

A SCHOOL CALLED
EARTH



LUIS MIGUEL FALCAO

AN EARTHBOUND SPIRIT GUIDE

A School Called Earth

By

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Johannesburg, South Africa.
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CONTENTS

- I. Prologue
- II. Dedication
- III. Foreword
- IV. Author's Note

Chapter 1. The First tough lesson

- Meeting my Guide
- Meeting my biggest Critic

Chapter 2. The Creator

- God the Creator
- The Holy Trinity
- Continuous Growth

Chapter 3. How It All Works - Life On The Other Side

- What are you? Your Soul
- How is a Soul born?
- What happens when we die?
- Soul Families and group structures
- Playgrounds and Soul activities
- Soul roles
- Soul Roles explained
- Untimely Passing and Helping Themes
- Suicide – Is there Punishment?
- Past lives – why can't we remember?
- Cruel lives, traumatic death situations – why do we need to suffer?
- A Soulmate – does everyone have one?
- Animal Souls

Do we up-grade from animals?
Can we incarnate as animals?
Can animal Souls become human?
Picking a life and a body for this journey
Life paths – The Lessons and Free Will

Chapter 4. Soul Advancement

Soul Stages

Stage 1: Baby Soul
Stage 2: Young Soul
Stage 3: Mature Soul
Stage 4: Old Soul
Stage 5: Advanced Soul
A New Stage: Indigos

Chapter 5: Spirit Guides, Spirits, Ghosts and Angels

What is a Spirit Guide?
Primary Guides
Secondary Guides
Master Guides
Do we know our Guides?
Spirits and Ghosts
Angels
Earth Angels

Chapter 6: Why Earth – a really tough school

Life Paths – The Lessons and Free Will

Chapter 7: Case Studies – the proof you have been waiting for.

Appendix: Janet's Letter to Luis

I. PROLOGUE

In the early hours of that June winter, my bedroom was freezing and outside it must have been close to zero degrees Celsius. I had woken with a familiar scent in the room and I knew that in a few moments I would again have an extraordinary visitor, called Uriall. The house was dark and asleep, not a single sound could be heard, yet in a few moments my room would light up like the sun though no one in the house would wake up or be disturbed. It was always like this. The worst that could happen would be some teasing in the morning by my mother and sisters because “Luis was talking in his sleep again”.

I was nine years old and I really hated the world and all the people who lived in it, but this visitor was different. He had no hatred and no prejudice and he made me feel like I was important enough to warrant his undivided attention. The only annoying thing was that he never remembered my name and he always addressed me by what sounded like my second name Miguel. If you are wondering why I said always, it is because he had visited me in this way for as long as I could remember - and I can remember being born! Unbeknown to me, the visit this particular winter morning would be different to any other visit I had ever experienced, and one that I will never forget as long as I exist.

“Michaelilu” he called and “Yes, Lord” I answered (because I had read the passage on Joseph in the Bible and that’s how he had answered). “Michaelilu, what is it that you want”. Wow, I thought, my own genie in a brightly lit bottle as my mind scrambled for something important to ask for, including a car for my parents and a bike for myself so I wouldn’t have to walk to school everyday. It felt like an eternity as I thought of the consequences of a futile request, but eventually I settled on what I

thought was a ten out of ten answer. "I want to be wise. So wise that I know everything and so that I become so clever that my wisdom can help everyone in the world. That way they will all like me and that way no one will ever say that people like me are stupid".

I waited anxiously to see if he produced a magic wand, but instead the magnificent white light that surrounded him disappeared as if someone switched off the sun and, in the darkness, the shadow of a man was left. I felt afraid, really afraid, because I loved these visits, and now I felt as if my whole universe had collapsed because I had said something stupid and ruined the friendship. Now there was a grown man in my dark room and I wondered what hurt he was about to dish out.

Uriall slowly walked up to the edge of my bed, his footsteps making the wooden floorboards creak, and sat with his full weight on the edge of my mattress. "Michaelilu," he said, "I know that you are afraid, but you must not be. You and I are friends back home and I am here to help you. I know that this world is tough and very cruel to a young boy like you, but you are here for a special reason, and now that you have remembered why you are here I am ready to stand by you and help you until the time comes when you no longer need me. So, again, I ask you, Michaelilu, what is that you want, and are you sure that you want to help people, because the people who most need your help are also the people who are the cruelest to you?"

I put on the bravest voice I could and replied, "Yes, I do want to be wise so that I can help people, but can you please stop calling me Michaelilu, because my name is Luis!" "Luis is the name of your body, Michaelilu," he replied, "Michaelilu is your name back home. In time you will remember".

Chokma Michaelilu

Chokma Michaelilu: *“The Wisdom Of Michael” (and the order of Michael) shared with the Saints.*

Michael is the defender of the word. He insures the purity and the continuance of the Word in accordance with the Father’s plan for our creation. His wisdom is given freely to the saints, and through his power he stands up on behalf of the righteous ones.

DR. J.J Hurtak, The Seventy-Two Sacred Names

II. Dedication

In memory of Justine

Thank-you to the Creator, Uriall, Mom and to all my friends who I love and who love me.

With a very special thanks to three Earth Angels, Gien, Mark and Sandrine for the painstaking hours taken to edit my Portuguese English. A loving smiling thanks to Michelle and Mary-Anne as this book was your idea.

And a very special bear-hugging thanks to Dr. David Lilley, you are my Guru.

To Deirdre, thanks for the journey. I will forever be grateful for the lessons that came with love.

And to you reading this book, may your Guides, Angels and the Holy Spirit of the Creator unfold your truth as you read on.

***Without friends
A man has no family
With no family, all-purpose is hollow.***

III. Foreword

Those of us who have become disillusioned with conventional religion and its prescriptions have turned to alternate sources to find and forge our spiritual path. This takes courage and insight, and not a small amount of curiosity. It is my considered opinion that if you are one such being, you will be reading this. Moreover, you would not be reading this if you were not meant to. . . .

In finding your own path you have, no doubt, encountered many teachings on spirituality, and may have made some of them your own. At the end of it, though, you have realised that each one is but a piece of the puzzle, one more step towards the meaning of life and our place in it.

This book makes sense. It takes many of those pieces of the puzzle and puts them together in a way that leads you to that “Ahh, so that’s what it is,” place of realisation. It gives credence to things you have been feeling, and puts into words things that were just beyond your grasp.

There are many people in this world who seem larger than life. But few of them return their gifts to the world and the souls who so desperately need them. Luis Falcao is one of those few; for he teaches not of dogma, but of the spirituality of love, and the love of spirituality.

What you will find in these pages may be just the piece of the puzzle you have been looking for.

Mark Davies, Author of the Cirillian Flame

IV. Author's Notes

Ok - So I finally give up, I am writing the book. I stand up, take a stance and speak the truth that the Creator has shared with me.

So many friends and people I have counselled have urged me to put my experiences and knowledge down on paper – so here it is.

If this is the first time we meet, well then, hello to you, my new friend. Yes I mean friend, because by reading my words you get into my spirit mind – my once private thoughts become yours as you read them silently to yourself.

These words in your mind may possibly become your own thoughts and so, as you think about my words (which are not actually mine, but from the Spirit), interpret them the way it best suits you and your soul. You may become enlightened, and this enlightenment is what makes us friends as we grow closer to our Creator, helping Him grow, helping us become closer to Him than ever before.

If you are wondering about your own life purpose.....

Remember this: If you are still alive you have not yet reached the goal you once set for yourself before coming to Earth.

CHAPTER 1

The First Tough Lesson: Growing up Psychic

Ring, Ring,

“Hi, Luis here,”

“Hello... . My name is so and so and I got your number from a friend.”

“Hi so and so, how can I help?”

“I don’t know. You tell me, you’re the psychic!”

I have always been a spiritual medium and a mystic. Several years ago, through the help of my two friends the intuitive Colleen Page and hypnotherapist, Evans Brown, I began conducting regressional hypnotherapy and spiritual readings guided by the Holy Spirit. My guide, Uriall, has been with me on this Earth for as long as I can remember. He is my spiritual advisor, friend and confidante. I have no special powers, none whatsoever. My gift was bestowed on me by the Creator so that I can help my fellow man by tuning in to the spiritual world and the Spirit (Some may call it the Holy Spirit). The difference between people who “see” and those who don’t is the “tuning in” of their aerial – I was born with my aerial already tuned in.

Be careful what you wish for. As a young boy I wished for the gift of wisdom, and guess what – I certainly got a wise old Guide as a full-time mentor.

I have always been like this. It really got “bad” when I was a child growing up. I could not understand that the world could not see what I did, and I struggled to tell the difference between spirit and human as I saw them in the same three-dimensional manner. My gift often got me into trouble,

A School Called Earth

and I would get punished for talking about the things and people (spirits) I saw.

A key point in my life happened in 1972, when at the age of five I saw my grandfather (My mother's side of the family) in the room and announced to the family that he was sitting in the lounge chair. This freaked everyone in the room out as no one saw the man and furthermore, we lived in Mozambique and he lived in Portugal. I informed the family, all staring in shock, that my grandfather had come to say goodbye. My family, by then, were used to me talking to the walls, but talking about, and to, a member of the family who was not present for them to see, was too much for them.

There were no house phones in those days, and so a day later when the family received a telegram to say that my grandfather had passed on, my family never looked at me in the same way again.

I was banned from speaking about the other side, and was told that, I must be possessed by an evil spirit. This scared the life out of me as my imagination took over and I imagined how awful I could become if someone else took over my body. This fear remained with me for most of my childhood.

To add fuel to an already raging fire I was taken by my grandmother (father's side of the family) to the local Catholic Church, where I was placed on an altar and almost drowned in holy water.

I became more frightened of the priest and the ritual he had conducted than I ever had been of anyone else in the world. This episode in my young life was enough to stop me from telling anyone in my family what I saw. Funnily enough, my grandfather has been in my life ever since and,

A School Called Earth

although, he is not a primary guide, he does come in and out whenever I need some level-headed or creative help. To add to his sense of humour, he dresses like a priest.

My dear mom cautioned me not to speak of it at school and this made it worse as schoolyards and playgrounds are full of angels and guides. My mother understood what was happening to me as her mother, Cristina, “spoke to the dead”. My mother had inherited the gift of clairvoyance from her and never stifled my curiosity in a world that no one could see. Out of concern for my wellbeing, however, she constantly warned me against telling anyone. Mozambique turned into a civil war nightmare, and my parents escaped to South Africa with only their lives.

As a young child and as a refugee in South Africa, the situation worsened. At school I was the subject of severe racial discrimination and this led me to become introverted. Strangely, as I became more of a loner, my gift began to grow. The other side were the only friends I could talk to and they never looked upon me with hatred and condescension. Uriall, who is ever comical at the best of times, took on the form of the comic hero Batman, and convinced me that one day I, too, could become a super hero. He convinced me that one day people would accept me and that one day they would even love me.

There were other loners in the school, just like me. These were children who often got bullied by other, bigger children and victimised by the teachers because they kept themselves to themselves. These children were the poorer ones from the other side of the tracks (there really was a railway line that divided the poorer suburbs from the rich ones), and they generally looked scruffier as their parents did not have the money to buy them new uniforms every year. These children, like me, lived off donations and second-hand clothes. Getting fed was our priority, and so

A School Called Earth

clothes meant little to us. We did not realise that we looked poorer, but it must have shown.

Some of the teachers themselves were racist towards any person of colour and my dark, olive skin was perfect for them to vent their insecurities about the future of the changing South Africa. This adult behaviour made the situation worse because young children mimic adults and so the teasing, discrimination, ostracisation and bullying continued.

Anyone that knows me knows that I am not one to surrender to bullies and so I fought back. One day, in my grade one year, while waiting for the school bus, I got beaten up so badly by a group of standard ten boys, that they left me for dead. They did not want a “kaffir-boetie” catching a whites-only bus, and so I was taught “a lesson”. They left me in a pool of blood on the side of the road. I was missing for two days as I lay unconscious, but I had help.

When my mother, with the aid of a friendly black policeman (Ben) found me in the bushes next to the bus stop, they saw two figures standing over me when they found me. According to Ben and my mother, these two people just vanished into thin air. Being hospitalised with broken ribs, a cracked skull and almost losing my eye, did not stop me from getting a hiding from my father for being weak.

I started to hate humans, especially adults, and this made me withdraw from society even more. The lonelier I felt, the more it compounded my hatred. Luckily for me a dear friend of the family and local karate instructor (Sensei Lappies Laubuschagne) saw my potential spiral downwards into a dangerous, rebellious path and offered to teach me the Okinawan art of karate in return for washing his car and mowing the lawn. Karate became my salvation and, like the comic book hero, I put

A School Called Earth

on an imaginary costume, fuelled by the desire to protect myself from the humiliation of getting beaten up. I did not want to be constantly scared of older children and teachers who took their fragile insecurities out on innocent young children like myself anymore.

I took on bullies as a mission in life (a cause which I still take on today) and soon I became a vicious and feared child. I would scout the world for bullies, and woe the kid who hurt another. Soon most of the school (including kids much older than I) feared me, and I loved the role. I was clearly on a path spiralling towards hatred and destruction.

To compound matters, things on the home front were not much better. My father, a policeman, was a violent and abusive alcoholic. He had spent many years in war situations and he brought them home with him. He, like many other Portuguese people in South Africa at the time, had lost everything in the civil war and in South Africa probably experienced racism himself. However, instead of lashing out at the people and colleagues that sent it his way, the bully took it out on his family – the very people who loved and adored him.

My mother was the subject of continuous verbal abuse, which turned to physical violence when alcohol was added. Pretty soon I got involved and so too I became a punch bag – one that punched back. I cannot recall how many times he broke my nose, or how many times I was hospitalised with fractured ribs and bones. All I can remember is that fighting back made me a whole lot stronger and braver. I am the eldest son of four children and I made it my duty to protect my sisters and brother. They were too young to experience any of the physical violence, but lived in dreaded fear of the fighting and verbal rage my father brought home every night. Faking sleep became the only way we coped as children, and our imaginations would soon have us escaping the terrible reality

A School Called Earth

of our childhood life. My friends from the other side used everything in their power to help us escape and we often compared the same escapist dreams the next morning.

Whenever the situation got really bad I would pray to Uriall and Gabriel (She would visit me from time to time to) and their love would give me the courage to get up in the morning and face the fear of going to school. This was my favourite prayer and I pray it to this day.

***Angel of mine, my friend endears.
To whom God's love commits me here
Ever this day and night be at my side
To light and Guide
To rule and guard
Amen.***

By the time I turned 16 (I had reached my black belt) there was not a child or bully I knew that dared to challenge me or hurt any person I cared for. Like everything in life, there was some good to this. As protector of the weaker bullied kids, I became their friend. As you will learn, it's the really advanced souls that take on the harsh lessons early on in life. And so I became surrounded by a really "unusual" group of friends that today are far greater achievers than those popular kids at school will ever be.

As I grew up, I spoke less and less of the other side, putting the visions and visits down to my overactive and creative imagination. Anyway, they never really helped, or so I thought.

Even as a hormonal teenager, fixated on girls and parties, I could not escape the memory of what had happened to me several years before. One morning at the age of nine, I woke to a bright light in my room. In

A School Called Earth

the middle of the bright light in my room stood what appeared to be a man with blond hair and a bright white garment. He addressed me as Michael and asked what I wanted. I was not afraid of this man, as I had seen spirits before. I recognised him as one of my family members from the other side. I asked for wisdom so that I could understand why people disliked me. I wanted to understand how I could help them. I wanted to know what I needed to do to be able to teach them to love. He asked me if I was sure about this request. When I confirmed my request He smiled and disappeared. I told no one of this visit.

Later on in life as a university student, I took on bold and ambitious challenges and ended up on the student council fighting for humanitarian causes. Drawing posters of "Free Mandela" made me realise that there were others that had experienced lessons far harsher than I ever had and so, as in all things of the spiritual awakening, the loop was made. I no longer blamed the angels and guides for not helping me, and realised that there must be a reason why they could or would not.

To pay for my studies and support my family (I had moved my mother, two sisters and brother out of my father's house) I started working as a bodyguard. This often dangerous and demanding work calls for precise planning and intuition if you are to keep your principal safe. Guess what? I started connecting with the other side in order to ensure safety for my clients and myself.

Bodyguarding instilled in me a sense of purpose and made me feel needed as I yet again protected people with a fear of others. It was a good exercise for my senses but, because there was very little exchange of positive energy and far too many negative beings around, it soon exhausted my spirit and my physical body. Furthermore, the bodyguard world was full of gung-ho individuals who lived on the need to kill, strange

A School Called Earth

as it may seem for a profession that seems hell-bent on saving lives.

Even as a bodyguard I pursued my studies in architecture and, once I was qualified, I left the body-guarding world to practise my educational learnings.

I moved on into the highly demanding world of corporate business. Again I shut out the spirit world and drew knowledge from it only when I needed strategic direction. I made good money, married a beautiful person and bought all the “right” toys. Even though I was admired by my colleagues and clients and was considered to be really good at what I did, I was still completely frustrated with life.

Fortunately for me there is, as you all know, no stopping the Creator and the destined cosmic karma (planning from the other side in which we as souls partake). I began getting severe headaches, which turned to migraines and they kept getting worse. This was all made worse as the company I was working for was going through restructuring and, as the youngest senior executive, my job was seriously on the line. Fear of losing the house, the Harley and the fancy toys made the migraines appear more severe and finally, thank God, I was diagnosed with a cystic brain tumour.

Yes, strange as it may sound, I do mean thank God. You see the tumour was my wake-up call. This realisation made me do a “Jerry McGuire”, take my goldfish and start all over again.

Chemotherapy was not for me and through a friend I was lead to Biocom resonance healing. The tumour vanished in about 3 months and in its place came my spiritual and psychic rebirth. Since then I have gone on to build a successful one-man consulting business and I truly love what I do.

A School Called Earth

In my everyday job, I help people who work for large companies. I do not really care about their corporate firms I care for the individuals who work there: their souls, their peace and their future. I used my gift to help them become successful and find the ultimate truth. After all we all have the truth inside us. As humans we search the whole world to find ourselves, but if we only searched inside ourselves we would find the whole universe.

So now that I have found security and inner peace I can see, hear and sense more clearly. I have come to the realisation that I cannot keep quiet anymore. I have to speak of the other side, of the truths I know and see and I have to help people find their way and give them affirmation that the other side exists. Teaching people about our real home and the fascinating place we go to when our bodies die, gives them hope, and connecting with their passed loved ones gives them the proof that the other side really exists. I know that in the not too distant future, this is all I will do, but for now I am happy with balancing the two worlds in one life.

We teach best that which we most seek to learn

Meet Uriall

In the past few years my spirit guide has become really loud and challenging. Through his guidance and that of the Holy Spirit, I have been lead to wonderful books by authors such as Richard Bach, Michael Newton and Silvia Browne. Reading their wisdom, I realised that I had to speak up – especially living here on the southernmost tip of Africa – a continent where so many advanced souls have come to grow their spiritual wisdom in this really tough school I call Earth.

And so I would like to introduce you to my spirit guide Uriall. The first time I met Uriall on Earth, was around 1410 AD (back home we are part of the same soul group, and thus have known each other forever). In 1410

A School Called Earth

we were both warriors in the Scottish highlands and even there he was already taking the role of my mentor. We were best friends, on a path to do-good and fight for justice together. We enjoyed a good battle (sounds absurd) especially if it meant getting rid of a tyrant and way back then he vowed to watch over me in future lives “should he go home early”. I had no idea of what he meant then, but I am really glad he stuck to his promise.

Uriall – you sing it more than you say it (You – ri - aaall) - has always been with me. He still sometimes presents himself in his highlander coat of armour, but generally he prefers to look like a priest. He has guided me through several lives and is the wisest most intriguing being I have ever met. He also has the weirdest sense of humour, and is the only living person (okay spirit) I know that dares to laugh at my foolishness.

Uriall communicates with me in several ways, and he is the reason that my readings with clients are so accurate. Even the critics are amazed! I can hear his voice, he sends me mental pictures like a plasma TV screen, gives me smells and odours, sounds and even sends me tastes.

I still cannot explain exactly how it works or why the Creator has chosen me as a channel (I prefer to be called a messenger). All I know is that it is fairly accurate and it gives many people hope and courage.

Although I been psychic my whole life, it was only after reading books on the subject of psychic phenomena that I came familiar with the terminology used to describe these talents. I have the gift of clairvoyance, clairexistence and clairaudience: sometimes only one gift a time, sometimes a combination of two gifts and sometimes all three together, depending on the level of spirit trying to contact me. Mostly I am what you would call claircognisant. I just get a sense of knowing, as if I am the person I am reading or trying to help.

A School Called Earth

A psychic person (The real ones at least) has the ability to predict your future and or past. I feel that they do this by tapping into your energy and since your future, past and present is all in the make-up of your soul's energy they can get a glimpse of your life and tell you the future. Please always be very careful when consulting a psychic. They may very well be seeing your future, but you have something called free will and choice, and with all good intentions, the psychic may lead you to the wrong conclusion that would then be lead you to the wrong choice.

I have the same ability as any predictive psychic, but I am not interested in these tap-ins into fortune-telling. I have been graciously given a gift that enables me to talk to souls, angels and guides on the other side and all around us and, as you can imagine, this is a lot more rewarding and inspiring than being a fortune cookie. My work is for the Creator and His Creation, not for the entertainment of mankind.

How using psychics can lead you to make the wrong choice and eventually move you far away from your right path.