack of them than the immediate outcome we experience. The revelations I was given when I died showed me that we humans are in league with countless members of a universal lifestream. What is true for one aspect of this lifestream is true for another, as each reflects the other. We cannot choose a course of action or even engage in a given activity without the "ripples" of what we're doing affecting people and places and systems and things within or beyond our field of awareness. We hold the power to affect change, each one of us, and to a much greater extent than we choose to realize.

What blocks our ability to recognize and comprehend this is the bias of our beliefs and preferences. And that bias is exactly what gets peeled away when we undergo a near-death experience or a spiritual transformation or a religious conversion or any type of enlightening episode. Afterwards, astonished experiencers exclaim things like: "I now understand why my daughter died," or "So that's why he lost an arm, or "I was shown the real reason behind the war." As a result of these discoveries – that life's many puzzle pieces do indeed fit together, that there is a Greater Plan, and that each individual has a place in that Plan –most return to everyday living with a sense of peace they never before thought possible.

I was shown that the charge given to souls (who and what we really are (our higher self/our greater identity), is to fulfill the priority that undergirds and sometimes overrides individual destinies. As a personality we can plan, choose, learn, grow, experience, experiment, enjoy or suffer, react or respond, as our instincts and preferences urge or direct us. But, in actuality, it is the Greater Plan that is served. Agreements to participate in given scenarios are made on the soul level before taking on a personality with birth into flesh and bone. That's why a religious or spiritual commitment in life is so important. By making such a commitment, we empower ourselves to remember what we already know –so we can be more aware and live more responsibly.

It is the will of the soul to provide the means through which the Greater Plan can manifest. The soul's will fulfills God's Will.

We as individual personalities are precious and important in God's Sight. Without us, the Greater Plan could not flower or bear the "fruit" of Creation ever responding to its Creator.

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### Chapter Four

#### VORTEX

“Between the people of eternity and the people of the earth there is constant communication.”

– Kahil Gibran

Have you ever noticed that the various kingdoms of what is termed “nature” respond to our life’s passages? Shooting stars, a dog’s howl, birds crashing into windows, weather oddities, a favorite mirror cracking or clock stopping, take on a heightened significance if associated with the moment of someone’s last breath. It’s as if the natural world sends “messages” either as a warning of what’s to come or for comfort and reassurance after a person’s death has occurred.

One incident of this type happened on March 26, 1979. The scene unfolded on the North Lawn of the White House as then-President Carter, Menachem Begin, and Anwar Sadat prepared to sign the Peace Accord in public ceremony. I stood atop a bench in Lafayette Park, close to the street and with full view. Skies were heavy and gray, and the wind was coldly fierce. Arab protesters nearby shouted defiantly, yet they seemed invisible to a crowd that wanted peace, PEACE!

Carter spoke first, but his voice somehow fought the loudspeakers, resulting in little more than a garbled ramble. Sadat was next. With his first word, all the birds in Lafayette Park took flight en masse, flew to the area where he stood, and landed. A sudden splash of warm sunlight broke through the clouds and followed the birds. When he spoke, Sadat’s voice was clear, smooth, and easy to understand, his message of universal oneness almost reverent. When Begin took his turn, the birds again lifted en masse and returned to the park. The sun retreated, leaving the sky as heavy and gray and cold as before. Begin’s voice, like Carter’s, faded in and out of the microphone, his words almost impossible to hear until his final shout of “Shalom, peace.” The Accord was signed. Because of how the birds celebrated his being, how the moment honored his light with the grandeur of the sun, and how his voice rang with such purity these signs showed me that Sadat was a hero. Tears fell for I knew the document would become his death warrant.

I have no doubt that history was served that day and that the greater glory of the moment needed to be. But the tears I shed then for Sadat, I shed again for

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all of us on September 11, 2001. What began with such hope and sacrifice in 1979, remains undone. Paper peace does not make peace. That takes enemies who are willing to talk to each other, rage, and scream their way through the horror and pain of injustice, to negotiate laws people can support – like what happened in South Africa. 1994 marked the success of reconciliation with the miracle of South Africa's first real election; proof that it is a changed consciousness that creates peace not bombs, guns, knives, wars, and pieces of paper.

You cannot kill or be killed, corrupt or enslave, without “jiggling” the universal fabric of Creation. This produces a “cry” that sends out shock waves. The reverberations that result, if strong enough, can affect the natural world and lead to a depleted or twisted energy matrix (in the air/ether/astral realms of spirit). It is possible for consequences to eclipse the original event. The “webbing” of Creation's fabric guarantees this, as everything is connected by it. Thus, what happens to one directly or indirectly affects others. Perversions on a massive scale lead to equally large repercussions that can overlap the years as readily as the worlds of nature and spirit. America's 9-11 Emergency is an example of this, as you will soon discover.

Once I saw the souls who were killed coming together in a soul wave, while I was at Ground Zero in spirit form, I knew another agenda was involved besides that of terrorism, per se. My suspicions were confirmed when I merged with the soul wave and learned that an appointment with destiny had occurred; the will of the soul had intervened in service to a Greater Plan. But it wasn't until a few weeks later that I felt troubled by a sense that I had missed something, that there was an additional energy component present in the disaster that I had yet to recognize.

About then, a dear friend of mine with ministerial credentials gained entrance to the site in New York City and called me on his return home. Although employed in government, he is one of the best sensitives I know (someone with full, physical access to the spirit worlds). He said: “There are hundreds of souls still there, standing around with confused looks on their faces. One of them, a woman, accosted me, grabbed my lapels and shook me, screaming, ‘Why am I here? Why? Why?’” When I queried him for clues as to what might be going on, he offered this sobering observation, “That woman didn't die there, and neither did most of the others.”

Immediately I went back in spirit form to Ground Zero. What I saw validated my friend's account. There were hundreds of souls still there. Some, as ghostly apparitions and imprints, were hardly more than psychic residue. A few were souls drawn out of the soul wave and back to the disaster scene by strong emotional ties and commitments. Yet by far the largest number were displaced. These souls had died in other places and were “sucked” into the site by a huge vortex. Apparently

the blast that ripped apart the World Trade Center buildings was so powerful that it tore a temporary "hole" in the fabric of time and space, creating the energy necessary to form the vortex. The "sucking action" that resulted pulled in many of those who were making their transition from body to spirit at locations that were miles away, even hundred or more miles. I was so awed by the soul wave initially, that I had paid little heed to the condition of the etheric energy matrix of the earthplane.

Yes, "stragglers" had been reported at the crash site in Pennsylvania and at the Pentagon by various psychics and mediums, but I suspect that these souls were more "attached" to grieving loved ones and friends than to the geography of place. Grieving is healthy and necessary for those who have suffered a loss. Sometimes, though, extremes of grief can delay the departure of souls who really need to continue on with their passage through death's doorway. Prayer makes a decided difference in situations like this.

Fortunately, I can say that the combined force of everyone's prayers world-wide eventually sealed the hole in the ethers and dispersed the vortex and its effects. Only a scattering of confused souls remained at Ground Zero as of March, 2002, and by May none could be found.

What is there, and at all three sites, are aware and awake souls who chose to return for the purpose of joining with the growing presence of spirit beings who have come to assist in the healing and replenishing of the energy fields, and to act as guardians and protectors. At this writing, people who visit the sites comment, almost to a person, on how they feel as if they are stepping on holy ground, so profound is the sensation of the sacred at each spot.

In case you haven't realized it before, "Bright Ones" from the invisible realms work in tandem with the human family in all endeavors. The link between us is an open heart.

## Chapter Five

### VIEWS AFTERWARD

“The wise man [or woman] in the storm prays to God, not for safety from danger, but for deliverance from fear. It is the storm within that endangers him, not the storm without.”

–Ralph Waldo Emerson

I learned during my near-death experiences that the soul can assert its will in ways unique to its own purposes. We sense this in acts and incidents which seem somehow “fated” or “destined,” or at least beyond the scope of what we as individuals can readily accept or understand.

There are those, for instance, who seem guided from their earliest years to accomplish a certain task or achieve a unique distinction, and their life choices steadily lead to that goal whether or not those choices were made consciously or subconsciously. Yet others, limited by circumstances beyond their control, can transcend what restrains them and in a way that seems as if they were abruptly infused with an energy and an intelligence not their own. The course of societies and nations are no different: irrespective of the lesser will of men and women, an incident can occur that transforms the prevailing mindset so dramatically that history is forever altered. This is what happened to our country on September 11th.

Can anyone lose their soul, like the perpetrators of the tragedy? No. But we can lose the individuality we developed as an ego personality while alive. Think of this possibility as a “use it or lose it” proposition: when we refuse to embrace our spiritual nature (that which nurtures the soul), our potential for creative self-expression diminishes or distorts or disappears.

Do all those who seek to uphold the religious tenets they were taught automatically go to a paradise of heavenly delights when they die? No. Although both heaven and hell are real, I saw that neither exists in the way most people believe. Hell describes a matrix of levels (layers) of negative thought-forms that reside in close proximity to the earthplane; heaven, positive ones. And neither heaven nor hell is an end-point. Eternity is more vast than that. No one knows how vast it is, for all any of us have ever been given are glimpses, mere glimpses of a view so

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massive that even the greatest among us are at a loss to find words sufficient to the task of portraying what is there.

What decides who goes where? Vibrational resonance.

What decides vibrational resonance? I was shown that it is each person's attitudes, perceptions, and feelings, particularly his or her state of consciousness at death, as well as whatever exists within the deeper reaches of the subconscious. Seldom are any of us aware of this deeper part of our being, yet this "reservoir" of emotion and thought often holds "the deciding factor" in what happens to us after we die. To die while in a state of honest, sincere prayer or while supported by the loving prayers of others is the greatest protection anyone can have at "cross-over," and the best way to ready ourselves for spirit life.

The most oft-repeated phrase offered by the thousands of near-death experiencers in my research base after they revived is: "Always there is life." That means after death, before birth always life. We do not die when we die. We shift frequencies of vibration, and go some place else.

Explorations at the edge of death have spawned many avenues of study, among them is a field of interest termed "after-death communications" by Bill Guggenheim and Judy Guggenheim. In their book, *Hello From Heaven: A New Field of Research Confirms that Life and Love are Eternal*, the Guggenheims recounted over 2,000 interviews with those who said they were contacted in some manner by their loved one after his or her death. Based on their findings, they estimated that at least 50 million Americans or 20% of the population have had one or more experiences with after-death communications. They found these contacts to be credible and not the product of fantasy or illusion.

In this regard, a brief spot was aired on television news not long ago about a young mother of two small daughters who lost her husband in the World Trade Center attack. The piece was about coping with loss. The mother noted that sometimes when they are just sitting around talking, one of her daughters will look past her into the air and say "Hi Daddy" and then carry on a conversation with him. Of all the nurses, counselors, and physical therapists I have spoken with in the last 24 years, who work with children injured in the same accident that killed their parents, the majority admitted that the kids physically saw and verbally spoke with their parents on a daily basis until released from intensive care. And these kids knew all about the accident and that their parents were dead. . . even though no such details were ever communicated to them until much later.

Children can see through the veils of spirit, especially if there is need. Generally they do not lose this ability until embarrassed or made fun of by classmates,

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teachers, or relatives during the early years of school.

As an aside, those born three months before and during the year following September 11, 2001, carry the "mark" of that tragedy in their energy fields (this can also be seen in their astrological charts). These new children are the ones who initiate our country's 15th generation. The "Millennial Generation," as named by William Strauss and Neil Howe in their seminal book, *Generations*, covered those born between 1982 and 2002, and comprise America's 14th generation. I propose that the 15th be called "The 9-11 Generation." Whether or not our next 20-year crop of babies were actually born during that fateful time period, or later, they are still "marked" in the sense that our country and the world at large has been profoundly changed by what happened, and to the degree that none of us and no nation will ever be quite the same again.

You know, foreknowledge can prove to be essential in helping to prevent someone from making a serious or fatal mistake. Even if consciously ignored, intuitive knowing can guide actions and the happenstance of snap decisions as if another force were intervening in our behalf.

Considering how many people could have been killed in the 9-11 Emergency, it is nothing short of a miracle that so few were. Judith Werner's apartment is not far from Manhattan. She said: "It is now almost two months since the attack and I still hear stories of people who were near-misses but survived because they were late for work that day. This is such a recurrent story that I feel that a message was 'broadcast' literally broadcast over the psychic airwaves urging people to be late. And those who heard on some level survived. I and another psychic friend of mine were 'told' to sleep late that morning."

On a television newscast in December of 2001, a story was told of a girl about 11 or 12 who lived in Washington, D.C. She awoke the morning of September 11th from a bad dream. She begged her father not to go to work that day at the Pentagon because she felt something terrible was going to happen. He went anyway and was one of those who died.

Fate, as I understand it, is fickle. It can be influenced, altered, and shifted around. But destiny is predetermined and cannot be avoided. We can change the impact of destiny, always, by the choices we make and how we respond to what occurs. But the soul remains ever guided by a Greater Plan and a Higher Order. If ever there was "proof" of this, it is in the testimony of those who witness The Other Side of death. Once you have glimpsed eternity, as I have, you never again identify with name, address, status, and social security number.

## Chapter Six

### HEALING HELPERS

“When the heart weeps for what it has lost, the soul laughs for what it has found.”

–Sufi Aphorism

Terror is “error” (the state of error thinking) with a capital “T.” Of all the individuals who have commented on the 9-11 tragedy and America’s war on terrorism, I feel Walter Starcke, author of *It’s All God*, has been the clearest and the most succinct. In a nutshell, he put it this way: the enemy is ignorance, the battleground is consciousness, the weapons are ideologies. And, I would add, schools, educational systems, and nation building are what will make the difference. Anything short of that is but another “Band-Aid,” providing time but not solutions.

Peace is not possible to “achieve.” It is an ongoing process of mutual communication and exchange, willingness and work, and the common sense to reconcile differences. We must become peace and live peace before we can understand what peace is.

Dean Radin, whom I identified earlier as one of the scientists heading The Global Consciousness Project (based on 40 continuously running random generators monitored throughout the world to measure patterns of human behavior), wrote an important book titled, *The Conscious Universe*. In it he states that there does indeed seem to be a global mind, and “that a previously unsuspected cause of global violence and aggression may literally be the chaotic, malevolent thoughts of large numbers of people around the world.” What is showing up consistently and scientifically through measurement studies verifies what was believed by the Essenes before the birth of Jesus over 2,000 years ago, and that is. . . events observed in the world around us mirror the development of beliefs within us.

This is what I saw to be true when I died and experienced the near-death phenomenon. And, this is why Osama bin Laden was so worried about the dreams his and other people were having: they were picking up the details of what was about to occur in their dream states and he was afraid that because of this our government would be forewarned.

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The universe is conscious. It is alive.

What each one of us does, what we think and feel and say, matters.

The attack on America has inspired millions of people who would have never otherwise taken such a step, to become personally involved in making a positive difference in helping others.

Judith Werner also observed that: "The wave, the hand you speak about, is still among the living, those who have chosen to answer its call to renewal, or what the Jews call *tikkum olam*, the healing of this broken world. You can't imagine how strong the wave is until you see the people of New York City going about their ordinary business after such losses. I know one woman who lost 45 neighbors, another 90 friends, a man whose co-workers were going to six funerals a day. The outpouring of financial generosity for the heroes' families is well known, but I know people who are giving up lucrative jobs to work for nonprofit agencies, or even to join those who protect America. With my own ears I have heard prayers for unity out of the mouths of orthodox Christian pastors, Jewish rabbis, and Muslim imams, prayers that would have been impossible on September 10th."

And then there's Ellen Louise Kahne of the New York area. Founder of the Reiki Peace Network and Reiki University (Reiki is a form of spiritual healing that directly affects the physical and can be taught), she witnessed the tragedy of 9-11 from her apartment building some miles away. Although deeply and personally affected, the daily drama at Ground Zero with rescue workers also troubled her so much so that she named November 24, 2001 as a "Day of Healing for All" and arranged with Cross Island YMCA for the space she would need for the project. Her goal was to offer a day of free healing services for rescue workers sorely in need.

Chiropractors, Reiki masters, spiritual healing practitioners, massage therapists, reflexologists, hospice grief counselors, nutritionists, and experts in several types of bodywork/restructuring, answered her call, some coming from great distances. This assemblage of healing helpers served over 76 people during the course of that day, with one of the massage therapists reporting that he gave between 40 to 50 treatments. "One policeman," Kahne noted, "was so drained by the constant work schedule, by the lack of days off, that he needed everything our healing hands could provide. And we gave him everything. At the end of the day he looked happy, relaxed, and at peace, as did his wife and two young children who also receiving healing. For anyone who was motivated to contribute a donation for our 'free' services, we provided them with envelopes addressed to the September 11 Fund." Kahne has since organized other "Day of Healing for All" marathons and plans to continue them as an active force for healing whenever there is need.

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Another way I have discovered that we can be healing helpers is through the team approach to prayer power in our places of worship. These teams of "Healing Helpers" consist of volunteers from the congregation who have agreed to come forward to the podium or central space at the close of the ceremonies to serve anyone's needs by praying with him or her as a group. They are not counselors, nor do they practice the "laying on of hands." They, through their commitment to a higher calling, bring the immediacy of a gentle hug and a friendly voice to the worship of God. In far too many places of worship the structure of ceremony limits personal contact. The individual can feel lost and unimportant in such an atmosphere. The goal of a Healing Helpers Program is to return the art of healing to where it originated. . . . at the altar of the Holy of Holies. . . . be that in a church or spread across a meadow. (For instructions in how to do this, refer to the article "Healing Helpers" on my website.)

The Friday after the attack I joined the wave. I made my choice to be part of the healing of our country and the world. I chose to add my voice to the voices in that soul wave. They are my heroes and I am humbled by their sacrifice. Anyone can make the same choice I did simply by deciding to. Through prayer and the courage of intent, we can and we already are making a difference.

While in the soul wave, I was told: "Stand up, dress up, move forward, and be a part of the healing."

I am. And you?

## END NOTES

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Her Self-Published Books are available over her website: Brain Shift/Spirit Shift: A Theoretical Model Using Research on Near-Death States to Explore the Transformation of Consciousness (Phase II).

I Died Three Times in 1977. (Brief account originally appearing as articles.)

Life Sounds. (Poetry.)

Subtext to Children of the New Millennium. (Contains three appendices deleted from the original book because of space limitations.)

The Frost Diamond. (Child's story/color book, drawings by author.)

The Website of Dr. Atwater is <http://www.cinemind.com/atwater>.

For a free copy of her brochure, send a stamped, self-addressed #10 envelope to her at P. O. Box 7691, Charlottesville, VA 22906-7691. Thank you!

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Ellen Louise Kahne/Reiki Peace Network.

Contact her at: P. O. Box 754217, Forest Hills, NY 11375; phone 1-877-432-5638; e-mail [HealNet@aol.com](mailto:HealNet@aol.com); website <http://www.ReikiPeaceNetwork.com>.

"For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind."

II Timothy 1:7,  
Holy Bible