

Lesson Four

By

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CHAPTER 13

The Message

In the next life, you don't have the pressures you do here. There is no need to make money, pay bills or save for old age. No need to work hard, take care of your body or help others who are less fortunate than you. No need to go to school, find your passion or overcome tests and difficulties. No need to discover anything. Create anything. Build anything. No need to gain anything or lose anything. There's no need to love, be loved or raise children. No need to feel emotions of any kind. And there's definitely no need to work on your golf swing or have your nails done because you won't have any arms, legs or fingers. Nope, in the next life you are not burdened by any of that in the slightest. These are all uniquely human experiences. Experiences that lead you to make choices. Choices made possible only because free will is inherent to the matrix of our earthly experience. Choices that shape your life and give you a unique and fleeting opportunity to grow and learn. Choices, which ultimately extend your awareness and expand your consciousness.

Because as you grow, as your choices and their subsequent consequences lead you to a more elevated human experience, your eternal essence becomes more aligned with the energy of the Ultimate Power of all Creation. This is the essence of healing. This is how you know who you are.

You Chose

Cherish the life you are given. You came here at this experiential, phenomenal point in our growth as a culture to strengthen and expand your unique essence. You are given talents and abilities consistent with the work that needs to be done now. Right now. You came here to face challenges, make choices, live with the consequences and in so doing raise your consciousness and in so doing the consciousness of the whole of humanity. This is the process by which you come to know who you are. And knowing who you are is the lynchpin to attracting your Miracle Healing.

To fully understand who you are you must know one very important fact:

You chose to come here.

Yes, you chose to come here at the exact moment, place and parentage of your birth to face the challenges and benefits for growth only available at that precise moment of our time-space matrix. No mistakes, accidents nor anything even remotely random involved. You chose to come here and now. This is your challenge. This is your time. This is your opportunity. You won't get this opportunity in the next life. There are no choices in the next life. No challenges. No victories. No defeats. No reflections. No revelations. No celebration. There are no consequences, no growing, no learning, at least, not as we know it in this earthly experience. I cannot testify to the possibility you will go on to another world once you pass through the Arc of Light. That information was not made available to me. Of course, why wouldn't there be other worlds? We are dealing with infinity. All I'm saying is take advantage of the uniquely precious gifts of

this temporal, material matrix while you can. What fool leaves a diamond mine with their pockets full of coal?

You came here so your essence could mature. So you could become more aligned with the energy of All-Creation. This transformational playground, this amazing and miraculous venue for growth and development we call earth is a bounty given to us by the Generous One as an aid for our advancement. It is here to provide you with the opportunity to try, fail and succeed, so you can experience and grow from the consequences of your choices.

Talisman for Change

Remember: You Are The One! You are the talisman that opens the door to fulfilling centuries of prophecy. You – not your children or their children – you and I are the groundbreakers who must prepare for the building of a self-perpetuating, ever abundant paradise on earth. It is up to you and me to heal ourselves, our kind and eventually our planet from thousands of years of growing pains. The best part is, what's required of you is not difficult.

You are not an accident.

You are eternal. You hold within you the power to cause anything to happen. You are supported always, regardless of what you may feel, think or believe. You are never alone. Never. In your darkest hour of need ask for help and it is given, instantly. You can have absolutely anything you want to have, including Jackalopes. If you can imagine it, you can have it. The only limits placed upon your desires are those you

impose on yourself. You are an amazingly powerful being with an equally amazing sphere of influence. You are Rich Beyond Your Wildest Dreams! So why not act like it? Since you can have anything you desire, why not behave as a generous, loving, responsible adult who is using your precious few hours here in this glorious time-space matrix as an opportunity to elevate your life? Why not elevate the lives of your fellow human beings? Why not elevate your brothers and sisters everywhere, children and grandchildren and all those who will come after you. Regardless of their differences. Regardless of their opinions. Regardless of the good or the bad we believe they generate or inspire. You are not an accident; neither are they. Why not choose the high road? When you can already have anything you want? Anything! Why not choose to elevate all that you can see, touch, feel, hear, smell and taste? And all that you cannot see, touch, feel, hear, smell and taste? Love each and every member of your human family. We need everybody. United we are even more powerful. Elevate and hold precious all that is, regardless, of your personal beliefs, preferences or choices. Because those ugly, hateful disgusting people, ideas and things all around you are nothing more than a mirror.

Admit to yourself exactly how powerful and amazingly rich you truly are, as frightening as that may seem.

While writing this book I faced many seemingly dire circumstances. I'm writing this for all of us, remember. I must feel these things deep in my essence, so I've been blessed with an abundance of tests and difficulties. These tests and difficulties are divine gifts, all given to me for my growth. Of course, that doesn't make them sting any less.

In desperation one day I asked God – well, more like shouted, "What am I doing wrong? I have written down my requests. I have surrendered to your will. Yet, I am

plagued with unbearable difficulties. I never stop working to alter my situation, but nothing changes. What can I do? Just tell me Lord and I will do it? Tell me what should I do?"

The answer came quickly. I am one of those lucky people who hear voices. I don't know who they are exactly, guides or angels. But they really do cut to the chase.

They answered:

You [humans] don't get it. We [Guides/Angels] don't have free will. We wait for your direction. We can only step in and help if we are asked. If you try to do it yourself, we cannot interfere.

That is what letting go is. That is what surrender is.

When you ask for help and allow help, anything can happen. Anything. We can do anything. We can make anything happen.

It is not up to you to know how to make anything happen. It is up to you to know how to ask and let go. Then, and only then, can we go to work.

Obviously, I had not let go. I had not surrendered. Sometimes we only let go when everything seems hopeless. When we have tried and failed and tried some more, and are in a place of desperation. Only when we have reached the end of our rope with nowhere to go are we in a place where we can say, "I surrender " and honestly mean it. Sometimes, it's only out of desperation that we learn the true meaning of detachment.

This is where the planet and we are right now. In a place of desperation. You don't want to see that, of course, but it's true. We are at a crossroads. We are all in a place of desperation, you, and me – everybody. Our opportunities for living in infinite

abundance are dwindling in direct proportion to the number of animal and plant species lost to extinction every year. Earth, our delightful, living, breathing transformational playground for growth, is in need of our making better choices. We have taken paradise and leveled it for parking lots, landing strips, quick profits and temporal power.

It was not a pretty video I was shown when I ascended the second time. Horrors I prefer not to discuss. Horrors we have the power to prevent, if we simply do what we came here to do.

Seek An Elevated Life

In my pain and anguish that first night in ICU, I had asked to die. I didn't ask that my pain go away. I didn't ask for help or guidance. No, in a moment of incredible lack of wisdom I asked to die. I asked to cash in my much sought after membership to the human experience. I asked to be released from the opportunity to grow and learn, to play in earth's transformational playground. When the going got rough I didn't ask for more stuff. I gave up hope. I forgot why I was here. I was ready to give up my chance to expand my consciousness, to elevate my station and grow closer to the Power and Beauty of the Glorious One, all for the sake of an easy way out of my current discomfort. What's 20 years of bed rest compared to an eternity without physical experiences of any kind, without growth of any kind? Do not seek death. Seek life. Seek an elevated life.

Instead, I sought death and death I received. Again.

The overture for my second death experience was much less dramatic than the first. In fact, I left my body before I felt or heard a thing. I missed all the beeping,

buzzing, rushing and talking. I left in my uneasy sleep. I don't remember leaving my body, just having left my body. I guess you don't need as much preparation for a willing soul. My destination was not a mystery. I was well prepared for where I was going. Again, my pains and fears evaporated, instantly. I floated above the ICU briefly in that same delicious, quiet blackness as before. I watched as the staff of nurses and doctors rushed to my body's rescue. God bless them for their caring effort and for keeping my body alive while I made my choice.

Quickly, my attention shifted to the Arc of Light. I don't remember the same images I had the first time. I don't remember the long tunnel descending from above. I don't remember the fantastic sounds, the intriguing flavors, the empowering aromas, the intoxicating colors. I'm sure that vivid texture of senses I witnessed the first time were still there. It's just that was not the compelling memory I brought back with me.

Something far more dominating was impressed on my essence.

I turned up and I was in the Arc. That's all I remember. It seemed my awareness of the Arc of Light and my intention of returning was all that was necessary for admittance. I welcomed the warm and loving embrace of the Arc and merged easily with Its awesome beauty and majesty. Once again, Supreme Intelligence surrounded and infused my eternal being. I was eager to go on. I had decided. My mind was made up. I had said goodbye to my wife. I was no longer encumbered.

I was concerned, however, with her future welfare. How would she get along without me? Would she suffer? Would she miss me? I'd always been the moneymaker. Would she find someone else? How would the kids do? Would they miss me? Would Alex find his place in the culture he both ridiculed and loved? Would he be happy?

Would he find lasting love? Would his maturation and success be as difficult and painful as mine had been? Would Heather find her place in the world? Would she find a permanent, abiding love? Would my passing hurt her more than the others? She'd been so fragile in the Emergency Room. Would she find the strength to accept and love herself? Would Penelope gain the self-confidence to continue to use her amazing talents without me breaking down the doors? Would they all accept their own incredible value and importance? Would they brighten the world as they have brightened my life?

I wondered about Lucy, my granddaughter. What would become of her? Would she grow up to be strong and have kids of her own? What would she give to the world? Would she remember me? My grandson, Finn, was not yet born. What would he look like? What would his talents and nature be? Would the others tell him about me? Would he care? Would anyone care? Would I simply be forgotten after the grieving process was over? Would I have given them anything of lasting importance?

Follow The Yellow Brick Road

My interest was initially focused on my family's future. That was the first Living Video I was shown. As with my first death experience I could both observe and enter these Living Videos as an unseen participant, simultaneously. I saw my funeral. More people came than I thought possible. I was really stunned and pleased. My focus, however, was on Diane and the kids. I saw them grieve. I watched each of my children grow into their prime. I watched them find success, happiness and lasting love. I saw my grandkids grow and flourish. Oh, they all had their share of tests and difficulties, but

from my vantage point nothing seemed out of kilter. I'm not sure I can explain this properly, but I'll try. I saw them each face obstacles along their path, which, of course, is expected. What was strange was that they did seem to be following a pre-designed path. I know I say that all the time, "Oh, God open Thou the door, provide the means, make safe the path and guide my way." From the Living Video it seemed like each individual was indeed traveling a set course or path. They made various choices along the way. They moved and changed direction as they made these choices, but they never seemed to stray beyond certain invisible parameters. Like they were on a pre-defined journey, which encompassed a wide degree of variables, yet led in a given direction. The journey was dictated by the individual's choices, and when these choices took the individual off course the consequences were intended to guide him back on his general course. There was sort of a fuzzy logic involved. I could tell it was a designated path, but I cannot explain how I knew that. It just was.

Each individual seemed to grow stronger as they negotiated their path, which makes sense. As they grew stronger they also grew bigger and brighter. I mean physically more imposing and visually more striking. They seemed to radiate this growth and brilliant stature. It was remarkable to watch. Yet, even more remarkable was the greening and enhancement of their path as the individuals grew stronger, bigger. Their surroundings seemed to reflect their personal growth.

No, it was more than merely reflecting the individual's condition. Their environment seemed to remake itself better and bolder with each step. The obstacles laid in their paths seemed to materialize as they approached a given spot. It was as though they had been guided to that area on their path where they would face a pre-determined

obstacle. Like they were now prepared by their experiences to handle the obstacle that had been pre-chosen by them for them to face. What's more, the obstacles seemed to lack substance. My best simile is that they were like CGI Tigers, generated by some Divine computer program. They had shape and form, but they simply lacked substance. Oh, many held a threat that was quite real, but nothing the individual could not handle. Much like the problems Dorothy encountered on their path to find the Wizard of Oz. The threats were a stimulus that helped Dorothy and her friends understand they already held the solution within them to overcome the challenges they faced. It was like each member of my family was a player in a high-end video game of Follow the Yellow Brick Road tailored exclusively for him or her. It was both eerie and confirming. Of course, I didn't see them complete their journeys. I don't know how much they grew. How radiant they became. Or if they lost ground on their journey and reverted to a lesser radiance. The Living Videos ended too quickly.

In retrospect, I wondered, if I had turned my attention and interest to myself, would have seen my stroke and witnessed the extent and degree of my miracle recovery and my success in fulfilling my mission? Of course, I didn't know I had a mission at that point. I was still planning to leave this mortal coil behind and seek the multiple dimensions of green in the pastures above. Maybe I cared more about my family than myself. It's a moot point. I didn't ask about me.

I saw Diane grieve. Then she went on with her life. I don't think I can talk about her. It hurts too much to know how much I would miss her. Of course, that is a human emotion I am applying to an otherworldly experience. I intended to follow her through the rest of her life, but the video also ended abruptly. This time I knew I was not allowed

to see any more details because I had not made my final decision. So, the events that shaped the rest of her life could not have happened. And because the physical world was in a time of great change, so also, was the future in tremendous flux. Honestly, some of what I experienced in those few moments was clarifying and enlightening. Other parts are mystifying and created more questions than answers. I wondered about that. If I was in a place to know all there was to know, why then could I not know some things?

Writing Your Future

That's when I was given the next video. It started strangely enough with a scene in a movie theater. I had taken my family to *Back to the Future III* in Huntington Beach in the early '90s. The movie was almost over. Christopher Lloyd was delivering a line all the kids considered super sappy, but one that impacted me more than I apparently knew. He said, "Your future hasn't been written yet. No one's has. Your future is whatever you make it. So make it a good one." Immediately, the video cut to a forest fire. A huge storm of forest fires engulfing everything in their path as they sweep across the United States, Brazil, the Congo, Southern Asia and Northern Russia and most of Eastern Europe. I saw earthquakes in San Francisco, Mexico City, Denver, Caracas, Tokyo, Singapore, Santiago and across the Pacific Rim. I saw volcanoes spewing hot lava and people running. I saw islands exploding, cities burning, billions of hectares of dirt and ash covering the noonday sky. I saw ice storms in London, Moscow, Paris and New York City. Incredibly powerful super oceanic storms devastating coastlines around the globe. Epic flooding. Fighting in the street. Frightened people running and fighting

everywhere. Chaos, death and horror reigned. As I watched my overwhelming emotion was one of terrible sadness. The effect of a planet trying to heal itself. I saw more death and horror than any Hollywood disaster movie could ever believably depict. And through it all I kept hearing that movie line from so long ago. "Your future hasn't been written yet. No ones has. Your future is whatever you make it. So make it a good one."

I didn't want to talk about that video because no one really believes doomsday prophesies. We discount these images as pure histrionics. We know all too well that bad things can and do happen to good people and we prefer to banish these images from our minds for fear that we attract that reality into our own lives. As entertainment disasters movies can be fun as long as the hero survives, leaving someone else to clean up the mess, of course. I had resolved to avoid telling this video, but They wouldn't let that happen. Because you absolutely must recognize the fact that our current behavior as individuals and as a culture is leading us along a path which if unaltered, will lead to one inevitable, awful destination.

They want me to make it abundantly clear, if I haven't already, that none of this horrific possibility need never happen. "Your future hasn't been written yet. No one's has. Your future is whatever you make it. So make it a good one."

I had asked for death so I could slip painlessly into eternity. I had wanted to spend my forever relishing the colors, the aromas, the tastes and beauty of all I could explore. I intended to go to a better place where I would leave annoying human problems behind. I saw paradise as a kind of gated, spiritual, retirement community. Collect my good works pension and bask in the glory forever after. I came to realize that was another pipe dream. *You are not an accident.* The problems wouldn't go away because

you leave. They wouldn't solve themselves. My leaving meant that someone else would be required to do my job as well as their own. Besides, part of me was still living on earth in the DNA of my children and grandchildren. So, I wouldn't be avoiding the problem at all. I was just wasting my opportunity to do something worthwhile and meaningful. I was spending my progeny's future needlessly in a moment of selfishness. What's more, I would have denied myself the healing I came into the earth experience to enjoy.

What Could I Do?

I am merely a single individual in a sea of billions. I came here at this moment in our evolution with certain talents and abilities and I was leaving before my part was complete, before my job was finished. *You are not an accident.* I was not meeting my responsibility to my family, my friends and my kind. Most importantly, I was cutting myself short. I was denying myself the opportunity to transform into the spiritual being I had come here to become. The being that I was meant to be. The being that I thought I was before the stroke. I was leaving my path before I got to my ultimate destination. I was giving up. I was not bringing my actions to a conclusion. That weighed on me not as guilt, but as the gut wrenching sadness of missed opportunity and neglected responsibility.

But what could I do?

I was only one man, a severely disabled man at that. I couldn't talk, write, sit up, walk, feed or dress myself. What kind of change could I generate? Certainly not enough

to change the world; that was simply ludicrous. One man cannot change the world. That's a fairy tale meant for a super hero stories. OK, Manifestations of God like Moses, the Friend of God; His Holiness Christ, the Son of God; Mohammed, the Prophet of God and Baha'u'llah, the Glory of God, brought vast, sweeping worldwide change. I get that, but I was nothing close to them. I was a man filled with imperfections, defects of character, and personal ambitions, which do not put me anywhere, near Their station. I didn't have the serenity and Divine Wisdom of Buddha nor of Krishna nor the many spiritual giants that have empowered and guided our civilization. It was patently absurd. I knew I was making the right decision. There was nothing else I could do. I had to go on. I had to leave fixing the world to somebody richer, smarter, stronger, better established, better connected. Maybe somebody in the next generation would handle this better than I can. I was leaving.

I had lost track of the amazing sensual displays, the vast repositories of knowledge waiting only for my interest to explore. I forgot everything surrounding me in this glorious, unending wealth of enlightenment and beauty that is the Arc of Light. I was not there to be made aware or welcomed as before. No, this time I was there to make a final decision. I had asked for this audience and now I had to decide. A decision that was far more complicated than I ever imagined. Still, I knew I had to move on.

That's when the next Living Video began to play.

The Answer Shines

The video opened with the birth of my grandson, Finn. I saw him take his first breath. It was more glorious than my heavenly surroundings. I was spellbound. I saw his life's light emerge into the world I left behind. I saw him wrapped in a blue striped blanket lying next to Penelope in the Hospital. I saw Diane, Alex, Heather, Lucy and Chris all radiant and joyous. Then as the scene changed I saw me, Tom Pauley, sitting in a wheelchair holding Finn. I was aware and talking with some difficulty. I was not a vegetable. The right side of my body was not moving. I was alive and functioning. Obviously, I had chosen to return in this video. I wanted to stay right there watching my recovering self holding Finn, soaking in the wonder of part of me begin his new life, but I had more to see and the scene shifted.

I was motoring in my electric wheelchair toward the end of Huntington Beach pier alone, facing a category 5 hurricane. Apparently, hyperbole follows me everywhere. I knew instantly this was a metaphor with which I would connect. Perhaps because I was so saddened by the disaster show. Forty-foot palm trees along the shoreline were flattened. Pacific Coast Highway was flooded. Twenty-foot waves were pounding the pier one after another, flooding everything in sight and crushing the buildings both on the pier and on the mainland. The roar of the storm was unbearable. There was nothing but noise and destruction everywhere. Ruby's restaurant was already gone, washed into the sea along with the last quarter of the pier. In a scene even Spielberg couldn't sell, I was totally dry and safe. It was like I was in a force field or time bubble, mitigating the surrounding chaos. I struggled to rise, leave my wheel chair and walk. I knew that I could not walk, but I was doing it just the same. My steps were unsure and tentative, but I strengthened as I walked. It was hard grueling work. Every step, every movement was

rife with pain. I fell and turned to crawl back to my wheelchair, but the chair was gone. I saw a wave wash it over the side into the torrent of water below. With the help of a piece of wood that floated by I stood up. This too was with great effort. I fell many times in that journey. Once I looked back to see if help was coming. There was nothing to see except water and wind and flying debris. Certainly, no people. I was alone. The pier was now breaking apart from both ends. Something, some unknown force was driving me. I was determined to go forward even if I had to crawl.

I didn't like this Living Video. It generated great anxiety within my essence. I wondered if the anxiety was fueled by guilt for choosing to leave. I was immediately answered.

They spoke clearly:

There is no guilt in choosing. This is not about what you are leaving behind. It is about your journey should you choose to return. There is more to you than you know, Tom.

The wind and the waves were stronger now. I was safe and dry, not overwhelmed by them, but I certainly felt their effect. I had the feeling others thought I was on a fool's errand. I don't know who the others were since I was alone. Maybe these were my own doubts. I engaged in an absurd venture against an impossibly fierce, overpowering and unrelenting assault. Whatever I hoped to accomplish was doomed from the start. The fact I had not already succumbed in my efforts was in itself a miracle. What counterforce could possibly be strong enough to compel me to take on this insane

venture? The swirling winds were ripping concrete and steel from the moorings.

Visibility was nearly zero. Massive lightning bolts exploded all around me. I could not see anything. I couldn't hear my own thoughts. Watching this Living Video was difficult, because I felt deserted by everyone. I was compelled to pursue this utter insanity and nobody was there for me. Nobody. I had no one behind me. I thought I could hear Diane's voice once, but the roar of the storm drowned that out, too.

I was alone, weak and lowly in a terribly lonely place. I had no one to comfort me, to love me, to support me. The heaviness of the loss of everything I ever loved was devastating. I was ill equipped for what lie ahead of me. I was following an insane path. The pain of separation, the empty hollow feeling of my imminent failure told me to quit, to give up and welcome the inevitable. Curl into a ball, say I'm sorry and let this moment pass to one more capable.

I was pulled to the edge of hopelessness. Even my last vestige of material support, the wheelchair, had washed away. My entire support system had deserted me. The power of the wind and water smashed me into what was left of the pier again and again, impossibly gaining intensity and finally, bursting the time bubble of protection surrounding me. That's when I did a really crazy thing. I know, right? How could anything get crazier and farther from reality than a paralyzed man navigating a dying pier alone in a category 5 hurricane? I'm sure you wouldn't get the same Living Video. At least, I pray you don't. There was nothing sane and certainly nothing the least bit fun or comforting about it. My Living Video, my what-if-I-returned scenario, was about to get even crazier.

Shoulder To Shoulder

Tears streaming from my eyes, I forced myself to stand once again against the storm. Without my time bubble protecting me, I threw my piece of wooden flotsam into the sea, my one remaining veneer of material support gone. Discarded like a piece of used Kleenex. Something was driving me. Something I could not see or understand. I managed to stand once again with great difficulty. I was so very cold, afraid and exhausted. I knew my journey was insane. Still, I pushed on. I was forging ahead against all odds in the face of inevitable destruction without any support save some unseen and unexplainable counterforce. What was driving me? I had no idea. Alone with only the invisible counterforce for support, I raised my right arm and right hand. I raised my paralyzed right arm! First, I abandoned my wheelchair to stand and walk in a horrific storm. Then, I threw away the crutch I snagged from the roiling water and withstood the constant and growing violence and continued forward. Now, I raised my paralyzed arm, reached inside my coat on the left side just above my heart and took out a magnificent something, brilliantly colored, amazingly radiant and infinitely compelling. I extended this radiant gift as an offering to the raging storm. Immediately, the gift was ripped from my weakened right hand and blown into the watery abyss. But the gift was not gone. Instantly, it appeared again in my hand. I extended it as before. Again, it was ripped away. Again, it reappeared in my hand. This went on for some time. Offering this amazing gift, having it ripped from my hand and then reappearing.

I focused all my attention on the gift. Hoping to see and understand exactly what the gift was that I held. I quickly understood that I was not allowed to know what the gift was until I made my final choice.

As I watched my reanimated self on the ever shrinking and collapsing pier, I noticed someone crawl from the ocean. She walked next to me offering the same brilliant gift. It was Penelope. The wind blew hers away, too. And hers also returned to her hand. She continued to offer her gift to the storm as I did with similar results. Then, I noticed Diane standing behind me offering the same divinely colored gift achieving the same results. I don't know how long she had been standing there, but it seemed like she'd always been there unseen, supporting my every move. Eventually, more people came. Jillian, Dempsey, Lisa, Bob, Dave, Alex, Akane, Heather, Levi, Cherie, Doug, Chris, Joe, Barb, Dean, Mark, Jim, Sherri, Symeon – too many to name. Quickly they came almost faster than I could recognize them. They came first in ones and twos, then in pairs and finally in groups. Each came with the same glowing and brilliantly colored sphere. Each standing shoulder to shoulder with those they didn't know, offering the magnificent gift and having it blown away only to return instantly.

Imperceptibly, at first, the storm began to calm. The waves became smaller, the winds weaker. Miraculously the pier began to reconstruct as the storm weakened. Soon hundreds, then thousands, then millions came bearing the same wondrous gift. Finally, the clouds departed and waters were still. The storm clouds began to dissipate and the sun shone through.

That's when I turned and saw you standing there on that pier. Yes, you who are now reading this book. I saw you on that pier with every one else. I saw the confidence

in your eyes. Weathered and weary, but strong. You were illuminating everything around you with the well-earned confidence that comes from facing a hard, impossible foe and winning. I was so proud to be standing with you. So, very, very proud.

I told you earlier I had seen you standing with me. Shoulder to shoulder. You will soon understand how this can be. You will be there on that pier as soon as you receive your Miracle Healing.

Beaming with pride of unity, I rose to a higher vantage point and I could see millions of people just like you across the globe offering the same amazing gift to the storms and fires and deadly chaos raging in their lands. I saw your work everywhere. Everywhere the Chosen Ones grew brighter and stronger. You grew brighter and stronger. You had become a touchstone of abundance and healing. The lands and seas around you flourished from your healing. Every group grew the same way, first one, then more, then multitudes. We were miraculously healing the earth and ourselves, ushering in a world of infinite abundance and healing.

I respect the absolute power and authority of the Supreme Force of All-Creation and His Messengers. I have never deluded myself into believing that I was anything more than a man with certain talents and abilities. I could work for His Cause on earth, but I was not Him. Now, I'm shown this video. I could see that I had been given a wondrous gift. It was a gift that would bring healing to all. A gift I would and must share, a compelling driving counterforce to the problems overwhelming our earth, our lives, our transformational playground.

What was that amazing gift? What could possibly not only calm the plethora of storms destroying the people and the world, but also empower and strengthen so many?

Giving them a courage and strength they didn't know they had? It was this gift that drove me beyond all human sensibility and good sense to push ahead without any support into that storm of certain catastrophe. The gift I held shown brighter and more beautifully than anything I had ever seen on earth or in the Arc of Light.

The answers came only after I made my final choice. As I watched these relatively few souls – millions out of billions – as I watched this handful of humans stand together and wield a force powerful enough to calm the raging storms destroying us, I realized that this was something I wanted to be part of. It didn't matter if I was the first guy on that pier or the last I wanted to be there. All my life I have seen the awful things humanity was capable of doing. Like so many others, I felt the pain of knowing wrongs were being committed, atrocities were being allowed to continue without my doing anything about it. Forces beyond my control were unduly limiting my abundance and the abundance of others. I was being offered the chance to do something to bring peace and healing to the world. I had waited for this, for however long I've been alive on this planet.

I Had To Go Back

My Miracle Healing appeared in the instant I decided to return. It was accompanied by the divine equivalent of a sonic boom. Startling and full of wonder, it demanded my interest. I watched in awe as it burst through the wall of the Arc of Light like it was coming from another universe. The Living Video of the world healing was

still playing in the background. A strong loving voice of Supreme Authority and Power resonated though me:

It will be long and difficult, but you will have a full and complete recovery.

An ocean of the most magnificent healing colors imaginable instantly overwhelmed me. They came in waves. First a shorter opening volley of loving healing energy, then a longer even more powerful barrage of pure, unadulterated Miracle Healing. They flooded my being and dominated my senses. They were radiant beyond words an infinite rainbow of colors, beautiful without measure. They were strong and gentle, compelling and protective, pure, sweet, satisfying, loving, comforting, empowering and infinitely healing. A healing, which finally came to rest in my heart as a magnificent, rainbow colored sphere, a sphere that shone with the intensity of billions and trillions of stars.

I was bathed in absolute joy.

I know I'm not doing the whole experience justice. I'm just throwing words at you trying to convey that experience. Words alone cannot accurately portray the feeling and sense of amazing well-being that surged through me. Know that the restorative and healing energy radiating through my essence from this infinite rainbow of indescribably brilliant colors was beyond description. As I basked for what seemed like an eternity in this pure joy, I heard the voice of Supreme Authority and Power once again:

This powerful healing is enabled by Us. Given to you by those who love Us. It is given as a trust. Not to keep, but to share. Go back and continue your work. Take Our message of this miracle to the people of the world. They are expecting it. Once they hear this message they will send this healing to you. They can only send this healing after they hear your message. We know you understand this, Tom. Help them understand this also.

Show them by your example how very powerful they are. Show them how they can send you this healing. Show them how they can heal themselves and others they love.

This is how you received your healing. This is how others will receive the healing which they have for so long prayed Us to send. This is how you and all those who desire Our Goodness take part in healing your kind.

Share the message, Tom. You have spent your entire earthly experience learning skills that would prepare you for this work. This is your mission Tom. Once others hear this message they will join in the healing.

How Your Miracle Healing Works

CHAPTER 14

Ice Cream

When I need to process something as intense and impacting as the previous chapter – I go to the beach. When I don't have any interest in painting or writing, or doing any of the things I usually do to process important information – I go to the beach. When I need to solve a problem or simply clear my mind of all the doubt and clutter life naturally brings – I go to the beach. I go to the beach and sit for an hour revitalizing my mind and soul with the amazing healing qualities of nature. I don't talk to anyone. I don't do anything except sit quietly and let our precious transformational playground do the rest.

This morning I went to my favorite spot in Heizler Park in Laguna Beach,

California. I sat on my favorite bench on a cliff over-looking the Pacific Ocean. It gives

me a 180-degree view of an absolutely gorgeous seascape. On the right and seventy feet

below, the ocean smashes into a rocky and sculptured shoreline. The cliff is beautifully

landscaped with a wide variety of plant life accented with an abundance of palm trees

with few prickly pear cacti for texture. In spring and summer a visual banquet of flowers

welcome all those who come to celebrate another day in paradise. The fragrance of the

flowers mixed with the fresh sea air calls weary travelers to a daily feast of healing.

The flourish of the waves hitting the rocks and the beach is so clearing that a feeling of renewal resonates through my body like an electric surge. The waves start breaking about seventy-five or a hundred yards before getting to the small sheltered

beach on the right, so the effect is quite dramatic. The view from above is spectacular. Many folks stop to take a quick picture with their cell phones hoping to capture their moment in paradise. For me that's not enough. I prefer to sit and experience the moment. A giant date palm stands in the middle of this view separating the two sides. On the left there are fewer rocky outcroppings to slow the force of the waves crashing to the beach. This side is louder and seems more active, more action packed, more powerful, I guess. It is every bit as beautiful as the right. A little rougher perhaps. Less controlled. More like it might have been twenty, fifty, a hundred million years ago. It's not, of course, but the thought perks my imagination. Sometimes, I imagine dinosaurs coming out of the ocean to warm themselves in this very spot. This is the side that generally draws my attention.

Just five days away from St. Valentine's Day and the sun is already sending its bounty of warming rays to generate another year of new growth, new challenges, new beginnings. As I sit there inhaling the abundance and the wealth of healing the Universe has provided, my mind jumps from one problem to another. Trying not to think of anything, I think of so many things. This stage ends soon enough and my jumble of problems and thoughts dissipate with the morning fog. I simply sit and enjoy the beauty all around me. A flock of seven brown pelicans glide by just below my eye level. They are not looking for food or going anywhere in particular. They are doing the same thing I am, kicking back and delighting in the wealth of nature. Before long my problems have evaporated completely. Simple solutions seem to pop into my head while I watch another brown pelican join the flock as they round the point on the right. Without my

doing anything, answers and solutions fill my mind, leaving me happy, refreshed and eager to get back to work.

Nature Heals Your Soul

Now, if you don't have a beach to go to, then go somewhere else. Go to nature if you can. Somewhere where you can sit or walk undisturbed for a while and let your mind reboot. Go to the mountains and feel what it feels like to see the top of the world. Maybe you'll get to watch the snow fall or melt into a stream of sweet, clear water. Go to the desert. Sit and take in the miracle of life persisting despite the arid conditions, watch lizards skitter across the ground and buzzards patrol the sky. Go to a lake and sit on a pier and watch the fish jump as the sun plays on water. Or go to a park, smell the fresh air. If it's spring you might even be treated to the courting rituals of the birds and squirrels. Or in the Midwest you can sit on the fender of your car and watch the wind create waves across a field of green July corn. An hour in nature is like ice cream after a rich meal. It clears your mental and emotional palate. Take your time. Let your doubt and worries evaporate. Don't do anything. Don't think about anything. Just sit and enjoy the natural beauty and wonder God has given you. Soothe and heal your troubled soul by doing absolutely nothing at all. An hour in nature is a mental recharge so powerful it borders on magical.

You deserve a break. Miracle Healing is not to be taken lightly. Go to nature.

Take a break and refresh your spirit. I am going to show you how to send a Miracle

Healing into the past, back on the early morning hours of March 29, 2009. You will want

your wits about you. Time travel and Miracle Healing are pretty impressive things to do.

Individually, they are impressive, but both at the same time, wow!

Now, that's something to write home about.

Lesson Four

Deeping Questions & Workbook

Lesson Four

Actions and Processing

Chapters 13 - 14

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1.	Living consciously requires finding the balance between using our power to
	manifest, and surrendering our need to control. Our guides/angels wait for us
	to ask for help. They cannot interfere until their help is requested. When have
	you asked and received help? Elaborate.

Hav	we you ever had an encounter or a sense of direct connection with God, or a
gui	de or angel? If so, describe it. If not, write how you imagine that might
fee	l.
	ch of us is more powerful than we realize. How are you powerful? When in ar life have you felt most powerful?

Цоо14	h? Financial? Caroor? Lova? Hannings?
неап	h? Financial? Career? Love? Happiness?
In ad	dition to support from the spiritual realm, we are all given other pe
wno	love and support us. Tom had an experience of seeing his tribe of
suppo	orters offering him healing. Who is in your tribe? How have they h
and s	upported you?