





# Stairway from Heaven

By Linda Kobler



Published by Eternal, an Imprint of  
DragonEye Publishing

Stairway from Heaven, by Linda Kobler  
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Published by  
Eternal, an Imprint of DragonEye Publishing

First Edition:  
First Printing October 1, 2016

ISBN 13: 978-1-61500-130-9 (Paperback)  
ISBN 13: 978-1-61500-132-3 (EBook Mobi)  
ISBN 13: 978-1-61500-136-1 (Ebook EPub)

Library of Congress Control Number: 2016952845

Publisher info. Contact  
DragonEye Publishing  
511 W. Water St., Unit E  
Elmira, New York, 14905

Phone: 1-(607)-333-5256  
Website: [DragonEyePublishers.com](http://DragonEyePublishers.com)  
[Orders@DragonEyePublishers.com](mailto:Orders@DragonEyePublishers.com)

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## DEDICATION

For my wonderful parents and their adoring, endless love.

For my sister Judy who shared my childhood so lovingly.

For my husband David who makes all my dreams come true.

For my darlings, Jeremie, Matthew and Jason, my precious sons who have given me the greatest joy in my life.

For my beautiful seven grandchildren who keep me forever young and fill my life with magic.

*“For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.”*

MATTHEW 6:21



In loving remembrance of SGT. Jeremie James Kobler

11-10-73 to 9-26-12

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I AM FOREVER grateful to the many contributors who shared their miraculous encounters and testimonies with me, allowing the world a luminous glimpse beyond death.

Judy Lamz Tilton, Sam Brinez, Ruth Roy, Karen Swinford, Judi and Harvey Meadvin, Mary Brickley, Rodney Baker, Rosalie Balcitis, Arturo Elpidio, Patricia Dace, Pat, Elizenda V. Marquez Clover, Barb Martinez, Alice Stacionis, Deborah Meeks and William Kocureck. Some names were withheld by request.

Special appreciation to all my wonderful friends, sons Jason and Matthew, sister Judy and coworkers who generously allowed me to consult with them endlessly on the writing and the review of *STAIRWAY from HEAVEN*.

Loving thanks to my amazing husband David with whose assistance in formatting, editing, cover design and all endeavors made this book possible.

## PREFACE

I BELIEVE THAT we are timeless, the great mystery which has perplexed mankind since the beginning of human existence. Immortality and the proof of it has mystified and intrigued all cultures and civilizations since the beginning of time.

In 2016, more than half of us believe that spiritual forces have influence on the earth. Research commissioned to launch a podcast *THINGS UNSEEN*, revealed that 16% of those surveyed reported that they knew someone who had experienced a miracle. 8% of the nonreligious reported that they or someone they knew had experienced a miracle.

Research regarding religion around the world reveals that 63% of the population is religious, 22% is nonreligious and 11% is atheist. (The Independent, April 2015).

According to Theos (Religious Think Tank) a majority of people (59%) are believers in the existence of some kind of spiritual beings.

Although institutionalized religious belonging has declined over recent decades, the world has not become nonreligious. On the contrary, a spiritual current runs powerfully throughout an enlightening world.

The research also reveals that more than three in five Christians (62%) believe that spiritual forces influence people's thoughts and the human or natural world.

More surprisingly, 35% of the nonreligious believe this as well.

We find reference to the human spirit throughout both the Old and New Testament.

According to the bible, "*the dust of the ground*" becomes the *physical body* and a "*living soul*" refers to the human soul, which is one's psychological part, their mind, emotion and will. The breath of life refers to the third part of man, that of the human spirit. Proverbs 20:27 says "*The spirit of man is the lamp of Jehovah.*"

A survey in 2012 revealed that 55% of those polled believe in life after death, 58% believe in Heaven and 72% believe in the human soul. 63% report a belief in communication between the living and the departed.

Of the latter, 51% report a personal experience and communication with a deceased loved one.

Each one of us must decide for ourselves what the human spirit actually is. Is it the part of us that continues after death? The presenters in this book will accompany you on a mesmerizing journey. Their true story accounts will offer you a new look at spiritual events and visitation after death.

Once published, my first book, SACRED MESSAGES took on a life of its own. A flood of personal testimonies and magnificent validations emerged.

I came to realize the overwhelming interest in the quest for spiritual knowledge. Nearly half of all humans will have a spiritual experience in their lifetime. Many events will be shared from generation to generation. Some will be quietly whispered within family walls. Others will be declared in legend or find a place in history. Often the testimonies will be poignant, rare or perhaps miraculous in nature. These accounts open doors to a sacred place, one many of us wonder of, long for and seek.

Science is beginning to acknowledge the possibility of spiritual and mystical events, facts that the ancients have known time immemorial.

It seems only to follow that one day science and spiritualism will join in agreement that these resplendent events are not only *real*, but actually quite common and experienced frequently by those who have the ability to *perceive them*.

*One must open their eyes to see, miracles happen every day.*

STAIRWAY FROM HEAVEN is a spellbinding collection, an anthology of miraculous true stories of spiritual encounters.

The individuals who presented their moving experiences wished to offer hope, validation and the promise of life after life.

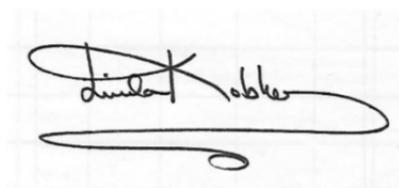
Following the death of our eldest son, Jeremie, our eyes were opened, never to close again.

I continue to share his resplendent message of hope and life after life. As a beacon of light, Jeremie's love continues to burn ever so brightly.

As the door opens and the pages turn, we invite you to a transforming odyssey. Our hope is that the skeptic will be enlightened, the grieving will find hope and our loved ones, no longer with us will find their way home.

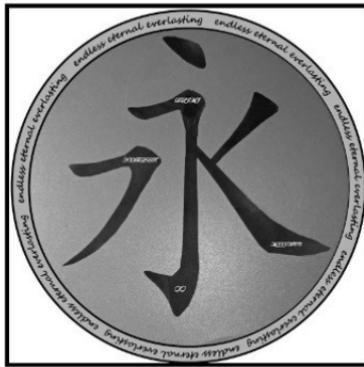
LINDA KOBLER

Stairway  
from  
Heaven

A handwritten signature in black ink on a light blue grid background. The signature reads "Linda Kobler" in a cursive style. Below the name is a long, horizontal, looping flourish that extends to the right and then curves back to the left, ending in a small loop.

“It was a small copper coin floating magically through the air, resting finally on my pillow. I knew it to be a gift from my brother, his promise that we are never parted.”

The Brothers



“WHERE THERE IS SHADOW,  
LIGHT.”

FROM THE PRAYER OF ST. FRANCIS

LINDA KOBLER

# THE KISS

“LIFE IS SPIRIT. IT FLOWS THROUGH THE  
DEATH OF ME, ENDLESSLY, LIKE A RIVER  
UNAFRAID OF BECOMING THE SEA.”

Costa



## STAIRWAY FROM HEAVEN

Chapter 1

THE HEAVY DOORS bursting open, she entered as if launched by a massive wind. Somewhat frenzied and disordered, she anxiously searched the store, hoping to find her point of mission. As she turned the corner, our eyes met and the young woman seemed to float toward me. Suddenly she appeared directly facing me, her hand firmly placed on my book. She trembled with excitement and her voice though audible, delivered her message in whispered tones. “He is here you know, the man in the book. Is he your son?” I responded that yes, my son was presented in the book. By this time, the other authors and the crowd began to draw closer, in the hope of hearing her excited, yet subdued declaration. I explained to the woman that my son, Jeremie, had died tragically two years before and was the inspiration for the book, *Sacred Messages*. She nodded in agreement and pointed into the store “He is here with me today and he wants me to deliver a message to you.”

There had been an electric charge in the air that morning. This was the initial book signing for *Sacred Messages*, my first book.

Barnes and Noble had invited several local authors in the Rockford, Illinois area. I was very excited to be included. I hurried about, unpacking my case, seeking my assigned seating area, placing my book marks, business cards and display items on the presentation table. Pen readied, I eagerly anticipated the first signing of my book.

Once settled, I began chatting with two of the authors. Having attended other book signings, they were more experienced at these events. I welcomed their advice and direction and we made plans for lunch at a future date. We conversed, presented our books and wandered throughout the store, marketing our written wares to literary lovers. A few readers shopped for a gift, a daunting endeavor as most individuals are often quite particular regarding their personal reading preferences. Some were students, others adventure seekers.

Of course there was always the quiet pensive who sought the perfect book to read by the fire while sipping a glass of wine.

Which of them would be the reader for my book?

I had never imagined writing a book or ever really being an author. Having always loved writing, I had enjoyed some elemental attempts at poetry in my teenage years.

I had written and presented eulogies for both of my wonderful parents and my Aunt Rose.

I have authored all of our family's annual Christmas letters for the past forty years, some out of a sense of holiday obligation yet, mostly for my own personal enjoyment.

I was the dedicated amateur, to be sure, and have enjoyed writing letters to friends and family, despite the tempting convenience of computers and Facebook. Old fashioned, I suppose, the art of letter writing and the beauty of the written word has always been my preference. The mastery of the script and the flow of each word bequeaths a more personal, memorable and lasting presence not found in contemporary communication.

One rainy afternoon, three years ago, I discovered an old dusty wooden box in our attic, one that my mother must have saved from my youth. It was an amazing find as I had never seen it before.

Inside were crayoned notes to my parents and sister Judy, little scribbled sketches of the sun, clouds, figure drawings and primary diaries from the first grade when I was five. The written word has become a way of life for me, I suppose, jotting notes on the back of check books, napkins or any little scrap of paper available. I have even resorted to noting on the bottoms of my shoes when necessary.

If a special quote, thought or song dances through my head it becomes noteworthy and is promptly added to the archives for later scrutiny.

I had also written journals throughout the years when my children were small, starting months before they were born and into their childhoods. My journals are now waning and weathered, yet never fail to resurrect tender memories each time they are read. So perhaps in some universal way, the potential for writing lies in all of us.

We collect thoughts and memorabilia in tiny boxes under our beds or in forgotten closets with the intention of revisiting them one day and entreating them to permanence. As the mute who chooses not to speak, sings only when the music demands lyrics.

Journaling is an ancient art. There exists evidence of writing dating back to Mesopotamia (Sumer) in 3200 BCE and Meso-America in 600 BC. An ancient diary and collection of letters written by Pliny the Younger in 79 AD described the disaster in Pompeii and was not discovered until the sixteenth century. The Bible itself is a collection of sixty six books written by forty authors over a sixteen hundred year period. The written word can cease time, heal wounds of the soul or register history. It allows one the opportunity to transfer emotion to writing and reflect it from one's heart.

Writing eternalizes the human experience, in love, war, religion, personal joy and tragedy. Journaling became my obsession in an effort to express and reconcile my anguish.

David and I were blessed with three sons. It has been said that each child bequeaths its mother a spiritual lesson. The new born is the most relentless of teachers.

A young mother so wanting to prove herself worthy and competent, dedicates her very existence to her precious new charge. In the intensity of this sacred relationship, I believe that the infant and the mother merge into one spiritual entity.

The sanctity and miracle of gestation and birth creates a constancy in this amazing union, although different souls, one divine inseparable connection and one shared spirit from conception to eternity. It is a bond like no other in human existence. The love between mother and child is endless and transcends death. The young soldier calls out to his mother in the last throws of death as the mother's last words are those of love for her children.

The greatest of all love stories is that between a mother and child.

And so it would be with my three sons, sacred tributaries blooming from the main tree, their mother, intertwined eternally in her branches and though separate, intermingled to their origin.

With the blessing of the sun's light and its kiss of warmth, three young, stronger and beautiful trees emerge to grow and flourish. Hence, our children became my *Corazon, mon tout, my everything*,

From the moment our sons were born, they became David's and my morning, our good night and everything in between. My total happiness and joy of life has always revolved around the family, once our beautiful babies and in the passing of time, our amazing grown men, our trio of sons, and the Kobler band of brothers.

They have been the music to my song. Jeremie, Matthew and Jason became David's and my life's purpose. Motherhood has been my reason for being.

My name was announced over the store's PA system and it was time for my presentation at last. I began to describe the book. It is a unique book in that it is a love story, a memoir and a mystery. It describes my early years and the amazing spiritual history of my family. My mother, and both of my grandmothers were spiritually gifted. The story is true and describes mystical and miraculous events in my life that are unexplained.

Following the tragic death of our son, Jeremie, amazing events began to occur.

We received numerous letters, emails and phone calls from his friends, co-workers family and acquaintances, describing dreams and communications which were spellbinding.

It was incredible and these amazing messages inspired "*SACRED MESSAGES*."

The audience seemed intrigued and began purchasing books and specifying their requests for my signature.

Many readers shared their personal stories with me, describing their own tragic losses. They were people searching for comfort, for answers. They hoped for miracles, just as I had after the death of our son, Jeremie. I signed their books and I wished them peace and the hope that the book would give them a new way of looking at loss. I encouraged them to be vigilant, to

be aware of messages, though perhaps unexplained, *actual* spiritual communications. Miracles happen every day, one must open their eyes to see, one must trust in that which is unseen and unexplained.

I had recalled all the years of my childhood, being aware of miraculous events and witnessing many of them for myself. One by one, the words of my mother, her reassuring smile and mystical predictions became an intrinsic part of me. My own precognitive dreams pronounced my belief.

I knew deep in my heart that wondrous events happen every day, that skeptics will always shake their heads and one should not be discouraged by them.

There *are* unexplained mysteries in this earthly existence which are not understood or easily explained, yet actually *do* occur.

I believe our eyes are finally opened to Sacred Messages following a tragic loss, a life changing illness or the observation of an amazing event that cannot be easily explained. My religious education and my experiences as an adult have convinced me;

“We are not humans having a spiritual existence, but spiritual beings having a human existence.”(Pierre De Chardin)

The tragic, sudden death of our son, Jeremie, forever changed me. A trip to the local apple orchard on a warm September afternoon would end in tragedy. Having survived three deployments to the Middle East,

seventeen years in the Air Force and nineteen tears in law enforcement it all seemed too impossible to believe.

One moment he was happily riding his motorcycle on a country road, the next, so badly broken and wounded that he died instantly. My grief and sense of loss was paralyzing. I clung to my faith blindly, in complete surrender. There were to be no final goodbyes, no last words of love, no adoring embrace. Our wonderful Jeremie was gone.

The tears flowed from my pen, bleeding onto the paper, transforming as ink. I was consumed in capturing these experiences, to put the pain to paper, to establish a record and a mirror to our crippling loss.

The early months of journaling after Jeremie's death were fogged and blurred, as I struggled with my grief.

My anguish created the words and my sorrow, the paragraphs. In a brief few months, my expose' was complete, my heart unveiled and transparent, hence my torture had come to light for all the world to witness.

SACRED MESSAGES emerged as the book that wrote me.

While in the Air Force on various deployments, Jeremie had always found a way to communicate with his father and I, to tell us he was safe. One email cited "**JKOK**". This was offered at a time of military action. Another message sent was "**SOON**". "**SWAK**" and "**KISS**".

I knew in my mother's heart that my son would find a way to come home to me, a way to comfort us, to reassure us that he was "OK". His resplendent image in the evergreen tree overlooking the funeral service affirmed what I had prayed for. Jeremie had transcended death to offer this one last gift, this message of love, this proof of immortality.

Friends, family, and coworkers called, wrote and emailed endlessly with dreams of Jeremie communicating after his death. Amazingly, the communications continue regularly after several years.

Jeremie's death was my darkest hour. The greatest torture was the recurring thought of my wonderful son dying on the cold, filthy road, alone and suffering unimaginable, grueling pain the long minutes before he died. There had been no one to comfort him, to hold him in a last embrace, to speak the words of love and prayer. The thought haunted me, vexing my sleep and my peace and remained ever present in my mind.

The impression of Jeremie dying alone in hideous pain had been a perpetual sword in my heart.

The young dark haired woman continued to whisper her golden words, mesmerizing me, our eyes locked in hypnotic focus. For several endless minutes, I was oblivious to anything or anyone around me. There was only this hushed miracle, this mystical bestowal filling my heart and exhilarating my very soul. Impervious, I studied every breath she took, the resonance of her voice and every word she spoke. I was compelled to enshrine it to memory as if in the listening, my Jeremie would return to me.

Her name was Mercedes and she shared the fact that she had been a visionary, a psychic medium since the age of twelve. She remembered being quite ill as a child and felt perhaps that was the beginning of her “gift.” She continued, “some people call me a diviner or conjurer.

Most of my communication with spirit is dark and full of despair, very sad. However this message was the most beautiful I have ever received, so full of love and light that I had to make this journey to deliver it to you.” As she spoke the tears danced down her face and the two of us wept together.

She continued. “Last evening, my family and I were having dinner in a restaurant in Aurora Illinois. It was exactly 5:30PM on September 26<sup>th</sup>, 2014. I believe that it was the second anniversary of your son’s death and the exact time of his death, yes?” (I nodded in agreement, incredulous at her knowing these details as she had not read the book.) “At that very moment a tall, dark haired man walked past our table, dressed in a

military uniform. He was really extraordinary, young and handsome wearing medals and an Air Force beret.

The insignia on his uniform was “Air Force Security Police”; the name badge was KOBLER. As he passed us I believed him to be of flesh as he was solid, as if not spiritual. Then he turned to smile at me and he was encircled by a beautiful white light and I knew him to be spirit.

He spoke no words but delivered this message; “Tell my family and children that I love them and I am happy and well, I am waiting for them here.” He made a motion from his lips and blew it as if a Kiss. He smiled and continued with the message. “Just for my mother, please tell her that I did not suffer or feel any pain at the accident. I had already been liberated from my body before the impact.

I witnessed the accident from above and there was no pain. Please tell my mother that I love her and not to mourn. Tell her I am happy.” With that the young airman smiled, turned, thanked her and vanished.

I sat stunned, spellbound with her testimony. This message could only have come from my Jeremie. Only *he* would have known my deepest wound, my persistent nightmare, my haunting worry.

I asked the medium how it was that she knew her destination and how to find me? She answered “Spirit always guides me. I got into my car this morning and began driving toward Rockford. I was guided to the bookstore by the young airman and as I approached the

book store, saw him waiting for me at the doors”. She explained that she had not read the book and knew nothing of it.

Her only mission was to deliver this precious message from a son to his mother, this loving, amazing message of hope and light. “It is a gift of love to you, because he loves you so much.”

These events were the revelation and inspiration for the sequel, STAIRWAY from HEAVEN.

*“He said softly, “I love you Mother.” He took my hand and kissed it, then folded my fingers around the stem of the rose. He had stripped it of its thorns.”*

Elizabeth Peters

LINDA KOBLER

# MY PRAYER

“I BELIEVE IN PRAYER.  
IT IS THE BEST WAY TO  
DRAW STRENGTH FROM  
HEAVEN.”

Josephine Baker



## STAIRWAY FROM HEAVEN

## Chapter 2

**R**OSALIE BALCITIS ADORED her wonderful parents. Growing up, she loved the traditional celebrations and the joy of everyday life with her family.

Time passed and Rosalie left her childhood home and married. Two years later, her father died when her son was nine months old. The loss tormented the family. Now, Shirley, Rosalie's mother, would remain the matriarch, her only living parent. Needless to say, Shirley became the primary focus and treasure of the family.

In 1999, on a warm summer afternoon, Rosalie's mother suffered a tragic accident. While crossing the road, Shirley was struck by a car.

It was a miracle that she had survived. Injured, it seemed, beyond recovery, Rosalie's mother clung precipitously to life. Broken and comatose, death beckoned.

"I spent every hour with my mother, day and night, never leaving her side. After two days at her bed side, I risked a visit to the hospital chapel. I was exhausted and consumed with worry and fear. I began to pray."

Deep in prayer for several minutes, Rosalie became aware of a presence in the chapel. So dedicated to her mission, she continued with her prayer and dedication, believing that the presence was someone else's suffering family member seeking comfort.

Softly, Rosalie felt a touch to her shoulder. A soft voice whispered compassionately, as if calming a weeping child.

The words were very clear and precise, “*your mother will live.*”

Rosalie knew it to be the presence of an angel. She felt the hands on her shoulders and the softness of breath upon her face.

Rosalie opened her eyes, searching the empty chapel and running out into the hallways, only to discover no one there. She knew that the visit had been divine, giving hope to her grieving, anguished heart.

“Initially, I believed it to be a dream, and yet I knew that it was not. I knew it to be an actual physical experience and an amazing message to comfort me and render hope.”

Miraculously, Rosalie’s mother did in fact, survive. Physicians and hospital staff were amazed. After spending five months in the hospital for rehabilitation, Shirley Phillips returned home.

The sacred visitor in the hospital chapel had proclaimed and announced the incredible healing of Rosalie’s mother.

“I have never again experienced anything like it. I know that the encounter in the chapel was heaven sent.”