

*This memoir shares the story of a woman who died, went to heaven,  
returned to a broken body, and was miraculously healed.*

one  
with the  
One

How Suffering Taught That  
We are Eternal and are Loved

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EMILY JEAN ENTWISTLE

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That We are Eternal  
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A DIVISION OF HAY HOUSE

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*Words do not teach at all. It is life experiences that brings you your knowing. But when you hear words that are a vibrational match to the knowing that you have accumulated, then sometimes it's easier for you to sort it all out.*

*Esther Hicks (Abraham and Jerry) excerpted from Chicago IL on 11/2/97*

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*To the Jonathans, the first was my teacher  
and the second, my sweet reward.*

# I

## WORKING WITH AFTER EFFECTS

*The weeds will not be gathered and burned until the harvest comes.  
(to summarize Jesus' parable of Matthew 13:24-30)*



*I BELIEVE THAT MY LIFE has a clear demarcation point: A before and an after. This epiphany opened me to grace. Before the epiphany, I thought life circumstances sprang up outside of me as random events. Do you ever think this way?*

*Being willful, I exerted myself to control outcomes in my life. I thought the results were subject to the impartial whimsy of harsh reality, and resented this. I tried to get better at controlling outcomes by developing my logic. Some might say I became more cunning and forceful.*

*What follows in Part One, "Working with After Effects," is a description of the events and emotions of those days. It led to my death in Intensive Care with a non-physical journey back to our spiritual Home, or what I often will call here, Heaven. When I returned to my body, I could not move or speak. After this, I swayed between my recollections of the beauty of the other side, and the hardships of this Earthly side of existence. I was eventually to face death again, at a time that would leave my loved one with no one to care for him through his own serious illness and dementia.*

*Here we are now, in my mid-thirties during my seemingly successful years. . . It was then that my soul agreed to the unimaginable in order to grow.*



## *How It Appeared at the Time*

1995

*A small beach town in Southern California*

I WAS MARRIED. I HAD BEEN SO FOR TWELVE YEARS. My husband intrigued me and occupied my mind and my heart, although we were long past the honeymoon stage. Former military, he had a mysterious past. Before we met, he had slipped back into the relaxed productivity of the West Coast as a telecom executive within a Fortune 100 company. He had a veneer of worldliness, polished by decades of life overseas.

How shall I describe our comingling?

He was not easy. Perhaps he carried secrets that haunted him, but his intense anger at these memories turned outward toward me, and I accepted it. In those times when I feared him, I made it a practice to *act* unperturbed, for this made me safer. This playacting

*Emily Jean Entwistle*

would eventually seduce me into genuine feelings of kindness and forgiveness toward him once again.

Over and over, I moved in and out with this poisonous tide—wash me in and I crash on the rocks, wash me out and I feel human kindness well up within myself once again. And then I would forget that the rocks awaited me on the inevitable wash back to shore.

Yes, I loved him, but our marriage was sometimes difficult.

We shared a home on a hilltop looking down over the Pacific Ocean, in a sleepy beach town in Southern California. Prior to our marriage, I'd overcome my childhood shyness and fears, and was myself, a successful businesswoman. Financially independent through my diligent efforts, I believed that the world was a treacherous place, but that knowing this I could protect myself. Jonathan and I thought similarly about this. We were competitive people in a competitive world, and enjoyed sharing the rewards of our success.

We chose not to have children together, and set a plan to retire early and travel the world. I had studied psychology and knew that *if* I'd been abused as a child, I might perpetuate this. I was relieved that my husband was satisfied with two kids from a prior marriage, so that I would never have to find out if I might do harm to a child due to the irrational resurfacing of old patterns.

My work required meeting with decision makers in the Fortune 500 arena. I felt privileged to partner with bright individuals, both peers and clients, as I moved within these leadership and academic circles.

Advancing into positions of greater responsibility every few years, the high school diploma I'd earned at sixteen worked only

so far. Motivated by the desire for further career advancement, I'd retired all but a handful of credits for concurrent Bachelors and Masters Degrees. A time saver was to skip the classes and go only for the final exams. Even though lacking diplomas, I was a guest lecturer at university level, teaching the technology I'd learned by doing.

Through my determination, I had created a fulfilling life. If my husband, Jonathan, and I seemed distant and sometimes disagreed, this was still acceptable compared to the example of marriage my adoptive parents had presented. On the whole, I thought things were going well for us.

Was the success I'm describing real? True? I ask this now, for underlying this veneer of what seemed to be success as I approached middle age, I feared I was damaged. I was thinking: *Can I always protect myself? Can I trust and love others now, when I couldn't as a child? Do I have discernment about what is good for me?*

I wondered why I had chosen a life partner as damaged as me. Was this why we were attracted to one another? We were like two waifs who had come in from cold and harsh isolation, now sharing with each other what little we felt safe to share at all.

Back then, even thinking about such things led to the anxious feeling I might lose control, and to lose control was to lose all I had worked for.

Better to be practical, and think of it like this: My husband, like me, had moved on from difficult beginnings and, so I thought, a secret past. Yet, he chose me as his companion, as I had chosen him. We were all alone in the world, yet we had each other to share what we were capable of, and in daily life we were a team.

*Emily Jean Entwistle*

He treated me as an equal partner in this marriage, for I could bring a great deal of wealth to our household, and, together since the 1980s, my income was a gift that kept on growing.

We had fun, I admit. When we were not working, we found time for weeks away in the Caribbean or central Mexico, and when unable to travel far, there was always our cabin cruiser to escape to for weekend jaunts over the waters of the Pacific. We both circled out over the country doing our work, but flew back like homing pigeons to our hilltop nest overlooking the sea, where we would settle into gliders on the back deck and watch the sun go down over the glistening waters rolling in to shore below us.

And so, I had “made it,” as we’ve heard it said. Yet there was that fear in the back of my mind, pulsing with every heartbeat above my tightened gut, which seldom went away.

I am an empath, sensing the physical and emotional feelings of those around me. I had not yet learned, as I know today, how to parse my own feelings from those around me. My childhood environment had heightened this natural tendency, and this remained uncontrolled.

Being clairsentient had advantages, however. Sensing the feelings around me, it was only natural I often could quell the unspoken objections raised in business, and clear away misunderstandings. I could sense, as sweet as a sip of latte, when we were on the cusp of harmony and agreement and the mutual satisfaction that was always my goal. I sensed it when this overlap between others’ energies and mine took place, and in this state it was possible to conclude that there was a Oneness to existence.

Yes, I was sensing something that was much different than I’d been taught during my Protestant upbringing. Was this Oneness

Emily Jean Entwistle, a former executive and material girl with a mystical bent, was badly damaged by a childhood rife with sexual and psychological abuse. In one with the One, she shares a story of transformation because of a soul level agreement to evolve through suffering into wholeness and joy.

Entwistle chronicles her path to wholeness, offering details of her life. She was adopted into a frightening home and was a virtual prisoner until age eighteen. She was to die and go to heaven just when she reached tenuous stability as an adult. She returned from heaven, back to her broken body for the sake of another and was taught through service that the greatest law of life is love.

In this memoir, she tells how conscious communion with God can be experienced by anyone. While her story illustrates how this happened to her, it offers guidance on how others can experience this, too. Through her trials and triumphs, Entwistle has learned that we are eternal beings floating in a sea of love. Her journey from darkness to light teaches the truth that we are co-creators being led back, with the greatest love of all, to conscious communion with God.

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