

# Lesson Three

By

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#### CHAPTER 10

#### **Arc Of Light**

The trumpeting call of the doctors' orders, the hurried rush of my children leaving the room, the frenetic cadence of the attending nurses set against the mechanical syncopation of the ER machines, all these urgent and quickly orchestrated noises became my swan song. This was my requiem. The last thing I felt while inside my body was the electrical harness as it was glued tightly to my chest. But honestly, I only vaguely remember it. The crushing pain in my heart combined with the unrelenting, stabbing pain of my body contracting on itself took center stage. If I had been able to catch a breath, I would have screamed to the highest reaches of heaven for relief.

Immediately, the sounds and the pain were gone, fading into the most delicious silence I've ever known. I was disoriented for a brief moment. Quickly, I realized that I was no longer part of the drama below. Only my body was. I was looking down from above. I could see my body lying dead still in the hospital bed as a half dozen men and women labored over me. It was a me that wasn't me anymore and a body that I didn't need. It all seemed curious to me then. Certainly, it was nothing of great concern just another past life. The doctors and nurses were injecting fluids. Pushing buttons.

Checking monitors. The entire drama fading slowly to black as I watched. I was completely at peace for the first time I can remember in this human experience. At peace with myself. All the worldly trials and difficulties, the worries and frustrations I was so accustomed to suffering had become less than nothing. They simply did not exist.

For the briefest instant, I was surrounded by a warm, loving and welcoming darkness. It was not frightening or full of threat and pain, as I had once imagined. It was simply safe. It was like coming home from college for the holidays to my parents' house. The house was dark, but I was home. I was completely safe and protected. Nothing could harm me in any way, ever again.

As I lost interest in my past life, the images of the continuing drama below faded. Without hesitation I turned to go on. This part is tricky because it's hard to translate what I experienced by using the limited mundane vocabulary and knowledge base of this world. I felt like I was "looking up" which is strange enough since I knew I was not in my body. It was lying on a bed in Saddleback Hospital emergency room. Still, I felt like I was looking up, the opposite direction from whence I came. I was looking up because I was drawn by the sound of an indescribably brilliant and unavoidably compelling, expanding and descending point of Pure White Light. Yes, I was drawn by the sound of the Light. An amazing sound or song – to me it was angel or spirit music. I don't know how else to explain it. It made me feel elevated, joyous and confident. It called to me like what I might imagine as the call of a divine siren. I can't explain the music of the Light other than to say it was heavenly and more beautiful than anything I had ever known or imagined.

The Light was the main attraction. The Light was beyond this world. It was closer to a living, breathing Supreme Form than a beam of light, as we know it. It was both alive as a being and as brimming with life as an ocean. It had density, definition and coherence as it extended graciously for me from above like a supercharged greeting of a

long awaited welcome. It makes me feel almost giddy today when I think about it. Like a six year old watching his mom decorating the house for his seventh birthday.

This Living Light could barely restrain its excitement over my return. What it looked like descending is particularly hard to explain. I still see its brilliance penetrating the delicious darkness all around me, rushing forward, practically leaping with joy. It came from above and grew larger as it came closer as you might expect for an object coming from a great distance smaller at the top and growing larger on the end coming my way. The thing that is difficult to describe is the head or bridge of this massive swooping rescue ship of Light. The driving force was greater in circumference than the column by a comfortable margin larger, but not too large. It looked like an expanded cluster of waves of light energy. The billowing waves of Light seemed to never break, similar to the close up videos of the sun without the feeling of heat, eruptions or danger of any kind. These waves of light energy were in a constant state of rolling, ever-cresting motion, infinitely deep.

The closer the bridge came, the deeper and higher it seemed until I could not detect its beginning or its ending. This living, rolling collar of light appeared to be generating the elongated, billowy column of white light in its wake.

When I think back I remember it smelled and felt "wonderful" as in full of wonder as well as a wonder to behold. It was an ocean of wonder and beauty coming just for me – just for me! I was thrilled beyond anything words can describe. I have always felt like a failure. No matter how hard I worked and how much I accomplished sooner or later all my efforts seemed destined to amount to a good try. And I'd be left for all to see a failure standing in the emperor's new clothes. But this overwhelmingly joyous

welcome was in my honor. The highest honor I could ever imagine. I will never forget

The Light's overwhelmingly happy and inclusive personality. Like it had been waiting to
celebrate my return for centuries. I cannot explain why I thought centuries, but I did. I
was so excited and awed.

When I try to describe the shape and texture of the Arc what I get is a well defined, and constantly rolling cloud. Like an impossibly thick and infinitely intelligent billowing cloud floating high above the Nebraska prairie on a beautiful, quiet summer day. Only this cloud like form unfolded for me in a fast rolling welcome which reminded me of Diane early in our marriage, running to greet me from a returning airplane trip. Two lovers for whom separation was the ultimate death and reunion was life itself. The White Light was overjoyed to see and embrace me, to welcome me home. I knew we were one and inseparable before, since and forever. Then it wrapped around me and through me until everything was Light. Divine Unity. And yet at the same time I could see the column of Light ascending upwards perhaps a gift of infinite perspective. It was as though I could be inside the Light and outside simultaneously which seemed unremarkable at the time.

#### **Infinitely Bright**

This Living Light shone with a brilliance greater than a quadrillion suns.

Although its brilliance was attractive not harsh and burning the way the sum is. It illuminated everything within me and without me. It was brilliant in the way it held all that is, all colors, all sounds, all possibilities, all realities, all at once. It was so much

more than an infinitely brilliant light. It was an Arc of Light sent by the Supreme Source of All Wisdom, Knowledge and Beauty.

To call the Arc a sentient being would be an insult to the glory and majesty that surrounded and penetrated my essence. This magnificent Form was beyond my understanding of consciousness. It radiated such an abundance of kindness, understanding and love that I kept my interest bowed in the deepest, most sincere respect. As I recognized this form for what it was I grew afraid. I felt my focus pressured downward, bowed like a suppliant awaiting his verdict from an unimpeachable judge. I was filled with the apprehension of the poverty of my station and fewness of my attributes. I was standing at the doorway to the eternal. Waiting to meet Him to whom I have forever turned in my times of need. The inadequacies of my soul exposed for all to see, especially me.

All this I experienced by mere exposure to the Light. Never once was I threatened except by my own self-judgment. I had been called by the most powerful invitation and given a welcoming pass to openly seek answers to all the burning questions I desired from the Source of All-Knowledge.

The Arc of Light that was surrounding, encompassing and filling me was more than compelling. It was the essence of life itself. I knew it came from above me, but I don't know if that distinction was a metaphorical or a physical distinction, probably both at the same time. There's one thing that struck me in my first millisecond of observation. Maybe it was an answer to some unspoken question I don't remember now. What struck me was that every word, every sentence, every thought, had, at least, a thousand meanings. Why I focused on words, thoughts and sentences eludes me. Maybe it was

because they had always been important to me. Maybe it was because there was so much more to experience than my mind could contain and I was still processing with mundane references. And I searched for the words, sentences and thoughts to understand this experience. Or maybe because that was simply my first question of which I had so many. I don't really know.

It so difficult to draw this encounter back into my mind because I am forced to process what is an infinite experience with a finite human brain. That's not really possible. The finite can never understand much less explain the infinite.

Still I'm required to try. Bear with me.

I felt like I was an invisible biosatellite, like one of those spheres you sometimes unintentionally capture on photographs. Penelope and I know them as travelers. I couldn't see myself, but I was there moving at will. The instant I was attracted to something I was there. My interest was all I needed for transportation. No hesitation. No delay. No doubt I was missing out. I was like a child moving and exploring as my interest led. Those thoughts fill my mind when I reach back into my memory and connect to that experience. I don't question any of it. I can't. I just smile and enjoy.

I came to understand I was in an antechamber, a processing area from which complete access to All-Knowledge is limited. I say came to understand because this knowing was not immediate. Maybe it was immediate, I don't really know. Maybe it just took me some time to remember everything. Like I said, it's hard to explain using the limitations imposed by our words and incredibly restricted knowledge base. It was like walking through a mystical gallery filled with the finest masterpieces of Edouard Manet, Gustave Klempt, Edgar Degas, Van Gough, Picasso, Rivera, Monet, Chagall, Rothko;

each a symphony of creativity and possibility. Wherever I turned my interest I was overwhelmed with the essence of their power and beauty wash over my being as the visions in the Light swept my soul into a sea of wonder and eternal delight. I was so overwhelmed and consumed by the beauty I was seeing in the Arc of Light I couldn't imagine a better experience. Nor could I readily process everything I experienced instantly and certainly not now.

Isn't that the way it is here on earth? When you are in love you can't imagine anything better and yet you are hard pressed to explain why you were in love other than you were. Still, I came to realize that this was only an appetizer. A mere taste of what was to come in an infinitesimally brief glimpse of Paradise.

I was purposely shielded from the glorious experience farther above because I had a decision to make before being allowed beyond. I remember knowing this was not some sort of screening room for good over bad, reward versus punishment. I knew without a doubt that the destination from here was so wonderful and beyond description that no one would or could ever choose to return from it. This was the place for decisions.

That's when I realized dying was my decision.

#### Home Sweet Forever

After realizing I would make the final decision of whether to live or die I noticed that the Light tasted sweet and inviting. Sweet in every possible way you can imagine.

Sweet with excitement, satisfaction, realization, fulfillment, gratification, joy and wonder, yet, at the same time my mouth (which I didn't have, of course) exploded with an

amazing, delightful sweetness. Sweeter and cleaner and without any of the unwanted aftertaste or feeling of harm I get from sugar or artificial sweeter. More like the ripest and most delicious Georgia peach imaginable times a trillion. At the time I felt like the Light itself tasted much sweeter than the color purple. Which makes no sense at all until you understand the color purple inside The Light, the one that I'm talking about, was nothing like the purple we know. For every color we see on earth there were a thousand, a trillion – infinite variations inside the Arc of Living Light. Imagine infinite variations of purple. All vibrating with different shades, tints, shapes, textures, flavors, sweet, savory, inviting, expanding, reducing, engaging, inspiring, each with its own particular aroma – there was no beginning and no end. It's unbelievably exhausting trying to explain in human terms what I experienced in the Arc, instantaneously. I'm only trying to convey one tiny fragment of the whole experience. Imagine each infinite variation of the color purple being as infinite as the image of those seven point five billion trillion stars above the mountains in New Mexico.

Imagine yourself looking up at all those stars, planets and nebula, then zoom in so those images are larger and more distinct, each unique, univocal unto itself. This is your vision, your mind can and will do anything you ask it to. Then imagine those celestial images are all purple, each completely different than all the other billion of trillions of star images. Different in shape, texture, intensity, shade, tint, feel. Of course, you must include varieties of purple you have never before seen – never could have seen. Imagine each of the various heavenly images is alive and singing a marvelously compelling song to you while you delight in the fragrance of its unique, enticing and stimulating aroma. One might remind you of home with beef fat and garlic sizzling in a pan in preparation of

beef stew while Bob Dylan sings *Tangled Up In Blue* in anticipation of the family arriving. Another perhaps the intoxication of Channel, love and the taste of fresh baked bread with fragrant cheese while Bizet's Carmen plays softly in the moonlight at the outdoor Bistro across from the Eiffel Tower on your honeymoon. The smells, the textures, the tastes, the sounds, the feelings I was experiencing were all imbedded and one, inseparable with each color. Imagine an infinity of this impossibly vast sensual symphony of the color purple. Now, imagine that image only scratches the surface of what I experienced. Here in this earthly experience, that kind of thinking boggles the mind until you dismiss the possibilities as too much to think about, too much to process. More than our finite minds could ever begin to conceive. There in the Arc it was as natural as relaxing by a babbling brook.

Numbers were absurd. Numbering anything was again like trying to count those billions of trillions of stars because everything existed within The Arc of Light.

Everything! Everything that is, was, or ever could possibly exist, even the most unimaginable variations of the most inconceivable possibilities. My Jackalope was there. Probably, because it was my most impossible belief and I was looking for him. At first he appeared exactly as I saw him on that mountain road spotlighted in my running lights, jumping quickly across the highway into the pitch-blackness of the forest. I remember thinking, "slow down!" as he turned to look at me. "Are you getting this, Tom?" Because I wanted to understand more, see more, examine the details of his existence. Perhaps like a zoologist who discovers a new, never before seen animal. He did slow to a near stop. Then his eyes, which I remember vividly, became impossibly big, deep and alive with creation. Not like the swirling images of the Universe we see in space movies, but the

unimaginable power of creation. It was more of a boiling, surging and popping movement of loving energy. More alive than anything I've ever experienced or could imagine. Finally out of the swirling, spinning, exploding, entertaining and compelling mass of energy my image appeared which instantly formed the Jackalope back on the road jumping into the forest. This was precisely what I wanted to know. How did my Jackalope come into existence? I asked for him. I called him from the great sea of creation.

Everything exists within the Arc of Light. No matter where my interest took me, the choices available to me were beyond imagination, certainly beyond the concept of numbers. I was experiencing such delight in the flavors, tastes and sounds of one color of purple when I paused for a moment. I wondered to myself which color green would go with this purple. Purple, green and gold are particular favorites of mine. Without transition I was swimming in green. Examining an infinite sea of green streaming above, below, around and within me. Suddenly, the available greens displayed were reduced to the greens I liked best. This happened so organically it took a while to realize I had chosen these as favorites. Then each heavenly green color appeared in combination with my purple. Without further thought on my part variations of purple, green and gold appeared as if I were in some ultra-high tech design studio and I was choosing a color scheme for a project. It was like the Arc knew not only what I wanted, but also how I wanted to see all these colors displayed in various combinations. How I wanted the music of each separate color to combine with the others in a concert of overwhelming beauty and glory, uplifting and inspiring. At that the same time the Arc knew I wanted the flavors to blend into a taste sensation pleasing not only to my palate, but to others as

well. As if I were serving all those I loved a sensational and satisfying feast in one heavenly color design. There were so many combinations of green and gold that fit beautifully with my purple I simply couldn't choose a favorite. Nor did I want to stop looking. It seemed like I could have spent eternity looking and sampling, but then a flash of realization jolted me from my search. I realized at that instant what it meant to have unlimited choices.

Infinite possibility.

#### Beyond Rich And Vibrant

You must know my experience was beyond our understanding of rich and vibrant. So rich and vibrant I could never adequately explain what I experienced if I continued every hour of every day for a millennium. All I can tell you is I wanted more. I wanted to feel more, see more, smell more, taste more, hear more, know more, do more, experience more. I had no longing, desire or even thoughts of returning. No regrets.

None whatsoever. I was going home. I was happier than I'd ever known.

When I first looked up to The Arc of Light filling the darkness with brilliance, I knew it was coming especially for me. It was tailored to me. It knew everything about me. Everything I had ever done, said, thought, imagined or fantasized. Everything that can be known about me. Everything! Everything I had considered good and everything I considered bad. Everything I was proud I had done and everything I regretted. And then every nuance and extension connected to these experiences.

Time-space as we know it did not exist in the Arc. Consequently, I had no idea how long I was there. It seemed like weeks, months, maybe years, but it could have been less than a minute or a second in human time. How much time I spent in my death experience, and what happened when, is an absurd conversation. The road of time simply does not exist, as we believe it does.

#### In The Presence

The Arc of Light was a venue for my audience. It was a backdrop, a moving, living stage for my audience with this amazingly beautiful, this awesome, incomparable Presence. A Presence whom I could not look upon directly because the brilliance of The Presence vastly exceeded that of the Arc of Light. Yet, they were one and the same. The Presence, however, was too intense, too powerful and too absolute. Description fails me. Words fail me. I was overpowered and humbled by the Presence.

You, too, may become overwhelmed in these pages as I attempt to convey my experience. Try to absorb the energy. That's what is important. Allow yourself to receive. What you feel as you read this chapter is a taste of the pure divine energy as I experienced it.

Remember: Before I could write this description I had to put myself back in that place and time. The information is important but it's the energy that really raises your consciousness.

I would love to say the Presence was a celestial celebrity like Abraham, Krishna, Moses, The Great Spirit, Zoroaster, His Holiness Christ, Mohammed, The Divine

Feminine, The Bab or Baha'u'llah. But I cannot. Those distinctions simply did not exist. The only awareness or understanding that came through was the Generous One. And that this distinction was inclusive, complete and perfect. All that existed was Unity. Separateness was nowhere to be found. Gender and character distinctions did not exist. Only The Light existed. The Light, The Presence of the Generous One, and I were all one. Regardless of what I had learned in Sunday School as a child, this was the Holy Trinity for me. The Light, The Presence and me. Joined in Divine Unity for eternity. I was with them, in them and through them. And They with me. We were all one together. We were One. There was no need for separation. No need for distinction. Only we existed in The Light. There was no Them or I. We were One. Much like your hands and feet are one with your body and your mind. I felt absolutely at peace, satisfied and complete. Infinitely empowered. I was joined with The Light and the Generous One, accepted and loved unconditionally for who I was and yet I remained humble as a suppliant in his Lord's court. I was never made to feel less or wanting or judged in any way. I was perfect in the Presence of Perfection. It was an amazing experience. I knew this Divine Audience I was awarded was the greatest blessing I could ever receive. That anyone could and would ever receive.

What's important is how I felt. I use felt for lack of a better word. Maybe disposition is better. By nature I have a curious, yet skeptical disposition. I am not a cynic. I am a cautious believer. Oh yes, I do often have six impossible beliefs before breakfast, but these are not necessarily my core beliefs. They are beliefs I try on for a while to see how they fit in my life. Beliefs in teleportation and our ability to heat and cool ourselves with our minds alone are today "impossible" beliefs. I'm still trying them

on. They feel possible, especially since scientists have already teleported atoms over a distance equal to teleporting a 200-pound man across the Mississippi River above New Orleans, but I can't currently defend them for everyday use. Psychokinesis, the ability to move, affect or bend metal using only the power you can access with your mind is defensible. It is real. I have done it. I held two metal forks in my hand, told them to bend and they melted like butter. Using only quantum power I warmed and bent metal! So now the power of quantum energy is one of my core beliefs. It passed the test of possible demanded by my cautious disposition.

When I entered into Divine Unity in the Court of The Presence of The Generous One I became completely open and willing to receive what was given me. I was like a dry sponge waiting to be immersed in the Ocean of Divine Healing. My caution evaporated in the brilliance of my environment. I was in The Presence of all truth. This I knew instantaneously. I was in the Presence of the essence of truth. A truth that was complete, pure and safe beyond any doubt or question. I had no need for analysis. I was glowing with joy. Free. Elevated. More elevated than you can possibly imagine. Elevated by my station which I had been granted among all that I was or ever could be. Not a title or a degree of attainment, but my station granted exclusively for me. I had absolutely no fear, no worry, no doubt, no need nor any desire to apologize or prove myself. The feeling of pure unconditional love that permeated my entire experience within The Arc of Light in the state of Divine Unity in The Presence of the Court of the Generous One empowered me in a way I would love to share with you. It made me feel like I could do anything. I knew that nothing was impossible; that all I had to do was imagine it and it would be so. I was within the realm of the power of infinity, within the

Source of All Power and All Creation and yet, all that I experienced was only a taste of what was to come.

If we could hold that all-encompassing wonder of the Arc of Light in our hearts here in this world, but for a moment, we would open the door to a whole new earthly experience. We would never question infinite possibility again. Because what we consider as possibility here is simply a choice there. If you desired cold fission, it was yours. If you wanted a Jackalope, you got a Jackalope. If you wanted a world without cruelty, hatred and war, a simple choice would instantly open the door to lasting peace. The only instances in my life that even approached these feelings of joy, empowerment and absolute bliss were the moments of conception of each of my three children. For an instant I felt something divine and amazing passing through my wife and me. Yet, even that amazing experience comes in a far distant second to how I felt in the Presence of the Generous One. Now that I wrote those words I realize that even the mention of a comparison is less than inadequate. It is feeble at best. It's like comparing a light bulb to a multitude of supernovas. My audience in the Presence of the Generous One in the Arc of Light was far beyond anything I can easily describe. Heavens, I'm still processing all this myself. Needless to say, encapsulating a meeting in the Presence of the Generous One, must by its very nature, remains a work in progress.

OK, take a breathe and allow yourself time to process the energy of the Presence of the Generous One. These few pages are a lot to take in. The words and the subjects are of course important. The impact comes from the divine power of the energy of the encounter. I even get sleepy and the words seem to blur out as I read them. There's nothing like it in this world. Treat the rest of this chapter with patience and allow

yourself the opportunity to embrace the energy. Take it slow and allow yourself time to process this taste of the divine energy of the Presence.

#### YouTube On Steroids

Most of my life I was told that when I died I would be called to a reckoning and account for my sins, which I was assured there were many. Standard boilerplate for growing up in the bible belt of the American Midwest. I had dreaded such a reckoning. I didn't believe the vivid claims of harsh punishments and torment promised for the unworthy, for those who strayed from "the strict and narrow path", for those who sinned. I never could accept such a harsh and angry God. Still, the threat of all that hellfire and damnation does have an effect over time. What if they were right? Would I be judged and found wanting? As many suggested to me personally, my next stop would be aboard a fast freight straight to hell.

Fortunately, no! From what I saw there was no fast freight filled with pitiful and tormented souls and no destination even remotely resembling hell.

I did face a reckoning, but much different than the horrors born in the dark ages of ignorance. My whole life experience played before me in a kind of living video like YouTube on steroids. I re-experienced my entire life at the speed of light while at the same time watching myself as an observer from the outside. I experienced the thoughts and emotions I felt the first time, but I could also understand them objectively all at once. As my life played before me I was both relieved and excited. Much like receiving notes from the director after rehearsing a scene in a play or a movie. Every time a sequence

came up I was worried about, perhaps a time when I had acted without the most noble of intentions, the most amazing thing happened. My living video would slow down and I would instantly understand each experience for what it really was. A learning opportunity. I would see the reason for the problem. How I handled it. What happened. What I learned. And how my life changed going forward. That's it.

#### I never felt one single bit of judgment or condemnation. Ever!!!

Without narration my life passed before my consciousness. The knowledge I gleaned was more by assimilation than instruction. I would view a sequence and come to understand the message. Truly a story told in pictures. The living video began with two strangers meeting seemingly by chance in a café in a small town north of Omaha. My birth mother and father were drawn together powerfully, inescapably against all odds. She was a lonely Dutch Protestant farmwoman who'd lost her husband in the war. He was a lonely Irish Catholic salesman from Boston. At that time and in that place there was no gulf greater than existed between Catholic and Protestant. I was conceived in the heat and passion of forbidden love. A love that was limited from the start.

I was the fruit of that love. As an adoptee I had always been troubled – no more than that – I have always been tormented by my abandonment. I always thought my father left me before the sheets were changed. Cold, uncaring and heartless. No loyalty. No integrity. An inherently selfish person I swore I'd never emulate and didn't. Or at least I didn't think I did. Then my mother put me up for adoption almost immediately. How could she do that?! Was she as heartless? Or was she simply desperate? Was he just out for a good time without any concern for my mother or me? Leaving us alone to face the social embarrassment and humiliation of the unmarried pregnancy? Was she too

embarrassed by me, the fruit of her illicit labors? Is that why she had to turn her back on me and abandoned me to my own resources? Did she lack the courage to stand and face the world with a bastard son? Was I too ugly, tainted with her sin? This pain had gone a long way to forge my life, my personality.

Nothing was farther from the truth. In the span of nanoseconds I saw and knew the truth that I had misunderstood all my whole life. They were very much in love, but she was protestant and alone. He was catholic with a loveless marriage in Boston. They did what they had to do. He went back east and she never told him about me. Then she gave me up because my path led where she couldn't go. I felt their pain and I saw the sacrifice they both made. They couldn't fight the mores of their time. Their love had been beautiful and brief with one winning outcome – me.

I needed to grow up in the safety and protection of farm conservative Nebraska. My work, my path was set before my conception. The adopting parents who chose me as I chose them showered me with love and gave me the room I needed to grow and question. They gave me the opportunity to stay open to possibility. I can't really explain everything I knew in the instant I experienced that video, but I can say this is where my healing began. In a moment of insight so many things became clear.

I saw the alternative choices of parents that might have occurred and the consequences of those choices. But I couldn't follow them very far; they faded quickly. Still, I realized the choice I had made was to my lasting benefit. Yes, I chose those birth parents and the consequences that followed. It's amazing how much choice you have even before, during and after your inception.

All this was so quick. So positive. So completely satisfying to my interest and enlightenment. I understood the importance and design of my life. I had always been burdened by a wounded self-image as the creature of a mistake, the result of deception and folly, a foundling lucky to have anything. I saw how this misunderstanding of reality hindered my growth in some ways and strengthened me in other ways.

#### Limited Understanding

We all misunderstand much of our life's experience that's part of our challenge in the earthly experience. Which is why the gift I bring is so incredibly important to you. It will help you gain a better perspective, a softer more loving understanding of the events of your life's journey.

As my living video moved forward I saw my first love when I was eighteen, obviously a learning experience. I was surprised then when the video slowed for my review until I realized I had never really released the pain of my rejection. Her parents felt threatened by me. They felt we weren't right for each other. They were right. I was shown that this experience was necessary for me to be ready when the real love of my life came along. Without the intensity of that relationship and my subsequent loss and pain I would not have acted as quickly in asking Diane to marry me. We always joked about the fact that I proposed only six weeks after we met. The video showed me why I did act so quickly. Diane was absolutely my divine compliment. She already had a contract to teach school in California. She was strong and eager to move forward with her life. If I had hesitated I may have lost her for many years. Severely altering my path and hers.

We would have reconnected many years later because we were meant to help each other in this experience, but it wouldn't have been the same. Somehow our union made her life and mine cleaner, purer in its direction. I was so full of creative energy, headstrong, determined to do things my way while distrusting authority of any kind. I could easily have spent years trudging among the tall grasses and lost in the dark, dense woods along the fairway of my life's path. Diane was given to me in part to keep me safe from myself while I learned what I needed to learn to do my work. The work I'm doing now.

Why I was given to her still only God knows.

Now I need to make it abundantly clear that what I saw, what I experienced was for my benefit, my consciousness. I have absolutely no idea what would apply to your life. We are all individuals. Our paths are different. Maybe there's one partner for you, maybe two or three. I don't know. I do know life is fluid. It is not rigid. Nothing is cut and dried. Nothing is simple. There are choices and consequences to learn from. My living video was giving me feedback on my choices and what I learned. I don't know where Diane's path might have taken her or where yours might take you.

I examined many more incidents in my life. Including more would serve no purpose other than to peak your curiosity about me and that is not why I wrote this book. I have included two scenes so that you might understand one simple fact. Nothing is as cut and dried about your life as you might think. You are important and the things that happen to you are important to you. Important to who you are. Important because ... well, you do know who you are, right? You remember.

In these important, lasting and precious moments I saw how my actions affected the lives of others. I realized that I, too, was merely one of their life experiences. The

harm I had imagined I caused others was for them a learning opportunity. Oh, what a difference love makes. I was expecting hellfire and damnation, but instead got discernment, insight, perception and the wisdom of understanding my own personal experiences in the perspective of becoming a more powerful, elevated being.

Experiences I had considered damning, for decades, lost all power to elicit guilt and fear. I was heartened that what I'd come to believe over the years was essentially true. You and I are not here in this world to please an angry God. We are here to grow and learn. We are here to advance and gain a more expansive and more far-reaching and elevated consciousness. To learn divine attributes, which allow us to better align with and grow closer to the Source of All-Creation. We are here to become a more complete and transcendent being.

Now, I must admit that processing and releasing those damning experiences back here in this temporal matrix took some work. I had to face my own past and make amends for the misdeeds I believed I created. Only then could I release the past and fully appreciate the lesson I had been given. I told you I was headstrong. I tell myself that's my Dutch side, no doubt about it. Of course, it is the veil of separateness that negatively and needlessly influences us all.

As my living video came to an end I eagerly awaited giving my decision. No one in his or her right mind would give up all this beauty and peace for the world I left behind. Of course, I would go on. Of course, I would choose death. Death was the only life worth living.

As another living video started and I saw myself lying in the hospital room prodding Penelope to take my picture shortly before having the stroke that brought me

here. The thought that had raced through my mind as my life was being squeezed from my body. The thought I'd never expressed. My last earthly thought and desire burst into my thoughts.

Oh no! I wanted to say goodbye to Diane.

Instantly, to an ear splitting sound similar to fingernails scraping across a blackboard, I was pulled back from paradise. Pulled back from the rich, vivid and serene beauty of my heavenly interlude to the noise, chaos, frustration, tests and difficulties of my earthly experience. Back from unconditional love, joy and divine peace. Back to the land of hate and violence, of separation and differences. Back to the land of pain and suffering.

It took longer to adjust to earth than it had to heaven. It seemed like hours as I became aware of my body again, the paralyzed body I'd left behind. I became aware of the syncopation of the monitors, of the noisy chatter of the doctors and nurses as they congratulated themselves while filing out of the Emergency Room where I'd taken my last breath. I was dazed and confused. Not sure what happened or why I was here. Everything seemed so flat and limited and murky.

They left the electrical harness glued to my chest. The nurses were gone, and my kids were once again coming into my room when the doctor in charge looked at me and with the great satisfaction of having pulled someone from the clutches of the Grim Reaper and defeated Dreaded Death itself, said,

"We thought we lost you there for a minute."

#### CHAPTER 11

#### **Some Assembly Required**

The gift I promised to bring back for you. The unique and wonderful gift that can elevate and empower your life. The gift of Miracle Healing consecrated in the Presence of the Generous One requires more than reading, understanding and a willingness to accept. Oh, it requires all that, but it requires a little bit more.

Some assembly is required.

This gift will not activate for you if you keep it strictly an intellectual exercise. This world is all about what you do, not about what you think. The power of your mind is beyond measure, but thinking alone will never produce the results you desire until you take action. It is acting that generates the good you seek. This is what many refer to as manifesting your good. You can hold a positive attitude, you can visualize what your desire, you can write down your desires all to want, but unless you take action those desires cannot manifest themselves in your life. If you ask for a new car, for example, it will not magically appear in your driveway. You must do something. You must actively look for your car or talk about your car or act as a friend and help others or enter a raffle. You must do something. It is your action that becomes the catalyst for creation.

As with all things in this world receiving the myriad bounties your gift holds requires your action. You cannot simply read and receive. This book is not a distraction from your daily grind. It is not a fun fantasy about what might be possible someday. It is not only an interesting story about one person's experience. It is first and foremost an

amazing gift you asked to receive. Unless you take action that gift cannot reach you.

The laws of cause and effect are real and immutable. Besides the actions you must take are very simple and quite enjoyable. They are more like treating yourself to a moment of enlightenment and bliss than going to work.

First, take some time to process what you just read. Examine your own feeling.

This is the road to personal enlightenment. Did my account of my death experience open the doors to any questions you may have burred deep in your consciousness? Did you experience any conflicts with your own beliefs? Did anything here make you feel anxious, angry, uneasy, conflicted or confused? Did my account of my death experience answer any questions you may have had? Did it give you comfort, solace, guidance, direction or confirmation? Spend some time with yourself working through your feelings. Do you accept what you've read as true and good? Do you reject all or some? This is the key to the door of a greater understand and awareness of who you are and why you are here.

You are building a better life. Know what you are working with so you can assemble the parts carefully.

I know reading my own account of my experience was both enlightening and empowering for me. When I started writing this book I had no idea what was waiting for me. Even when I finished what I thought was the final draft. I gained the satisfaction of completing what turned out to be a rough draft, but it was only after I processed the work and examined my personal feelings that my consciousness grew perceptibly. Yes, I gained a lot from the experience itself, but it was elementary compared to what I gained

after I processed the information and remembered what I needed to bring my efforts to a conclusion. Processing is a major component to your growth and expansion.

Remember this information is for you as much as it is for me. Let it work in your heart and your mind. Life is to short to pass up such a rare and priceless gift as this one.

Secondly, you must take an active participation in your gift. This gift is like that new car you desired above. It is beautiful. It is exactly the car for you. It has the potential for taking you anywhere you want to go, meetings, parties, great adventures. None of which can happen until you start the engine and put it in gear. You must take action. The same is true of the gift I have brought back for you. Until you take action and send Tom a healing message back in the early morning hours of March 29, 2009 in the Presence of the Generous One your amazing gift must forever remain merely potential. A good idea gone to waste. A could have been. A lost opportunity for greatness.

You must actually open your mouth and send your healing message.

So do already!

Let's try it just for fun.

Participate in your own healing. You'll love it. We'll make it very, very simple.

Open your mouth and say these three words.

Heal. Heal. Heal.

Out loud, please. Quietly if you have to, but vocalize them.

These are good words nobody will be offended. Say them out loud. Engage your personal strength.

Heal. Heal. Heal.

One more time, please. I cannot tell you how important this is for all of us.

This time put some real feeling into your effort.

Say: Heal. Heal. Heal.

Come on. Again. This time say it like you mean it. You're healing someone for goodness sake.

With gusto!

Heal! Heal! Heal!

Great.

Now, close you eyes and think of Tom needing your help, this very instant. He needs your healing message right now.

Say: Heal! Heal! Heal!

Picture your healing message zooming across time and space to join that brilliant rainbow of Miracle Healing besieging Tom at this very moment..

Thank you. Thank you. Thank you.

Congratulations.

You did it.

You sent your first Miracle Healing.

As you will soon see your timing couldn't be better.

#### CHAPTER 12

#### **Inherit The Earth**

After the doctors and nurses left the Emergency Room everything grew foggy. It seemed like one of those thick coastal fogs had hit Saddleback Memorial. As they rolled me out of that little room, the fog rolled in, whiting out first my family, then everything beyond my immediate vision, then the orderly pushing my bed, then nothing. I don't remember anything else. I think it was just too much for my injured brain to handle. I was back on earth. Paradise had slipped away and I was back here, like it or not. When the hard reality of my terribly damaged condition started to sink in I simply checked out hoping and praying I'd wake up and this living nightmare would vanish with the morning light.

No such luck.

My drooling, gurgling, half-dead body and what was left of my badly injured brain were headed to ICU where they would attach more wires, tubes and well-meaning implements of torture designed to keep me breathing and alive. I no longer had control of my own life. I was at their mercy.

There was no hell waiting after death. Why should there be? We have Earth.

And apparently I had chosen it.

My Romantic New Beginning Wasn't

ICU was very large compared to my Emergency Room cubicle. ICU was about 25'X25' and very, very sterile. It had a private bathroom off to my right. I never saw the inside, but it seemed large also. I remember thinking my room would make a good master bedroom and wondering why they wasted all this space on one person. Strange thought for someone having trouble coming to grips with reality. Sharing the room were a number of very impressive pieces of medical equipment, which they rolled up to my bed as they needed them. There weren't chairs for people visiting. I guess visiting was restricted. The most impressive feature of the room was the wall to my left. It was all glass and it faced a large curved workstation for the doctors and nurses. I know it should have been comforting to know my keepers could keep an eye on me 24/7, but it didn't. I felt like a caged animal in some ancient episode of *Twilight Zone*. I was being held against my wishes.

The colors in ICU were muted, gray upon more gray. I had just come from an explosion of color and there was definitely no gray involved. In fact, I don't remember seeing gray at all. A place of healing should overflow with bright, cheerful colors to engage the mind and encourage its participation. It is, after all, our minds that allow the healing to take place, and it is our bodies that do the work. Colors that celebrate life invigorate and inspire the mind. Gray, muted or lifeless colors, week tints that can't seem to decide what they are or what they are meant to accomplish discourage and invite the mind to give up and shun the hard work ahead. The sounds were also counter to healing. The dominant sounds were of the lower order, noises made by machines locked in steel, glass and plastic. These were the uncaring, uninspired, monotonous sounds exhibiting the characteristics of lifelessness, hopelessness and despair. Where was the music of a

new dawn breaking over the mountaintops? Or sounds of the sea sculpting the shoreline? Or the laughter of children, the chirp of crickets, the flutter of wings or the buzzing of bees? These sounds encourage life and healing. The odors that welcomed me back were the scent of antiseptic and chemicals covering biological distress. Where were the roses, the first cutting of freshly mown alfalfa or sea air in the early morning as the sun rises across the beach? I wanted to escape, get away, run, but I could barely move my head to take in a few pieces of crushed ice to quench my thirst.

My return was a rude awaking. I had always felt like I was living a miracle life. I felt like I was protected from real pain. Hardship, yes. Difficulties, sure. Physical debilitation, no. How can you live a productive life when you are so terribly weakened and impaired? I had been following my calling. I was working for the Cause of God. Telling folks how they could get rich using practical applications of Universal Laws. How they could live a rich abundant life without losing their integrity, time or family. How they could lift themselves to a higher level of consciousness. Of course, I was protected.

I had to be protected.

Boy was I mistaken. I definitely had not gotten a pass on the physical hardship thing. The question that permeated my thoughts was, "What had I done wrong?"

The same question I had always counseled my students to reject. I felt that all my pain and suffering was surely some kind of punishment. It had to be! I certainly wouldn't ask for this. Even experiencing an afterlife void of punishment of any kind wouldn't calm my mind. I was processing.

I cannot imagine what it is like for the men and women wounded mentally, emotionally or physically in battle to process their experiences. Some don't process them and relive their horror every day for years. My heart goes out to them. They are stronger than I am. I do know that what they have gone through is not their fault and they have done absolutely nothing wrong. I knew a man in Hobbs, New Mexico, who couldn't get past his experience in Viet Nam. He took his own life. I have known several good people and one good friend who opened heaven's gate before their work here was finished. I certainly do not encourage this option, but neither can I judge them. Most of the time that option is not on the table. Loss of hope can put that option back on the table.

After that sixth stroke, orderlies had once again rolled me down that long hall with all its twists and turns to the CAT Scan room. Eventually, they took me back to ICU, where doctors pronounced me paralyzed for life and useless beyond hope. Destined for twenty years of bed rest.

By some miracle I did manage to connect with Diane that night. I woke and she stood next to me. I'd heard the doctor's prognosis of my condition and prospects of healing which were bleak. I don't know how I heard. I'm positive they hadn't told me. I was treated more like a mushroom than a partner in my own healing. I remember crying as Diane held me. Crying my heart out. Between sobs I told her I was so sorry for doing this to her. That there were so many things I needed to say. That it might have been better if I had died. I was, however, mostly making gurgling noises, so she didn't hear it. She just held me and told me, "Everything will be all right." She said it over and over again. I tried to explain that all our hopes and dreams were gone. *Everything will be all* 

right. I wanted her to know that I was now only a burden. That I was sorry, so very sorry for everything. Everything will be all right. I begged her forgiveness because I couldn't hold her, but my words were little more than wet noise. Everything will be all right. Then, I told her I came back to tell her goodbye. Apparently, all she heard was goodbye because she squeezed me harder and told me, "Don't say that, Tom. We will beat this. We've come through so much already. You will get better. I promise. You will get better."

I remember thinking, "I don't think so, my love, not this time. Not this time."

That thick fog drifted back into the room and slowly Diane dissolved into the mind numbing grey of nothingness.

That first night my living nightmare continued. I was in and out of awareness all night long. I mostly remember those horrid plastic cuffs they put around my legs. Every ten minutes or so they would fill with air and squeeze my legs for another ten minutes. This was intended to prevent blood clots. As soon as the leg squeezers stopped I would drift into what served as sleep. Half awake, half-asleep, it was like my essence was outside my body the whole time trying to return to my physical presence, but I needed sleep for that to happen and sleep was nearly impossible in ICU. The automated blood pressure cuff was also fun. It would wake me again by tightly squeezing my arm. First one device then the other denied my escape into the oblivion of sleep. I don't have any idea exactly what the time schedules of those devices were. I only remember that they were terribly annoying. I wanted to sleep desperately. They told me later that you heal only when you sleep. I could have used a little healing right then, but those wretched leg squeezers and cuff helped make for a very tortured night.

#### Life In The Hospital Isn't

In the yellow-green glow of the monitors, the empty sterile and deathly cold expanse of the ICU room I faced my hell. Although at the time I had no idea where I was. It felt like a place of punishment and enduring pain. That room seemed big like a storage vault. Was I dead in a morgue somewhere? Was I cursed to a nether world of living horror? Had I missed my chance to go on? Was I alive? If so, where?

It takes longer to adjust to earth than heaven.

I drifted in and out of consciousness. I would alternately re-experience my

Interview in the Presence of the Generous One, and then I would quickly cut to the harsh reality of my condition. Or back to my living YouTube video, replaying the segments for which I had feared retribution and damnation. For a while I was back in Hobbs, New Mexico, lying in the middle of my carpet warehouse on somebody's used carpet surrounded by the people I had seen in my Living Video, the ones I felt I'd wronged.

They didn't say anything. They just stood there and looked down at me. I wanted to tell them I did my best, but I couldn't. I still felt that caustic shame and guilt I always had.

Like I said it took a lot of work to process the clearing I had experienced. Nothing made sense. I couldn't focus. I couldn't distinguish one reality from another as I apparently drifted among many.

In the end I saw no hope. No chance to live a full and productive life. No chance to play with my grandkids, party with friends and family or take my wife out to dinner and dancing. Then the plague of regret started. I hadn't taken her out to dinner and

dancing enough when I could have. All I could think of was loss and despair. I was filled with scarcity consciousness. I was convinced my life was over. I had become nothing more than a liability. I wanted out. Why spend another night in this world of horror? I wanted to leave this cruel, painful and utterly irrational existence we call life. I wanted to go home, back to the peace and serenity of The Arc of Light, back to the Court of The Presence of the Generous One and say, "Yes, I'm ready. Take me home."

I asked to die.

## Lesson Three

# Deeping Questions & Workbook

### Lesson Three Challenges And Fears

## Chapter 10, 11 and 12

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	We are all here by choice. Have you ever made a conscious choice to live
1	o die? Have you just thought about it in times of frustration? For examp
6	'I just want to die." This too affects you. Explain.
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	growth and expansion. Do you believe in hell? Do you think we will all b
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Write a brief biography of yourself as a series of milestones, at least five. F
example, the parents you chose, when you were born, important events in
your childhood, your first job, your first love, any crises you faced or
tragedies you suffered.
Now go back and write next to each milestone how that event served you in
terms of spiritual learning, expanding your consciousness or directing you of
your life path.

5.	How are the significant people in your past and present life entwined in your
	own spiritual mission? If you know, how are you part of their spiritual path
6.	What are the biggest challenges you have ever faced? What are your
	challenges now?

require	tough decisions. De	o you regret a	ny past decision	ons?	
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What are your beliefs about healing? What or who causes healing? Do y believe that healing consecrated in the presence of the Generous One is powerful and effective than one you generate without divine assistance?	evnerie	nce?
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How would you de	escribe the ambient feedback you received from send
your Miracle Heali	ing?