

*The Stars Still Shine*  
—e— Magazine —\*—

Sample Issue

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## THE STARS STILL SHINE MAGAZINE

News and Writings from the Afterlife

Vol. 2 Issue 6      June 2004

<http://www.TheStarsStillShine.com/zine.html>

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The Stars Still Shine Magazine, a new monthly e-mail publication, is a direct link from the afterlife. It is an outlet for talented writers and other "people" in spirit. They share messages, conversations, stories and journeys filled with descriptions of adventure and travel. These writers and others from the afterlife channel through Robert Murray.

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The Stars Still Shine Magazine  
Everything in this magazine is true unless stated otherwise.  
This issue is sent to you in two e-mails.

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ROBERT MURRAY  
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Robert Murray (AKA Bob or Father Murray) channels (receives) the material from the contributors in this magazine. For more than 30 years, Robert has been communicating with "people" who have crossed over. Before he channels, he mentally sets up psychic protection for himself. He then sits down in a quiet place in his home where he won't have any interruptions. When he receives messages from Michael, Lynne, David or anyone else, he takes up his pen and paper, and tunes in. He could be called a receiver. He has to find the correct station and there has to be some fine tuning. He hears voices and sees pictures. An interaction takes place. He is conscious and quite aware of his surroundings while he writes. During his conversations with the "people," he sees them in their surroundings and senses their feelings and emotions while they speak. All this comes through him and is recorded by him. He has developed the ability to slow down the messages and write them accurately. This is not automatic writing, but rather transcribing what he actually hears. He has also written a book containing a diary of messages from his son-in-law, Michael, who is also a contributor to the magazine. For more information about Robert and his book, please visit:

<http://www.TheStarsStillShine.com/psychic.html>

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CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE  
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\* MICHAEL

Michael (Mike), Robert's son-in-law, crossed over in 1997. On Earth, Michael was a very unselfish person. He idolized Elvis and was an Elvis impersonator. He loved to sing. He loved to tell funny stories and jokes, and his sense of humor shines through in his messages to this side. Besides what he contributes to this magazine, Michael has sent other messages which are published in the book "The Stars Still Shine: An Afterlife Journey" and at [www.TheStarsStillShine.com](http://www.TheStarsStillShine.com). To have a much better understanding of who Michael is, we encourage you to read the book and Web site:

<http://www.TheStarsStillShine.com>

\* JOHN RITTER

John died in September 2003. He was a talented actor and producer. He acted in several TV series, TV movies, feature films and plays. He was also the voice of Clifford in the animated series "Clifford the Big Red Dog." He was best known for his lead roles in the TV comedy series "Three's Company" and recently "8 Simple Rules."

\* LYNNE & DAVID

Lynne and David are husband and wife. They crossed over on September 11, 2001. On Earth, Lynne worked and volunteered as a librarian. She also had been involved with children and young adults, and kept in touch with them. She considered the many kids she worked with as her sons, daughters, children, friends and family. David was an Emmy award winning writer for the TV series "Frasier," "Wings" and "Cheers."

He, David Lee and Peter Casey formed Grub Street Production, producer of "Frasier" and "Wings."

Michael has become good friends with Lynne and David. Aside from what the three contribute, they have sent messages to Robert about a group of people who crossed over on September 11, 2001. The group includes Lynne and David. Lynne, spelled with an 'e', is not to be mistaken with Michael's wife (living) who is named Lynn, but spelled without the 'e'. To have a better understanding of who Lynne and David are and what they have done in the afterlife, we recommend that you read the messages about the 9-11s group at:

[http://www.TheStarsStillShine.com/9-11s\\_1.html](http://www.TheStarsStillShine.com/9-11s_1.html)

\* JOHN F. KENNEDY, JR.

John is the Special Correspondent for the magazine. He crossed over in 1999. His father is John F. Kennedy, 35th President of the United States of America.

\* MARK TWAIN

Mark died in 1910. His stories are new and are from the Other Side.

\* ERNEST HEMINGWAY

Ernest died in July 1961. His stories are new and are from the Other Side.

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IN THIS ISSUE . . .  
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1. CONVERSATIONS -- JOHN RITTER (Installment 1)  
is the first installment in a series of Robert Murray's  
conversations with John Ritter. In the series, John shares his

experiences and stories.

2. CONVERSATIONS -- JOHN RITTER (Installment 2)  
is the second installment in a series of Robert Murray's  
conversations with John Ritter. In the series, John shares his  
experiences and stories.

3. CONVERSATIONS -- LYNNE & DAVID (Installment 18)  
is the eighteenth installment in a series of Robert Murray's  
conversations with Lynne and David. In the series, Lynne  
and David share their experiences or stories. This  
installment occurs after the time of Message 16  
in the 9-11s in the Afterlife series of messages found at:  
[http://www.TheStarsStillShine.com/9-11s\\_16.html](http://www.TheStarsStillShine.com/9-11s_16.html)

4. EPICS -- UMBARTT (Epics 1 & 2)  
are the first and second Umbarttan epics in a series by  
Nancy (Drakensdaughter). Nancy, mentioned in Michael's series  
of Umbartt messages, tells the famous epics from her home  
planet of Umbartt.

5. CONVERSATIONS -- LYNNE & DAVID  
is the seventeenth in a series of articles by John F. Kennedy, Jr.,  
special to The Stars Still Shine Magazine. John Jr. interviews  
Lynne and David.

6. WRITING -- THE LAW  
"The Law" is a story by Mark Twain. It is fiction channeled by  
Robert Murray.

7. WRITING -- ON THINKING  
"On thinking" is a short story by Ernest Hemingway. It is  
fiction channeled by Robert Murray.

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1. CONVERSATIONS -- JOHN RITTER (Installment 1)  
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experiences and stories.

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September 20, 2003 7:23 P.M.

Michael: "Hi Father Murray. I have someone here who wants to speak to you. John arrived a few days ago and is now living, if you could call it that, in the Town. Without further ado, here is John."

John: "Ah, hello. Michael, this seems too easy. Are you sure I'm connecting?"

Michael: "Just keep talking. Father Murray is there. Trust me."

John: "I trust you. O.K. here goes. Hello! Is there anybody out there?"

Bob: "I'm here John. I can hear you loud and clear. Just talk and you'll hear answers in your head."

John: "If you say so. I don't mind telling you that this is weird! You're not weird but the whole scenario is unusual. Michael had a hard time getting me to open up and accept what he does as quote, normal, unquote. I won't make the quotation signs in the air because I don't know if you can see me."

Bob: "Keep going John."

John: "Right! I'm John Ritter. Maybe I should say the late John Ritter because there is no doubt that I'm, ahem, dead. I could never understand why people who die are called late. Could it be because we expect them to come back at a later time? Maybe because late sounds better than dead or better than moldering. How about we lost him or her? But I digress. Hello Father Murray!"

Bob: "Hello John. How are you feeling?"

John: "Ah, perhaps you should tell me how I'm supposed to feel? I don't have any pain, a runny nose, sore knees, sore back or cramped muscles. I feel very good for a corpse."

Bob: "You have left your Earthly physical body behind you John. You should feel just fine."

John: "Too bad I had to die to feel this good. I feel very good. Changing the subject; I died and went to Heaven? Michael calls it Heaven and he hasn't lied to me before. It must be true! Right Michael? That's not a rhetorical question Michael. You can answer me!"

Michael: "Right. You are in Heaven. I have that on very good authority. Forty thousand of my closest friends say that this location is Heaven."

John: "I want names."

Michael: "Come over to my house and meet all forty thousand. It may take a few days."

John: "I have another question. What happened to my brain? I can't remember names. I can remember faces, bodies, events and all that just like it was yesterday but it is as though my brain got flushed out of names. Is that usual?"

Bob: "Very normal. You'll find that names don't have the same meaning over there. You'll remember faces more than names."

John: "Michael is mouthing the word 'senility.' If it's catching then I must have caught it from him! Michael has become a great friend. He doesn't let me feel sorry for myself. I first met him in what I call the White Ward at the hospital. There I was lying in bed, naked I might add, when in walked Michael. He introduced himself like this: 'Hi! I'm the welcome wagon. Get off your fat ass and move soldier, move!' I said that I was naked under the sheet. He said that he didn't ask for a fashion statement just for me to get moving. I asked if he could get me some clothes. He left



the ward and came back with clothes that fit me like a glove. I told him that I would prefer clothes that fit me like clothes not a glove. Seriously, Michael has helped me so much that he should get some type of reward."

Michael: "Having John around is reward enough!"

John: "This, I think was meant to be Q and A time so I could get some information. Before this turns into a roast, I think I'd better get back on track. If you are ever in communication with Henry Winkler, tell him that he was 'right on.' Maybe I can tell him myself one day. Henry and I used to have some serious discussions about the afterlife and I think it helped prepare me for my trip over here. If you get a chance, tell my family and my extended family that I love them and miss them terribly. Michael is giving me the sign to wrap it up and let you get on with your life. I would appreciate some time with you again and I thank you from the bottom of my damaged heart for this opportunity to talk back to Earth. God bless you."

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2. CONVERSATIONS -- JOHN RITTER (Installment 2)  
is the second installment in a series of Robert Murray's  
conversations with John Ritter. In the series, John shares his  
experiences and stories.  
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April 15, 2004 7:34 P.M.

John: "Hello! This is John Ritter or what used to be John Ritter. I heard you call, so here I am."

Bob: "Hello John. Someone, a person who subscribes to our magazine, asked how you are doing?"

John: "Oh. I wasn't aware of your magazine. What type of magazine is it?"

Bob: "The magazine is an outlet for writers and others on your side. We publish a monthly E-mail magazine, 'The Stars Still Shine Magazine'."

John: "Carolyn Bessett Kennedy told me that she was the upstairs editor of a magazine. I didn't get the connection. I guess I haven't been paying attention to the things around me. And to answer your question about how I'm doing, I'm told that I'm doing as well as expected. I know that doesn't answer the question but I don't really know how I'm doing. According to my new found friends, I'm making good progress. I guess that might put a cap on the question but I know it doesn't really satisfy."

Bob: "Good answer anyway."

John: "Have you found a way to contact my family? I suspect it's rather difficult to get through to them. Let them know, if you do get through, that I still love them. I have inklings about what they are doing but haven't found a way to get through to them directly. I'm so proud of them and the way they came through after I 'crossed.' I think that's the correct word to use when you bite the bullet or whatever the current phrase is now."

Bob: "Whatever words you feel comfortable with are good enough."

John: "Thank you for putting me at ease. Although I don't show it, I'm nervous. I'm afraid I might say the wrong things and get canceled or whatever is done to people who are like me."

Bob: "Don't be afraid John. You're with friends, friends who have your best interests at heart. You aren't going to be sent anywhere."

John: "Whew. That's a relief."

Bob: "Do you have a place to stay?"

John: "Yes. I'm staying with John Candy and Chris Farley out on one of the islands. They started me working with teens on the first day. They even allowed me to sleep in one of the cabins with logs, termites, mice and giant mosquitoes. It's O.K. though. I shared the cabin with two other male counselors. Somehow I survived the first night and got up at the crack of my back. That bunk was lumpy and hard. We had bunk beds of course. I chose the lower one first but was told that I didn't have a choice because I was the new kid. Do you know that there are cobwebs in cabins in Heaven? I was up close and personal with a bunch of spiders and webs. Big John told me that they couldn't kill me no matter how hard they bit. Then I remembered where I was and that didn't seem to help my peace of mind. I changed my routine and became a day camper. Now I sleep in a shared apartment in town. I travel to the camp in the early hours of the morning. I was satisfied with the arrangement until I visited Michael and his chateau. Maybe if I play my cards right, I can get me one of those. I'll work on it."

Bob: "Thanks for the information."

John: "I know it's more information than you wanted. I'll let you go. I hope that I can talk to you again soon. Just give me a yell when you want to talk. And thanks for your time and interest. It means a lot to me."

Bob: "You are very welcome. I'll be in contact with you soon."

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3. CONVERSATIONS -- LYNNE & DAVID (Installment 18)  
is the eighteenth installment in a series of Robert Murray's conversations with Lynne and David. In the series, Lynne and David share their experiences or stories. This installment occurs after the time of Message 16 in the 9-11s in the Afterlife series of messages found at: [http://www.TheStarsStillShine.com/9-11s\\_16.html](http://www.TheStarsStillShine.com/9-11s_16.html)

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David: "Good morning. I haven't got much to say this morning. I did have an interesting day yesterday but I usually have interesting days. Lynne once said to me that I look at life through upside down glasses. I tend to see the funny things and in the past capitalized on it. I found the humor in a bar. What was really tragic, I found funny. I see people with warts and laugh at the warts and the awkward ways they try to hide the blemishes. I know I have a weird sense of humor but then so do millions of others. All of this is leading to a story.

Natasha, our new mother in training, doesn't have warts on any of her visible parts and as far as I know, she doesn't imbibe or have a secret still in the far end of the kitchen pantry. On her first day on the job she served us some orange juice, whole wheat toast and coffee in the morning. Stay with me here. Noon meal we ate out and the dinner, well the dinner was a disaster. The poor woman is still learning. Lynne and I didn't think anything was unusual when we smelled meat burning just before the evening meal. I didn't think anything of the smell of burnt potatoes and other strange smells. We were surprised when we were served macaroni with a red sauce for supper. I looked at Natasha and had the nerve to say, 'Looks good, Natasha. Did it take you long to prepare?' That was apparently the wrong thing to say.

Natasha came back with, 'You might as well know now that I flunked cooking 101 with Pemby. She told me that I would learn and that you wouldn't suffer too much. Looks like she was wrong. I stunk up the house with the burned food and now you don't like my macaroni. Get your own supper.' She stomped out of the house.

I looked at Lynne and asked, 'Do I go after her? What do I say?'

Lynne said that I should stay where I was and she would talk to Natasha. She followed Natasha out the back door. Then I was alone in the dining room. The macaroni was still

warm and the sauce was in front of me. I poured the sauce over the macaroni and dug in. The macaroni wasn't too bad, maybe a bit undercooked and rubbery, but the sauce was, well, the sauce was bitter. I didn't know what Natasha used for spices but the combination, if there was one, didn't work. I thought, poor Natasha. Then I thought, no, poor me. The food tasted terrible. I didn't know if it was food. What to do, what to do? If Lynne caught up with Natasha, what would she do? Natasha was a beautiful woman or whatever she was underneath but the magic for the cooking lost something in the translation. I surely hoped she had passed the housekeeping course or else we were doomed.

Lynne came back in with Natasha by the hand. I thought, oh great the roles are reversed. Lynne is the mother and Natasha is the errant daughter. Natasha looked at my plate and the way I had stirred the stuff around and took it to the kitchen. When she came back, she was carrying a tray with sliced bread, butter and a big jar of peanut butter. That's what we had for dinner. Lynne managed to perk some coffee with no objections from Natasha.

Whoever said that this was paradise should have his or her head read. I know there is a lesson here but would someone please tell me what it is! Maybe all those people who say that we don't have to eat over here, should spend some time in our kitchen.

We have come to terms with the 'cook' in our house. We either cook dinner ourselves or we eat out. Lynne agreed to teach Natasha some basics of cooking. I just hope that Natasha is a quick study as far as cooking is concerned. So far the windows are clean and there aren't any dust bunnies.

So, as I told you, I don't have much to say. Bye for now."

(Later the same day)

Michael: "Hello. It's Mike from Essex. We have some friends

over here. David wants to tell you a few things. Before I let David take over, I want to tell you who is here. From my left are Sonny, Karen, John, Carolyn, Lynne, David, Natasha, Ebony and Pemby. We are still sitting around the dining table. Here is David."

David: "Good evening Bob. There have been a few developments since I last talked to you. You may have heard Michael introduce Ebony. We came over to Michael's house for dinner. Natasha arranged it so she wouldn't have to cook, I assume. When we arrived at Essex, Pemby introduced us to our second 'mother' slash 'cook.' Pemby said that we needed a double team to care for us. Ebony is an accomplished cook as Pemby attests. She is well versed in the art of cooking but according to Natasha woefully undereducated in the dark arts of housekeeping. We will see, won't we? I sense a bit of rivalry but hope for a peaceful coexistence in Sussex. Pemby didn't admit she made a mistake. She informed us that every soul should be given a chance to learn and we should understand. Ebony is not her real name but a description of her hair color. With two beautiful women, sorry, make that three beautiful women in my house, could this be a test? I have a problem here. Lynne just told me that (A) it wasn't my house and (B) those two are my mothers and (C) get a grip."

Lynne: "David has let his imagination run away with him again. This is all very innocent and Ebony is at our house only to help. Natasha is First Mother and Ebony is a Mother in Training. We are not to be served but to help those two learn. I have complete faith in both of them."

David: "Oh, I hate being the heavy. I welcome both Mothers with open arms."

Michael: "We are now going toward the living room for some music. Karen and I are on a break from singing for a few weeks. I'm still busy all day and every day. I'm looking forward to another trip soon. Everyone here says bye for now."

Love and Peace to all, Mike"

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4. EPICS -- UMBARTT (Epics 1 & 2)  
are the first and second Umbarttan epics in a series by Nancy (Drakensdaughter). Nancy, mentioned in Michael's series of Umbartt messages, tells the famous epics from her home planet of Umbartt. For more info and messages, visit:  
<http://www.TheStarsStillShine.com/umbartt.html>  
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April 22, 2004

The Epochs or Epics were stories handed down orally. There is a very historic tradition on Bartt of telling stories to the younger ones. There are core stories and new delights are added often. Um in the name Umbartt means circle or planet. Bartt is the actual name of our planet. A rough translation of Bartt is home as considered against the words amound or dwelling. So Umbartt would translate as planet of our home or home planet.

#### Umbarttan Epic #1

The most told Epic is about the voyage outside of our vision on Bartt. We could not view the distant ums or systems where the planet Earth is located. Our scientists have always used numbers to calculate the distances and to see ums at great far aways. They used calculations and harmonics to place your um and others. The scientists figured the distance

to your Earth from Bartt and knew that it would take much of a voyage to go there. They had so much confidence in their numbers and harmonics that the scientist in charge was willing to leave Bartt and go on the voyage as the leader. His name was Zoon, son of Kimber. You would call him Zoon Kimberson. Here is the Epic.

Zoon was eager to leave. He had entered the calculations many, many times and had them checked by others. The ship, the giant ship, was ready to take them to the place in the sky where the other ums spun. Zoon knew that he would never see his home again except in his mind and in his mind pictures. That didn't bother him but the slowness of others did. The Dalabites from the northern climates were too slow but he needed them for their expertise in metal working. No other Barttans could form the insides of the ship as well as the Dalabites. Zoon paced up and down and was wearing out the vegetation in front of the launch stand. His mate of many years brought him his noon meal and begged him to sit in the shade and eat. "Eat Zoon. You are no use to anyone if you die of hunger. I want you to live. I am selfish, yes? If you do not live then I do not want to live and I will refuse to eat as you do." said his partner, his wife. Her name was Zenta.

"I do not refuse to eat and you know that! I am trying to hurry the ship building. If I leave who will care for my ship? Who will hurry those Dalabites into finishing?" asked Zoon.

"Have you succeeded in getting the Dalabites to hurry any? Does your presence make them go any faster?" asked Zenta.

"I will not admit to the council that I haven't hurried them any. But to you, my fairest one, I can say that they pay me no heed. Let us partake of your meal, the meal you brought me." said Zoon.

The Dalabites and other workers took over an Umbarttan year to finish the inside and Zoon wore out much foot wear pacing.



The inside was a glorious site to behold. There were many levels or decks inside the giant ship. There were many chambers, many, many chambers. There had to be space for many Umbarttans and swimming creatures. Also there had to be space for growing things that were vegetation. The live-in chambers that would hold families were many plats (about the same length as an earth foot) wide, long and high. The inside atmospheres of the entire ship had to be calculated.

The atmosphere machines were specially made for this trip and inserted in the correct places. Once this process was completed, they had a great visit for all in the surrounding cities. Umbarttans came from great distances to see this great ship. They were in wonder of it all and some expressed a wish to go with Zoon. Zoon and the others of the crew told the wishers that Umbarttans would be given a chance to sign into the contest.

This contest of skills, knowledge and physical condition took place in many areas around Umbartt. The best of the contestants and their families got to go on the trip.

They were told before the contest that they would not be coming back. They would, if all went well, be living on a far away um. If it took longer than one generation then their children's children would be living on the um.

The means of propulsion were not revealed but were similar to the propulsion we had and were used on our rumbles (trains). It had also to do with music and harmonics.

The big day finally arrived and the Barttans went into the giant ship. The Barttans going were of great joy and the ones left behind had mixed up feelings. The whole area was cleared of living creatures including Barttans.

The farewells were said and the launch began. It was said that there was great smoke and fire and the giant ship was flung into the atmosphere.

Zoon and the travellers sent the remainders pictures of the trip. Generations went by until they landed on the um called Earth. Barttans populated the land by the great waters.

(Nancy has been studying the Umbartt records, and Epics and thinks these Barttans landed in southern Ireland, planet Earth.)

April 29, 2004

Around our family we tell of this story of one of our famous explorers and musicians.

### Umbarttan Epic #2

In the first days of Bartt when the plants were of a different shape and the water flowed down to our seas, there was a Barttan called Scrimm, just Scrimm because there was no one else by that name. He was a male and stood tall. He was leader of a small group that had no name because they all knew each of themselves. At the time of telling, of count there were twelve of the females over the age of maturity and sixteen males. Of those males twelve were over the age of maturity with four small males just past the age of incubation. They lived in the hills overlooking a wide lake with plenty of water. The climate, because it was far away from frozen country, was mild all of the year around. During wetness from the sky, they took shelter under wide leaf trees or in the sides of the hills. They feasted on fruit, roots, vegetables and of course water. Where they lived, no large animals roamed but fish were in the streams and lakes. They were not born wise but watched the small animals and birds to see what plants and fruit were good to eat. They learned from them. They had fire from very early. When power and fire came from the sky they watched where it landed and caught the fire. They used it for warm and cooking. Later they used it to cook bartt (earth) to make vessels for storage. What came much later were musical instruments made out of bartt. They were broken easily and had to be made strong with tree bones inside the bartt. First came the kettle drum made of bartt. It was usually covered with a strong leaf but sometimes made of a small animal skin. They would look only

for animals that had gone from living just past. They would take the skin, stretch it and make a sounding skin from it. It was discovered that some animal bones could be hollowed out and made into a pipe for music. So the first music was from the drum and pipe.

That is the beginning as was told down through the Barttans. There are two different parts of each epic. There is the shaded part that is the background and the other part that we find most interesting, is the part in the light or as you would say the main part of the story. Most, if not all epics, are told with the shaded part first. The story teller starts in the shaded part then when the listeners are settled down he or she tells the main thread.

Scrimm was very upset in his thinking when we peek into his life. He is walking back and forth in front of his dwelling. He is putting his strong hand to his head in a shaded way to look into the trees and hills. The Barttan he is looking for is his mate. She has been long away from their shelter. She went to gather moss and soft leaves to further their sleeping. She should have been with Scrimm that daylight time but she has not shown her face. He does not want to go further away because they have a small one between them. The small one is sleeping in their dwelling but will soon be hungry for his mother's food. Scrimm has fed their small one. He feeds him with honey water and mashed root but soon little one will need nourishment from his mother.

Scrimm waits until the water in close clouds rises and thinks that he should go to take his little to a nurse next dwelling to theirs. The nurse is his sister and has a little of her own. Littles are not named until the parents know if they are going to live. Scrimm's little is not of that age yet but he is still very much of a concern for the loving Scrimm. Scrimm picks up his little. He lifts him from his nest and carries him over to the next dwelling about forty paces. There he images his concern to his sister. She is his sister from their first father and are closer than other relatives. His sister who has the name of Saaara understands that Scrimm

is of concern but she does not feel the concern. She images to Scrimm that he is to leave the little with her and go into the day and use his eyes and imaging to find his mate Baane. Scrimm does not image anger but nods his head to say that he will do a search. He leaves his little with Saaara and goes to the hills.

Scrimm stops and images. He knows that he should have unclouded his images. He sees dark streaks in the distance of his imaging and knows that he must stop and clear the soft edges. He must open his thinking and concentrate. He sits on the ground, on a rock, and closes his eyes. He tries to leave his mind open for images of Baane but he leaves room for other unwelcome pictures. He slows his breathing down and thinks of Baane and her beautiful face. He is now calm and her new face is there. She is showing him where she is. He is now seeing her surroundings through her eyes and her imaging. He knows where she is. She is not far from the dwelling in a mountain valley. She has fallen into a space between two large rocks while gathering moss.

Scrimm opens his eyes then goes back to their dwelling. There he gathers some clothing and some sharp instruments. He leaves the dwelling and hurries to the valley where he imaged his mate. He sends her an image of himself running to her spot. She smiles with her beautiful face and tells him to speed. He runs for some long time and he finds her.

She is still in his land when he arrives. Her legs are wedged in tightly where she has fallen and Scrimm notices that the legs of his beautiful Baane are turning a darkness. He gets in closer to feel her heart but she images him away. He reaches to hold her hand. They touch then Baane, the mother of his little, his beautiful mate, crosses to the other land. She is no more except her memories of her life with Scrimm and the little.

A saddened Scrimm closes her beautiful eyes and blesses her memory with an image of the Deity. He tries to move

her once live body but she is wedged in too tight. He leaves her and trudges back to the dwelling of his sister and her mate. Long before he gets there, he images the news. When he arrives, there is the whole clan gathered. The males gather wood for a fire and the females prepare the feasting food. For when one of the tribe, the clan, crosses there is a time of rejoicing and sadness. The one who has crossed is imaged on their way to the next life. The crossing usually takes three suns and three darknesses. Once done the crossed one can then image thoughts back to Bartt and the live ones can rest easy. The once live Barttan is burned and any ashes are scattered around in a symbol way. The men carried the wood to where the empty form of Baane lies wedged in the rocks. They build a fire and flames consume her former self. Scrimm, in spite of all he knows, cannot bear to take part in the burning ceremony. The males understand and do the necessary things.

Scrimm goes to their dwelling and while his sister looks after the little, he loses himself in music. He gathers a few close males and they play and play music for three suns, three days. Scrimm has mastered the bone flute. He plays one hauntingly beautiful piece of music after another. He puts everything into it because he feels that is how he will image his mate again. After three suns and three darknesses he sees her beautiful face in his imaging. She has crossed successfully and can now talk to him and their little.

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## 5. CONVERSATIONS -- LYNNE & DAVID

is the seventeenth in a series of articles by John F. Kennedy, Jr., special to The Stars Still Shine Magazine. John Jr. interviews Lynne and David.

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July 24, 2003 9:56 A.M.

I'd like to think that I'm back in the saddle again. I'm not referring to horse back riding but to getting back to work on writing. I don't pretend to be a writer of fiction, short stories, plays, scripts, novels or even novellas. I like to do interviews. There is a certain comfort in the structure of interviews that I don't find in fiction writing. Recently I interviewed two of my favorite people. I didn't just say that because they have the power of the editor over me. I said it because they are my favorite people. David and Lynne are the subjects.

John: "Thank you for talking to me this evening."

David: "Maybe you should wait until after the interview before you thank us."

John: "Do you know something I don't know?"

David: "Lots of things!"

John: "I guess I got up on the wrong side of the bed this morning. Maybe I should start this again."

David: "You have a right side and a wrong side of your bed?"

Lynne: "Give the poor man a break, David. He is trying to be nice to you and you're putting his feet to the flames."

David: "Ever get the feeling that your interview is getting away from you, John?"

John: "Not until today. How are you two coping with your existence over here?"

David: "Nice move! I think I can speak for Lynne when I say that we are managing nicely. I'm keeping very busy with the e-magazine, plays, writers and many other things. The key, as far as I'm concerned, is to keep busy. Lead a productive life and you don't have time for navel gazing."

Lynne: "I have become so immersed in the lives of other people that I don't have time to feel sorry for myself. I have my down times, the times when I'm sad, but thankfully they are far between and few now. I'm grateful for David and my friends, the children and my jobs, and not necessarily in that order."

David: "I'll assume that I'm on the top of your list, Lynne!"

Lynne: "O.K.!"

John: "What motivates you, David?"

David: "Good question! What motivates me? Back when I was writing for a living, I used to think it was for the fat paycheck I got. That paycheck would set me free. That's what I said to myself then. Of course, I knew better. It was the adrenalin rush before air time. It was the push for perfection, the perfect script and satisfaction of a job well done. I couldn't imagine doing anything else. Now I'm more or less locked into the same thing. I'm producing, directing, writing and have expanded on things I was doing on Earth. I must need it or I wouldn't have rushed back into the same set. I could have sat back and played my harp but that wouldn't have been me."

Lynne: "You left out your ability to work with people! David, if you don't have people around, you go into a blue funk. John, there is only so much I can do if he's in one of his depressions. He starts to doubt himself and turns inward."

John: "I've noticed that David really shines when he's working with people. He brings out the best in others."

David: "Please! You're embarrassing me. Don't stop now!"

John: "Changing the focus slightly; what motivates you, Lynne?"

Lynne: "The children are my motivation. David, you motivate me too! Let me explain. The children are really so pure that I get inspired when I work and play with them. If they don't like what I do, then they tell me. If they like what I do, then they let me know. I love it when they smile and laugh."

David: "I like working with adults. I like complex situations, especially in comedy, and there are plenty of examples in the adult world without going to the junior level. To me, kids are too unpredictable to work with."

John: "I've seen Michael's children, his 3C kids, playing with you David. You seem to get along very well with the younger crowd."

David: "It's not that I don't like children. Please don't get me wrong. I can only take them in small doses or small lots. I can take them individually not collectively is what I'm trying to say."

Lynne: "He would have made an excellent father. Still might!"

John: "Are you expecting a baby, Lynne?"

Lynne: "Not possible but we might take some D.R. kids for a weekend or two."

David: "That might give me an excuse to act in a childlike manner."



Lynne: "I have a few comments that I shall keep to myself.  
I'll let your imagination go wild."

John: "Do either of you have any last words?"

David: "Well warden! I'd like to have mashed potatoes in gravy,  
a large T-bone steak, green beans and chocolate ice cream  
for dessert."

Lynne: "I'll have what he's having but add a salad please."

John: "Now I'll say, thank you!"

David: "You're welcome."

END

End of Part 1 - Vol. 2 Issue 6 - June 2004

The magazine continues in Part 2.

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## THE STARS STILL SHINE MAGAZINE

News and Writings from the Afterlife

Vol. 2 Issue 6 June 2004

<http://www.TheStarsStillShine.com/zine.html>

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### 6. WRITING -- THE LAW

"The Law" is a story by Mark Twain. It is fiction channeled by Robert Murray.

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January 12, 2004 11:13 P.M.

He wasn't a very tall man. He stood about five feet nine and one half inches in his stocking feet. No one could get near him in his stocking feet because of the smell. The smell from his stockings was enough to knock a grown man over. The odor came from his socks because he almost never took off his cowboy boots. There were rumors that he even slept with his boots on but nobody could get near him at night to prove or disprove the stories.

He was our elected sheriff. Folks around our parts didn't want a real energetic sheriff so we elected Wild Bill. He fit the bill so to speak. He wasn't married because no woman would give him the time of day or even the time of night. We do give him credit for stomping out the illegal smoking behind the pool hall. Wild Bill was taking one of his infrequent patrols and just happened upon the miscreant, young Wally Thornbury, puffing away on a homemade cigarette. Young Wally told me about the conversation when I interviewed him for the Plainfield Gazette that very same day. According to my notes Wild Bill spoke first.

"Whatca doing there Young Thornbury?" asked Wild Bill.

"Oh nothing." said young Wally Thornbury. He told me that he had heard our illustrious sheriff stomping and cursing down the alley.

"Then why is there all that there smoke coming from yer britches?" asked Wild Bill.

"Oh, you mean that smoke? I was jest holding this here bit of a cigarette for a friend. He's in the Hall." said Thornbury.

Our sheriff wasn't easily fooled that day. He suspected something right away and asked, "Who might that be Young Thornbury?" The sheriff often mixed up his adjectives to confuse his listeners.

"He didn't give no name. He jest made me swear that I wouldn't leave the alley here." he answered hoping that story would satisfy the law man. It didn't.

"Well, Wally, I got jest half a mind to put you in my cell for a spell." said our sheriff.

Now Wally was no slouch when it came to figuring things out especially when his very own freedom hung in the balance. Unfortunately, he just didn't know when to quit baiting the bear. "You's right sheriff. You have half a mind like you said."

I was able to interview Wally from the cell. I didn't find out the charge because our sheriff didn't think things like charges belonged in a small town. Charges and all that law stuff were for the big city folks. Thornbury was in jail for sassing an officer of the law.

We had privacy, not because Wild Bill was considerate. The sheriff found it necessary to make sure his favorite kitchen chair, leaning on the front outside wall, wasn't lonely for his behind.

Much to my surprise, Young Thornbury was happy. "I sure fooled him, didn't I? I was really in the pool hall making some real money when I decided to have a cigarette. I stepped out back and the old sheriff found me." said Wally.

"I hope you aren't telling me this because I'm a reporter? Because if you are then it's going to get written." I said trying to get to a story that I could print.

"Oh! I guess not. I'm only fifteen. I'm going to be sixteen next month. So, I guess I shouldn't be telling you that I was in the Pool Hall hustling for money. I draw them in with my innocent looks then beat their pants off. I don't win all the time so I won't look like I know what I'm doing." said Thornbury with pride.

"Wally, you sound like an educated person. What happened to your 'street' talk? Who taught you how to hustle?" I asked.

"My mother was a teacher in Boston before she met my father. She's the smart one in the family. She insisted that my schooling be up to her standards although she didn't make a smart move when she married my father. My father, George, is a 'remittance man' from England. You know what a 'remittance man' is don't you?" asked Wally.

"Wally, I must confess, that I've never heard of a 'remittance man.' This has some makings of a good story." I said as I opened my note book.

"A 'remittance man' is usually an upper class English man who can't stay out of trouble. The embarrassed family get tired of paying for his sinful doings and send him to the colonies or in the case of my father to America. He had a cousin in Boston so that's where they sent him. The remittance part comes with the money remitted to the exiled naire-do-well. He still gets money every month. My mother grabs the money first thing or we wouldn't eat. Father has some talent for the sporting events. He taught me how to play pool and the other table games. He also taught me

pugilism so I could defend myself against bullies. I look like a skinny kid but I can take care of myself." said Wally while pacing within the confines of the small cell.

I gave Wally the unnecessary command to, "Wait here!", while I went outside to talk to Wild Bill. "Sheriff, what would it take to get young Thornbury out of your jail?" I asked of the seated sheriff.

"Wall, he got ta make a warm apology and he gotta pay a fine of two bits." said the still seated and tilted sheriff.

"I think I can get him to make an apology but what is the fine for?" I asked.

"A warm apology. The fine is fer spitting on the sidewalk." muttered the sheriff as he spat a dark brown liquid into the dust at my feet.

I jumped back quickly to stay out of range of the sheriff's tobacco juice and nodded my understanding from the doorway to the jail. I don't know if he saw my nod but I was inside relaying the message to Wally in a few steps. "Wally, good news! You can get out of here right now if you apologize and pay the fine." I told Wally while looking into his face.

"I heard. I won't pay the old bugger. He doesn't have a witness to me spitting anywhere. I didn't spit anywhere. Besides, there isn't a sidewalk in that alley." said Wally as he sat on the cell floor.

"Don't you see, it's a token fine. It has nothing to do with spitting or sidewalks. It has everything to do with pride. Pay the twenty-five cents and give him his warm apology. Is that so difficult?" said I realizing too late that I was involved with my story.

Wally got up from the cell floor and walked the short distance to the bars where I stood. "He'll let me go with another warning before the next meal time. He doesn't

like to share his food. He's a rotten cook with his specialty, Mexican strawberries, bad enough to make you want to confess to anything."

"Sounds like this is old hat to you, Wally. Am I missing something here? You two go way back do you?" I asked trying to get to the bottom of the story.

Wally hesitated a few moments before giving me an answer. "Maybe a few months. I've been here a few times before. He thinks I'm doing something wrong but he can't figure out what that is. He keeps picking at me until he gets satisfied. He leaves me alone for a few days until he gets suspicious again. You could say it's a kind of dance we go through." said Wally.

"When is the next meal time, Wally?" I asked trying to figure out when I could leave. I was into this too deeply to walk away.

"The next meal time is whenever the old coot feels like eating. It could be right now or sometime between now and midnight." said Wally.

As if on a theatrical cue, the sheriff walked into the jail. "Yea larnd yer lesson young fella?" The sheriff aimed that at Wally.

Wally appeared to be contrite behind the iron bars. "Yes sir, sheriff. I'm deeply sorry for any trouble I've caused."

As Wally said his apology, he opened the cell door and walked across the floor toward the door. "Say hello to your ma and pa for me." said the sheriff as Wally left the jail. I hurried up to Thornbury as he walked along the dusty main street.

"Wally, I've got a great story here. I can really make the sheriff look bad." I said as Wally stopped.

He looked at me and said. "I wouldn't want you to do that. He's a bit rough around the edges but he's got a good heart. He does lots of things around the town, lots of good things

that nobody knows about except the people he helps.  
Now if you'll excuse me, mister, I have some pool to play."

I never did write up that story until now. I hustled over to Ma Baker's Boarding house to see if I could interview some traveling salesmen. Could be my story for tomorrow?

End

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7. WRITING -- ON THINKING

"On thinking" is a short story by Ernest Hemingway. It is fiction channeled by Robert Murray.  
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January 13, 2004 10:42 P.M.

"1 2 3, 1 2 3, begin the dance. Begin the dance. Move your feet in time to the music. No, no, no! In time to the music. You are a half beat behind. Pick it up. Relax. That is an order. Relax. You are too stiff!" scolded the teacher.

Why, oh why, did I let myself be talked into this torture, this misery that I have to pay for? I was standing on a hardwood dance floor in a dance studio in Paris. I had been shamed into these lessons. Now, anyone who knows me, even ever so slightly, knows that it takes a lot to shame me into anything. Of course it was a woman who made me take these stupid lessons. This whole rotten shaming thing started a few days ago at one of Victor's parties.

I was being the life of the party as usual. I was propped

up against a faux mantle that hung over a fake fireplace in a huge apartment. It was early in the evening and I had just started one of my many stories, some of them even had some truth involved, when I was approached by Claire.

"Why Mr. Hemingway, I do believe, I heard some music. Would you care to dance?" asked Claire in a demure way.

"Well, I don't know as there's room to trot. Perhaps another time then?" I asked.

"Nonsense! We'll make room." said Claire as she grabbed my hand and led me protesting onto the floor. Victor's seven piece orchestra had just stopped playing and I was about to reverse course when Claire took charge again and ordered up a waltz.

Up until that time, I thought I had acquitted myself fairly well on the dance floor. That was about to change. Claire led me. I had a hard time following her lead I must confess. Sweat was breaking out on my forehead and I couldn't help but notice that there was no one else dancing with us.

I managed to get through the waltz without tripping over either my or Claire's feet. I wanted to get off the floor quickly, very quickly. Claire took root and my efforts to lead her off met with her fierce resistance.

"Thank you, Claire. Thank you for the wonderful time. We must do it again another day or evening." I said to Claire, hoping to make that my exit speech.

My friends noticed the spot I was in and instead of helping me, took Claire's side and egged her on. "Yeah, Hem. Why the rush off the floor?"

"Maestro, another waltz please." said my good friend Morley.

The next waltz started and my suffering began anew. Claire was very attractive and apart from her trying to



lead me all over the floor, she wasn't half bad as the Brit's used to say. I, or should I have said we, got through that one when it happened. I was leading Claire off the dance floor when I slipped on a spilled drink. The floor came up to meet me as I found myself heading for the windows. Thank God I had the presence of mind to let go of Claire's hand. As my feet went out from under me I grabbed the heavy curtains and hung on for dear life, my dear life. The curtain rods were the first casualty then came the fall, my fall, on the floor. The curtains followed me down heavily accented with the metal curtain rod for a finish.

After they dug me out from under the damask curtains they checked my body over for breaks. Unfortunately, it was a male doctor who did the checking. I was pronounced fit and able to dance again.

Johnny questioned the doctor's verdict. He asked for silence and said, "Hem might have been pronounced fit, but able to dance again? I don't think so. I'm taking up a collection right here. I'm sure all of you want to contribute to the Dance Lesson Fund for Ernest Hemingway." Someone produced a fedora and the hat was passed around.

That, my friends, was how I ended on the dance floor of this dance studio.

End

End of Part 2 - Vol. 2 Issue 6 - June 2004

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