

**A TRUE STORY OF LIFE AFTER DEATH**  
**By Pastor Ricardo Beas**



(Note: Originally published on my Blog, on December 8, 2018, under the title *“A Christmas Gift of Hope from Me and My Family to Yours”*, revised here)

This is a musical message. I invite you to read and experience through your mind, body and Spirit, so the first thing that I ask you to do is to click on the link below to listen to this song by Mannheim Steam Roller while you read. So please click now and read along:

[Silent Night - Mannheim Steamroller \(Official Music Video - 1984\) \(youtube.com\)](#)

Dear Family, Friends, Followers and Disciples,

One this Christmas Eve that starts our transition into an uncertain new year, where hope is dim as to us being able to successfully defeat the national and global mandatory vaccine agenda, I want to share a little bit of myself with you so you can better understand my message today.

I was raised in Tijuana, Mexico, by Catholic parent, with a loving mother that instilled in me love towards humanity and a disdain for injustice, and a love and respect for God, who’s Spirit dwells within us all, as we are all individually the Temple of God.

There are only three types of persons in this world:

- (1) Those that don’t believe in a spiritual life, life after death and/or what we call God
- (2) Those that do believe out of faith, but have never experienced it; and
- (3) Those that believe because they have crossed that boundary and have experience such a spiritual reality.

I have been blessed in life and have experienced Mankind at its best and worse behavior. I am in no way a perfect man, far from it, and are no one to judge others without judging myself. And for those that I have hurt as God has taken me through my necessary journey to be able to be where I am now and to do my activist work, I ask for your sincere forgiveness.

In my life I have had many dreams that have come true. The dreams are always symbolic in nature, but easy to recognize upon reflection once the event comes true. The one dream that has always been in my mind and has been in the process of fulfilling itself in the future, hopefully soon, was one that I had when I was about 9 to 11 years old.

In that dream, me and two others we desperately running toward a lighthouse through the rocks and splashes of waves in a dark night with a glowing partially cloud-covered moon like a scene from an old monster movie, as we were being chased by an army of what appeared to be Roman-like soldiers that were trying to capture and kill us.

Once we got to the top of the lighthouse we were cornered against the window and to avoid death the three of us jumped out the window into the sea below where large waves were crashing against the rocks. In my dream I was seeing this as if I was a spectator on the other side of the shore (I can visualize it perfectly now. I'll be 62 in a couple of days). As we were falling, we all turned into Samsonite luggage and floated (that part of the dream always made me laugh, as I never understood what that meant). One of us died when he hit the water.

That adventure was immediately followed by a scene of an old Medieval period-like house in England or the like. Now, imagine that you were inside that home with a video camera, and you are in the living room and the camera is pointing to the left side at the door. I heard someone knocking and the person that lived in the house and walked toward the door only showed his back as he opened it (I never saw his face) and he was holding in one hand the Holy Grail. To my surprise, when he opened the door I saw that it was me and the other person that survived the jump from the lighthouse, a man dressed in white garb and a large hat, resembling what I interpreted then to be the Pope, which I now equate to a man with holy knowledge and blessings representing the justice of God; definitely not the Pope.

As soon as the door opened, I hit the man in the house in the face, knocking him down with the typical one blow we see in movies, and we rushed in and regained control of the Holy Grail. It felt like we have saved humanity.

In 1974, when I was 18 years old, through my good friend Sergio Arnaiz, I had the honor of meeting world famous Hollywood clairvoyant Maria Moreno (see her story in the book "Ghosts Over Hollywood" by Jess Stearns). In our session Maria went into a trance and three spirits spoke through her. It is too long to explain here all the things she told me about my life in complete accuracy, but some included specifically giving me names of my relatives, telling me I almost died of a heart attack when I was six years old (true), telling me that she saw blood on my mother, which I had not seen in several weeks (she turned out to be in the hospital with a broken arm), and telling me that my oldest brother Pedro Octavio, who died in a car crash a year earlier was with us in the room and then gave me a message from him that was very relative to my life then and which help me identify certain dangers I was facing.

In the session, Clarita, one of the spirits speaking through Maria, told me she could see I played the guitar and sang, and asked me if I had considered becoming a professional musician, but I told her I did not think I had the potential of being one so that I was not pursuing any dreams of being a professional musician (but I became a musician later in life in 2003 when I started my philosophical musical project Café Peyote). Another very interesting comment she made, which takes us back to my dream, was that I was going to travel substantially, but at that time the comment meant nothing to me. That turned out to be true as well.

Towards the end of the session Clarita told me to contact her spiritually, to loudly call her name when I was alone in a quiet place so she could come to me to chat, and I took her up on her offer. Several months later, when in my and some friend's old apartment on a sunny afternoon I did just that. A sat in a yoga-like position and started calling her name, talking to her and asking that she and the other spirits come to me. After what I guess was 5 or more minutes I heard a noise, like a scratch on a wall, which scared the living lights out of me.

My heart was pounding heavily, very scared, but I controlled myself and continued speaking, asking if it was her. Then several minutes later I heard the noise again, so I did the same thing, encouraging her to speak to me, while trembling. One thing is to believe in the afterlife, another to experience it). Several minutes later I heard the noise for the third time, but then realized that the noise was coming from the kitchen, so I got up, went to the kitchen and saw that the noise was coming from a kitchen drawer that was slightly opened. When I pulled the drawer — a large mouse jumped out of the drawer and fell to my side and ran under the kitchen appliances. I almost had a heart attack!

Completely frightened by the experience, but laughing at the circumstances, I went back to my yoga position, continued talking asking Clarita to speak to me, but the experience had been too much for me mentally, so after a couple of minutes I told her I was giving up for that evening, that I would try again in the future and went to lay down on my back on a couch.

I was completely awake after that scary experience and was thinking of what had just happened. Then, while lying down, I decided to try it again after a couple of minutes, but this time I asked Clarita to give me a vision, to show me something in the future, and within a couple of minutes I blanked out and had a vision of a horrible event, a car accident with police cars, which I saw clearly in detail, but it was just 2-5 seconds long and then I abruptly awoke. It was so short that I could not tell what the scene was a part of, what happened before or what happened afterwards, so I just left it at that.

My friend Sergio visited Maria often and about two weeks after my vision I saw him and he said that he had just seen Maria and had spoken to Clarita the day before and that she told him to tell me to be very careful because I was facing danger, without any details. About two weeks later the prophetic event happened and in that whole experience, those 2-5 seconds of the vision Clarita gave me came true, identical as I saw it then, as if I had seen it in a movie. The experience is too personal to share here, so I prefer not explaining it in detail at this time. By the way, Sergio was my age. Clarita had told him and his mother that Sergio would die at a young age, and he did die several months before his 21st birthday.

After I saw Maria that day I never saw her again until about one or two years later. My father used to have the newspaper delivered at home and always left it next to the phone. I never read it, other than maybe looking for featured movies in the movie theatre. One day, for no reason at all, I picked up the newspaper and started scanning through it and to my surprise on page 5+, in a small box (right hand side, half way down in the middle) there was an article saying that famous clairvoyant Maria Moreno was in town (Tijuana) and it even said in what hotel she was staying. I called her to meet and went to her room.

We did another session. In the session she told me, among other things, that Sergio was there and that he asked if I remembered when he was my chauffeur. I started crying out of sadness and joy at the same time, as on my 18th birthday Sergio invited me to spend the week with him and his girlfriend in Santa Cruz, CA (he was attending college there). He pretty much skipped all his classes and took me throughout the whole bay area, San Francisco, San Jose, Carmel, Pebble

Beach, etc. On the last day we traveled around, going back to his rented house, I was sitting in the car behind him and his girlfriend, and he said, "Do you like me being your chauffeur?"

By the way, Maria was investigated by the FBI in the sixties because she told Robert Kennedy Senior in a session to be careful because there was going to be an attempt on his life.

What is the significance of this? What this means is that while we are living our lives and you are reading this message, the future has already happened. Apparently the past, present and future exist at the same time, in a way far beyond our comprehension. It also proves that there is life after death and spirits dwell in it, good and bad.

What does this have to do with our anti-mandatory vaccine fight? It means that we are fighting against seen and unseen evil forces in its powerful manifestation through all those responsible for the mandatory vaccine agenda and the other atrocities like Toxic GeoEngineering, GMOs, etc. See Ephesians 6:10-13, 16-17.

But more importantly, it means that my dream at 9-11 years old is fulfilling itself, that we are fighting Rome and its armies around the world. It means that the man that was with me in white garb has or will be identifying himself to me so we can fight against this evil. And finally, it means that WE HAVE ALREADY WON, for I saw it in my dream; that we will secure and safeguard with your help the Holy Grail (the Glory of God), and that at some time in the future we will be successful, even though our planet may need to go through a horrible faith to get there – but we will. And apparently it will happen in your and my lifetime as I survived in my dream, at least sufficiently to be giving my best blows to this Evil.

## **ANOTHER PROOF OF SPIRITUAL INTERVENTION IN MY LIFE**

Around 1991 I started doing Eng-Spanish translations of quarterly newsletters of a universal religious organization and translated some of their books. Their writings and philosophy were based on self-help and positive attitude for people living difficult lives, but all based on Trust in God and devotion to others. I did it for a few years only and I did it for free.

Over 20 years later I fully got engaged in the vax fight on 2015 when SB 277 came into play. I don't know how much you know of my work, but I got heavily involved submitting FOIA requests, civil complaints at all levels of government, etc., all my extra time weekday and weekends and late at night trying to find the next thing to do and possible solutions. This was in particular because I had young children that were being impacted. So, this was a fight for our babies, our children, our teenagers subjected to the CDC vaccine schedule.

When SB 276 passed in 2019, removing med exemptions, and the vax activists in CA were misguidedly convinced not to appeal it, one particular day, which I remember clearly, a weekday, around 4:00, I was standing in front of pictures and docs I had on a wall like a poster related to all my work, and I thought, that's it, all I've done has not changed anything, I have spent too much time with no ultimate results to stop mandatory vaccination, including not really being there for my children, because I was always at home, but I was always in my office

(the garage then) reading and typing away. That day I decided that I would not be involved anymore in the vaccine fight – I felt defeated and accepted it!

Two days later I got a letter from the head of the organization that I did the religious translations for +20 years earlier. The letter said that a prisoner from South America, now in the U.S., had written to her and that he included a letter and a drawing for me and that he asked that they please forward it to me, so she did. The letter was in Spanish. This man told me that the organization's writings, which he got access to in jail, had saved his life and that he was devoted to God, and he wanted to thank me personally because I had done the translation that allowed him to read the materials. As a note, he knew nothing about my life or my work in the vaccine fight. Here is the drawing he sent me. My name is on the sign on top of the cross, for better or worse ... and thanks to this, I continue gladly all my work in this fight in service of God and His Children. Amen.

May your faith in our Lord God always be strong. Amen

Pastor Ricardo Beas

