

# Lucid Dreaming from Beyond the Grave

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I share here an excerpt from my most recent book *Dreams My Mother Taught Me: Lessons in Lucid Dreaming from Beyond the Grave* (pending publication), which tells the story of how my relationship with my mother, Margaret, deepened after her death as she initiated me into lucid dreaming.

Some readers might say my visions of my mother are nothing more than a projection of my dreaming mind. Others might argue that from beyond the veil she truly appeared. But I sense both are true. Through her presence in my dreams, my mother, like a wise Sophia figure, taught me to surrender to union with Divine light.

A pivotal lucid dream involving my mother took place when pressures had been increasing at the charitable counselling center I was running. The centre faced closure unless we could raise an additional fifty-thousand pounds in the coming three months. As in the myth of “Psyche and Eros”, in which Psyche labors under tasks so insurmountable they could only be completed with the help of divine guidance and grace, I was feeling a burden of responsibility beyond my capability.

This night in question, before falling asleep, I had spent much time in prayer. In the lucid dream that followed, my mother revealed herself to me in an entirely new way.

The dream is presented here in two parts:

*Initially, it seems that I am in the dining room of my family home where I grew up. The room has been newly renovated and sunlight streams in, a detail which seems strange to me since in waking life the room was usually shaded by a roof over the patio.*

*One of my sisters-in-law comes in looking worried. I say to her, “We are in a dream so there’s no need to worry.” Then I remember that the dining room wall features a gold-lined mirror and turn to look at it. The room and my sister-in-law appear in the mirror, but my own reflection is not visible. At first this concerns me since I wonder if I have died, but then it occurs to me that from the spiritual perspective it seems a good thing, in that my ego defenses must have dissolved.*

*This awareness brings lucidity and surrender as the dreamscape gives way to a vast field of glorious Black Light. A strong wind seizes my being and carries me a great distance. My bare “feet” are set gently upon unseen ground. The moment this happens, it feels as though all the stones, plants, animals, and beings of this place rise through me, as if my soul has touched the fount of Life itself, surging upwards and taking complete hold of me. After that my memory goes blank for some time.*

By this time, many other lucid dreams had shown me that mirrors not only reveal aspects of our own nature but also can serve as portals to new dimensions, so I had been curious to see what the dining room mirror might reveal. However, this was one of the rare times I could not see my own reflection. The ensuing lucidity freed me to experience a profound awakening to the fullness and richness of all, infusing me with a fresh zest for living.

It seems fitting that this dream began in the dining room of my childhood home, a room that had once epitomized my parents' hopes for their future happiness.

When I was a child, the golden strands running across the mirror reminded me of a topographical map, but in this dream, it proved to be a "map" to the inner world and the challenge of overcoming my ego defenses so that I could know myself and the world in a new way. Hence the dining room's recent renovation in the dream.

Although my mother had not appeared directly in this part of the dream, her presence was symbolized by the gold of the dining room mirror, signifying her most treasured hopes for her family and herself. Through this dream, I feel certain she knew that I would be led to the riches of the inner life.

The dream scene abruptly shifts to me resting in my bed of my (then) home:

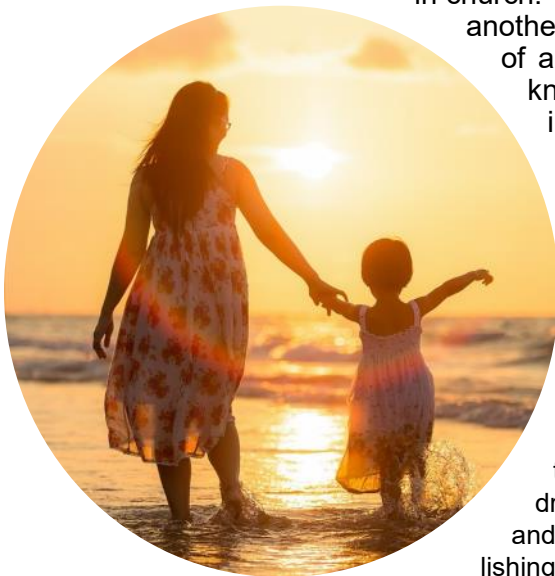
*A male Being comes in and lies next to me, desirous of making love. His skin looks like obsidian, but he seems edgy and distracted, and my mind thinks, "An incubus". What bothers me most is that I am wanting to rest and contemplate the first part of the lucid dream. Also, given the Being's edginess, I am unsure whether he means me harm or good, so I sit up and start singing a hymn to Jesus, certain that the Being will disappear if the song doesn't suit him. I sing, "Jesus, name above all names, beautiful Savior, glorious Lord, Emmanuel, God is with us...." The Being slides away.*

*Then I hear a woman taking up the tune in a sweet, high soprano. Instantly I am in a still, shining black space. I recognize this voice as my mother's. Out of the darkness appears a white sphere, inside of which a purple cube emits a large red, pulsating ball of light from its central point. The harmony and beauty of the form is breathtaking. My mother's voice comes from the innermost sphere of light. I understand this is how my mother's being is being shown to my Imaginal mind.*

*Filled with love and longing, I raise my left hand to caress the form as if I were caressing her cheek. We sing together and then I say, "Mother, does this mean I will be with you soon?" It seems odd because we are together in that moment. She laughs lightly and continues singing in a reassuring way.*

*Unexpectedly, I find myself transported to another dream scene in which I open the window in my room so that I can go flying among the autumnal leaves, which I do for some time, weaving in and out of the treetops. Normally I don't do such things in lucid dreams, but I feel like having fun and celebrating. Then I awake.*

Hearing my mother's finely tuned voice puts me in touch with the many-layered memories of sitting next to her in church. Then, neither of us could have imagined our love for God and for one another would be shared in this way! This dream meeting felt a culmination of all the dreams that had come before, one in which we could at last know one another as beloved Beings of Light, the same light that illumines Creation in love.



Finally, the lucid dream comes full circle, returns me to the bedroom of my London flat, and, in sheer pleasure, I take flight, soaring over London, free from all constraints, confident the charity would raise the needed funds, and certain in the knowledge that love is eternal. ▲

Melinda Powell, MA Psychology of Religion, co-founded the Dream Research Institute (DRI), London, to promote research and education on dreams and wellbeing. Past vice-president of IASD and former director of the DRI and Help Counselling Centre, she now teaches and writes about dreams. See *The Hidden Lives of Dreams* (Bonnie Books UK, 2019) and *Lucid Surrender: The Alchemy of the Soul in Lucid Dreaming* (Archive Publishing 2021). [www.melindapowelldreams.com](http://www.melindapowelldreams.com) and [www.driccpe.org.uk](http://www.driccpe.org.uk)