



**SIGNS
SURROUND
YOU**

Love Never Dies

Laurie Majka
Creator of Soul Heart Art

Special Edition Book Preview

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Praise for Signs Surround You

It is said that composer Johannes Sebastian Bach's final words were, "Don't cry for me, for I go where music is born." In Ancient Greece, Orpheus, endowed with superhuman musical skills, was able to navigate the underworld and charm even Hades with his songs. Throughout the centuries, music is associated with powers beyond our own, in the realm of the afterlife. Laurie Majka brings together music and the communications of her beloved in her fascinating book *Signs Surround You*. She offers a modern-day account of how a musician, the man she loves, brings her a connection to the other side and convinces her that, indeed, our loved ones can communicate with us even after death. Her story carries mythic importance, for it resonates with the tales over the centuries that bring together the makers of music with the mysteries of a world beyond this one.

~Dr. Raymond Moody, bestselling author of *Life after Life*, co – founder of The University of Heaven (theuniversityofheaven.com)

Signs Surround You invites you into Laurie Majka's surprising relationship with lead guitarist Mark Abrahamian of the band *Starship*. The page turner shares a magnetic love story, which draws you into the world of rock and roll, with stunning lyrics and intimate conversations that open the heart and lift the spirit. *Signs Surround You* is a book that celebrates the power of love and its ability to endure even after death. Be inspired by one woman's remarkable account of meeting her soul mate and then losing him and what she learned about communication beyond the veil. You will be convinced that, indeed, **love never dies**.

~**Lisa Smartt**, author *Words at the Threshold & Cante Bardo*

In *Signs Surround You*, Laurie Majka shares intimate stories about her relationship with her Soul Mate, Mark, both before and after his death. These stories prove that our loved ones can continue to communicate with us after they die, and knowing this, you will be left with a sense of hope that love knows no boundaries, even death.

~**Elisa Medhus**, MD author of *My Son and the Afterlife* and *My Life After Death*, a memoir from Heaven

Chapter 1

White Flag

~song by Dido

https://open.spotify.com/track/3adnLFXKO5rC1lhUNSeg3N?si=QYk7zWxhSjKKnOlaJH_Bkw

The flames of love still burned just as brightly as they had seven years before when I first met him. And in that time, not a single day had passed where I didn't think of him. Which was crazy! Crazy, because today was the second anniversary of his death, a day that I dreaded because it put a huge spotlight on the loss – the loss whose pain still ebbed and flowed with the days.

When I first lost him, I remember thinking how quickly time passes and before I'd know it, I would be not marking days or months but marking years. And I wondered if the pain would always be this raw – this close to the surface.

Today surprised me, as I sat in my overstuffed, velvety blue chair, looking at pictures and memories. I thumbed through my blue accordion file folder overflowing with pages and pages of our email correspondence, occasionally picking one page at random and reliving the memory of those times. I stared at the photo he had taken of himself with his new hair cut as he sat in his vintage El Camino; his eyes looked like they had white stars shining from them, and it felt like he was staring back at me. Then it occurred to me that not only was his death the worst thing that had ever happened to me, but in a sense it was also the best thing that had ever happened to me. Life has a way of doing that – taking you all the way down to the deepest abyss, only to shove you back up to the surface, gasping for more. More love, more life, more self-discovery...

Chapter 2

Hearts

"Do you ever think of me

And how we loved one another?"

~song by Marty Balin

<https://open.spotify.com/track/150LOyOS0ISsZ9IcwPf6iT?si=9doVBIrWQ-ihHi4sHAqndA>

The month leading up to his death had been fairly eventful and full of thoughts about him – mostly because the five-year anniversary of our meeting each other was quickly approaching. It was now August 2012, three full years since we had even seen each other. Two years since that hateful day of text messages, where he texted me out of the blue:

~~"I'm happy, healthy and in love. Be good."~~

And I responded back:

~~"I am really happy for u Mark!! I saw posts alluding to u being in love. Jason and I got back together a month ago...he made huge changes over the last two years n so did I. I am so in love with him now, and for the first time I feel like I have everything I always wanted...we r renewing our vows Labor Day on a beach on Lake Superior – he never signed divorce papers that I filed in Feb 09. I could not have all I do now unless I had left him completely. In many ways u were my first real spiritual love. It all works out. Live in your truth."~~

Like the infamous “woman scorned,” I said it to kick him right back – right in the stomach, where his words had kicked me. Because that's how I felt when he told me he was IN LOVE. He could've said it any other way, but he was all about the words and he always chose them wisely. It was done on purpose – said that way because, this particular day, he was in town and he wanted to make sure I was NOT going to come and see him. Mission accomplished!

So how did I respond? I said the one thing I knew I could say that would shove my situation right in his face. Jason and I had been together for 20 years when Mark came into my life. Mark had been the catalyst that brought my marriage to its knees. Now Jason and I were getting back together, and this was the first that Mark was hearing of it. Oh, he pretended it was great news:

~"That is great news about you and your lifelong love. It all works out. Live in your truth!"~

But I knew it took him by surprise, probably even took his breath away. I think it had been his fear all along – that if he rearranged his life around me, I might still go back to Jason at some point. It was an amusing thought, because in my mind there was never a choice between Jason and Mark – they really couldn't be compared. They were in two different categories and might as well have been from two different planets. The correspondence between Mark and me had already ruptured, but this was to be the last time Mark and I would *ever* correspond...

About two days before the five-year anniversary date of our meeting – August 12, 2012 – I had decided that on the anniversary I would send him an email message. I no longer had any idea of his situation – if he was still with someone, or not with someone. But that didn't matter. I had some things I had been stewing about for a long time – thoughts and realizations about impressions I knew Mark had of certain situations. These thoughts were still swirling around in my head, never leaving me alone, begging me to resolve them and put them to rest.

I wanted to resolve them – *needed* to resolve them – but I was having second thoughts about sending an email. It was the fear talking, the fear that I would pour my heart out and Mark would never respond. And the fear that he *would* respond – and how that might open up a crack that had since healed in my heart, opening me up to him once again. That was the risk.

After weighing the options, all the pros and cons, trying to decide what to do – I decided I would create the email first, *then* decide what to do. I spent several hours that Sunday morning composing it – writing, rewriting, making it say exactly what I wanted it to say in the *way* I wanted to say it – hoping that my carefully crafted words would, at the very least, elicit a response from him. In addition to the wrongs I was trying to set right, I also shared some of my deep, intimate thoughts about how I had never stopped thinking about him since the day we met.

The email said a lot – it probably said too much. And it had all been said before in some other place and time. But this was MY heart. It was MY truth – and I felt compelled to create it. I also included a song I wanted him to listen to. The song was "*Hearts*" by *Marty Balin*. It was a good song, one that said everything I wished I could've said to him in person. Ironically, it was a song composed by the same man whose song "*Miracles*" had started this whole crazy thing five years earlier. Funny how fate can make a full circle around you...

After I finally finished the email and had read it and reread it a dozen times, I still wasn't ready to click the "send" button. I decided to reach out to the one person who probably understood me best – my "twin sister," Kelly. She's not a twin in the ordinary sense. We don't even look that much alike, although we both have blue eyes. We don't have the same parents – and that makes us not even sisters. But we called ourselves "twins separated at birth." We literally felt that we were each one-half of the same person. Kelly knew me so well, knew what made me tick. And most importantly at the time – she knew all about Mark.

We met in the parking lot at the carnival where we were to pick up our kids. Sitting there in my car, we discussed the email – breaking it down, dissecting and analyzing every word of it. I even played her the song "*Hearts*." It's kind of

awkward "showing" a song to someone. The song always seems to last ten times longer than when you listen to it by yourself. And you wonder if the person is really catching all the lines of the lyrics, pulling the story together.

It didn't matter. All Kelly had to hear was the first line: "*...I just called to say how lost I feel without you*" – and she said, "No way! You can't send that!" I don't even know if she bothered listening to another word – even though I insisted on playing the song in its entirety.

Kelly was not exactly thrilled with me. She warned that this had the potential to "start things" again. And she was right – there was ALWAYS that risk. She actually talked me out of it, putting even more fear in me than I already had. I really did love Jason and didn't want to screw things up. We hadn't been back together very long, and it was going rather smoothly. Kelly's advice to me was to call Mark, talk to him live and say all the things I wanted to say. But she knew I would be more moderate in a phone conversation than I had been in the email, and a phone call would not leave a paper trail that Jason might discover and get the wrong idea.

A phone call...?? THAT sounded impossible to me! My immediate reaction was "No way am I calling him!" What if he didn't answer? What if he *did* answer? What if he wouldn't take my call – or if I had to leave a message and he never called back? What if, what if, what if...I didn't think my ego was strong enough to handle that kind of rejection. Nope, I couldn't do it. So, I didn't. I didn't send it. Instead, I decided I needed a second opinion.

Part 2

Signs Surround You

Chapter 2

Manipulating Electronics

We are surrounded by electronics, and loved ones in Spirit seem to like to play with electricity and electronics. After all, our loved ones are pure energy now. They are capable of turning the lights on and off, making the phone ring, leaving us voice messages, sending us texts and even changing our computer screen or freezing it with a special message. Electronics can also be used to send us a double sign, such as changing the radio station to a different one while playing a particular song just for you.

Signs that seem to be favored by many in Spirit include lights flashing in the room, the power going on and off or just staying off.

Freezing My Electronics

My vehicle has a touchscreen that shows radio information which includes the name of the radio station I am tuned to and the name of the artist and song currently playing. Four days after Mark died, when I started my car in the morning, the radio had last been tuned into an XM satellite station called “The Bridge.” The screen said, “*With Your Love*” by *Jefferson Starship*, but there was no sound, only silence. Puzzled, I pressed a button to change to another satellite station. The radio then burst to life, broadcasting the song being played on that station – but the screen still said “*With Your Love*” by *Jefferson Starship*. I pressed the button again, to change to an FM station, and the same thing happened – the screen showed “*With Your Love*,” by *Jefferson Starship* yet played the song the station was broadcasting. I was both puzzled and amazed – nothing like that had ever happened before.

I continued pressing buttons and whatever was playing on the station whose button I pushed came through on my stereo speaker like normal – but the car screen *still* said “*With Your Love*” by *Jefferson Starship*. I kept pressing buttons and changing stations back and forth between FM, AM and satellite – with the same result every time. My heart was screaming “It's him! It's him!” But my brain still wanted me to find a “rational explanation.”

I decided to call the Sirius XM Radio company, who broadcast the station “The Bridge,” to check on my satellite subscription. Perhaps it had expired and was turned off, which might explain why my screen was frozen. The customer service representative had never heard of such a thing happening. He checked on my subscription and verified that it was still good for another year. He then offered to reset my radio remotely from their end, which he assured me would clear and reset my frozen screen. Part of me wanted to leave it alone, so I could savor the message

Mark was sending me for a while longer. But since I had waited on hold so long to talk to someone, I agreed to let him try. I waited on the line for five minutes while he reset the programming and confirmed it was complete. To my amazement, my screen was still frozen – it still read “*With Your Love*” by *Jefferson Starship*.

My car screen stayed frozen like that even after I turned the car off and back on again to run a quick errand. When I arrived at my friend Dawn's house for lunch, the screen was still frozen with the title “*With Your Love*” by *Jefferson Starship*. I brought her out to the car to show it to her. As soon as she saw it, she said, “Hi, Mark.” Later, when I returned to my car after lunch, the message had vanished and my touchscreen was finally back to normal.

I don't know why I was so resistant to believing that Mark was trying to contact me, but Mark's death was still so new, and it had been three years since we had last spoken; I was afraid he might not have wanted to connect with me. I guess I needed to be sure there wasn't a logical explanation before I let myself believe something magical was really happening. In the end, I felt this was the first *really* big sign I had received from Mark letting me know without a doubt that he was around.

“I Know You're Out There Somewhere”

While driving home on the six-hour ride from the cabin, I was thinking about the day before when I had heard on the radio the song “*I Know You're Out There Somewhere*” by *The Moody Blues*. I felt strongly that Mark had sent the song to me, but at the time, receiving songs from Mark was still something new. I had never lost anyone this close to me who I felt would send me songs I could connect to. I wanted to hear *The Moody Blues* song again, so I could listen closely to the words. I queued it up on my iPhone music and it wirelessly connected to the car radio.

As the song was playing, the car's touchscreen changed, and instead of saying “*I Know You're Out There Somewhere*” by *The Moody Blues*, the screen now said “*White Rabbit*” by *Jefferson Starship*. My car radio screen had only acted like that the one other time – showing the name of a song that was not the one playing.

I switched to the satellite radio station and the screen now showed a different song name, matching what was playing. When I switched back to connect to my iPhone song again, *The Moody Blues* song was still playing, but the screen now said: ??? *Jefferson Starship*. I had never seen question marks before either, and it still showed a different band than the one that was playing. What was happening was against all probabilities.

When *The Moody Blues* song ended, the screen switched to the name of the song that had just begun playing, in the normal mode. My heart knew that Mark was answering my question and confirming that he had indeed sent the song to me the day before, when I was at my cabin. I truly felt in awe at what I had just experienced.

We Will Be Connected for a Long Time

I “recycled” my old flip phone by using it as an alarm clock. Safely locked inside were ten significant saved text messages from when Mark and I were still together. One night, it was after midnight before I was finally heading for bed. I set my alarms for 5:45, 6:00, and 6:05 a.m., to insure I wouldn't oversleep the next morning. Before placing the phone on my nightstand next to the bed, I reopened two text messages from 2009 that read: “*Sweet dreams*” and “*We will be connected for a long time.*” I smiled to myself and silently told Mark goodnight, then placed the phone on the nightstand and hopped into bed.

No sooner had I laid my head on the pillow than the alarm began sounding. Not wanting to wake Jason, who had to get up super early, I scrambled to turn it off quickly – I'm not even sure how I got the alarm turned off that fast. Then, curious to see what I had done to set the alarm off, I looked at all the alarms to see if I had misset one of them, but they were all three correctly set up. I'm “guessing” Mark just wanted to say goodnight back to me.

April Fools

I was driving in my car when I was dialed into a conference call for work. The call suddenly disconnected, even though I had full cell signal. When the disconnection occurred, the satellite radio launched back into play mode and the song “*It's Not Over*” by *Starship* was playing through my speakers.

Now, what are the chances for that to happen? I thought it funny that Mark disrupted my call to play an April Fools' Day prank on me!

Sedona

Shortly after moving to Arizona, Rachel and I took a day trip to Sedona, Arizona. As we were driving, I was playing one of her favorite songs “*Down Under*” by *Men at Work* through my YouTube app-- as it was not downloaded in my personal music. She asked me what kind of sandwich they were referring to in the song. I handed her my phone so she could read the lyrics on its screen.

Suddenly the song changed to “*Miracles*” by *Jefferson Starship* and the screen *in the car* now also mirrored my phone with the title “*Miracles*” just as the lyrics “...If only you believe in miracles, baby we'd get by” played. Then the screen changed again to “*Unknown Artist.*” At that moment I felt Mark all over-- like his Soul passed thru my body-- and I felt goosebumps from head to toe! Then my phone music reset itself and went to the default beginning of my song collection. This was the first sign I had received from Mark since our move.