



Welcome to the website for my new book: *BEING ME – A guide to the other side of grief and other joyous life survival techniques!* Though you see my birth-given name spelled out above, those who know me, call me Beth. I hope after reading the background about my story, and the journey that led to the writing of this book – an amazing adventure – you will feel you know me a little better. And through that knowing, may you be open, as I was, to the transforming possibilities of my experience.

Author Bio:

Mary Elizabeth Dolan is a produced playwright with a degree in theatre from the Carnegie-Mellon University School of Drama, a path which has dovetailed into a twenty year career as a writer/producer in the film and television industry. She is a member of the Writer's Guild of America, and currently lives in the foothills of the San Gabriel Mountains in Altadena, California, with her husband, and screenwriting partner, Luis Remesar. Together, they manage their production company, Coyote Pass Productions.

Awards: Ace Award Of Merit for writing/producing a national television public service announcement, Alma Award (co-recipient) for episodic television writing, Audience Favorite Award (writer/producer) for documentary feature film (Santa Barbara Int'l Film Festival), winner/WGA Diversity Program Teleplay Competition, winner/Universal Studios Hispanic Feature Film Writing Program, numerous finalist awards for screenplay competitions, and been honored by the International Latino Film and Video Festival for her work in short subject features.

Other: Attending writer with the Pasadena Screenwriter's Group, contributing writer on womentowomen.com, and most recently has been asked to "channel" a monthly message for the popular astrology site cosmicpath.com. In addition, the author has been selling her paintings, worldwide, since 2002.

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...”When Her words came through my consciousness, my head would automatically turn away from the keyboard and computer screen, and my fingers would rapidly begin touch typing. In other words, I never saw what I was typing as BEING ME spoke through my conscious mind. Strange, but very cool.” (M.E. Dolan)

SAMPLE MANUSCRIPT PAGES

BEING ME
A guide to the other side of grief and other joyous life survival techniques

by
Mary Elizabeth Dolan

Introduction

The main content on these pages has been channeled. Channeled through me, in a dialogue format, from my Inner Being, whom I call BEING ME.

Why should you be interested in what my Inner Being has to say? After all, you have your own guidance system, whether deliberately accessed or not, eternally watching out for you, coaching you through the twists and turns of your life. I truly believe that. Deeply know it as a result of my own experience. But maybe you aren't completely convinced, aren't sure exactly what the right-for-you approach is to accessing, to proving, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that this

great love and acceptance, this great warehouse of knowing is readily available to you at all times? Perhaps like me, you consider yourself spiritual and not religious? That the mention of God, per se, is maybe threatening, confusing, or at the very least, reminds you of indoctrinated beliefs you've spent your whole life sorting out and detaching from? Perhaps like me, you've always been looking, searching for another way, a simpler description of meaningful alignment, a clearer cut route to the heart of the matter, a direct hook-up to the main pipeline, to Consciousness Central – to Source? If you've been nodding in agreement to one or all of these “perhaps”, then perhaps my story, and the sharing of my own channeling adventure with BEING ME will instill within you the unbending faith that this type of connection is yours for the having, too. Writing is my way, the means to my plugging-in with my oldest and greatest friend. You will find your own way if you haven't already. If you haven't, but you want to, you just need to trust, and to be patient with yourself that the path will be revealed to you.

My path has always involved writing. I have been writing intentionally since my early twenties. Short stories, plays, and in more recent years, I have had the good fortune to work as a professional writer in commercials, documentary films and series television. After over twenty years in the television and film industry I have learned a lot about the business, about those occupational ‘bumps’, and about moving through the process. I still dream of being an Academy Award winning screenwriter and must continue to trust in the grand orchestration of the Universe to show me the way of that. But what the Universe has already shown me is this:

The purpose of our very evolution is to live fully, wholly, three dimensionally no matter what the circumstances. Persevering in this process, steering our boats with grace and courage in these waters can be uncomfortable, challenging, but ultimately, the source of our greatest satisfaction.

The tools we bring to this task (of persevering) are many and varied. For me, writing and the concept of channeling have always led the way.

I have witnessed the channeling experiences of others over the years, read about many more. There are numerous avenues, many possibilities of transmitting the broader wisdom, the universal truth. Talk, art, music, dance and certainly writing, to name but a few. I have always been fascinated by the idea of channeling from a metaphysical standpoint, and I have also benefited from the communications shared. Channeled messages have been, to me, more compelling in concept, more hopeful and exciting than I'd ever imagined. When I saw, heard, or read of others' experiences, I always felt good, energized, stimulated, my mind and heart opening to an expanded picture of why, as a group of beings, we've really and truly chosen to come into this physical dimension. And most definitely, I came to believe that, channeled information is not entirely generated from a purely human source, but ultimately, from Source itself - the *Great and Good Oz* of Collective Consciousness as it were.

What started out as a personal journey, an exercise toward achieving healing from a profound series of losses, has evolved into this work. My sincerest wish is that my story and the discussion I've had with BEING ME will uplift and inspire you, too – maybe even entertain a little.

Peace and love,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "BETH". The letters are fluid and connected, with a prominent loop at the start of the "B".

Right Before Contact

That particular September morning, I awoke earlier than usual. I remember that I didn't just get out of bed, I raced out.

A pre-dawn light - a little dab of lavender, shade of gray, maybe even a hit of yellow was starting to crawl through the windows as I made my way down the stairs, through the kitchen, and out the back door. Didn't even stop to make coffee. Something more important wanted my attention. Felt like I had a good dose of caffeine zipping through me anyway.

The dogs watched me curiously from their run while I charged to our detached office, twenty paces or so from the house.

"What's up with her?" I heard one volley the thought to the other.

Seconds later, Rocket, our younger dog at the time, and Jessie, his elderly, Labrador partner met up with me inside the office. I was more awake than they. Then, another thought exchange - these two were so predictable.

"Hey, what the hell, even if it's early, she represents feeding time."

"You've got a point." Then, as if cued by some invisible, flashing "CHOW" sign, Rocket started with his excited, "let's eat" bark.

Everyone's wide awake now.

"Hang on," I said, starting up the computer.

The Rocket Man wouldn't hear any of it, and now his bark was accompanied by his two-legged, hopping dance. Like a dolphin, showing off for an audience, as he stands erect on his fin, jigging backward over the water. An unbridled, mealtime demonstration of appreciation from my silly dog-fish. Ecstasy and insistence all rolled into one.

“Feed me. Feed me, immediately,” his voice demanded. Oh, for a mackerel to toss in his mouth. If anything, to shut him up.

As he carried on, bouncing up and down in front of me, I opened a blank page in Microsoft Word, typed the date at the top of the page, returned down about four lines, and parked my cursor where I wanted to begin when I came back.

“Okay, let’s eat,” I sighed.

And then, clean, blank page awaiting, cursor loyally poised, my sense of urgency and inexplicable anticipation momentarily quelled, we all made our way, at least one of us barking and bouncing, to the kibble closet.

Six weeks prior to this altered-energy September morning, my Mother’s sudden death, in early July, had shaken my world. And I didn’t think my world could get shaken any more. You see, barely three years earlier, I’d buried my younger brother, and the same with my Father just two years before that. And somewhere in between the losses of these significant, two-legged beings, my husband, Luis, and I had to make the difficult choice of putting our beloved four-legged being, our oldest dog, our first “kid”, to sleep. If you’ve been through this choosing on behalf of another, you know there’s nothing harder or more right to do. For fourteen years, Rudyard Kipling Dolan Remesar - Rudy, we called him - had taught us about love. A Master teacher that guy. It was heartbreaking and absolutely imperative that we let him go.

All this is to say, in less than a five year period, I’d seen way too much of the efficient, but always courteous, go-to funeral directors in my home town of Allentown, Pennsylvania, where

my family members were laid to rest. I felt bad for Cal and his dark-suited crew. Funeral personnel are like dentists. Decent people, hard-working professionals that nobody ever wants to see. But when you really need something taken care of, dealing with them is unavoidable.

Likewise, out in California, where I live, I'd also spent an unavoidable amount of time with our kind veterinarian and his compassionate, euthanasia-trained staff. An unlikely team of quirky and capable characters over at Vanderhoof Veterinarian Clinic for sure. Sweet human mutts. All crying as much as Luis and I did when, seconds after the injection, we watched the soul of our dear mutt slip gently from his warm, animal body. An exact moment it was, too. Quick and soft. The most beautiful letter, floating easily out of its envelope.

So, yes, not that I think I have the corner on great personal tragedy, but honestly, even before Mom died, I'd felt glutted with tsunami-sized portions of loss and grief already. Chewed up and spit out. Please, no more. But there was more. I love you, Mom, but crappy timing, girl. Awful. Certainly not for you, but for me.

But the main point in me telling you all this, the more heartening point is, in spite of the bad timing, the awfulness, I knew I would *survive*. Hey, I'd done it before. In fact, I hadn't just survived, I had found deeper reserves of personal truth and spiritual balance. A better sense of humor to boot. Creativity poured out of me during these times. Boy, did it ever. Poured out and through. Through the paintbrush, the computer keyboard, the garden shovel. I was like Johnny Depp in the movie "*Edward Scissorhands*". Constant movement, controlled but verging on dangerous, shaping whatever. "Get out of my way, or get hurt," my actions suggested. On a given day, I was flinging color, words and dirt wherever, in the hope that some form would present itself to me. Something recognizable. Answers to questions I hadn't even asked, the untangling of this massive jumble of thought and feeling. Just the faintest promise of clarity

would do. “Who cares...”, I’d yell to some imaginary judge and jury in defense of my hands-on, hands-everywhere grief process. “...flinging will eventually reveal to me all I need to know. For now, the canvas, the page, the flower bed – these are my havens of healing.” More flinging. “These are my depots for direct access to the watershed of emotion coursing through me. Places to catch and focus the ridiculous amount of run-off, for God’s sake!” There’d be no response of course. Only silence as I paused in mid-fling for a moment. Then, the embarrassment, sort of, would come. A little laugh as my face reddened. “Damn, I caught myself talking to myself again. Talking – try railing. What’s worse, I’m defending myself in a case where there’s no defendant. Jesus, Beth, you’re really sounding like a crazy person.” My head would turn from side to side, looking around. Paranoia overlapping the embarrassment. “What if someone really is listening? I should try to control this behavior in the grocery store.” Face heating up even more. And still, still crazier though it may seem, I needed to have the last word. But wait, I’ve always had the last word, the only word. That bit of awareness didn’t stop me. “Yes, well, nevertheless,”... I could hear me go on with me. “...I’d like to tie this particular discussion up with a closing thought. A brief and sharp exit, if you don’t mind. Most people enjoy them. In TV writing, it’s called the button on a scene.” Not that I was thinking too much about brevity, I then heard myself whisper, mutter maybe, the button of buttons, the total summation of where I was at. A Scarlet O’Hara moment, standing in the decimation of my proverbial plantation, okay, the produce section of Vons, our local market, eyes heavenward, fists clenching roma tomatoes, or was it peaches? Oh, crap, it doesn’t matter. This is what mattered - “Whatever force of nature threatens to unhinge me, from the core of my being, I will survive. Not only will I survive, I will grow, and I will thrive. So, Mom’s gone now. Fine. What else have you got? Bring it on, ‘cause you know what? Whatever doesn’t kill you...” Well, you know the rest.

The cursor was patiently waiting in the same place when I finally sat down at the computer.

“Welcome back,” the blinking bar seemed to say, neutral and unconcerned with what was about to transpire. Even Rocket and Jessie seemed unfettered, ready for nothing but their after-breakfast naps. Bums, the both of them. Envy from me, really, that they knew, without a second thought, that eating, sleeping, butterfly chasing, bird watching and other simple activity were the keys to a life of peaceful bliss. None of this computerized, over-caffeinated, stress-run, gotta-process-every-flippin’-thing world for them. They had such a better, overall game plan. Had the “secret” to present moment awareness, to joy. After all, dog is God spelled backward.

I stared at the screen of my iBook for a few moments, the white, empty field expectant for the text that was coming. My earlier anticipation had calmed to something much easier, much more accepting.

Then, as Jessie began snoring loudly, on the floor by my feet, a wave of relief, and I’ll admit, a bit of excitement flowed through me, and I typed the first question.

Session 1: CONTACT

(Signed on to computer at 7:38 A.M. 9/6)

Are YOU there?

I am. Just as I was last evening, as you define "evening" in your reality, just as I have been in all the other times you have, at various levels of consciousness, sought the understanding of my presence.

I guess it's always been about understanding for me.

Define "it".

My life, my purpose, my journey, my path. Do I really have to define this for you?

By no means. I'm clear. I'm just encouraging you, to choose, at all times, to be clear, clearer, clearest. Makes "this", all things really, appear so much more brilliant, sharper in the most beautiful sense of the word. The "bluest" sky you've ever seen, the most "perfect" rose... I'm using some examples that you can relate to in your reality, but I feel you get the broadest sense of what I'm asking of you.

You mentioned last night, or last evening rather. Sunset, to be clearer.

That palm tree, with the sunlight splashing on its entirety, the wind rustling its fronds, that was so very beautiful, don't you think?

I do.

I knew you'd agree. Had that strong feeling.

I'd like to share something with you, and you're slightly diverting me from the path, or my focus rather of exactly what I'm wanting to share with you.

You do get that I already know where you're going with this? I was there with you. I'm always there with you. Your temporary forgetting of that is what makes me smile with love for you, knowing that you are so very close to never, ever forgetting.

Thanks. I think I'm almost there, to "knowing" as you said, which is what I wanted to share with you.

Do you "understand", to use your word, that in your need, your desire, your seriousness of "wanting to share", that you are trying to convince me of something that I already know? I've moved on from that, you see. I.. we're past that. Let's get on to something else. The next leg of our incredible time together. Let's make a pact, if you are interested, to be right here, in

this NOW only, with each other, for the purpose of erasing the need to understand, but to come into an awareness, fully, of all that we have ever known. How does that sound?

I like it.

Good! Begin anywhere you like in this now. I'm here for you, in this now, to articulate what "we" know.

My God... I know, I know, you've been called that. I want to call you something else. Something I fell asleep wanting to identify you as. I woke up with the same thought.

Yes, I know. I was there.

I'm liking BEING ME. You'll notice...

That the letters of ME are your initials. That you began to sign all of your paintings M.E. DOLAN, without hesitation, several years ago. Again, I've been around for all of this. You really can cut to the chase with the excitement and precision of what we're wanting to accomplish and discuss right now. BEING ME is a fine name. It's fine because you like it, because you decide. As you decide, so do I, and there's no resistance you'll get. I'm along for the ride, remember? The whole ride. The never ending ride. The joy ride.

Okay, I'll start there. With the idea of "joy". What is this?

Let's talk about clear, clearer, clearest again, alright? Your words such as "it", "this", "that" represent, I've found, a lack of interest in clarity. Are you interested in clarity?

Yes.

Excellent. Then clarify.

You first.

Well, you're absolutely right. Questions are the way to go, but in the choosing of the question, in the roaming of your vast vocabulary for the absolutely perfect words, for the perfect, clear phrasing of your question, know that in the presence of such judiciously chosen clarity, all responses will be returned unto you with the same clarity. Clear?

Got it.

I appreciate your eagerness and enthusiasm, but I'm knowing, sensing that you're delaying your clarity because of a judgment that you hold on the subject of preference you are wishing to be made clearer.

You know everything.

Again, I follow your lead, without resistance. I'm here for your comfort and knowing - and whenever you are wanting those two things, consistently or sporadically, I'm ALWAYS available for the unconditionally loving giving of them.

Sorry I've been dragging my heels. Getting to the point seems like such a simple concept, but I guess it's... getting to the point has been about trust, or some other human excuse for why I've taken so long to arrive at this place of wanting to be specific with you.

*Let me clarify. Let this be clearest. There are no apologies necessary. There is no condition of term - long or short - in this physical experience you have chosen. You are here, as you are here, as you are here. You have "arrived" at this place, as you stated, not because of some lack, or disfigurement, or inherently incorrect part of yourself. You are willing to speak with me now, deliberately, **CLEAREST** because of the **SUM TOTAL OF ALL OF YOUR DELIBERATENESS AND CLEAREST THOUGHT THROUGHOUT YOUR ETERNAL JOURNEY. YOU ARE FOLLOWING?***

I'm with you.

In other words, you have a desire to clarify further, to obtain another level of "what is clear" for you, because of all that you have clarified in the past, up until this now.

I'm on track then?

I'll clarify your concept of "track". I'll take that liberty. Your track is your now, and your now is the sum total of ALL that you've experienced. You're a cauldron of knowledge just wanting to be clearer, clearest, more clearest. Still following?

Yup. Time to get clear. Get the most out of this "now" with you.

That's the spirit, and the joy I might add.

So, what you're saying is "joy" is being in the now? Savoring the now?

No, you're saying that, but I like the description very much. I can feel so many other words that would define, also wordless sensations that would define such a state, the state of joy, but let's discover and evolve to those expanded descriptions together, as we continue our clearness with each other. How's that sound?

Sounds good. I'll be honest with you, I'm getting a bit fuzzy in my head. The idea of choosing clarity has thrown me out of focus. Ha. Ha. Or maybe the sudden mental cloud cover is just a reaction to communicating with you in this new way?

Both are your ideas, your thoughts. Change the thought and see what happens.

Now, there's a thought. Mmmm... So, something along the line of... I'll have crystal clear skies – my mind, that is - and smooth sailing, at all times with you?

Lovely thought.

Anyway, I am going to step away from the computer, but I promise to return.

Yes, I know. I look forward to your return in this way.

I'm going to think about what I really want to clarify with you.

Good for you. The clearer the better, I say. This chapter - no pun intended – of our journey together will become more joyous as a result.

(Signed off computer at 8:41 A.M.)

...“I edited very little of Being Me’s responses. To that end, all of the capitalization and accentuated punctuation, within the body of Her responses, is all Her. Again, I was just the typist.” (M.E. Dolan)

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To go to the website for Coyote Pass Productions and the projects of co-partners M.E. Dolan and Luis Remesar: [CLICK HERE](#)

To go to the art website for M.E. Dolan: [CLICK HERE](#)