

## The Top 10 Things Dead People Want to Tell You

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## Select Quotes & Snippets

From the BRAND NEW bestseller by Mike Dooley



Most people trying to understand life, God, and purpose immediately ask about the world's pain and suffering. They never ask questions like: Why do so many people on the planet, from the arctic to the Sahara, have enough food? Why do so many people seem to live charmed lives, with friends, partners, and children? Why are there so many lottery winners, rock stars, and multimillionaires?



Nothing frees you like the truth, and nothing holds you back more than not knowing it.



Eternity promises too much and people heal too quickly to spend one more moment looking back with regret than is necessary to learn the lesson.



Like the fellow life adventurer I am, as if watching over a sleeping compatriot who's about to miss breakfast, I'm going to nudge you a bit and gently shake your shoulder to help you awaken and see that something incredible is going on. Something absolutely wondrous. And that you are at the center of it all.

That there's an ever-present, yet sometimes imperceptible, benign intelligence that pervades the enormous vastness of reality, from the center of the earth to the farthest reaches of space, yet given the immeasurable scope and seemingly impossible magnificence of just what we can detect, it's safe to say that everything has a reason, there have been no mistakes, love makes everything better, and what doesn't make sense yet one day will.

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Page 1

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That we ourselves are permeated by this benign intelligence, and given the overwhelming evidence from our own lives so far, we can, to a significant and profound degree, direct it at will.



“Hey, sorry, the earth is so huge, you can’t have fair all of the time,”  
said Divine Intelligence, never.



Life as you once knew it was the dream,  
and this “new place” is where you dreamt it.



Thinking that the loss of a loved one was unfortunate, ill timed, sad, or an accident is to miss the gift and remain in the dark.



Your physical senses see virtually nothing of the magic, the love, or the reasons for the miracles involved in every moment you live. Yet you have other faculties at your disposal. You have inner senses: intellect, intuition, and feelings. Use them to peel away the lies. Discover the truths that will set you free and give you wings, even as you linger upon the earth for just a little while longer, where:

- ✓ It doesn't matter where you've been—it will serve you,
- ✓ It doesn't even matter where you now are, because where you are, is never who you are, and
- ✓ You can, starting today, with new thoughts, words and actions, create a new vibe that will begin orchestrating your own “luck, accidents, and serendipities” to blast forward, higher, richer, and happier—yee-ha!

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There's no escaping the reach of your own divine intelligence, power, and responsibilities, and there's no way home but back the way you came.



Your dreams are yours for a reason: to make them come true.



Your furry friends, former and present, are your playmates and teachers and are one of the many ways you can say that "God" reaches deep into your physical corner of creation to open your heart and mind. They are angels with paws, beaks, gills, and tails. Your pets once existed for you; now they exist because of you. That you loved them raised their vibration, and even as you read these words their spirit soars and lives on. The funny ways and silly habits that endeared them to you are their trademarks, bringing laughter and smiles wherever they continue to go, as well as an extra special gift to those so in need . . . a little bit of you. Your compassion and love are now part of them and will be forever more. They couldn't be prouder, happier, or more eager to lick your face again, wag their tails, purr their little hearts out in your warm lap. Yet they're wise enough to know of that day's inevitability, as are you. In the meantime, they play, heal others, expand, and become more as they patiently await your homecoming, which is exactly what they wish for you to know . . . and do.



You needn't overly fret or worry that you're fretting and worrying.



No one knows how it all began, not even the dead, but everyone knows that it did.

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Once Upon a Time....

Consider if you will, perhaps as if from an altered state of consciousness, this love as just described. Imagine it as a translucent, iridescent light cascading upon you from above: all around you, arriving in unrelenting waves. Imagine it bathing you like sunshine, drenching you like rain, caressing you like the air, and illuminating everything. So enveloping that you can even breathe it into your lungs. This is also how to begin imagining God.

This love pierces you with its utter simplicity, energizes you, lifts your spirits, carries you, feels good, and makes you smile unceasingly as you bask in its overwhelming ecstasy. Where it comes from and how it began completely escape you yet both seem so totally irrelevant. This love “is” as much as you “are,” undeniable, stunningly conscious, supremely confident, pure energy, and oriented toward joyful expansion. This love is God.

Imagine, too, that as you observe the physical world around you, which suddenly seems to be as translucent as the light of love illuminating it, you realize all “things” are of this love. Contrary to appearances, it’s not that the love shines on or illuminates the objects of time, space, and matter but that these things are it, just as whitecaps on the tips of ocean swells, pushed by the wind, are part of the very ocean they roll over. You see that this love, in its flowing, can take on form, intelligently follow patterns, organize itself with purpose and intention, and through each adaptation experience itself as it couldn’t before.

Then, as if struck by lightning, a new revelation hits you and in total awe you consider that if everything around you is God, intelligence self-created within intelligence, dancing apparitions that can see each other, this must unequivocally mean you are exactly the same as what you are seeing. You are a part of this dance, a dancer yourself. You see you truly are of the Divine, by the Divine, for the Divine—pure God, a falling raindrop among countless others. God self-reflecting within time and space. You’re part of the plan yet also now a plan maker as you choose new directions to aim your awareness. Discovering what is so obvious yet so unexpected: that you had to forget setting this all into motion in order to feel the passions your life has evoked, giving meaning to the journey. All is exactly as it should be. There is no other agenda. Nothing else has to happen. You are God.

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Losses are only devastating when you think they're permanent. They never are.



Actually, dear heart, life is not fair—the cards are incredibly stacked in your favor.



You are the reason the sun rises each day, literally.



Not at all a bad thing, not a “fall from grace”—except for how it's been portrayed by religion—but an awesome thing because then the games could begin. A full-blown '60s-style lovefest could (and did) commence within the illusions and everyone would (and did) begin progressing through truth toward love and their re-mastery over all things—“on earth, as it is in heaven” or, again, with “dominion over all things.” Seeing themselves as the Creators they really are and thereby purposely, deliberately, excitedly, joyfully living upon this oasis among the stars with glad hearts, happy feet, and smiling faces, in love with everyone, everywhere, always.



[You are an] ... intergalactic love-being of joy and divine origins.



Everything that happens, and everything that does not, makes you more.

## **The Top 10 Things Dead People Want to Tell You**



Opposites exist within the illusions, which imply something really profound, something obvious that everyone's been missing: they're theoretical!

While the dichotomies of time and space can make opposites possible, the truth is they don't necessarily have to exist. They remain as potentials until or unless you create them. To most, however, it's assumed that to have one, you must also have the other. For example, to be happy, you must know sadness; to have light, dark must exist somewhere; to feel cool, you must know hot. Every up means there's a down, and vice versa. Hardly. While the dichotomies create objectivity, with theoretical extremes at either end, it's naïve to think that by knowing, reaching, or otherwise experiencing one end, you must know, reach, or experience the other. Remember, they're all illusions anyway.

There are actually ascetics who shun joy and happiness, thinking it will precipitate eventual depression and sadness. Yet this ignores the fact that love is the glue that holds creation together—not love and hate in equal measure. That life is good, not equal measures of good and bad. It neglects that you are of the Divine, by the Divine, and inclined to succeed, not inclined to succeed and fail equally.

Feeling cold does not mean that later you have to feel hot in equal measure. Nor does living in the northern hemisphere mean that you must one day, inevitably, live in the southern hemisphere. Nor does living a life of joyful service to others mean that the pendulum must swing, turning such good Samaritans into axe murderers. One need not suffer to know joy, nor be afraid that happiness will later require sadness. And neither does a belief in God mean there must be a devil, any more than a belief in heaven means there must be a hell.



The workaround is always to wish for the best for all involved without stating what that best might be.



Life is not 10 percent what you make it and 90 percent how you take it!  
It's 100 percent what you make it.

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Page 6

## **The Top 10 Things Dead People Want to Tell You**



The sage doesn't feel sorrow in parting, whether it precedes days or lifetimes of absence. He knows that to think of someone is to be with him, while the space created will make possible new adventures. He knows that any separation the eyes perceive is a lie.

The prophet does not feel anger at betrayal. She saw it coming. She understands that for some, the need for recognition can be greater than their desire to serve. And she knows that her own happiness and greatest mission do not depend on the behavior of others.

The mystic does not blame or find fault in others because, seeing himself as a Creator in a world of illusions where nothing happens by chance, he knows that all pain is self-inflicted and that life is fair, even when circumstances are not.



You are not meant to bear that which you find unpleasant;  
you are meant to change it.



Please don't confuse random with spontaneous. Spontaneous rocks. It emerges from a field of probabilities that you control, maintaining choice and meaning. It involves instinct and urge, hunches and feelings, imagination and belief. Random implies the opposite. Empty and pointless. Maybe or maybe not.  
Chance and luck.



Everyone eventually learns whatever they came to learn and returns to love.



What happens between two or more people is a co-creation; what happens afterward—your reactions to what happened and your subsequent choices—is solely your own creation.

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Once blinders are raised and beliefs unchained, all will see what's been there since the beginning: that on your abundant planet there's enough of everything for everyone, opportunity springs eternal, and the reason the early bird and the late bird both get worms is that just showing up is the ticket! That life is easy, people are awesome, and whenever you don't like what you have, where you are, or who you've become, you can change it. That you're already in the winner's circle by your mere presence in these hallowed jungles. That whatever dues once existed were paid long ago. Here, now, today, you are pushed on to greatness in every moment. The system is rigged on your behalf—  
it's time to wake up and live.



Religion needs spirituality. Spirituality does not need religion.



Happily, everyone gets to think as they please; doubly happy, your "positive" thoughts are at least 10,000 times more likely to manifest than your "negative" ones. Get this! Your life is proof—we just went through this. How else can you explain the fact that you worry a lot, often focus on what's not right, and still have more dreams come true than nightmares? You are like a tidal wave of love and joy rolling through eternity, supernatural and boundless, who's arrived in time and space just briefly to check things out. Nothing can change who you really are, not a bad day, week, or year; no setback, heartbreak, or violation. You will roll on, rise above, and lift off—it's your very nature. There is no "maybe," "not sure," or "hope so." You are unstoppable, fun-loving, born to succeed, pure, eternal God energy. This is what the "dead" want you to know so you can do what you came to do: live your life to the absolute fullest.



Your pets once existed for you; now they exist because of you.

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Page 8

## **The Top 10 Things Dead People Want to Tell You**



You are simply amazing. You see things that no one else will ever see. You hear things that no one else will ever hear. You've gone and will go where no one else will ever go. And above all, you think and thus feel things that no one else will ever feel. This is who you are. This is why you are. These are your sacred offerings to the Highest of Highs, yet you need do nothing other than be. And by being, you create what none has, can, or ever will create. You are the face of God as it's never before been seen.



The author of a lifetime, who thoroughly understands her role in the creation, gives serendipity its marching orders.



Being patient does not mean being passive.



Talk about a dare! Talk about an adventure! Upon your arrival, you begin to get that if "God" was challenged to devise the most outrageous interactive story, cinematic masterpiece, or Broadway show to include unrestrained drama, suspense, comedy, infinite possibilities, romance, and more involving every possible human emotion, condition, and expression, it would be time and space! Can you think of anything wilder than life in the jungles? Wider in scope? More compelling? More heartbreaking yet romantic? More dangerous yet safe? Complex yet so simple a child could explain it? Can you think of anything else so filled with hope that if you can dream something, anything, you can be it? So filled with tolerance that it doesn't matter where you've been? So filled with love that every path leads "home"?



You chose to be who you now are, exactly as you now are:  
this is who you most wanted to be.

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Page 9

## **The Top 10 Things Dead People Want to Tell You**



Mentally, in your mind, in thought, imagine that you've already received, done, or become that which you now desire. Do not imagine how this will happen.



People care about pretty much everything, every one, always. It's just that they're also so busy believing what they've been told, and therefore manifesting it, that they genuinely have not yet noticed that in your gorgeous little planet's entire history, there's never been:

- ✓ A drought that didn't end,
- ✓ A storm that didn't clear,
- ✓ Lightning that didn't retreat,
- ✓ An earthquake that didn't still,
- ✓ A flood that didn't recede, or,
- ✓ A plague that wasn't eventually, completely, and utterly overwhelmed by the healthy.

Now as a rule, the "dead" are not into odds, statistics, or gambling, but it doesn't take a genius to see that something's going on "down there," that the deck is clearly stacked, you've got friends in some very high places, and none of the "hard and mean" stuff was ever true. Hit me, baby!

**THE END**

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For more information please contact:

Richelle Zizian, RZizian@HayHouse.com  
Director of Publicity & Author Communications  
Hay House, Inc., 646.484.4954 | 250 Park Ave. South, Suite 201  
New York, New York 10003

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Page 10