

Lesson Eight

By

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CHAPTER 22

Back To Rehab

I was starting to tell you a little about my experience in Acute Rehab. Two days after I had the tryout in ICU, pulling my weakened and paralyzed body up on the apparatus, I was moved to a private room in Acute Rehab. How I ended up in the only private room I cannot explain. It was probably another benefit of your Miracle Healing. Or perhaps it was a gift from God to the other patients in the recovery unit. I was not in the best of spirits. Once I fully realized how difficult my situation was I came out fighting mad. Irish mad! If I could have thrown stuff I'm sure I would have. The tomato soup was mostly an accident. I definitely would not have made a very good roommate.

Everybody in Acute Rehab dealt with his or her fate differently. But there's one thing I can guarantee, no one saw his or her difficulty as a God given opportunity to grow and expand the Universe. Certainly nobody was singing praises and thanking God for the difficulties they faced. Often our greatest gifts seem a lot like punishment. Most came in feeling sorry for themselves. Like they had accepted that they were destined to spend the rest of their life with less than before. They were learning how to cope.

I admit that thought definitely crossed my mind. I was angry sure, which I blame entirely on the second stage of grief. Still, I had a different mindset. I was there to get my life back. My first stage, denial, was working overtime because I tried not to think about what I'd lost. Oh, I had my moments. Late at night when I couldn't sleep I'd cry

for my past life. But for the most part, I was determined to get my life back on track, fast. I was not about to settle for that scarcity consciousness crap. I had been promised a full and complete recovery and, by God, I would have it! My death experience had made such an impact on me I woke every day with the absolute clarity that my full and complete recovery was guaranteed. All I had to do was give 110% every waking minute. I was impatient with any delay and absolutely determined to move forward with all due haste.

Apparently, that attitude came off a tad bit edgy to those around me. I tended to rub people the wrong way at times. I did manage to offset my ill humor by using my natural born wit and charm. It worked, too. I know because I overheard one therapist complimenting me to another therapist one day. She said, "Oh yeah. He can be quite charming when he isn't yelling at you!"

Full And Complete Recovery Guaranteed

It took all the strength I could muster to climb out of bed that first day. I had lots of help, don't get me wrong, but just clambering out of bed was exhausting. The right side of my body was of no help whatsoever. It was totally paralyzed. Every movement was excruciatingly difficult. I had to pick up and carry my right arm and leg with my left hand. Getting out of bed I had to reach over and pick up my right leg and move it, then pick up my right arm and move it. Over and over again. Out of the bed, I had to manually position my right leg and arm so I could get into the wheelchair. Once in the chair I had to pick up my right arm, which was always just hanging down and set it on the

arm of the wheelchair. The whole time my right shoulder screamed how unhappy it was, because the muscles that held that arm in place didn't work anymore and my shoulder was pulling apart. I grabbed my right leg to get it on the footrest and lifted my right arm onto the oversized armrest that held it in place. Neither of my limbs was much interested in cooperating. Boy, that gets old darn quick. I was pushing, pulling and prodding over 100 pounds of dead weight every inch of the way. Eventually, I got angry with my own body for not helping, for just hanging there. Getting dressed, climbing out of bed and getting into a wheelchair felt like a major accomplishment. I was ready to call it a day right there and then. The nurse helping me quickly reminded me it was 6:00 a.m. and I had a full day of rehab ahead.

"Fun, fun, fun 'til daddy took the T-Bird away, now."

Rehab wasn't fun, but I was grateful I had the chance. The chance I got because you gave me the gift of Miracle Healing.

Finger Of Hope

Just to be clear, I was pretty much a lump of half paralyzed clay. I needed a lot of help making my recovery a reality. There were three kinds of rehab, each requiring a specialist, the physical therapist, the occupational therapist, and the speech therapist. Well, four, if you count the shrink. I didn't pay much attention to him. I guess I was kind of insulted the doctors would think I needed any kind of mental adjusting. Why in the world would I need mental adjusting? I had to push and prod my weakened and paralyzed body to work again. That's all. I grew up in Nebraska. Hard work is in my

DNA. Work and work hard, that's all I needed to focus on. "Just, git 'er done!" as Larry the Cable Guy would say. It was my body that needed fixing, not my mind. Who ever heard of such a thing? There was nothing wrong with my mind! OK, I had a hole in my brain the size of a racket ball, but I wasn't focusing on that. I had work to do.

I was definitely in denial. It was three years before I finally dragged my backside to a psychologist. Believe me, I needed her help. Besides, she was young, really good looking and was a Dead Head in her misspent youth. Who wouldn't need that?

The occupational therapist in Acute Rehab prepared me for my coming out party by teaching me practical things like brushing my teeth, getting dressed and strengthening my arm and my dexterity. Since my arm and fingers didn't move at all she couldn't do much there. We did go through the motions. Strapping my arm and hand to various contraptions and sundry exercises. The mind has to know what you want it to do before it can accomplish the task. Apparently, the arm and fingers are the last to improve. By the time I went home I could move the tip of my index finger of my right hand about oneeighth of an inch. Wow! What an upper it was to move that one finger. I remember sitting in my wheelchair, watching my finger every morning and knowing my Miracle Recovery had begun. I actually looked forward to waking up to see how far my finger moved each day.

All Strokes Are Different

Oh, my occupational therapist also gave me showers and helped me dress for the day. She made sure I could tell the difference between armholes in my tee shirts and the

openings in my shoes and what to do with each. Don't laugh! Some folks couldn't do that. It was amazing how differently people were affected by their brain damage. One guy came out relatively unscathed except for the fact he lost his ability to speak, completely. He couldn't even make basics sounds. Another lady couldn't walk or remember her family. She remembered everybody else, but not her family. Most people were older than I was. Except, for one pretty young woman home from college for Spring Break. She was 19. She drove a little too fast through a state park one night and crashed her brand new sports car into a stately hundred-year-old Live Oak at 50 miles an hour. The good news was that the tree was not badly damaged. The car, however, was totaled. Miraculously, the girl came away with no broken bones or ripped skin. The bad news was brain damage. For two days she ran around Acute Rehab day and night in her underwear, demanding to go home. It was not a pretty sight. Dr. Kenneth Lynn, the director of Acute Rehab told me about a similar case. The man could function quite well, but he had lost his ability to act on what he saw. He could see cars coming down a street, for example, know that they were dangerous and could hurt him, but he'd walk out in the street anyway. His wires to act upon danger signals were permanently disconnected. He'd have to have someone watch him twenty-four seven for the rest of his life. No matter how bad we think we have it, things could always be worse. At least, we'd consider them worse. We can't judge the tests and difficulties of others from our own perspective. It's their chance to choose, experience the consequences and grow and expand. I can only express how grateful I am for my Miracle Healing. This whole experience has been plenty to accept and grow from.

Thank you. Thank you. Thank you for your gift of Miracle Healing.

The speech therapist worked on my speech as you might expect. At that time frame the right side of my face just hung there in a death mask frown. My vocal cords and the muscles governing my ability to speak and swallow were also affected. All they gave me were thickened liquids and Jell-O for I don't know how long. If your throat doesn't close off the airway to your lungs every time you swallow then you can aspirate, opening yourself to pneumonia. Still, I was ready to organize a raiding party on the food cart by the time I tasted real water, ice tea and graham crackers and cream cheese. Bagels were not on the menu.

My speech therapist made me work my voice and throat muscles when I couldn't even gargle decently, but I got stronger. My face gradually came back. It took over a year of doing those exercises before that death mask thing was gone. I liked my speech therapist. As a wedding present I gave her a floral painting I made with my left hand during my stay in Acute Recovery. She fell in love with the painting. I thought Diane was going to strangle me when she found out. I guess she liked it too. I painted her a bigger one once I got back home. It's kind of a modified Jackson Pollack/impressionist version of my prized yellow and orange hibiscus.

Reconnecting Daily

Every morning and evening I would go to my room and spend time in the Portal drawing healing energy from the quantum side. At least, that's what I thought I was

doing in that time frame. Now, I'm not so sure. I was probably accessing that instant when I was awash with the rainbow of Miracle Healing colors you sent. Back then I was numb from the whole experience and I was sort of running on cruise control. I was used to doing the Quantum Selling exercises; they came without thinking which was a good thing. Either way, I would see a particular color envelop my body. Every time I did this the color changed, which lends credibility to the idea that, I was reconnecting to my Miracle Healing. I am convinced that discipline was of great aid and benefit to my healing, both in assisting with my recovery and in giving me the reassurance I needed to continue the daily grind of doing the impossible, waking unresponsive body parts and building new neuro-pathways.

This is exactly what you can experience in those precious healing moments immediately after you send your healing message to Tom and the world. As you remember, once you create a Miracle Healing of pure love you receive one back, multiplied. It is in those oh so precious moments that you can soak up the same incredible healing energies I did and still do. I encourage you again to remain in alpha, open to receive the entire good coming to you after you send your healing message.

I continued this practice for years after I left the hospital. In fact, for three years I couldn't do anything in the Portal except call healing energies to my body. After breakfast I would go out back on our portico and sit in my camp chair, close my eyes and go into the Portal. I would see healing energies flow through my body. By then they were either streams of electric cornflower blue or waves of intensely soothing sea-foam green. Sometimes I would see bolts of healing energy hitting me like lightening. They were an array of different colors and frequencies. An amazingly intense and powerful

red, a constantly moving and surging indigo in various textures and tones, a purple so soothing and peaceful, yellows so light and funny I always smiled, all alive and fecund with healing properties. These bolts of healing energies would roll down my holographic body bringing healing to the places that needed them. I would always feel a shudder of electricity running down my spine when the bolts hit. Other times I would focus the healing lightening on my brain and visualize new neuro-pathways forming. They'd always appear – maybe, the best way to explain it in our color spectrum is a living, breathing, day-glow orange. I'd watch these sentient colors move like a CGI of a car traveling across a map of the USA. They'd travel from my brain down my spine to a junction, then down my arm or leg. It was really cool. I'd get caught up in that and lose all track of time. As I have here.

Without one single doubt, my training in the Portal prepared me for my recovery. It gave me a leg up, a head start on my personal healing. It was such a comfort knowing I could affect change and healing in my body by using the pathway of my mind. Nothing happens to us that isn't something we can handle.

I Couldn't Tell Them

Oh, I have been able to get back functions like crossing my right leg over my left leg without using my hands. It took a lot of hard work and the help from Dr. Clay Miller, one of my chiropractors. He uses a unique nerve and muscle bundle massage technique he developed. He engendered amazing results. It floored my stroke doctor, Dr. Lynn, when I showed him my new skill three years later. He looked up at me with an

expression of deep felt surprise and said, "Well, I guess you can get back function after a year."

Again, thank you all for my Miracle Healing. I believe it keeps working because you keep sending your messages. I hope you keep sending them long after I'm gone. Sending your healing message back in time and into another dimension where I received your healing will remain a doorway to a guaranteed path to Miracle Healing regardless of whether I'm on this physical plane or not. This opportunity for expansion exists for all time. Keep that Miracle Healing of rainbow colors in your mind.

Walking exercises were done in the hallway outside my room. The goal was for me to walk 100 feet before I went home. The exercise initially took two therapists. One to push the wheelchair behind me, so when my legs would inevitably give out and I'd fall from exhaustion I could fall back into the chair. The other therapist would walk backward in front of me holding my hemi-walker and spouting encouragements with my every movement. Learning to walk again was incredibly difficult. First of all, the only way I could get my right leg to function in a way that even approximated walking was to throw it forward using my right hip. It was not possible to lift my leg at all. The first day I tried walking, I managed to take almost three steps before I was too worn out to continue and had to go back to my room for a nap. It was more than physical exhaustion. My brain was exhausted, too. By the end of the first week I was taking five steps. My encourager was legitimately shocked with my progress. She kept repeating, "I can't believe you. Your will is so strong. By all rights you shouldn't be able to do this. You shouldn't be able to walk at all."

It wasn't only my encourager who was amazed at my recovery. The whole staff told me how unbelievable my recovery was. Nobody said it, but they all knew I should be dead or at least in long term bed rest. I think the doctors ultimately allowed me to go to Acute Rehab to simply quiet Diane and Penelope.

There were plenty of Code Blues while I was there. Every one reminded me I had chosen to return which spurred me onward. The doctors, therapists and nurses who treated me couldn't seem to get over my amazing recovery. I was a bit of a hero 'round those parts. In my exit conference the whole staff, one by one, told my family what a marvel I was. The head physical therapist, the same one that originally brought the apparatus into ICU and gave her approval for my admittance to Acute Recovery said, " Tom has made the most amazing recovery of any patient we have ever had. His strong will and positive attitude has worked nothing less than a miracle."

She didn't understand. None of them did. And I couldn't tell them. I was still processing everything myself. The fact was my miracle recovery wasn't because of me. It was because of you. I had been given the gift of Miracle Healing. My recovery was guaranteed from the start. All I had to do was put in the work. Just think about that for a second. If you knew you had a Miracle Healing, if you knew your healing was absolutely, divinely guaranteed, no matter what the difficulty was, trauma, illness, substance abuse, economic troubles, marital strife, persistent unhappiness, wouldn't you act differently? If all you had to do to overcome your illness were to put in the work, wouldn't you approach your life with more enthusiasm? More confidence. More certainty. More "amour de la vie."

Your Guaranteed Recovery

Think about it! Imagine if you lost all your money. Maybe you lost your job. Or you were taken to the cleaners in a business deal. Or you were abused in some unspeakable manner. Maybe you lost your home to the bank. Or you lost your spouse to someone else. Or you suffered great mental, emotional or physical loss. Or you were diagnosed with some supposedly terminal disease. Sure, you'd go though all the stages of grief. Then you'd have to recover or die. Difficulties can be a living death when you feel sorry for yourself, give up and live a life of regret and failure. The buried anger alone would make your life hell on earth. Unless you stand up, face your pain and do something about it. You could blame God, yourself or someone else for your difficulties. What profit is there in that? You'd miss the lesson! You'd lose out on the growth! You'd lose your shot at Infinite Abundance!

Ask yourself: How would I handle my recovery if I knew without a shadow of a doubt that my difficulties were for my highest good? That they were given to me at my request? That they were an opportunity instead of a punishment? That I would come out stronger, richer, happier and more powerful than ever once I faced them?

You'd handle your test differently, right? Don't you think everybody would? Remember, in this time-space matrix what you put out comes back multiplied. You sent Tom a Miracle Healing of pure love consecrated in the Presence of the Generous One. That means you, too, have received back a Miracle Healing, which is guaranteed. The only difference is your healing is multiplied many times over. The more you send the more you receive back.

Put in the work! Your full and complete recovery is absolutely positively guaranteed.

Your Challenge

How will you approach life now? As you send Tom and others a Miracle Healing of pure love, how will you think, feel and act then? Will you become as determined to have your healing as I was? Will you look at financial downturns, lost jobs and busted economies as an opportunity to grow, learn and expand? Will you take your shot to become more than you were? Will you act with confidence, determination and love of life when your health or life is threatened or when you have to deal with discrimination or loss? Or when you have not yet found the love of your life or the success you desperately hope to find? If, God forbid, you have to learn how to walk or feed yourself again maybe using artificial limbs, what will you do?

Will you look at the myriad of tests and difficulties you face in your path as an opportunity to grow, learn and expand yourself and the Universe? Will you cherish your short time in this earthly experience and make the most of it? Every single minute of every single day! Will you take the high road? Will you love others? Will you love your enemies? Will you treat the world with kindness and charity? Will you treat others as you yourself would be treated? Will you press onward when the swords flash? Will you move forward when the shafts fly? Will you stand up and be counted when your path leads you to seemingly impossible choices and seemingly unwinnable scenarios?

You are the one! This is your time. This is your one and only chance to do the job, to live the life you came here to live.

Will you join me on that pier and face the storms of destruction laying waste to our precious transformational playground?

Your transformational playground. Your life! Your future! Your happiness and abundance!

Will you stand firm against the onslaught of naysayers and those who would have you follow the ephemeral precepts and desires of a deathly ill civilization?

Will you seek connection and alignment with your transcendent self and the Source of all that is, was or ever will be? Will you continue to send healing messages of pure love into the Presence of the Generous One? Will you put in the work?

This is now your challenge. This is how you evolve to the next level of possibility. This is how you grow, expand and create a loving peaceful world for yourself and all that you love. Oh, it's not the only path, but this path is simple and guaranteed.

This is your mission. Not mine. Mine was to write a book and keep teaching. That's what I do. You'll have to do what you do. You'll have to do it with an unabridged consciousness and a pure heart if you want to enjoy all the Good you have so long dreamed about and prayed the All-Powerful Forces of Creation to bring. If you really want to enjoy a Miracle Healing, you have to choose to accept it every single day for the rest of your life.

I know you can do it. You've done it before. I've seen you do it. You were amazingly brilliant. I cannot say it enough. You were brilliant and successful. But you still have to choose to do it. You must decide.

This is not the easiest way to spend your life. It is simply an incredibly rewarding and fulfilling avenue to living a life of Infinite Abundance. I have found it makes my life a great adventure for which I can be proud. It is a life filled with challenges and opportunities I can face with enthusiasm and integrity. Why not, I'm loved and protected at all times and under all condition.

Join The Evolution

In all honestly, I must admit I have not always made the most of the opportunities I've been given in my life. Nobody's perfect. His Holiness Christ, Mohammed and Baha'u'llah left the growing reality of what they saw on their path, their mission and retreated to the desert to find the strength to deal with what was coming for them. The Bab was imprisoned in the mountains of northern Iran where He prepared Himself for His martyrdom. Moses wandered in the desert for forty years. I'm not sure about the other Manifestations of God like, Krishna, Buddha, Zoroaster and The Great Spirit. I am sure they, also, faced choices and consequences they would rather not have faced. As His Holiness Christ said, "O Lord, let this cup pass from me."

It's only natural and frankly expected that we try to avoid brick walls in our path, which is why it is so very important you send out a Miracle Healing every chance you get. It gives you a leg up, a heightened perspective, the expansive and evolved power of

a transcendent being. We are here in this life to face tests and difficulties, make choices and grow from the consequences. That's it. That and have fun. The best rejuvenator in this life, the best super charger, the best secret power to moving forward with gusto toward success in this life, is having fun. Fun combines joy with detachment both of which you need to heal and overcome the challenges you face.

Remember you only face the obstacles you can overcome. Obstacles designed expressly for you, for your benefit, for your healing and transcendence. You're not charged with bringing a new era of enlightenment into the world like a Manifestations of God. You are merely asked to do the best you can. To grow and expand the Universe you live in by living the life you came here to live. To elevate yourself and to love all you see in this life because it is all truly a divine gift to us. Above all, you must avoid a scarcity consciousness and refuse to see life though the eyes of defeat, mistake and failure. They are lies, horribly destructive illusions. You don't need them. Strive always to align yourself with the higher order of possibility. Embrace goodness, fairness and honesty, knowing you are loved and protected at all times and under all conditions.

This is how you heal from the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. This is how you elevate your consciousness and heal yourself and all you love from the selfdefeating effects of a scarcity consciousness. This is the gift that quiets the raging storms and heals the earth. This is the path to Infinite Abundance.

Evolution into an elevated, unabridged consciousness is the next big challenge you face. We face. We few. We incredibly lucky few who have been chosen to breathe the air and walk the paths given us in this life, in this amazing time of change and transformation. This time frame in which you live is the most important period of change

in the history of our civilization. This is why you connect with your Transcendent Self. This is how you answer for yourself that all important question, "Who am I?" This is how you embody the Infinite Awareness of All-Creation. This is how you clothe yourself in the endless bounty of all-creation.

This is how you evolve. This is how you evolve. This is how you evolve.

Join us in the Evolution of Humankind and the salvation of our precious transformational playground, planet earth.

I need you. The world needs you. You and all that you have ever loved or will ever love need you.

Thank you, once again, for everything you do, have done and will ever do. See you on the pier, brothers and sisters.

See you on the pier.

EPILOGUE

Hummingbird

One incredibly beautiful early spring morning back in Southern California, I went out on my back portico to call in the Arc of Light and send a Miracle Healing to all of you. The sky was clear blue. The temperature was about 75 degrees Fahrenheit. I could smell a touch of sea air perfumed with the fragrance of the spring flowers already in full bloom. I was in a sensational mood. Home in a paradise of color and beauty. I was living my dream. A pair of Red-Tailed Hawks had nested in the tree above me. Their chicks would hatch any day now and start demanding food, filling my yard with the happy sounds of new life. God was in his heaven. Everything was going right in my world.

As I entered the Arc, all the sounds of the world around me seemed to vanish. I could hear a faint melody reminiscent of the angel music that welcomed me once before. When I recognized what the melody was, I released all control, simply accepted the coming vision and relished the moment. Totally lost in the moment, I saw in my mind's eye an overview of the earth. I could see the earth rotating as though I was positioned in satellite orbit. At the same time, I could see close ups of the cities and countryside. I saw people working and playing in total peace and happiness.

The coastal formations of the continents were different. The sea had risen. The coastal cities were smaller and farther back from the seas. All across the planet the smaller, yet flourishing human population had spread out into the countryside.

Everywhere I looked I saw a verdant and healthy environment. Brimming with foliage and wildlife. The Amazon seemed to have grown and expanded. The jungles of Southeast Asia and Africa were also thriving, smaller, but growing and expanding. Many new cities, circular and smaller in design, occupied the interior of the continents. Even the deserts showed renewed vigor and life. A great deal of agriculture was going on there. I was overcome with joy when I realize the deserts were blooming.

There was more water than there is now. More lakes and bigger oceans, and very small permanent ice deposits. The climate seemed to be more temperate. Large clear protective domes covered what must have been the business districts of the cities. The people were exceedingly happy and void of any apparent stress. Definitely not overworked. If anything, they seemed to spend their days mostly playing, as did the laughing, happy children. I didn't feel the crying need in the world for food and substance I do now. There was no great feeling of want at all. Most rewarding of all, there was neither the slightest hint of volatile anger nor the machinery of war. Peace was by far the overriding ambience across the entire globe.

I caught myself wondering if this vision was only a reenactment of a book I once read. Joseph MacMoneagle, the best remote viewer in Stargate history, published a book of predictions in 1998, *The Ultimate Time Machine*. In it he recounts his remote views on various periods of time-space. One of his last predictions is about life in the distant future. He describes an earth exactly like the one I was seeing in my vision. Naturally, I wondered if I was somehow replaying that scene in my visit to the Arc.

The more I watched, the less my vision felt like a rehash and more like a new Living Video. A gift from the Generous One showing me feedback, follow-up on the

effects of our work. Our precious transformational playground is safe and flourishing. We have saved it. We have brought the reality of Infinite Abundance of Creation to earth. We have built a future of heaven on earth. We have done our jobs well. My whole being was filled with amazing excitement. The hairs were standing up on the back of my neck.

I don't often get a glimpse of the future. While directing a guided meditation for Quantum Selling before my stroke, I did see a massive earthquake stretching from Los Angeles to San Francisco. It was dark and rather upsetting. This vision of peace and hope was bright and clear, much more compelling and left me feeling ... well, I guess it left me feeling satisfied and at peace.

I wanted to know more. Find out the year and date of this marvelous vision. See inside those domes. Watch the people go about their daily lives. Explore the business, the industry, all the mundane stuff that fosters personal curiosity, but really doesn't matter much to us in this time frame. I was thrilled beyond my wildest dreams to experience this vision. Thrilled, gratified and so very, very grateful. We had done it. We had done our part. The world was at peace. I could see our progeny thriving in the bounty of creation. But further exploration was not on my path.

I was drawn from this mesmerizing visage by the slightest of wind. The antithesis of that Category 5 hurricane we faced together. This was so small it couldn't even be called a breeze. This barely noticeable wind was so tiny; in fact, it only affected the index finger on my right hand. You'll remember that was the finger that moved so slightly in the hospital. It was the finger whose tiny movement demonstrated to me the fulfillment of my promise of a full and complete recovery. That finger was the epicenter

of the minuscule wind that drew me from my glimpse of the precious transformational playground to come. I was being given both a promise of our success and a vision of what that success looked like. It was a vision of the effect of the cause we created.

As I began to mentally focus more deeply on the slight wind, I hear the faintest buzzing sound. Focusing on this event, I feel the pressure of two very tiny feet perching on my prophetic finger. I managed to stay in Alpha as I open my eyes. I look down at the most remarkable sight. Perched on my index finger is the living Universal symbol of joy, happiness and peace. Sitting on my finger, wings flapping incredibly fast, is a tiny iridescent young hummingbird. An almost magical sense of divine power and awe surges though my body. He is telling me I can have anything I want. He is reminding me that all is well and I live in a world of Infinite Possibility. So powerful I can even have a hummingbird bring me a vision of peace and love. The feedback we need for our mission's success.

I watch as he flutters from my finger up to my face. He is so close to my face I fell the friction of his wings across my cheeks. He hovers in front of my eyes watching me for a long moment as if to say, "Are you getting this, Tom?"

Then he flies up into the trees and disappears.

It Only Takes A Moment

- 1. Close Your Eyes and gather energy from the Universe
- 2. Picture the Rainbow of Miracle Healing
- *3.* Choose the one to receive a healing
- 4. Out loud or in your mind say: *Heal. Heal. Heal.*
- 5. Send another healing message

Lesson Eight

Deeping Questions & Workbook

Lesson Eight

Miracle Healing Power

Chapters 22 & Epilogue

1. Sometimes our greatest gifts seem like punishment at the time we are going through them. Have you ever experienced that? Explain with examples.

2. Now that you have sent and received your own Miracle Healing, you are guaranteed a full and complete recovery. This applies to all facets of your life. Health. Financial. Social. Love. Personal joy and happiness. Of course, the healing may feel like punishment at the time. Most importantly you need to open up and allow that healing in, to reach you. And since you cannot even imagine the infinite nor where your path leads, you must surrender your will to God's will for you.

Write these statements:

I fully and unconditionally accept my Miracle Healing.

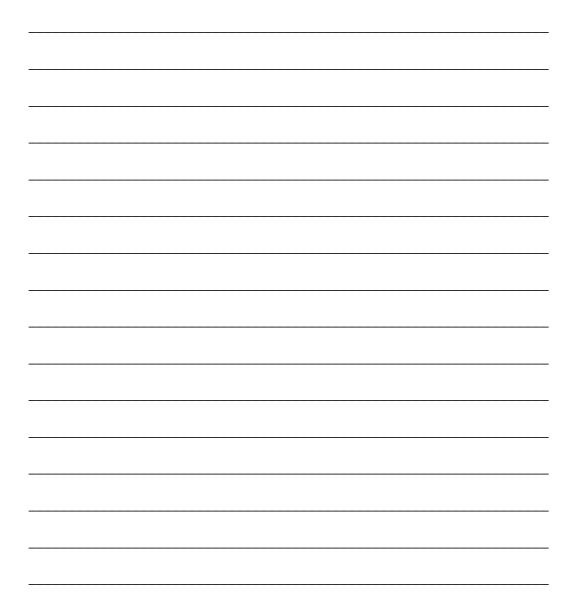
I surrender my will to the omnipotent will of Creation.

3. Now that you are guaranteed a full and complete recovery how will your life change? Will you go about your day with a new spirit and a bolder, stronger success attitude? Will you expand your acceptance of possibility?

4. Scientists have proved we live in a Quantum Reality. That means that an effect can be experienced and enjoyed long before it is caused. How does that affect your life today?

5. Are you ready to face and grow from new challenges with courage and confidence? Are you ready to accept who you are? Are you ready to embrace your transcendent self? Are you ready to accept that you are powerful beyond all measure? And live your life with the guarantee that we can and do calm the chaos and help welcome in a new more loving and peaceful world? I know you can do this. I've seen you do it and now you have seen your efforts bear fruit. Remember the vision that young hummingbird brought us. That is the result of your efforts. Close your eyes, calm your mind, remember the hummingbird and create another Miracle Healing right now. Your success is guaranteed.

6. Congratulations! You've opened the door to the Infinite Awareness of Creation and a rich transcendent life. Have you changed during the Course? Grown and expanded? Gained confidence? Write a closing paragraph describing where you are now. Answer the question: Who Am I?



Email a copy of your final "Who Am I?" paragraph to <u>richdreams@richdreams.com</u>. We love to hear from you. Tell us about your success and healing.

Peace and Love

Tom and Penelope

O! Happy to see you on the pier.