

# Lesson One

By

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## Dedication

During the Holiday Season a few years ago Diane and I attended a wedding of friends at the Coronado Hotel in San Diego. I had given one impromptu lecture in another friend's "Faire Garden" that summer. I'd mentioned the possibility of writing this book. I had no more than sat down at the wedding celebration when a friend who had attended that lecture came up to me and asked about the book. I told him I hadn't started it yet and wasn't sure I would. He said, "Oh, I sure hope you do write that book. I know it would be a great benefit to all the men and women coming home from the war. That new armor protects their vital organs, but they sacrifice their arms and legs. I volunteer at the VA and I know your book would be an inspiration to their recovery."

His comments gave me the emotional push to begin my work.

I dedicate this book to all the veterans of war who have suffered mental, emotional, physical and psychological trauma and now face the lonely and difficult path of recovery.

God bless you and thank you for all you have given.

The Miracle Healing You Created

#### CHAPTER 1

## **The Mystery Begins**

On March 28, 2009 I died.

I did return to life, but I was permanently paralyzed on the right side of my body. I was unable to sit up, eat, speak, or even comprehend where I was or what had happened to me.

The prognosis was a massive stroke directly on the brainstem requiring lifelong bed care. I heard this second hand from my wife, Diane, and daughter, Penelope, much later. I was not available at the time. The doctors offered them no hope of my recovery or improvement.

Early the following morning, March 29<sup>th</sup>, I died a second time from another stroke. Nobody had to tell me I died, that part was self-evident. I returned a second time. This time I came back with the promise of a full and complete recovery. I could talk, pull myself up, eat and comprehend my situation. Best of all, the dead area in my brain was no longer on my brain stem. It had moved.

The dead spot moved! Mysteriously, unexplainably, a dead spot the size of a racquetball in my brain seemed to have moved.

How was that possible? I was permanently bedridden only hours earlier. How could my second death improve my condition? Did the doctors misdiagnose me or give me some wonder drug? Was my improved condition the result of divine blessing? A miracle from God?

Or was it something more arcane? More esoteric? Something perhaps generated and better understood through the quantum perspective of the 21<sup>st</sup> century? Something from which all humankind could profit? Especially those reading this book.

The message and the gift I bear can improve your life beyond all human expectations. It contains a power that can change hearts and move mountains. You already have the essence of that power within you – that Miracle Healing power. I know because I watched you use it in my moment of need. Yes, you, the one reading about all this for the very first time. I saw you use the power described in this book in my greatest moment of need.

This wouldn't be a mystery if everything were simple and apparent, right?

Why did I choose to come back? Yes, it was a choice. What did I gain from coming back? What will you gain from my return? And, most importantly, what can you gain only from my gift and my experience? All these are important questions answered in this course.

What really happened in those brief moments beyond the bounds of our temporal human experience was a miracle, a miracle you created, my blessed friends.

This course can help you reunite with the Miracle Healing you sent me during my second death experience back on March 29, 2009. Oh, yes! You did send a Miracle Healing to me back then, let there be no mistake about it. Why don't you remember it? Because I haven't shown you how to do it, yet. That's right. First, I have to show you how to send a Miracle Healing back in time and into another dimension. Then, of course, you will have sent it.

Please, stay with me. I know what I'm saying seems a little odd right now. I guarantee you won't feel that way by the end of the course. Besides, it's too soon to focus on the time-space continuum, time travel or the inner workings of our temporal matrix for that matter. Just remember my favorite line from the movie, *Fifth Element*. It seems to sum up the whole mystery.

"Time is not important; only life is important."

This is a Miracle Healing you will send, and which I know you can send because you have already sent it. I wouldn't be writing this course if you hadn't. You do this because it guarantees you and all those you love a healing that is so powerful and so advanced it is beyond all current human comprehension.

This course holds a gift for all humankind I brought back from the presence of the Generous One. You have been expecting this book and course for a very long time. You asked me to bring it back to remind you exactly how powerful, how truly elevated and mindful you really are. It is a divine talisman, so timely and so earth shockingly important it can and will affect your life, my life and the lives of those you love for centuries to come.

To better understand this opportunity and the magnitude of your miracle healing powers, we will begin by identifying the major problem limiting your health, wealth and happiness today.

First, however, we must make a quick stop on the way. It will be quick, I promise. It always is.

Healing Is The Essential Lodestone Of All Abundance

#### CHAPTER 2

#### **Code Blue**

As I lay flat on my back in the Emergency Room of Saddleback Hospital surrounded by my kids, knowing that my wife Diane was already in the air flying home from the vacation that was not to be, I felt strangely secure. As though I'd wake at any moment and discover all this dreadful reality I was steadfastly refusing to accept was only a grim nightmare, God's way of getting my attention, warning me to change my ways, or perhaps opening the door to some hidden opportunity, or maybe some good material for another book.

I couldn't be having a stroke. Not me, Mr. Positive, Mr. Green-Drinks-Once-A-Day, Mr. Mind-Over-Matter. Not Tom Pauley. My brain couldn't be dying. Not my precious brain. The concept was just too gruesome to consider. It simply wasn't possible. No, I couldn't be having a stroke.

Actually, I'd already had five. They were mild. The doctors – there were a lot of them – told me the four I had in the Emergency Room were aftershocks or stutters to the first one, the TIA, that so rudely interrupted my life and brought me here in the first place. But I shouldn't worry. All five were rather mild as strokes go.

Unfortunately, two more strokes were coming. And they weren't going to be stutters. They were the main attraction. The ones you don't come back from. Pulse stoppers. Widow makers. Stone cold killers.

## The Shot

Of course, I didn't know that then. I was still joking and laughing with my kids. Feeling bad that Diane had cut her trip short for nothing. After all, the head nurse had just told me there would be no more hurried trips down that long corridor to the little room where they took pictures of my brain. The doctors were confident that the culprit was an obstruction of a blood vessel supplying blood to the brain, an ischemic stroke. Since I wasn't having ruptured blood vessels, a hemorrhagic stroke, they could finally give me the "The Shot" that would speed my recovery. The magic shot they can only give you within two hours of an ischemic stroke, the shot that cost nearly a year's salary all by itself. And which they seemed reluctant to administer at all.

Because as I found out later, it was a tad bit experimental. Guinea pig or not, I readily agreed.

Thank God, we'd been able to afford health insurance finally after forty years of marriage, because once you land in a hospital they want an insurance card that guarantees they'll get paid, or buckets of cash. No matter how much money you have, it's never enough. Dying is a very expensive business these days. Then, however, money was the last thing on my mind.

I had always taken good health for granted. I felt like I was indestructible. Sure, I had high blood pressure and diabetes, but I just figured I ran a little hot. Irish hot. I was a tough skinned survivor from way back. Besides I was sure that what you didn't give energy to would go away. Who was I kidding? I told my wife for years we'd die in a

private plane crash over the Pacific Ocean when we were 110. I don't know if she believed it, but apparently I believed it myself.

All of a sudden good health was all I could think about.

I had never considered health much of a benefit in my life. I had never really been ill before, and when we had to get into a hospital I managed to hustle my way in. I always believed I was blessed. I figured I must have a guardian angel or something sitting on my shoulder. Since childhood I was obsessed with getting rich in the most material sense of the word. I always knew I was destined to be swimming in gold, silver and diamonds. Once I hit it really big, I could have anything I wanted. Good health too, I guess.

Probably why I lived most of my life on the edge. Pushing, always pushing. Testing the limits. Knowing deep inside that I couldn't lose. That as long as I trusted in my God-given talents and abilities, which I believed were great, then I would weather any storm and cross any divide. I could do anything, go anywhere and become anyone I wanted. On top of that I was convinced that because of my Irish heritage I had been granted an inordinate degree of luck. Good luck. I felt like a modern day gunslinger roaming the Wild West in search of that big score that would once and for all set him free from the trials and tribulation of an ordinary life.

## Money Is A Blinding Mistress

It didn't matter that I'd already put my family through years of rented houses, uncertainty and risk. Moving from neighborhood to neighborhood, city-to-city and stateto-state while I sought my fortune. No, that didn't matter. Because my ego only considered the one ultimate benefit as a benefit worth seeking. Success meant getting rich and that was my destiny. Regardless of the fact I had two bankruptcies, three home foreclosures and a couple of car repossessions to my name by this time, I was on my way. In some ways I lived life as the character in the old, old song, *Roving Gambler*, by Tennessee Ernie Ford. It was one of the few records my uncle and I listened to when I was a boy, after my parents' divorce. Dumb lyrics actually, but to me those lyrics glorified a life free of outside control and manipulation. The rugged individualist. The self-reliant cowboy, who owed no one, served no one, and whose success depended solely on his confidence and his own God-given abilities.

What can I say? I was only nine. But it stuck.

So like the lyrics of that song, I was a rovin' gambler.

I gambled all around. Wherever I met with a good idea I laid my money down. Even if I had to borrow some first. Oh, I eventually altered my attitude, but not until I had spent years ramming my head into that stonewall of material success at any cost. I learned how to survive. How to live on the edge. How to start from nothing over and over again. But it wasn't until I met Marilyn that I learned how to get everything I wanted in life. Without enslaving myself to the whims of the market place or the dreams of others. The secret I'd sought my whole life was so simple it boggles the mind.

Wealth is our birthright, a gift from our Creator. Bestowed upon request.

I thought I had finally made it. Nirvana. I had found the pathway to a rich and happy life. Success was finally within my reach. All I had to do was call on the Law of Attraction, ask and willingly receive. Money fell like manna from heaven.

Trouble was, I wasn't paying a spittle of attention to those pesky little guide signs along the way, the ones that screamed at me day and night. *Danger! Muy Peligroso! Ego Out of Control!* I was desperately ill and didn't know it. My work was becoming more difficult. More burdensome. More about making money. And less about helping others. It shames me to tell you all this, but that's where I was.

Of course, none of this mattered to me then. I knew I was set. Made in the shade. Fixed for life. My ego had taken complete control of my life. I didn't have time to consider health as a benefit. I was spending all my time buying Hawaiian shirts and giving orders. I wasn't painting. I wasn't writing. I couldn't. I still had a greater fortune to seek. It is only now as I write this book and my self-delusional fog begins to lift that I can see my plight and my immense need for healing. It's only now that I even see healing as the real benefit.

#### Ego Makes Fools Of Us All

Lying there in that Emergency Room all I allowed myself to think about was how lucky I was, how blessed I was. Hey, I was home free as long as I kept a positive mental attitude. Once again, I had faced disaster and walked away unscathed. Once again, I had defused a potentially bad situation solely with my inherent Irish luck and the power of my mind.

Oh, Dear God, no! It's happening again.

"Quick, Penelope, take my picture. It'll be funny. We'll use it in a promo." "Dad, are you having another stroke? I don't want to take a picture now." "Come on. We'll laugh about it later."

I could feel the seizure taking hold of my body. This time, however, there was nothing even remotely funny about it. I certainly wasn't laughing when my daughter snapped that picture. In fact, I can't even look at that picture today. Instantly, the right side of my body contracted involuntarily, radically, painfully. Very painfully. Like a giant body cramp from hell that never ends. Breathing was impossible. My mind filled with dread. All I could think of was saying goodbye to Diane. Would I get the chance?

Suddenly, the room was full of doctors and nurses. A giant electrical harness was glued tight to my chest. Wires, machines, tubes and hands everywhere. Now, a red-hot force it seemed was crushing my heart while my body curled in on itself. I couldn't breathe. My pain was excruciating. In the lack of a heartbeat the ambiance of the room changed from playful to deadly.

Then, just as suddenly, worry, concern and pain were no longer part of my reality. I watched from above with absolute detachment as the ER pros worked diligently and doggedly to restore the proper readings to all their monitors. They pushed, probed, medicated and generally abused my poor body, but I felt nothing more than a passing curiosity for a world I was leaving behind.

I never heard "Code Blue" echo through the corridors. I don't know how long they worked on me. Could have been an hour, could have been a few seconds. None of that mattered to me anyway because I had lost all interest in their efforts. I was concentrating on a far more compelling vision, a vision charged with light and wonder and incredible power just above me. A Power so pervasive I dared not question. A Power upon which I could not even look because to do so would ....

## Hold On! Stop The Presses!

I confess I have a great deal of trouble writing about this part. It is still intensely painful for me to remember the details of what happened. I guess I haven't completely processed it yet. All will be revealed, I promise. But first let me fill in a little back-story. It would be unfair to tell you what happens next without first preparing you for the gift you asked me to bring back for you. Otherwise you'll never understand exactly how to heal yourself. How much healing you need before you can have your own Miracle. And why that's vitally important not just for you, but for your children, their children and their children's children. Why your need for healing extends as a thread through the tapestry of all there is and all there ever will be. I hope to present enough pertinent information that you recognize and desire your own desperate and immediate need for healing.

#### CHAPTER 3

## Who Am I?

Writer? Salesman? Artist? Internet marketer? New Age Guru? I'm not sure my family would agree with that last one. I think they have a totally different opinion of who I am. At least, that's the impression I get by what they say and how they act. Whatever happened to a man being king in his own castle?

I don't think I agree with that guru thing either. To me I'm just an ordinary guy. At heart, I'm still that skinny, truck driving kid back in Lincoln, Nebraska. Although, the truth is, like everybody, I'm many things. I've worn many hats and carried many handles. Probably the most difficult designation for me to accept most of my life, however, was explained to me by a very insightful friend and student.

"You are not a leader by choice. You are a leader by default. You see things which need doing and no one is doing them, so you take over."

That is the definition my friend and former student, Charles Burke, gave me at an Internet conference in Dallas when I was just getting started teaching on-line. I like this definition. I find it flattering. It also feels very close to the essence of who I am. The fact that he was reading my palm at the time adds a delightful spice to the story.

I do address issues that I think are in dire need of addressing. I really can't help it. It's part of who I am. Diane and I had lunch with a rather strong-willed Irish nun during a healing conference in Vancouver a few years later. We talked about this concept, and she agreed that "leadership by default" was indeed my nature. She, however, attributed this

quality to my heritage. She said, "Of course! You cannot abide injustice you're Irish. You see injustice and you must do something about it. Simple as that."

Apparently, she believes being Irish is synonymous with leadership. But who's going to argue with a Mother Superior? Not me. And I'm not even Catholic.

Leader or not, I was ill equipped to deal with the economic crash of 2008. I had no answer to my students who asked why the Law of Attraction seemed like wasn't working anymore. We could only watch helplessly as banks failed and housing prices came crashing down. Millions of people lost their jobs and their homes. Businesses dropped like flies. The U.S. government bailed out the banks and the businesses they deemed "too big to allow to fail." Hard times cascaded around the globe and down on those least able to withstand its effects. Ordinary folks like you and me had to bear the financial brunt of this debacle while a privileged few made billions of dollars and seemed to secure an even tighter control over our lives. I wanted an answer. I wanted to know what we could do about removing this outside mundane control from our lives. What could we do to counter the negative actions of others directly affecting our lives? All the cheating, the manipulating, the lying, the wheeling and dealing with our God-given birthright of a rich and happy life.

To me this is unconscionable. This is a cataclysm with a magnitude on the human Richter scale of 10.0. The anger I feel because of all the needless human pain and suffering ignites my Irish wrath. This ongoing abuse of the many by the privileged few is unjust and needs attending.

The question is how do you attend to such a mammoth and all-encompassing chain of events such as the "Great Recession of 2008?" Which by official decree is long

over and in recovery. (Boy, if you believe that, have I got a bridge for you.) That Great Recession was only the beginning of the most recent wave of encroachment on the welfare of the many by the few. The top one percent of humanity owns more assets than the bottom ninety-nine percent combined. They have the gold, which by old world standards means they make the rules for the rest of us. As far as I can tell, they don't seem to tip the scales much in our favor. So what can we do? Well, the simple answer is, it seems like there is nothing we can do. It seems like these things are simply above our pay grade.

Just because something seems true does not mean that it is true. It does not mean that at all.

Before the Great Recession people everywhere felt good about themselves and their future. Many more than today. They were brimming with hope. They felt as though they could affect change. They believed folks like me who proclaimed in conferences, preached from pulpits and declared on the Internet that You Can Get Anything You Want In Life by simply asking and receiving. A process that worked exceeding well for anyone who sincerely tried it.

Lonely people found their Divine Complement. Workers found jobs. Wage earners became millionaires. The desperately ill found healing.

Why not now? These things are your birthright.

Now there are far too many good people struggling to make ends meet, feed their families and pay their bills. Honest, hard-working people for whom realization of the success they once felt deep inside is only a fading hope. You won't see them on TV. Those folks and those images don't sell toothpaste or beer. Although they are the reason

why you see all the ads for new prescription drugs to calm your anxiety, put you to sleep and take away all your pain.

When you can no longer easily attract the Good Life you came here to live, then it is time to accept that something is desperately wrong. Accept that you must do something about it. Because like it or not, this world is not in the shape it is in as a result of dishonest government, greedy corporations or some mysterious evil lurking in the shadows.

No, we are in the shape we're in today because you and I are not doing our part.

We cannot blame Brazil, the World Bank or multinational corporations for the deforestation of the Amazon and creating catastrophic worldwide climate change as a result. They may be financing the destruction, but they are not to blame.

We cannot blame China, Wall Street, or even Swiss bankers for destroying the economy, lowering our standard of living and creating a scarcity consciousness among those who once believed in a world of unlimited abundance.

We cannot blame Islam, the Catholic Church, the World Health Organization or "dark forces" of the underworld for the acute and growing problems of overpopulation, grinding poverty and starvation among a full third of the world's population.

No! These are problems only we can solve. You and I.

Oh, don't get me wrong. These are not problems we can possibly solve in a conventional manor. If that were the case, they would have been solved long ago by people a lot smarter than I am. The only way these problems can and will be solved is by engaging a higher level of change.

#### Scarcity Consciousness

Both the few and the many suffer from the same basic problem: Scarcity Consciousness. From the time you began to understand how the world works you were taught that the one overriding factor controlling life is scarcity. You can't have a new bike, the toys you want, the food you want, the clothes you want or the things you want to do because there's not enough money, there's not enough room in the closet, there's not enough time. You can only have so much because supply is limited. Now, this is true at a purely mundane level. There is only a limited supply of raw land, fresh water, food and hours in the day. The problem is we tend to extrapolate the mundane conditions of planet earth and apply them to how the world works. This kind of thinking is spiritually abhorrent to the good you desire to create. It is having a disastrous effect on your well being and abundance.

Whether you believe you cannot have anything you want or whether you believe you cannot have enough of what you want, either way, you suffer from a scarcity consciousness.

You start believing only in what you can see, touch, feel, taste and hear. This is the greatest disadvantage anyone can have.

Because you come to set limits for yourself. Limitations on the Infinite!

Your acknowledgement of lack leads to an understanding of all that you think you cannot have. And eventually a belief in not having.

Ask and receive becomes want, but cannot have.

#### Healing And Infinite Abundance

Once you embody the Infinite Awareness of Creation within your being you become immune to the ravages of lack. Lack ceases to exist. Ask and receive becomes instantaneous. Joy and well being rule your earthly experience.

How you come to possess the Infinite Awareness of Creation, and what that ultimately means, is the golden ring waiting for those who are willing to extend themselves and expand their consciousness.

The only possible solution to the impossibly huge problems we face, as a civilization is the exact same solution that heals and enriches both you and me. The simplicity of this solution is hard to believe and for me, at least, it was even harder to accept. I avoided talking about it for five years. Some Guru. The guy who wrote The First Rule Of Prosperity: All Your Good Comes From God. Who for years said, "The real secret to a rich, happy and healthy life is surrendering your will to the will of God."

I malingered.

I found every excuse possible to avoid talking about what I learned in my death experience. I even claimed I couldn't remember, exactly.

As if anyone could forget a meeting with the Generous One.

I malingered because the solution was frighteningly simple. So simple I feared that you would dismiss it as a hoax and me as a charlatan and fraud. I crawled into a hole of self-delusion and focused on and blamed my physical handicaps. My white hair. My slow one-handed typing. My low energy. My weakened right arm and leg. Waaaah, I

had a stroke! I blamed everything and everybody else in the world for my failure to keep the promise I made before I came back.

My promise to God because the job seemed too big for me. Above my station. Out of my reach. By deciding I wasn't good enough to do the job He, She, They gave me, I denied both of us the Wisdom of Eternity. I put myself above the Source of All Wisdom and Knowledge. I showed pride before God to all eternity.

Not a good decision.

I cannot, however, avoid it any longer, not for another instant. Not in the middle of the day or the middle of the night. Because this is my mission. I came back with this simple message to deliver. A message of hope, love and healing. It's not difficult and it's not easy. It is very, very simple.

#### Elevate your own consciousness, now!

This is the road to every good thing you have ever desired for yourself, for your loved ones and for your kind. Humankind.

Because as you elevate your own consciousness you raise the consciousness of the world. First, you affect those closest to you, then those who live near you, then those you know, then all those you don't know. In action this happens faster than the speed of light. In fact, it happens beyond the realm of speed and light. We'll talk more about that later.

#### Ultimate Win/Win

Here's the best part. All you have to do to elevate your consciousness is become the person you are here to be. Which is your right and your obligation to yourself. Become the person who lives the life you know in your heart you deserve to live. Become the person you've always wanted to be.

Elevate yourself and humankind will elevate with you. Inescapably. Decisively. Permanently. Little by little and bit by bit. By employing your elevated consciousness in everything you do, you engage the Universal tractor beam of good from which no group, corporation, institution nor individual is immune. Your world will become more abundant, more loving and infinitely more peaceful.

Elevating your consciousness will inevitably lead you to grasping the high station of your purpose. This will give you a level of satisfaction and of eternal gratitude, which I cannot fully comprehend myself let alone adequately describe or explain. Bliss is the only word I can find that approaches the feeling I had when it was shown to me.

The bottom line is, as you elevate your own life you elevate all of humanity. Consequently, as more and more folks elevate their lives they, too, pull you ever onward, ever forward, ever upward. You develop a completely symbiotic relationship with all humanity both individually and jointly. It is the ultimate win/win scenario. Rich folks and poor folks. Happy and sad folks. Good folks and bad folks. Christian. Moslem. Jew. Hindu. Buddhist. Baha'i. Atheist and agnostics, too. Everyone everywhere. No one can resist the power of you elevating your consciousness. Because elevating your consciousness draws you ever closer to the Ultimate Power of the Universe.

You are essential to this organic, this natural and Divine healing process. In fact, it's why you are here at this exact place and time. Now, let there be no mistake. This

elevation process will happen with or without you. Of course, our degree of success and the speed of that success lie in the balance. But just like me, you get to decide for yourself whether you're in or out. That's the real beauty of this world. We all have free will.

All I can tell you is, I'm all in.

# One Overriding Question

If elevating yourself is as simple as becoming the person you are here to be, how is that done? How do you go about becoming the person you are meant to become? If that's how you elevate yourself, how exactly do you do that?

Well, it starts with answering for yourself the seemingly simple, yet very complex question:

Who Am I?

#### CHAPTER 4

# **Chasing Rabbits**

This is probably a good time to tell you the huge lingering effect of having a big dead spot in my brain. The stroke was on my left side, meaning that's where the dead spot is. The physical effects are mostly on the right, weakness and forty percent paralysis of my right arm, shoulder, leg, liver, mouth, throat, voice box, all the stuff on the right side of the body. Then there are the cognitive issues. The left side of the brain controls order, names, addresses, organizing skills, spelling and grammar. Things I've never been really good at anyway.

The good news is now they're all worse.

One of my first Quantum Selling students, an ex-minister, now selling insurance to businesses, called me "the biggest rabbit chaser in the world." If you've ever been pheasant hunting and the dog ignores pheasants while he chases rabbits, you'll know exactly what my friend means. He claimed I had a hard time staying on point. He was right of course, although I refer to it as random access. Even before my stroke, I wrote and taught from the right side of my brain, the creative side. And that, my friends, is how this book is written.

#### Stamp Out Hard Work!

It turns out, however, this is the way we learn the fastest with the most retention. It's a more natural flow of information. Logic based learning makes learning hard work. Something I am absolutely opposed to doing. Random access learning is how children learn before we impose our outdated, left-brain, top-down educational paradigm on them. They learn best by playing. Kids run from one thing that interests them to another, taking what they want and need. Random access learning is intuitive rather than cognitive. That's how I write. I go from one thing to another, trying to keep things light and fun. Mix it up a little. Keep everything interesting and still reveal vital information. My hope is that way you will be drawn to what you need or desire. That way you will be engaged and having fun so you are open to new information.

In 1999, Sugata Mitra, a Ph.D. in physics and the head of research at a \$2 billion software and education company in India, launched a study he calls "minimally invasive education." He started by embedding a computer connected to high speed Internet in a wall in a slum in New Delhi. He turned the computer on and left it there. His results were breathtaking.

Since then, he has extended the experiment to poor places all over the world. Over the years Sugata found that illiterate children (age range 6 to 12), if left alone, would learn anything they find interesting, very quickly. They had no teachers. No planned lessons. No tests to quantify their progress. They had only computers, the Internet and their own desire to follow what interests them.

They learned to surf the web almost immediately. Within hours one group wrote and recorded an original piece of music and played it back. Within weeks another group who had never even heard English spoken, learned how to speak it without an accent.

Another group learned the basics of DNA research. These were all dirt poor, uneducated children ages six to twelve! Dr. Mitra has a video on Ted Talks. I recommend you watch it. It may cause you to question more than your ideas on education.

What would the world be like in ten or twenty years if every child on Earth had access to a computer and the Internet? Could we end some of these dreadfully menacing problems we have now? Could one of these forgotten kids in the third world cure cancer, AIDS, dementia or even old age? Create sustainable fission? Bend time and space, opening the doorway to the exploration of distant galaxies?

Let's do it! Right? What are we waiting for? Write your congressman, donate a couple bucks, get business on board. Let's start putting this amazing new idea to work immediately! Couldn't cost more than a few hundred billion. The U.S. military goes through that faster than you know what goes through a goose.

Good idea, but we all know that it's not going to happen on a large enough scale to be effective. Because of one Universal Law: For every action there is an equal but opposite reaction. The effects of implementing Sugata Mitra's plan of children educating themselves is not workable given the state of health in the world today.

Universities and teachers' unions would go ballistic the minute these "new schools" affected their student memberships and their own livelihood. Kids learning that quickly without their help could put them out of business overnight. Congress isn't about to spend taxpayer money educating children in another country. It's not their purview. War, of course, is good business. They can sell that back home, get support, press, and contributions, which gets them, re-elected in a landslide. But educating the Third World? Forget it! They'd never see another term. Voters wouldn't stand for it. They don't want

to spend money on their own kids. Let Africans pay for their children! Oh, and what happens when people at the height of their careers with kids in college, a mortgage and two car payments start losing their jobs to sixteen-year-olds? How would you feel if that happened to you?

As much as I hate to say this: Revolutionary ideas like radical education reform are doomed to the dustbin of great ideas that didn't make it until we deal with a much deeper issue. The cornucopia of good that seems to await us at every turn will have to wait. There's only one problem, but it's a big one.

We are simply not ready or willing to receive this level of abundance.

#### Divine Alignment Enables Healing

I fervently believe that I can have anything I want in life, if I simply ask and willingly receive. It's our birthright! Ordained by God! And designed into our temporal matrix. But the thing is, it only occurs when we are in complete alignment with our desire. If you align completely with the energy of what you desire, it materializes in your life quickly, organically. You ask, you visualize what you desire, you detach and let the Universe do the heavy lifting. Bingo your desire shows up in your life. This is a very short hand version of the system we teach on RichDreams.com. You do this to a greater or lesser degree every day. Usually without thinking much about it. This works best when you are focusing your desire on simple things like a new car or a new home, because you can easily align with these things. As long as you keep your requests simple and detailed without getting overly demanding (like asking for your neighbors' house) these requests

are easily attainable. More complicated desires, like moving to a higher level of abundance involving other humans, a loving, healthy and prosperous family, or a kind and peaceful world environment are more challenging. This requires not only your alignment with a more elevated or transcendent truth, but the alignment of a larger and more elevated group consciousness.

See, we cannot ask for others. You wouldn't want somebody else deciding the life they think you should live, right? So, none of us are allowed to ask for others. That means real changes in our culture must come from a significant group asking for compatible desires. That is not, however, the impossible task you may imagine. Actually, it is much easier than it seems.

Most of us think of healing as it applies to fixing our bodies. Returning our physical form to its original, whole state after damage has been inflicted upon it. Fixing us or someone else. We think in terms of blood and bones, of surgery and treatment, of prevention and cure, of pills and diet. These temporal fixes have no effect on the real challenges and purposes you came into this life to face and resolve. The Miracle Healing, the deep and abiding healing we propose here is exactly what is needed to bring you and eventually all of humankind into alignment with higher truth. Which will manifest in a glorious and higher level of abundance, a loving healthy family, and a kind and peaceful world environment in which we can all prosper and thrive.

We have to heal individually to fix the economy, to encourage creative expression, to allow freedom of education and information. To honor the sanctity of the individual, and his or her right to become the most he or she can become. To become the asset that God ordained us to be regardless of where we live, whom we know, or how that impacts the

bottom line. To make decisions balancing our own good and the good of humanity in mind. To treat friends like family, and family like friends. Of course, this is not completely possible today. Our civilization is desperately ill and we must heal it before we can have that happy ending we all want.

Now, here's the good part. All this fixing the world stuff is simple once you understand the nature of this elevated healing.

As I have said, the Miracle Healing I brought back is much bigger and more pervasive than getting over a cold or learning to walk after a stroke. The Miracle Healing you created realigns the body from the inside out. Our civilization is no different; it also heals from the inside out. And you are the catalyst that can make that happen.

Healing on every level is the re-establishing of the natural order of things. It is a process that allows Divine truth to bloom within our lives and our world. By healing the individuals, you eventually heal the world, as we talked about last chapter. Healing works by bringing the whole body into balance. Not by pushing against resistance, but by inspiring the harmony intrinsic to the system. All systems have a natural order. So healing the world is not about changing the world, but allowing the natural order to emerge.

All we have to do to heal the world is heal ourselves. Easy-Peezy Lemon-Squeezy. Actually, it does take some effort and desire, but the rewards are endless. Think of the leprechaun legend and that magical pot of gold at the end of every rainbow. How finding it opens every door and satisfies your every desire. Healing yourself is better than that and so much easier to do and enjoy.

Of course, we can continue to ignore the call for healing that is currently screaming at us from every corner of humanity. Just watch the evening news. Ignore the pain, discomfort and constant deterioration of our physical, mental and spiritual well being. And continue down the same path we've been on for thousands of years. A path dominated by prejudice, hate, violence, conflict, control and manipulation. A path that has grown from a trail into what is now a super-high-speed toll way with fewer and fewer opportunities to exit while every day the toll climbs higher and higher.

You simply tell yourself none of that disgusting chaos concerns you. You are immune. You are protected by your rank, race, nationality, financial condition or religion. You are an island, above and apart from the sea of troubles surrounding you. This is the myth of Separateness. Albert Einstein called it a kind of Optical Illusion of Consciousness.

A human being is a part of the whole, called by us 'the Universe,' a part limited in time and space. He experiences himself, his thoughts and feelings, as something separate from the rest - a kind of optical illusion of consciousness. This delusion is a kind of prison for us, restricting us to our personal desires and affection for a few persons nearest to us. Our task must be to free ourselves from this prison by widening the circle of understanding and compassion to embrace all living creatures and the whole of nature in its beauty.

To think for one minute that people you love and people you fear or despise and people you don't even know are somehow separate from you is human folly. There is

nothing separate about us. We are one. You, me, terrorists, the ultra-rich, those in grinding poverty, fire ants, brilliant new ideas, the Pacific Ocean, far distant galaxies. We are all one. Everything you do, think and feel has an effect on everyone and everything else. Just as everything they do has an effect on you. You may not always notice the effect, but it's there all the same. Sometimes the effect on the whole is seemingly miniscule, like when you think about buying a new pair of shoes or how you feel about Oktoberfest. Sometimes it's huge and far reaching like Orville Wright's 12 second, heavier-than-air manned flight at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, at 10:35 a.m. on December 17, 1903. So important we actually remember the exact time, date and place. And sometimes it is an effort with so many contributors and such a long growth path that we don't even ask the question. "Who invented the internet?"

Of course, you never know what effect your actions will have or how far reaching they will be. When the effect of my sixth stroke was burning through my body I certainly wasn't thinking, "Oh goodie, I'm dying. Now, I'll have new material for another book. Maybe I can help someone else." No, I was thinking ... well, I better not say.

There is no separation. There is no you and I. There is no physical, mental or emotional separation in time and space between any of us. What happens in India has an immediate effect in New Jersey, although maybe unseen and unnoticed. This Universal Law, this quantum level cause and effect, is a proven fact of science as absolute and dependable as the sunrise. Walk into a wedding party and feel how you are instantly affected. Or a funeral. Or remember how you felt on September 11, 2001. We are one. We cannot be separated. You cannot be separated from anyone, anywhere, anytime. You and I are held fast by invisible yet unyielding bonds not just to each other, but to

those Paleolithic cave painters in Lascaux, France, and those elevated folks who will one day teleport between planets and starships. We are all one. Still we persist in believing we are somehow separate.

Please note that from what I've witnessed, the path of separateness does not have a happy destination. Fortunately, you can choose a better path and it all starts with getting a healthy body, mind and spirit. Healing your body, mind and spirit is no small feat. It takes effort. There are no magic pills you can take and be instantly cured. And it doesn't happen overnight. I am a perfect example of that. I took me over five years to start writing this book after a lifetime of overcoming obstacles and doing what needed doing. I am a writer. This is my stock and trade. Along with my daughter, Penelope Pauley, we've created books and courses, which push out the boundaries of possibility and encourage you to believe in yourself and become all that you can be. This book should have been a snap. It's what, 60,000 – 70,000 words? That should take me about eight to twelve weeks for a rough draft. That's 1,200 words or five doubled spaced pages a day six days a week for twelve weeks granting corrections –three months tops. A piece of cake! So why did I wait five long years? And why did it take so darn long to complete?

Because I simply wasn't ready.

I had a lot to learn. That's the bottom line on why we are living at this time and in this place. We all have a lot to learn, regardless of what we know or think we know. Think of this as growing into the person you were always meant to be. The hero's quest. So, when the frustration gets thick and success looks doubtful there's only one option. Rejoice! You are living in the most glorious space-time planet Earth has ever hosted.

You have chosen to live now! You have the skills and power to help forge the greatest civilization ever known to humankind, the gateway to a glorious and bountiful future. Not just in material ways, but just as importantly in spiritual ways. Because without spiritual advancement the material gains are destined to fade into a sunset that has no sunrise.

You have to work through all the difficulties in front of you. That's just the way it is. Pushing doesn't work. Anger certainly doesn't work. Bad language, long hours, careless driving or self-abasement, nothing can speed your progress. Only allowing works.

I know because I tried them all.

Only now have I grown enough to write this book. And each new chapter seems to initiate new and increasingly more difficult challenges, tests and difficulties. Imagine if God told you to do something. Maybe he told you it was your mission, and all you had to accomplish this mission was to trust Him above all things. Trust Her above your own senses. Trust Them above what you knew to be true. Trust your Highest Power above the laws of physics and the common sense you have learned through the School of Hard Knocks. Then imagine He said: "Walk across the water to that boat." What would you do? Would you try? Would you turn around and give up? Or would you walk across the water like His Holiness Christ did?

Boy, that would take some heavy-duty trust. I'm not ready to walk on water either, although at times, what's asked of me seems about that challenging. I'm sure you know what I mean. We, each and every one, are given challenges consistent with our own station and ability to achieve.

I don't know all the answers. All I can do is share what I've been given with you. Maybe you'll glean something that will help you.

Wait! There is one more thing I must admit before we go farther. One thing that kept me from writing more than any other, at least, overtly. Maybe it was the excuse for all the real problems. "How can I tell you I died when clearly I didn't?" Because dead men don't write books. Well, most don't anyway.

Seriously, I've spent four years worrying about that instead of celebrating my miracle life. What a dummy! OK, I walk funny. I don't have the energy to do everything anymore. I can't type with my right hand, yet. The mere thought of joining friends on a river rafting expedition scares the Dickens out of me. But I'm here. I do walk. I do type. I do have fun. I do have a good 4-6 hours of work a day in me. I'm not lying in a bed somewhere drooling my life away. And even if I were, I am sure there's something I could do or know or accomplish. Life is too precious to waste a minute.

#### Thank you, God!!!

I am going to tell the whole impossible mystery of my death and miracle life even if it means we transverse the quantum realm for clarification. Which isn't nearly as complicated and mysterious as it seems once you take away all the big words scientists love. My story may at the very least give you hope. Hope that you can best any difficulty, overcome any apparent obstacle and live your life with the strength, determination and confidence that comes from knowing that a Higher Power lies within you. Waiting for your acceptance.

Or maybe it will encourage you to accept who you are, where you are, and embrace the Good the Universe has bestowed upon you. Regardless of what it feels like

looks like or seems like. Recognize that life is one big bag of illusions – all for your benefit.

Now, as Sir Arthur Conon Doyle so aptly put it, "The game is afoot." Let us go, then, you and I on a quest for the essence of healing. Find the greatest talisman to change, power and true abundance. Because all the money, power and stuff in the world means less than a big bag full of sugar pills if you are sick, diseased or worse yet, dead.

#### CHAPTER 5

## **Worst Of Days**

I had just celebrated my birthday. Actually, it was my birthday and St. Patrick's Day combined. We do that because my granddaughter, Lucy, is also a Pisces and her birthday is very close to mine. How can you go wrong when your celebration is joined with the worldwide jubilation generated by St. Patrick's Day? Impossible, right? *Erin Gaugh Braugh!* 

Leave it to me. I found a way.

March 28, 2009, was the worst of days. Less than a fortnight after my birthday, I got up early and took my wife to catch a 6:45 a.m. flight to El Paso, Texas. She was going to see her 92-year-old mother, Dorothy. Her mother was living in Hobbs, New Mexico, at the time. Diane flew to El Paso, Texas; from there she had a five to six hour drive across desert and mountain terrain all by herself.

I didn't want her to go. I had this strange feeling all week. I couldn't shake it. Diane really wanted to see her mother and she loved that long, lonely drive. I was afraid something would happen to her. She said it was her only private time. She said it was refreshing and rejuvenating. How could I argue with that? Besides once Diane decides to do something, she's not easily swayed.

She never got farther than El Paso.

After dropping Diane off at John Wayne Airport I went back home to finish writing a book I'd started three years earlier. Like most of my work the idea for this book

came in a flash of inspiration and a frantic hour or two of typing. Then something unusual happened. I got nothing for three years. Very frustrating. I hoped the ten days she was gone would give me enough alone time to reconnect with the energy of that book. I had a remarkable first chapter, an amazing story that I had completely forgotten, a story that explained the role a mass murderer and a pickpocket played in my becoming a Quantum Master and teacher.

At this writing, I still haven't finished that book.

It was dark when I arrived back home. My dog, Tobee, had passed a year earlier and the house was deathly quiet without Diane. I turned on Sports Center and fried a couple of eggs. I let my ancient cat, Onyx, out the patio door. I took a minute to glance out on the pool and my beloved yard, which fanned out like an amphitheater surrounded by a tropical verge. I remembered the parties, the rock and roll bands, the great barbeques and all the good friends. If anything should inspire me, it was that back yard. But it didn't inspire, encourage or give me any degree of solace or comfort.

I was totally caught up with what I didn't have. I was dwelling on the one thing I often admonished my students to ban from their thinking. I was focused on the worst possible energy on the planet. I was focused on the one thing that destroys hope and possibility and keeps you from having all the good in your life.

I was focused on lack.

I didn't have a new book. I'd never been on Oprah. I didn't enjoy selling from the stage. I wasn't growing the list fast enough. I wasn't developing new products. I wasn't promoting. I wasn't expanding. I wasn't growing. I wasn't selling enough. I wasn't

making enough money. All the while, we were struggling to get by on a monthly income a great many people would love to make in a year.

Naturally, I didn't see my own ingratitude. I couldn't. Because all I saw was lack. I had allowed a scarcity consciousness to take root in my incredibly successful life. I wasn't good enough. I wasn't smart enough. I wasn't connected enough. I saw myself as a failure, a ne'er-do-well, a pretender. Oh, then there were the bank failures. Hurricane Katrina. The housing crash. World hunger. Lost jobs. The Great Recession.

I felt responsible for all of it because I was playing God.

I should have been singing, *I'm Rich Beyond My Wildest Dreams. I am. I am. I am. I am.* Our life was an absolute joy! But instead, I was focused on materialism and greed. Me! The Tom Pauley that proclaimed to the world the importance of giving thanks, never asking for money and living on the quantum or spiritual side of life.

I wasn't taking my own advice. Heavens, I couldn't even hear the truth any more. I had let my ego get completely out of control. I was pushing rather than allowing. This was the attitude with which I entered my office to finish that book.

Obviously, I was headed for a fall.

About 9:30 a.m., while sitting at my desk, I noticed my computer mouse was sticking. It came and went. But something was definitely wrong with my mouse. It just wouldn't move. As much as I tried to move that mouse, it stayed put. Now, I'm technically challenged so this didn't cause me much worry. I figured it was time for a green drink. Maybe the computer or the mouse or whatever was wrong would heal itself.

Besides, I was feeling nauseated and I took that to mean I was hungry. So, I grabbed an armful of fruits and veggies from the back refrigerator and headed for the

kitchen to make a green drink. But when I stepped over the threshold from the garage, my right foot slapped to the floor and refused to move. For a few seconds I couldn't move my right leg.

I was dumbfounded. Why wouldn't my leg move? I had no idea why my leg wouldn't move. Or maybe, I refused to admit why my leg wouldn't move. The only possible answer was too absurd to consider.

Within a few seconds it did move and I went the ten steps to the kitchen. As I passed the patio door I saw that Onyx wanted in. I unlocked and opened the sliding door, but didn't get a chance to shut it because my entire right side stopped working.

I slumped into a chair, stunned. I was by now forced to admit to myself that something was dreadfully wrong with my body.

I sat for a minute or two looking at my right arm hanging there, refusing to move. I couldn't stand. I couldn't move anything on my right side. I reached around with my left hand and took my cell phone out of its holster and called my daughter, Penelope.

It was Saturday and I was surprised she actually took my call. She's protective of her time off. Claims I use the phone like a machine gun. Anyway she took the call. Our conversation went something like this.

"Yes, Dad, we're sitting down to breakfast. Can I call you back?"

"No, Pen, I think I'm having a stroke."

"That's nothing to joke about. I'll call you back in about 30 minutes."

"Pen, it's no joke. I think I'm having a stoke. I can't move my right side."

"Oh my God, call 911."

"Ah ... well, I was wondering if you could come over."

"Dad, call 911. The paramedics will take you to a hospital."

"What are you talking about! I'm not paying for an ambulance. I'd have to be crazy to pay the kind of prices they charge. I want you to come and take me."

"Dad, I'm forty minutes away. If you won't call 911, get your neighbor Jackie to take you."

"I'm not going to bother her. Maybe I can drive."

"No! Dad, do not drive yourself. A stroke is very dangerous you could...."

"Oh, that's my other line. It's your mother; I hope she's OK. I'll call you back."

"Dad, call 911...." (Disconnect)

"Hi, Diane are you OK?"

"I'm fine. The plane just landed and I am about to get the rental car."

"Get a big one, that's a long drive."

"I already ordered a midsize. It'll be fine. How are you doing with the book?"

"Well, I had to stop because of the stroke."

"A stroke is nothing to joke about."

"That's what Penelope said. I can't move my right arm, and I don't think my leg will move either."

"Tom, call 911, right now."

It's too expensive. I'll drive to the hospital as soon as I can move my leg."

"Tom do you want me to come back?"

"Heavens no. Go see your mother. Enjoy yourself, I'll be fine."

"Tom, I'm calling Jackie. Hang up and call 911."

"Nonsense, you have a nice trip. Give everybody my love." (Disconnect)

I am sharing this absurd conversation with you because I want you to understand this very important fact: A stroke can make you instantly crazy or at the very least extremely irrational.

When I heard Jackie pounding on the front door I finally called 911. The operator told me two people had already called and the ambulance was on the way. She also told me to lie down on the floor on the side that was having the stroke, which was a bit confusing since I was having trouble telling one side from the other. But I did try to lie down. Unfortunately, it was more like falling than lying. I don't know if that was the best advise.

I can remember lying on the floor thinking how lucky I was to have left the patio door open, since all the other doors were locked. I didn't want them damaging that front door to get in. I'd painted it six times to get the color right.

Oh my, what I didn't know about strokes would fill a book. But then I'm not alone. Who the heck wants to study up on strokes if you're never going to have one, right?

Doctors don't seem to know much about strokes either. They know more than I do of course, but every time I asked them a question like how long, how fast, will it ever? They always had the same answer, "All strokes are different."

After what seemed like hours of yelling trying to get the Firemen who were ready to break down my door to come to the patio door, finally, one did. He wasn't real interested in how many times I painted the front door either. He did open it for the Emergency Medical Technicians. There were two of them, a good-looking guy and a beautiful young woman. She was strong as a horse. It really surprised me that a woman

could lift me on to the gurney. She, in fact, did most of the heavy lifting. I guess our prejudices about women's equality run pretty deep.

They kept asking me the dumbest questions about the names of my medications. Who can pronounce all those strange names under the best conditions? They also asked about my experience with drugs. Neither one thought the Bill Clinton remark about not inhaling was the least bit funny. Man, what a tough audience. After they lifted me onto the gurney and strapped me in, I tried a Henny Youngman line. The woman asked me if I was comfortable. I said, *I make a good living*. Nothing. No laughs. No smiles. Nothing. It was like I was talking to myself. Hey, I was scared. My body wouldn't work right. This had to be some grotesque joke perpetrated by God the Humorous. I was just trying to keep things light.

It was not even close to light.

The EMTs had definitely had stroke patients before because they were all business. And very good at it, I must say. Jackie brought all my prescriptions down from our bathroom. I confirmed these were all my meds. And they wheeled me out to the ambulance while Jackie closed up the house.

Once I was settled in the ambulance, the heavens opened and the angels must have started singing because I could move my arm and leg again. I was ecstatic.

"Wait! Hold on, guys. It's all over. I can move again. Let me out. There's no need for me to go to the hospital. I'm fine."

"We're not allowed to do that, sir. Best let the doctors check you out. You could have just had a TIA. If so, they'll send you right home. Or it could be the precursor to a bigger event."

"But I am home. And I'm not going to have another event, I promise. All you have to do is untie me and I'll walk back to the house. Seriously. I'm fine."

If you are anywhere near somebody having a stroke, one word of advice, don't believe a word they say. I wasn't fine. In fact, I was the last person on earth to make that decision. I was a mess. Of course, I am a closer so I spent much of the trip to the hospital trying to talk them out of it. They stopped listening. I was left to watch the gleaming red fire truck behind me as our little convoy made its way through Saturday morning traffic down El Toro Road.

If I had been in a clear mind then I would have realized how much I had to be grateful for. My daughter in Orange, California, and my wife in El Paso, Texas, each made one phone call. Either of which would have brought two highly trained and competent EMTs, an ambulance, two firemen and a really cool fire truck to my door within 5 minutes. Diane, Penelope, Jackie, the EMTs and the Firemen, they saved my life. If I'd have been left to my own devices, I'd probably have died on my kitchen floor a few hours later. Or been trapped there in that condition until Monday morning, when folks started showing up for work.

I was given a gift I can never adequately explain. Still, I wasn't grateful. I was looking for the angle. Why was this happening to me of all people? Wasn't I one of the good guys? I was telling folks to let the Universe "open the doors, provide the means, make safe your path and guide your way." Do so and you can live a dream life. This wasn't a dream; it was a nightmare.

I was still focused on lack. Some people do not learn quickly. I was still under the delusion that my actions alone determined my success and failure. I believed that I

was somehow separate from everything else in the Universe. I completely forgot that my greatest power is to surrender my will to the will of God. Oh I wrote and taught otherwise. But somewhere in the back of my mind I held on tight to my old antiquated belief in hard work and long hours. That whatever success I had was due to my own talent, luck and hard work.

I was in the position I was in because I had forgotten all the lessons that God had given me as confirmation of His infinite power. Especially, the lesson I learned so many years ago on a deserted mountain highway on a warm summer night. This was the lesson that should have wiped all doubt of God's power from my mind once and for all.

I had forgotten the true meaning of Infinite Possibility.

# Lesson One

Deeping Questions & Workbook

### Lesson One

# The Mystery Evolves

## Chapters 1–5

#### Questions:

 What do you expect to gain from this Course? Financial security? Physical healing? World peace? Close your eyes, quiet your mind. What's the first benefit that comes into your mind?

2. Are you afraid of death? What do you think happens after you die? Are you here by accident or is there some greater purpose? Can you suspend your current beliefs and be open to evaluate new information and different possibilities?

3.	What do you think about time travel and alternative realities? Science fiction?
	Possible? Probable? Please explain.
4.	Have you yourself had a near death experience? Have you known someone who
	has? Have you read books on the subject? Are you open to the concept of people
	coming back from death?
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5. Do you know why you are here? If you are not an accident then there is a reason for your existence. Do you have a mission in life beyond making money and paying bills? Something that you consider is more worthwhile? Are you fulfilling your mission in life?

6. Describe how your life would look if you had access to infinite abundance? What would you be, do and have? How would you impact the world?

7. In one short paragraph answer the question: Who am I?
