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Children from the Beyond



BY THE SPIRIT MARCOS

SAB

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CHILDREN FROM BEYOND

THROUGH THE SPIRIT OF MARCOS

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PREFACE

Why the discarnation of children, beings in the dawn of their existence? Many problems observed exclusively on the physical side, resemble enigmas without a viable solution; however, examining with an immortality point of view and seeing the gradual development of the soul, we will recognize that spirits in evolution can consciously request certain experiences and engage in them for their proper benefit.

* * *

In terrestrial accomplishments, someone's temporary entailing of a determined service for a previously determined time is commonplace.

There are those reborn in a limited field of action for a uniform job requiring decades of personal presence and there are those who constantly switch their tasks in the course of their existence, still depending on their set quotas of time. We find friends who go through long courses of professional formation in places distant from home and there are others who move

away for a short stated period from the landscape most comfortable to them, searching for things that they feel are needed. And after concluding such enterprises, through the varying trips according to their choices, they return to the workplaces where the structure they find is most fitting for them.

This is the image that we appeal to in order to understand the discarnation of children in the Physical Plane, in terms of immortality and reincarnation.

* * *

Marcos is the friend of readjustment in the Higher Plane, after having left his body of a boy in a traffic accident.

He still feels as child in the degree of evolvment in which he finds himself; he writes to his parents in a moving way, bringing news of himself and of the brothers who were also part of this trial.

The simple and eloquent words of the friendly boy, who identifies himself to the largest possible extent, for the comfort of the cherished beings who are still here, demonstrate that beyond the death of the

body, the spirit continues taking care of the indispensable steps leading to the conquest of the needed progressive evolution.

* * *

Marcos - will continue to be Marcos - a boy in the Spiritual world for some time. This happens to the spirit, even if he belongs to the Highest Planes of the Superior Life, when returning to the Earth to meet certain tasks; he will always be compelled to pass by the infancy stage.

But, far beyond our humble arguments, what counts in this book is the hopeful and illuminated consolation that lie on these pages, not only for the receivers of the communication, but also for those other fathers and mothers in the world who have lost loved children in the dawn of their existence.

Marcos, the soft messenger, makes it clear that life continues beyond the Earth; that new forms of assistance of the children needy instruction and compassion are present after the physical experience; he demonstrates that affective ties do not disappear and that God grants children to

the human parents, not in order to separate them forever, but so that in the life beyond death, there is between them the blessing of an eternal union with the perennial light of love.

EMMANUEL

Uberaba, October 3, 1976.

PRESENTATION

The message from young Marcos was psychographed by Chico Xavier on December 12, 1975, ten months after his passing.

Marcos Hideo Hayashi, twelve years old, and his siblings John Baptist Hayashi and Sheila Tieko Hayashi who were respectively eleven and seven years old, discarnated on last February 9th as a result of an accident in Via Anhanguera, close to their town of Perus. They were the only children of Ukuru Hayashi and Ms. Elite Diogo de Oliveira Hayashi.

In a few words, we will place you, dear reader, in the family drama that involved these parents and their three children from a few moments before the accident until the posthumous message given by Marcos to Chico Xavier.

CAIO RAMACCIOTTI

S. Bernardo do Campo, October 3, 1976.

THE SEPARATION

Ukuru Hayashi - also known as Roberto - was so attached to his children, that it was hard to convince him to allow his two sons Marcos and John Baptist to spend a week in Ribeirao Preto with family friends.

Ms. Elite had many favoring arguments: it was the end of the summer vacation, Marcos, the eldest brother, has finished first in his class in his final exams in December and had considerably helped his father with the deliveries in the "Little Truck"; everything was supporting proof that Roberto should let his children go.

Quiet and introverted, Roberto usually spoke little. And, to aggravate his recluse, he always remembered a revelation that had occurred to him years before he had met his wife, Ms. Elite.

When single, a friend had given a convincing foresight that in his future there was a Brazilian wife, without any Japanese descendancy, that the couple would have three children, but however, that the children would die. Such prophecy that had

profoundly touched Roberto, was only revealed to his wife after the passing of his children.

As we said, with the persistence of Ms. Elite and the children, Roberto finally agreed that the older children, Marcos and John Baptist, spent the first week of February 1975 in Ribeirao Preto.

They took the bus with a family friend, and the following week Ms. Elite, the youngest child Sheila, her bother Saulo Prestes de Oliveira and her sister-in-law Maria Prestes Oliveira took the Volkswagen to pick up their children in Ribeirao Preto. Also in the car, in his mother's arms, was a son of the couple that accompanied Ms. Elite.

On Sunday, February 9, they were returning to Perus. Saulo on the steering wheel, Ms. Elite on the passenger's side with her daughter Sheila on her lap. In the backseat were Marcos, John Baptist, and Ms. Maria with her son. The car was filled with joy, music and celebration because on John Baptist's 11th birthday that had occurred the previous day. In this

untroubled atmosphere, they arrived to the entrance of Perus when a pick-up truck hit and sent flying the Volkswagen as it left Via Anhanguera to go into the overpass that led to Perus.

All backseat passengers died instantaneously: Ms. Maria and the three siblings Marcos, John Baptist and Sheila. According to Ms. Elite, only three minutes before the accident, because of a sudden sickness of her young nephew, Sheila had to go to the backseat so that Ms. Elite could hold him on her lap.

The young boy survived, but Sheila, as a result of this switching of places, passed away with her two brothers and aunt.

FROM THE ACCIDENT TO THE PSYCHOGRAPHY OF THE MESSAGE

-

A NEW REALITY

The adaptation to the new reality of their lives happened with continuing and uncontrollable tears. Unexpectedly, the happy family was destroyed. The parents who were left desperately crawled about their house in search of their absent kids Marcos, John Baptist and Sheila.

Roberto spoke very little; usually he was quiet and stubborn, but he now closed up in his own shell; he continued to work hard since his duties required that the "little truck" crept around Vale Paraiba to deliver the goods that had been sold.

Ms. Elite, between tranquilizers and panic attacks, carried time on her back while she missed her kids. She would no longer return home; living with her mother, she nurtured the obstinate idea of seeing once again her kids, whom she refused to believe dead.

What poems will not emerge, in the midst of such sorrowful times, from the humble hearts of Ukuru and Elite as those that emerged in the remembrance of the three angels that parted? Certainly as beautiful as David's Psalm 23 - the Psalm of the departure - was that, one week before dying during a reunion put together by Ms. Elite for her religious friends, as if foreseeing the discarnation, John Baptist asked that all to sing together. The song of David, among other mentions to the Lord, says:

"Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for you are with me..."

While before she was connected to another domain of faith, one month after February 9th, Ms. Elite went to Uberaba following the suggestions of her neighbor Ms. Consuelo Andrade Carvalho. She wanted to meet Francisco Candido Xavier, also known as Chico Xavier.

She went amidst the crowd that stood there to greet Chico, and quickly had the

opportunity to show him a photograph of the three children asking him to comfort her.

"Who am I to comfort you? I am nobody," answered Chico Xavier.

The dialogue with the medium ended after this short exchange, due to the respect that Chico had in regard to the suffering of Ms. Elite, as he desired that she returned home in a better state.

She returned to Uberaba four more times during 1975, always without going into details with Chico, since their exchanges ended with brief greetings. On the last visit on December 12th, Marcos brought the exuberating message that was psychographed.

After receiving the message, although the pain persisted, the parents felt comforted. Every once in a while a smile appears on Ms. Elite's face, and on Robert's eyes, we can see a increasingly less sorrowful light.

It was a renovation; with the sure survival of the spirit, the structure of the couple's life abated by the provisional separation was reconstructed. It was the

certain conviction that their three kids did not die; a conviction solidified by the following message, psychographed by the hands of Chico Xavier, who did not know the details of the accident and the names cited by Marcos. Some of those names, even Ms. Elite and Robert had difficulty in identifying.

THE MESSAGE



Dear Mom, dear Dad. I am following the order of grandpa Joaquim who brought me to write. I ask that you bless me.

Dear Mom, you ask for news and have prayed so much, that I find myself here to bring hope to your heart and strengthen dad's trust in life. I don't really know how to do that: I will write telling you what is happening.



Grandpa is helping me, but deep inside of me, I still have the feeling of one who is consistently about to cry. I need to be strong and to be a man to accept a responsibility such as this.



Dad always taught us that we ought to put weight on the light of our hearts as we pursue the walk of life, but dear Mom, it is so painful to triumph, that I do not have the strength to ameliorate the situation. Grandpa tells me that I do not need to look for excuses, but to take up the discussion without further delay.



First of all, dear Mom, I want to tell you to trust in God and in life. Dad is more quiet and many times has expressions so different from ours, but to him I am also addressing this letter.

I pray that you do not let yourselves be taken by suffering, although this advice should be dictated to myself as well.



We communicate as if in a direct phone, in which the pencil lead is forming my words, without the possibility that I receive the response of my dear parents concurrently.



I know of everything that has been happening. I know Mom, that you are being considered a person with mental complications. But we up here understand your afflictions. Three kids crushed as they arrived home... and our sudden separation. This would trouble even the mind of a giant, especially with our hearts being linked by so much love.



Ever since I woke up here, I hear your heart screaming, your words that are not outspoken, your afflicted quiet prayers, and your tears that no one on Earth sees. But I ask you, on behalf of Sheila, John Baptist and myself, that you live with faith in our reencounter. Mom, if it weren't for how much we miss home and yours and daddy's voice that I feel inside of me, I'd able to say that everything is alright. But I can now say that everything will become better, as soon as we strengthen our patience and confidence.



We are all in a park for children who
crossed over at an early time.

We have treatments, exercises,
lessons and we are much cherished.



Many more grown up children help the younger ones and aid the nice nurses who take care of us as if we were their own kids.



We get some rest, but the rest is filled with remembrances that seem alive as if colored lightning that strikes us and stays in our mind. In the screens of our souls, we can see what is happening at a distance; in addition Mom, your voice reaches us in various ways.

I ask that you - who is our dear guardian angel - that you hand over to God the happenings of February.

Don't cry anymore with such affliction and downheartedness.



You, who have always been so caring
and good to us, wouldn't cry with such
sorrow anymore if you saw our dear Sheila
plunge into affliction desiring to meet you.

Help us, dear Mom.



Here, we have many people dedicated to goodness.

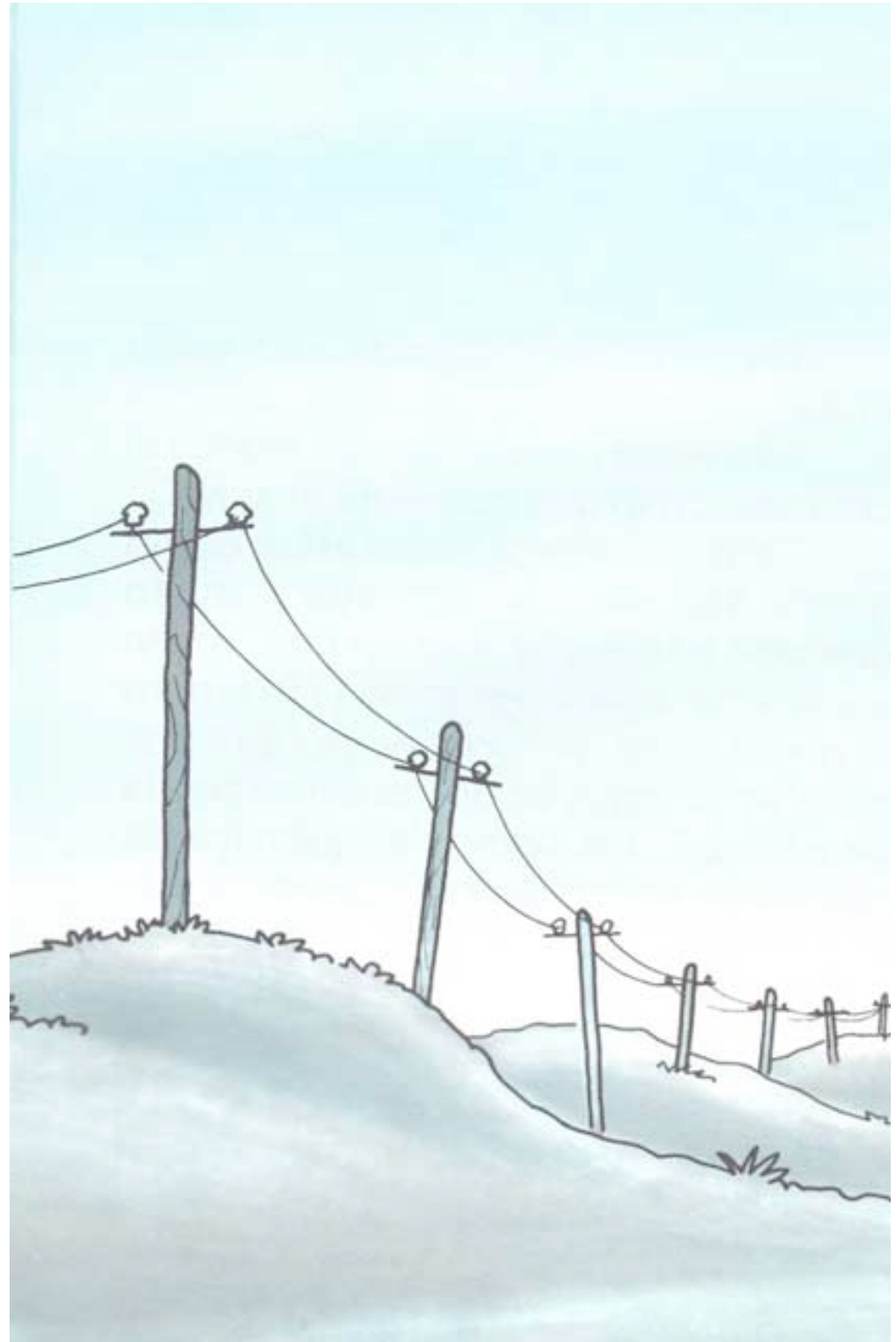
Sister Luiza, whom I previously did not know, has been blessing us, and a saintly person who goes by the name of Brother Ukuru surrounds us most days with much love.

Uncle Diogo and grandpa Joaquim are also friends who do everything in order to help us.

I have not yet heard of Aunt Maria. I inquire about her, but am only given the news that she is doing well.



In a certain way, I do not yet feel entirely myself. If I had to go back to study at home, I don't believe it would be possible. My head feels perplexed, like a person who has not come out of a big scare; I cannot remember very well that van nor our house in Perus because the strong emotion that takes over my mind makes me feel dizzy. But grandpa Joaquim tells me that everything will be better when you and dad become stronger.



We are united, although I do not know exactly how it works. Our thought is a force, but I cannot truly explain what I feel. Mom, please do not stagnate your thoughts in our remembrance.



In our name, please give away everything that was ours to other children.

We will keep you in our hearts, since you, dad, John Baptist, Sheila and I have not been separated. Ask for energy towards us in your ongoing sweet prayers.

Mom, tears are a force from God in our lives and therefore no one is free from crying; but our tears should go with prayers of thankfulness, love, peace and faith.



One day, we shall all be together again; but do not desire to come here as if one who forces his way into an unknown house.



Little by little, we will understand the reasons for everything that happened.

We pray so that no one is attributed guilt for the accident.

That car was driven by us, but no one creates problems in traffic out of free will, as was the case in our accident.

Mom, we want peace, peace for everyone. You and dad, please help us in our peace.

Do not grumble.

Let's cultivate our nostalgia in the doctrine of loving our neighbor.



We have so many neighbors in the sidewalks and on the streets asking for help. Let them also be sons in your heart.



Here, many parents of lost children pray with us for their children who suffer in the world, and I know that you and dad can be of help and a blessing to these kids, children of so many good friends that help us here.



CONCLUDING COMMENTS

I cannot continue.

Mom, please bless the kids that stand here, without you, but always needing you in order to remain strong.

God will help us.

Today, I have greater faith. In my name and that of my siblings, I leave our respectful and loving kisses to you at home.

And also accept a hug from grandpa Joaquim and all the heart of your son,

MARCOS

Uberaba, December 12, 1975.

"Three kids crushed as they arrived home... and our sudden separation. This would trouble even the mind of a giant, especially with our hearts being linked by so much love." These are words from the twelve year-old boy. While the profound concepts coming from the mind of an adolescent child impress us, the grandeur of his feelings also moves us deeply. It is the child that talks to the parents, demonstrating that the difficulties are the same on the other side, and that their longing for one another remains alive.

In the message, the son supplicates when he speaks to his mom, asking her not to remain in tears, because the kids on the other side are truly the ones who suffer with the tears of their parents. It is for that that Marcos says, "Mom, if it weren't for how much we miss home and yours and daddy's voice that I feel inside of me, I'd able to say that everything is alright."

From the message, let us set aside a few citations, in the order in which they

were psychographed, in order to clarify them:

1. "Grandpa Joaquim" - maternal grandfather, Joaquim Diogo de Oliveira, discarnated 16 years before in Perus.

2. "Dad is quiet." - simple and surprising revelation. Chico had just met Mr. Ukuru for the first time before receiving this message. Being quiet is a very distinct part of Roberto's personality. He practically does not speak, and it was very difficult to hear a single word from the loving father in the interviews we conducted with the couple.

3. Between the dosages of tranquilizers and attacks of despair, Ms. Elite was already considered by many a mental alienation, affected by the trauma of separation from her children.

4. "We are in a park of children who came here quickly." With respect to the children after their discarnation, the reader will find explanations of Andre Luiz in the book *"Entre a Terra e o Ceu,"* (Between Earth and Heaven) psychographed by Francisco Xavier, where he speaks of the

Home of Blessing, where young discarnated meet under the dedicated protection of elevated professors of the Spiritual Plane.

5. Reference to the accident that killed the three siblings in Via Anhanguera, in the afternoon of February 9, 1975.

6. As we observed in the beginning of these comments, the sorrow of the parents work as darts that directly hit the discarnated children; that is why Marcos remembered his Mother not to cry anymore, because her dear Sheila would powerlessly trip over her affliction, wanting the impossible reencounter...

7. Sister Luiza - Marcos possibly was referring to a friend of the family who died in Guaira, Sao Paulo many years before. The brother Ukuru, with the same name as the father of the children, was not yet recognized in the more immediate remembrances of the family.

8. Diogo - Pedro Diogo de Faria, brother of Grandpa Joaquim, had died in Faria in 1934.

9. Aunt Maria - Ms. Elite's sister-in-law. She died with the children in the accident. Maria Prestes de Oliveira was 21 years old and minutes before the accident she felt sick and gave her son to Ms. Elite in the front seat of the car. Little Sheila, who was with her mother, had to move to the backseat, and soon after was also affected by the mortal impact. The congregation of the spirits who were to leave little before the accident is a strange coincidence.

10. "That van" - the vehicle that collided with the car where the children were. A peculiar revelation, since Chico did not know the details of the accident.