

Preface

I'll offer absolute proof of the existence of God, but first I'd like you to understand a little about my life. I enjoy a strong and growing faith in Source. Not the God as depicted in the Bible who is jealous, vindictive, angry, and demanding of worship. Not the God who created hell and required the sacrifice of His Son to save us from it. Not the God who "calls" young children Home. Our God is the Ultimate, Eternal Expression of Love. To me, this is Truth. These are over a decade of writings and if they instill in you a growing peace, then you'll experience the "fruits" of Truth also.

Our Tragic 2nd Honeymoon

We have 3 adult children who are all married and 4 grandchildren. I'll be 71 in November and was married for 20 years to Mary Jo. The 1st 10 years of our marriage were, to say the least, rocky. The last 10 years were really quite beautiful, as we had grown to be one another's best friends.

Oct. 16th, 2000 started out absolutely wonderful but ended up in disaster. M.J. had sold newspaper advertisements for years and had accepted a much higher-paying job selling television commercials for the local cable company. She was very attractive, highly intelligent, and very articulate. In her first year, she ended up being the best producer in the Pittsburgh district and earned, not won, a 5-day vacation on Carnival Cruise Lines. When informed of this, we were naturally excited as we had never been on a cruise ship. We had to wait about 5 months and would periodically say, "One day closer." We had both worked very hard and were excited to go on our 2nd honeymoon.

The time finally arrived, and we flew out on a Sunday, achieving our Florida destination in the early evening. She was like a little girl. Not having flown since she was 16, now 43, she was really nervous upon takeoff; had her head on my shoulder and was tightly hugging my arm. The ship set sail for Nassau. Monday we stopped at a small island. And looked at the local vendors' merchandise. The last item Mary Jo ever purchased was a cross.

That evening, we attended Captain's Dinner. Mary Jo had on a black, sequin gown and was absolutely beautiful. After dinner, we watched a Broadway-style show. We next had our pictures taken. These are the most precious items I own. In the last picture taken, she has her hand on my heart. We went to a club which had a dance floor. We loved to dance. We were both drinking champagne. Mary Jo would only drink on New Year's Eve. This was a very special occasion. We danced and sat down. She died.



I watched her stomach swell enormously, fluid expelled across the floor out of her mouth. She had been complaining about a pain in her leg. The compression and decompression of the aircraft caused a blood clot to let loose, and it hit her heart. M.J. was in excellent shape and seldom ever had a cold. She died instantly. She entered Heaven, I went into a hell of grief. The doctor asked some mandatory questions about our relationship and any drug history. He gave me a nerve and also a sleeping pill and arranged an empty cabin.

The following may be somewhat difficult for a few of you to read but needs to be explained due to the title and flow of the writing. There is a most beautiful and happy ending. Believe me. If you look back on your own life you may have already come to the realization that your times of greatest spiritual growth were a result of something tragic. It is very true that when we survive the darkness of the valley we have a deeper appreciation of the light on the mountaintop. I was in what I learned later, The Dark Night of the Soul, a metaphor. [Stairway to Heaven](#)



The next morning, I mustered the strength to enter our room and pack everything up. When I opened our door, I felt a feeling somewhat like terror. I felt like I may faint, so I sat down. I started to tremble and sweat, my hand was shaking. I lay down on my back because I became slightly nauseous. I then felt something akin to fear and thought. I have to get out of here. Now! I very quickly packed up, and every item I touched brought back recent memories, it felt somewhat like a dagger was in my chest. My God, I could still smell her perfume. My blood pressure had to have been through the roof. If I wasn't still feeling the sedatives the doctor and given me, I probably would have fainted. Looking back, it was a miracle I did what I did. I should have had the staff do this, but I was certainly not reasoning properly. This was a nightmare and it was very real.

Moody Blues

They set up a transoceanic call. I couldn't tell our children over the phone. Tracy was a freshman in optometry college, Tara was a senior in high school and Travis was in eighth grade. The only person I could think of was Mary Jo's mother, Jewel. She was one of the strongest individuals, male or female, I had ever met. A truly remarkable woman. She gasped and was quiet for a time that became somewhat worrisome. She told me later she almost fainted.

The captain came and said international law would have her body left off at the next port of call, Nassau. He suggested she remain on the ship and would be back in the States on Friday, eliminating red tape. I agreed. The ship made special arrangements and I flew out of Nassau. Monday Monday

I remember sitting in the airport watching all the happy couples holding hands. Surreal. Nobody knew what I had just experienced. I was in first class flying to Pittsburgh, and the seat next to me was empty. It really hit me and I gasped. Immediately, I felt like a warm egg had been broken over my head, and a feeling of peace came through me. It didn't last but an instant, looking back I know it was Mary Jo with her head on my shoulder, just like when we had taken off only two days ago.

Tracy and I had an apartment in Columbus. She was in her first year of Optometry College at Ohio State. Jewel wisely thought she could not tell Tracy over the phone. She contacted Shane, Tracy's cousin, and asked if he could drive to Columbus. A half-hour from the apartment; Shane made a mistake, he called to see if she was there. Tracy is highly intelligent and puts two and two together. Why would Shane be coming to see her? He told her over the phone. When he arrived at the apartment, it was in shambles. This was the worst half-hour of her life.

If interested, I explain in detail that time in our family's life in my manuscript *The Beauty Of Truth*. I am dead serious when making the following statement. Mary Jo is the reason I'm an author.

Two Beautiful Dreams



Over 10 years ago I awoke from a dream I knew had been about Mary Jo, that's all I had remembered except the question, "What if I told you?" I immediately wrote the following in thirty minutes. I know she wrote this through me. The words just flowed. This is the original text.

Years ago, my wife, Mary Jo, died in front of me. We were on a cruise ship, second honeymoon, we had been married for twenty years. A blood clot is loose, caused by the compression and decompression of the aircraft. She was perfectly healthy. I was devastated, we had three young children. We all loved her deeply. I had a dream about Mary Jo. All I could remember when I woke up was, "What if I told you?" I wrote this in thirty minutes. This comes from my lady and Heaven. She was and is my twin flame. "What if I told you? What if I told you love is not an emotion but a force? What if I told you, God is? What if I told you nothing can affect reality and nothing unreal exists, therein lies the peace of God. What if I told you there is no hell, only Heaven? What if I told you, you make your own hell? What if I told you all you see is an illusion, compared to the reality of Heaven? What if I told you death is an illusion, you live forever. What if I told you God does not forgive because. He/She has never condemned. What If I told you if God made anything imperfect, He/She would no longer be perfect, therefore

you are perfect, you have simply forgotten. What if I told you, you are dreaming in Heaven and are about to wake up? What if I told you as you help you are helped, as you give you are given too, as you love you are loved? What if I told, you, through pain to teach you what you do not want? What if I told you, that as you forgive others, you are forgiving yourself? What if I told you forgiveness is the final lesson you need to learn? What if I told you nothing you can do offends God because you are merely dreaming? What if I told you there is no such thing as sin? What if I told you Spirit heals your mind, the mind heals your body? What if I told you, you need no one to make you whole, you are whole. What if I told you, you have a twin flame, you may not have met yet? What if I told you we are all brothers and sisters, we are one. What if I told you, you are love because you were made by love? What if I told you, you are forever the divine effect of a Divine Source? What if I told you, you are Infinitely powerful, you have simply forgotten. What if I told you, you are part of the Mind of God, He/She has not forgotten you. What if I told you, Heaven would not be complete without You? Would you forgive and believe? Read that again.”



Several weeks after my first writing, this flowed also. Truth, God Is. Now comes the thought that can be difficult for the human mind to grasp. Nothing else is! The logic is such. God has one Son. Christ. The Son is given All the power

and Love of the Creator. The Son asked a question that was like, "What else is there?" The Prime Creator did not answer, because there **is** nothing else. For a mad, tiny instant the Son "freaked", He thought the perfect communication with Source was gone. Instantly, the gift of the Holy Spirit was given to Christ, and He was healed. But not wholly. In that mad, tiny instant this false universe was created, out of fear of the Creator. Remember, the Son has All the power of the Source. In that mad, tiny instant, the Son went into hiding, thinking He was "banned" from the Perfect state of Heaven. Not so. Be thankful God did not create this universe. Need proof? Everything here in the matrix goes to decay. What God made is Eternal. Look at the "fruits" of fear. We look at the insanity of this grand illusion and see death, wars, poverty, lies, secrets, corruption, hate, homelessness, and greed. When we understand this insanity, it means we are becoming sane. If God made this universe, He/She would be insane. The Source is certainly not insane. Our Source made Heaven. Our True Home. Death is an illusion, we live forever. The gift of the Holy Spirit was given to all, to help us remember. If God made anyone or anything imperfect, He/She would no longer be perfect, therefore, we are perfect and are remembering. We are dreaming in Heaven and about to wake up. How do we wake up? Forgive everything that happened in the past that does not exist. Forgive all you perceive as being wrong. All is an illusion compared to the Reality of Heaven. Love casts out all fear. Fear nothing. Love is the Most Powerful Force in All of Existence.



Unusual Parallels With My Best Friend



The showing was scheduled for Sunday afternoon, the funeral on Monday. After contacting our family, I called Dave my oldest friend. His mother had told him we were introduced at their church function when we were four. He's exactly 30 days older than me and explains those were the best 30 days of his life. I told him a while back we could go on stage at a comedy club and just talk about the stuff we've done. We would be a hit, we've missed our calling. He was in the Carolinas, working. Dave dropped everything and was at my side two days later.

I now need to explain what happened to Dave and his wife, Robyn a year before Mary Jo's death. Dave called me in February, he was sobbing and extremely upset. Robyn has just been diagnosed with liver cancer. Dave called me on Friday and asked if I could visit on Sunday as Robyn wanted to see me. I said I would let them know on Saturday. After talking with Mary Jo I decided it was too far to drive and I had chores to do. Anyway, Mary Jo couldn't go because she had plans with her sister. Saturday night I swear I heard a voice which only said "Go!" Sunday I drove to their home. After talking with Dave for about a half hour Robyn came out and sat at the dining room table. Her wrists looked like pencils and she had a catheter in her sternum. She was absolutely joyful, with no self-pity, no "why me". She said, "Bob, God could heal me if He wants, but I have

a big mouth and maybe I'll be of better service on the other side." What faith! She passed away several months later. The reason she wanted to see me was to give me a book. "Intra Muros, My Dream of Heaven " by Rebecca Springer, written in the 1890s. The author had gone into a coma and vividly saw Heaven. Those who have read it have come to the same conclusion. All true, the descriptions are so absolutely beautiful that they were not made up by the human mind. I'll write about this later. Again, a year later Mary Jo passed.

Here are the parallels between Dave and myself. Robyn was 43 when she passed, Mary Jo was 43; they had raised two girls, one boy, one adopted; we had raised two girls, one boy, one adopted; they had dated for three months and were married for twenty years, we had dated for three months and were married for twenty years; both were blond; the day Mary Jo died was Robyn's birthday. What are the odds of these analogies? My oldest and best friend went through virtually the same ordeal.

The Week Of The Funeral



Back to the week of the funeral. Dave was the only one who said something that made sense. He said, "You'll go one of two ways. You'll either become mean, hateful, or bitter making everyone around you miserable because you're dwelling in self-pity. Or, you will accept all, find peace, and come to the

realization that nothing will ever happen to you as bad as this, and not much will bother you." With the Grace of God, I went the latter route.

Wednesday, Tara and I were sitting on the couch, and she said, "Daddy, I am really scared." I said, "All will be alright." Several years later, she was married, and we were talking at the reception. I said, "Honey, do you remember sitting on the couch and telling me you were scared?" "Yeah." "Well, now, all is alright."

Friday, Tara was to ride in a parade as she had been elected to the senior homecoming court. She said she couldn't do that. I asked her what her mother would want. She sat in the convertible, and I was in the front seat. In a small town, information travels fast, all knew her mother had just suddenly died. People started to clap. I will never forget this.

Sunday I said, "Get ready, we're going to church." Our children said, "We can't do that." I said, "We've been attending First Christian for years. Yes, we can." We sat in the back of the church. The minister came to me and said, "You have no idea how your family has affected the congregation." I simply told him that we needed to be here.

On Tuesday, Jewel had been looking over some papers and found a life insurance policy Mary Jo had taken out for twenty thousand dollars. I had no idea. Pennies from Heaven. She had also found a key to a safe deposit box. I went up to the bank and a very strange occurrence happened. The key would not work so they called a locksmith. He explained he had been doing this for seventeen years and this had never happened. After numerous attempts, he had to get a vice and rip the door off. There was nothing of significance there. Mary Jo had always handled our finances, and this was nobody's business. I think she had her finger on the door.

The showing started at 1:00. I was told later this was one of the largest they had ever had. Many I didn't know as they were Mary Jo's customers. I remember standing at her coffin with our children. I had my hand on her folded hands. I would watch groups of folks sobbing and suddenly stop. I could almost see her walking around the room placing her hands on the grieving and stopping the crying. I know she was.

Monday was the funeral. After the minister, I said a few words and read the following. These beautiful thoughts are buried with her. I had several friends thank me for reading them. The author is Joseph F. Girzone from his book, Joshua in the Holy Land.



Beautiful Words Buried With Mary Jo



“Of late, I have come across so many hurting people, and so much pain. I know you all endure hurt and pain and struggle with difficulty understanding it. I know life must be very confusing to you. But it is not senseless. There are patterns and reasons though you may not be able to see them. It is important for you to know that your lives are not just an accident of circumstance or the product of random forces at work in the universe. Each of you is a masterpiece of God’s creation. You were made special and are precious to God. He works each day quietly, calmly, within you, weaving together the apparently disconnected strands of your life. Your youth was a preparation for your life later on. As you grew older, each moment was part of the carefully planned training that God was putting you through, each day building on another, each of you being drawn along a path different from everyone else, because each of you is unique and special to God, with a special mission to accomplish for Him in this world, and a special message to preach through your life. There will always be pain in life and hurt. You cannot grow without it. Pain and suffering are the dark strands weaving through the tapestry of your life, providing the shadows that give depth and dimension to the masterpiece God is fashioning within you. Athletes embrace stress and pain as they prepare their bodies for the contest. You are made strong and refined through your hardships and struggles. You are not being punished. They are the necessary ingredients of life if you are to grow in God’s image. If God is to mold the human clay of which you are made into something that resembles Himself, that process cannot help but be painful. So be patient and know that your pain is not in vain, nor is it a punishment. God is too big to pick on people when, in their weakness, they fall. When you do things that are hurtful, God, like a kind father, or a tender mother, makes adjustments in your life to remind you that your actions are hurting others or yourself and prompts you to make changes. But God is never cruel. He accepts you where you are and is very patient as you turn ever so slowly back to His love. He weaves everything into good when you reach out to Him. Your life is really like a tapestry. You look at one side and see all the disconnected and loose ends, and say, “What a mess my life is!” God sees the finished product on the other side and sighs, “How beautiful you have become!” So don’t be discouraged or lose hope. Trust your Father in Heaven. He loves you more than you can imagine. Call him Abba. He is truly your Daddy, so tender is His love for you He watches over your every deed, not to find fault or to judge, but because He cares. This may seem impossible, that He could be fully aware of every detail of your life, but look upon the mind of God as the sun rises in the morning. Its rays penetrate every detail of creation in

a single moment. God's mind is like that sunshine, touching and penetrating all of creation in a single instant. In this way, He can guide and enlighten you with His wisdom and inspire you with His love. May His peace and blessing go with you each day and guide you in His own way, and along His own paths, and may you always know that He is near."

These words are absolutely beautiful and friends have commented they help them to understand difficulties and pain. However, they are not entirely true. Prime Creator, Father/Mother God have nothing to do with time. This is The Holy Spirit and Jesus's job.

My Dream Of Heaven



As I promised earlier, this is a short synopsis of the little book Robyn had given me.

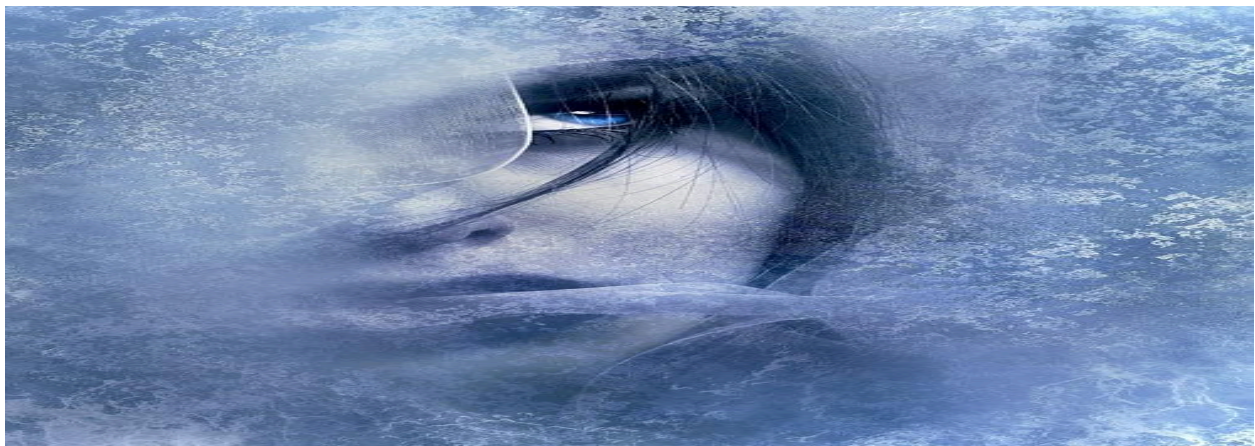
"My Dream of Heaven" by Rebecca Springer. All who have read it come to the same conclusion. The book is much too beautiful to have been made up. It was written in the 1890s. Rebecca "died" and was carried to Heaven by her uncle, who had died in the Civil War. He set her down in a beautiful meadow. She said one could get lost in the perfection of a single rose. She had on a beautiful white gown that "shimmered". They waded into a river and the water came up to their throats. She said, "Stop! We'll drown". The "earth thoughts" still persisted.

He looked at her with a twinkle in his eye and said, "We don't drown here." They went down about 40-feet and talked at length. They were surrounded by beautiful light rays and refractions, like being inside a prism. When they came out, her hair and gown were instantly dry and she felt as if she could fly. She did, later.

All the water in Heaven flows from the throne room of God and prepares the soul for the Celestial Life. She picked fruit and said the taste was extraordinary, beyond anything she had ever tasted. The juice squirted on her gown and instantly vanished. Nothing impure can exist in Heaven. All the streets of gold are real. Magnificent mansions of oak and ivory. Jesus said, "In my Father's Kingdom there are many mansions." Children came into her home who were artisans. They had delicate tools and planted live roses on her marble floors.

She was there quite a while, time was meaningless, when she came upon a golden lake. She said it was so beautiful she was hardly spiritually strong enough, even in Heaven, to look at it. There were boats on the lake driven by a technology that she wasn't aware of.

There is no night, just a softening of glory. She went to a massive outdoor theater. The dome roof was held up by columns of Jasper and Pearl. There were singing angelic beings up in the dome. Martin Luther of the Reformation strode out on stage. He talked of the effects the Lutheran Church had on Europe. All heads were bowed after he spoke contemplating the wisdom shared. She looked up and out came Jesus. He was dressed in a golden suit and the Glory of God surrounded him. He spoke of the link between the earthly life and the Heavenly life. She said if she had been aware of how the Saints and Angels watched over her in time, she wouldn't have worried so much. Jesus then spoke of how their life in Heaven would be. When writing the book, she didn't know of any earth words which could properly explain his teachings concerning the Celestial Life. We wouldn't be able to understand anyway. She saw the throne room of God.



One would not be able to behold this in human form. The Power, Glory, and Love were beautiful and immense beyond thought. The last thing she saw before waking from her coma was the Celestial Sea. There were huge, wooden, sailing schooner ships adorned with all the flags of the world bringing new arrivals from Earth. Their loved ones were excitedly awaiting on shore. She said, “Oh death, where is thy victory? Where is thy sting?”

So what are we going to do forever? We’ll explore the glories of Heaven with the wonderment of a child. We’ll see Heavens, Universes, Galaxies, and Worlds. We’ll be taught how to create such if we so desire.

Answered Prayers



I only missed a week’s work at Family Dollar. Mary Jo had earned more than me, so it was crucial to keep employment. Jewel dropped everything and stayed with Tara and Travis during the week. I came home on the weekends. Amazing, caring, strong woman. She had been a nurse. Jewel and her husband Bill, are Home with Mary-Jo.

I remember the first drive back to Columbus. I went into an absolute rage at God, and it lasted about 20 minutes. I bent the steering wheel. After being quiet, I sincerely apologized. I could not be angry at my Strength.

Looking back, the job was good for me. My advice to anyone going

through trials, be it grieving, divorce, illness, financial ruin, or drug abuse, is this. Keep busy. One cannot talk in platitudes about God or anything else, doesn't help. When one sits and dwells, misery comes.

The first week back, an elderly black woman said to my assistant, "Something terrible has happened to that man." She just knew. This was a spiritual gift. My assistant explained my wife had suddenly died.

Time went on. Christmas came. I tried to keep everything as normal as possible. Put up the outside lights and decorate the tree. Mary Jo loved Christmas. Her joy and energy had always permeated the holidays. Christmas proved to never be the same.

Tracy excelled, Tara graduated from high school, Travis from eighth grade.

The reason funeral homes sell furniture is because families want to eliminate memories. I sold everything. I gave the property away and made no profit to eliminate debt. Our home was English Tudor, all brick, built in the 1930s. Dad designed the floor plan and the cement holding the brick was very unique. I have never seen anything like it. The cement protruded several inches, evidently, this is a lost art.



I remember walking through our home the last time. I had been born and raised here, and we had raised our children here. I was numb.

M.J. and I visited my niece and her husband in Gahanna. She had loved the upscale neighborhood and wished someday we would move there. Travis and I did. Tara moved in with Tracy and started Ohio State. The apartment Tracy and I shared was much closer to college than our new home. Tracy's student loans paid the rent. I had taken the twenty thousand from the life insurance and put a down payment on a one hundred fifty thousand dollar duplex. My tenants' rent paid the mortgage. Months earlier, I had no idea how all would work out. My

income was cut by more than half. Prayers had been answered, and our family was on a new path. I accepted a much better-paying job as a manager at Sprint. Over the next several years, life experiences would unfold which led to my current understanding. I would lose the property plus everything I own. Dave was right, not much bothers me.

The Miracle Of The Emmaus Walk



The Emmaus Walk.

About 11 years after Mary Jo's death, an old Internet friend, Ahnora, called out of the blue and asked if I would like to attend what is called The Emmaus Walk. The only way to participate is you have to be sponsored by someone who has been on one. She asked if I would be willing to attend a three-day seminar at a church. I hadn't been in a church in years. She said it would be on a weekend. I'd go in on Friday night and leave on Sunday. I asked what does the walk mean and what is the purpose. She said two men had been walking toward a town called Emmaus after Jesus had been crucified. A third man joined them and proceeded to explain what their Scripture truly means. The Old Testament. The men were astounded by his wisdom. They arrived at their destination and made lunch. The moment they broke bread, the men's eyes were opened, and they saw they had been talking with Jesus. He vanished. A miracle.

She had no idea if I would benefit from the retreat, she knew several who had. I agreed to attend. The weekend came and an elderly gentleman picked me up at home. The church was forty-five minutes west. There was a beautiful sunset. I asked him what people had derived. He explained I would learn something, he had no idea what. We arrived and they collected our cell phones and watches. We would have no idea of time and would be awakened by hand bells. People on social media have suggested the reason they took our phones was so they could be hacked and my identity was probably stolen. Thus explaining the following miracle. No way! I'm a good judge of character from years in big-ticket sales. These kinds of people were far too professional. There were seventeen of us, all men. The minister informed us that volunteers would be continually praying for us in the chapel. Around the clock. All the food was home-cooked. Let's say you wanted a mountain dew and they didn't have it, you would have a mountain dew shortly. Incredible service.

Saturday morning came and we all met in a conference room and were broken into groups. There were five in my group and we were asked to assign a spokesman. The minister explained we would be listening to speakers who had experienced traumatic events and how they survived. All were to take notes. Late Sunday afternoon our speaker was to explain to all, what our group had learned.

Two speakers I remember

One man had been sodomized by a priest for several years when young. The other was an elderly, big man with a deep voice. He had been the head minister of a large local church. When his trauma started, he was in his sixties. One morning he was holding a toothbrush and had no idea what it was for. His wife found him sitting on the kitchen floor, crying. He went through months of therapy for deep clinical depression

Sunday afternoon came and the five of us explained individual lessons learned. I told my group about Mary Jo. A mutual decision was made about what our spokesman should explain. After a moment or so I said, "Gentlemen, I have never explained to a group what our family experienced and how we survived. I would be honored to do so now." All agreed, our turn came. I talked for about twenty minutes. The minister plus several others shook my hand. No problem guys, my pleasure. Two men explained what they had been going through. One was elderly and taking care of his wife who was dying of cancer. What I had said about death being an illusion and how we live forever had touched him deeply. The other was a married young man with three children. He said he had lost his job and his employment was about to expire. I had explained that worry does

nothing but rob us of peace. I also briefly talked about our ego and how it wants us to be either living in the past or , most importantly worrying about the future. In so doing we are not living in the moment and talking to God now. The young man shook my hand and said, "Thank you." "You're Welcome".I simply told the truth.

Saturday night we went to the empty sanctuary where services were held. The auditorium was huge. Communion was offered, certainly not mandatory. All of us accepted. Sunday evening was when the miracle occurred. Several of the men were astounded. So was I. We again went to the sanctuary naturally expecting it to be empty. When the doors opened there were hundreds of people holding candles. All for the men who had just completed The Emmaus Walk.

I felt a wave of Indescribable Love that I had never before experienced. With one exception explained in a moment. We walked to our seats and this is when I first met Ahnora. The church had paid for her flight from the Carolinas for us to meet.. Astounding.

The congregation left and we were advised to take communion. This time we were instructed to put something on the bread we no longer wanted and someone else would ingest. I put on the bread that I wanted complete healing from the pain of losing her. I was totally and forever healed.

We were packing and a young man I had met last night came over. He was married with three children, worked two jobs, and was a gifted guitarist. He said," Mary Jo was blond, right? "Yes." "And she enjoyed dressing in black?" "Yes." "Who is Travie?" "Our nickname for our son Travis. "And you have a favorite picture of Mary Jo's, you're lying on your back with a baby on your chest. Who's that?"Tara." I was astounded and asked, "How do you know this?" Mary Jo had came to him in a dream. She also said she would visit me twice in time. She was pleased with how happy our children are and I was doing a good job. Folks who ask for proof that God exists, now have it. How could he have possibly known that information?

A Beautiful Birthday Message



This is a little out of context, and I hope I'm not confusing you.

I feel this is Really Awesome. I finished another manuscript on 11/20/2023, my birthday. It had been published, but something else would occur to me, so I'd add more. I'm kind of an edit freak when it comes to pictures. My goal was to make the manuscript as visually appealing as possible, so everything would flow with these magnificent eternal truths. I feel I have succeeded. I was looking through some random pictures and froze. I swear this how Mary Jo looked when we were first married. Once again, a little message from the other side. A birthday present saying, "My Love, you'll be Home and with me soon, very soon." God Is.



A Paranormal Experience



Several years after the Emmaus Walk, I was living in a single bedroom apartment in an apartment complex. A friend and I were drinking a beer and had just started a movie on Netflix. It was Halloween. The buzzer went off, meaning someone wanted to enter the building. I answered the intercom, but no one. I determined there were probably trick-and-theaters. Several minutes later the buzzer went off again, no one. The third time, I quickly left the apartment, so I could see the building entrance. They must have run, fast. We started watching the movie and there was a knock on the door. I opened it and no one was there. This was the type of building where no doors could be closed in the hallway due to the fire code. The hallways were long and there wasn't a soul in sight. Sat down, several minutes later there was another knock and I ran to the door. The hallway was empty. Ron said, "What is going on?" "I have no idea." There was another knock and the door opened. The second time this happened, I saw the doorknob turn. I closed the door. I had an oak china cupboard from our old home. Mary Jo loved this piece of furniture. The door on the cupboard opened. I closed it. The door opened again and slowly moved back and forth. Ron was calm, I was very calm. I started smelling roses, which were M.J.'s favorite flower. My friend couldn't. The para-normal had stopped. We had been paid a visit. Proof God Is.

A Message From Heaven



Another occurrence was just very strange. I had worked for Verizon and had assisted a customer with a phone issue. She was probably in her late twenties. For whatever reason, I briefly explained Mary Jo's passing. I have thought about this and wondered why on earth I even brought it up. I had seldom talked about this to anyone, let alone a customer and a complete stranger. She said, "And the ship made arrangements and flew you out of Nassau?" "Yes" She had been on the same cruise when she was 15. What are the odds of that?

A Missing Hour



A couple of years later, I became unemployed. A new casino was opening and I wanted to try something different than telecommunications. I went to dealer school for eleven weeks and became licensed to deal with blackjack, mini-baccarat, phi-gow plus all the table games. A good job pays well. I worked nights and usually woke around 1:00 pm. I was lying around the pool, looking at the time, 4:30. I had a weight bench, would work out for an hour, take a shower, and drive 25 minutes to the casino. My shift started at 7:00 and I was very used to my routine. I arrived at work and was one hour late, it was 8:00. I thought I must have looked at the time wrong. While dealing, I started to review what had happened. I did not look at the time wrong. I had been on the same routine for months. I had lost an hour.

Another Heavenly Message



Years later, I was at a random little party on a Saturday evening. Some folks were smoking a little weed, I was content with my beer. The subject matter turned into a discussion about death. I listened to what one married couple had gone through and explained my story about Mary Jo. Another man said, "That was you?" I said, "What? Why do you ask?" He and his girlfriend had been on the same ship a year prior. He told me the crew was still talking about the couple on

a second honeymoon and the beautiful lady who suddenly died on the dance floor.

I feel these random occurrences, like the young woman with the phone issue, are subtle messages from Heaven saying all is well. What other explanation can there possibly be?

A True Miracle



I delve into the following thoughts in greater detail in my manuscript *The Beauty Of Truth* but some instances need repeating.

Years before I had met Mary Jo I was a pouring floor foreman in charge of pouring five, thirty ton heats a night. A heat is a 30-ton ladle of molten steel. I worked a steady midnight shift. Buckeye Steel in Columbus at that time had the highest fatality rate of any industrial facility in the nation, or so I was told by another employee. Old industrial foundry, built in the eighteen-nineties. Management had temporarily put me on the day shift to oversee the mold master. This was the machine that made the smaller castings. We made couplers, frames, axle housings, and bolsters for the railroad industry, our biggest customer. Our largest casting was a fifty-ton pipe cap, which drove the pipe into the sea for the oil industry.

In a foundry, there is what is called facing sand. If you put your hand into

the sand, you will see a perfect impression of your hand. This sand would be put into molds, the castings, which is where the molten steel is poured. The sand was made in equipment called maulers, about one-fifth of a mile down from the mold master. The sand was poured onto a continuous running belt, one yard wide, three stories up. The sand, when reaching the mold master, would hit a plow which would direct the sand into a chute, dropping three stories below to the equipment.

This day is when my tragedy occurred. The plow jammed in the up position, thus the sand would not go into the chute, putting the mold master into downtime. I called maintenance on my walkie-talkie, but they were all busy. So I decided to try to fix it. I climbed the stairs, three stories up, walked along the catwalk, and came to the plow. Simple fix. An air valve had jammed, I put a screwdriver into the valve releasing the air, and the problem was solved. I called the sand department to start up the equipment. I walked the one-fifth mile down the catwalk to see if the sand was being made. This is when I made the most horrible mistake of my life, to date.

In a foundry, there are overhead cranes. They run on two railroad tracks. One track is on the south side, the other track is on the north side. There is a huge pulley, with a hook, that lifts the thirty-ton ladles filled with molten steel. There are bumpers on the cranes about three yards long to protect against damage if it would run into the second crane. This is kind of difficult to explain to one who has never seen this type of equipment. I hope you get a general idea.



Spur of the moment, I **sat on the railroad track** to get a better view to see if the sand was running. I looked in the crane cab about thirty yards down to see if the crane man was there. Empty. He had been bending down. I had on safety glasses, which gave no peripheral vision. The next thing that happened was the crane bumper hit me and started to crush. The operator had seen me out of the corner of his eye as he was looking at the ladle three stories below and plugged it, which stopped the crane. He somehow saw me where I had no business being. A thirty-ton, fifty-thousand horsepower crane doesn't just immediately stop, there is a drift. If the operator had waited a split second longer, I would have been cut in two. The bumper was on me and off. It snapped my left leg femur in two. I went into shock and passed out. I was in the hospital for three months, and off work for a year. I have a plate in my left leg and a bolt in my hip. I should have been killed, and this is a definite miracle I'm not dead.

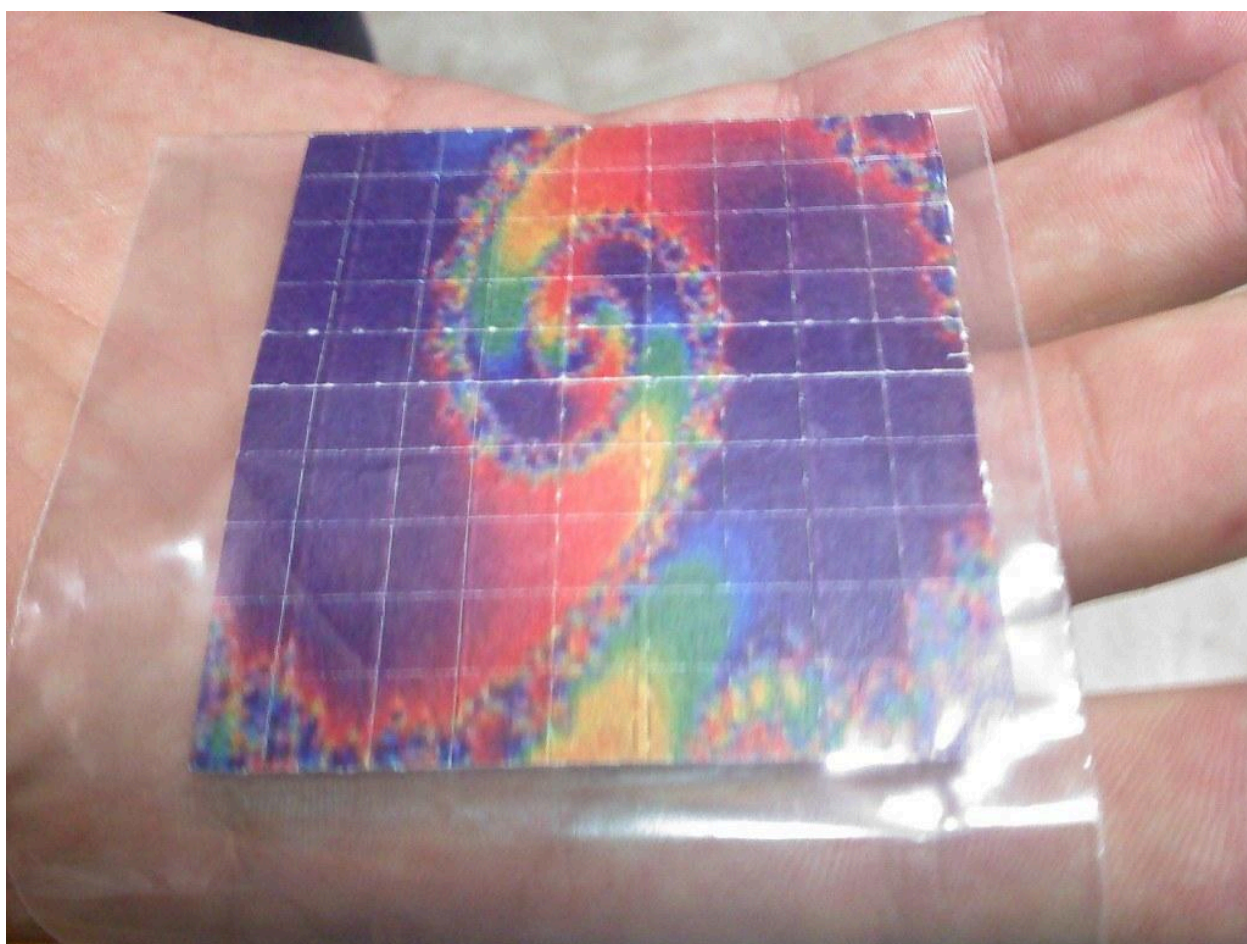
Thoughts About Drugs



I very much understand that many reading this have their own solid attitudes concerning drugs, I agree with anyone's opinion as this is a touchy subject, to say the least. Also, years prior to my meeting with Mary Jo, I discovered, quite by accident, the experience of hallucinations.

One day, an old friend and I drove my car up to Youngstown, Ohio. I thought we were going to Kent State, Michael said we were picking up some

stuff. I wondered what kind of stuff. We pulled up to a home in the ghetto. Inside there were shotguns in the corner, several men, and prostitutes. We went around back to a garage, front to back, and to the ceiling was marijuana. He bought a pound, plus one thousand tea tabs and black beauties, pure speed. A tea tab is pure THC, the chemical in weed that gets one high. I had smoked pot a couple of times but knew absolutely nothing about this stuff. We then went to a party at Kent State. Michael talked me into taking a tea tab. OMG, the first time I had ever tripped. I was not to put any weight on my leg. I ended up plopping around, with no crutches, thinking I was immune to all harm. That was the summer I discovered LSD.



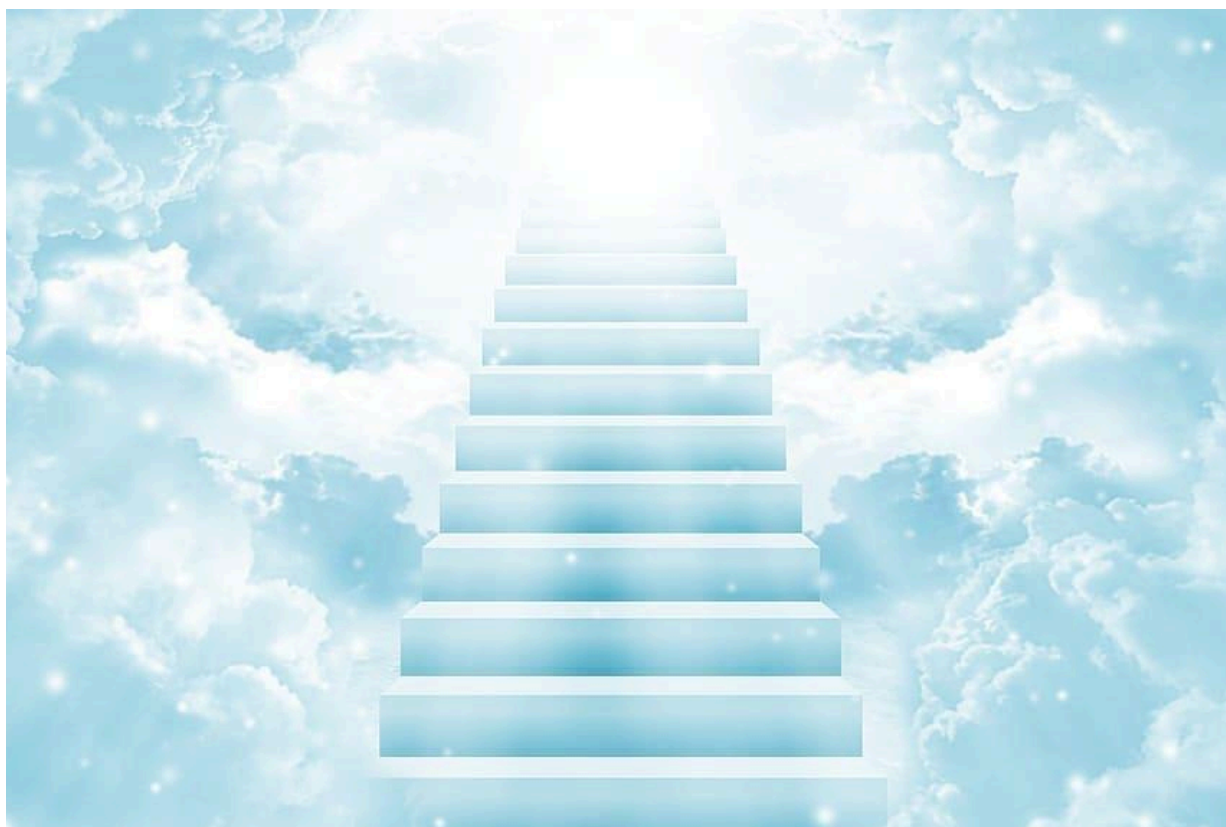
I'd like to stop my current writing flow and explain my thoughts about hallucinogens. When LSD was legal, the Army experimented with it to see if men would become more efficient soldiers. That did not go as planned. One man ended up in a tree, smiling at the sky. Another was dancing around in a field and singing. A third was picking flowers and laughing. They stopped the experiments.

The following is from the Microsoft Bing search engine. Micro-dosing LSD

involves taking a very small dose of the substance, usually around 5-10% of the amount necessary to induce psychoactive effects. Advocates of LSD micro-dosing claim that the practice has numerous health benefits, such as improving cognition and mood, reducing pain, helping to levels, improving emotional balance and mood, reducing anxiety, help treat treating depression and addiction. Some preliminary research and anecdotal evidence suggest that micro-dosing LSD may have numerous benefits. These include the ability to enhance cognitive processes and abilities, increase energy depression, and help treat addiction and reduce substance misuse. [LSD](#)

I have never sold it and have never advised anyone to trip. I haven't had any in over 15 years, there is no longer a need. I can say this. I have indulged hundreds of times and never had a bad experience, just wonder and joy. The reason I brought up the subject is this.

The Most Magnificent Experience I Will Ever Have



Years after M.J. had passed, one Sunday, seven friends were sitting on the floor in my living room. Jordan said, "Bob, you need to take ten." She was referring to the original Grateful Dead acid. I took the strip, held it in my mouth, and swallowed. She said, "OMG you took twenty." Doubled over.

This was the last time I would ever take LSD.

An hour later, everyone was talking and I could see their auras change color depending on what they were discussing. I was holding a crystal rock up in my right hand. A bright red liquid light came out of its structure down my arm and entered the base of my brain in the back of my neck. All Chakras opened and released incredible energy through my entire being. My third eye opened and the brilliant light exploded.

I'm looking at Mary Jo.

She's wearing a white luminous flowing shimmering gown with a billowing cape. Her long hair is glowing and somehow moving. Her eyes are a beautiful vibrant piercing blue. She's surrounded by a translucent golden light and looks like she is inside a prism. A soft magnificent array of different instruments were playing sounds and chords, I had never heard such beautiful music. I was gazing at colors I had never seen. Roses appeared, danced, and vanished. I saw bonfires next to the Celestial Sea. Myriads were laughing, dancing, swimming, and playing games with whales and dolphins. Angels appeared and surrounded all. I saw visions of oceans, rivers, lakes, forests, mansions, streets of gold, children laughing and playing. I felt an enormous sense of Peace. I could fly. An incredible feeling of Love saturated every minuscule part of my Being. I very briefly saw the throne room of God.

Mary Jo is smiling and her form starts to vibrate and emit varying colors



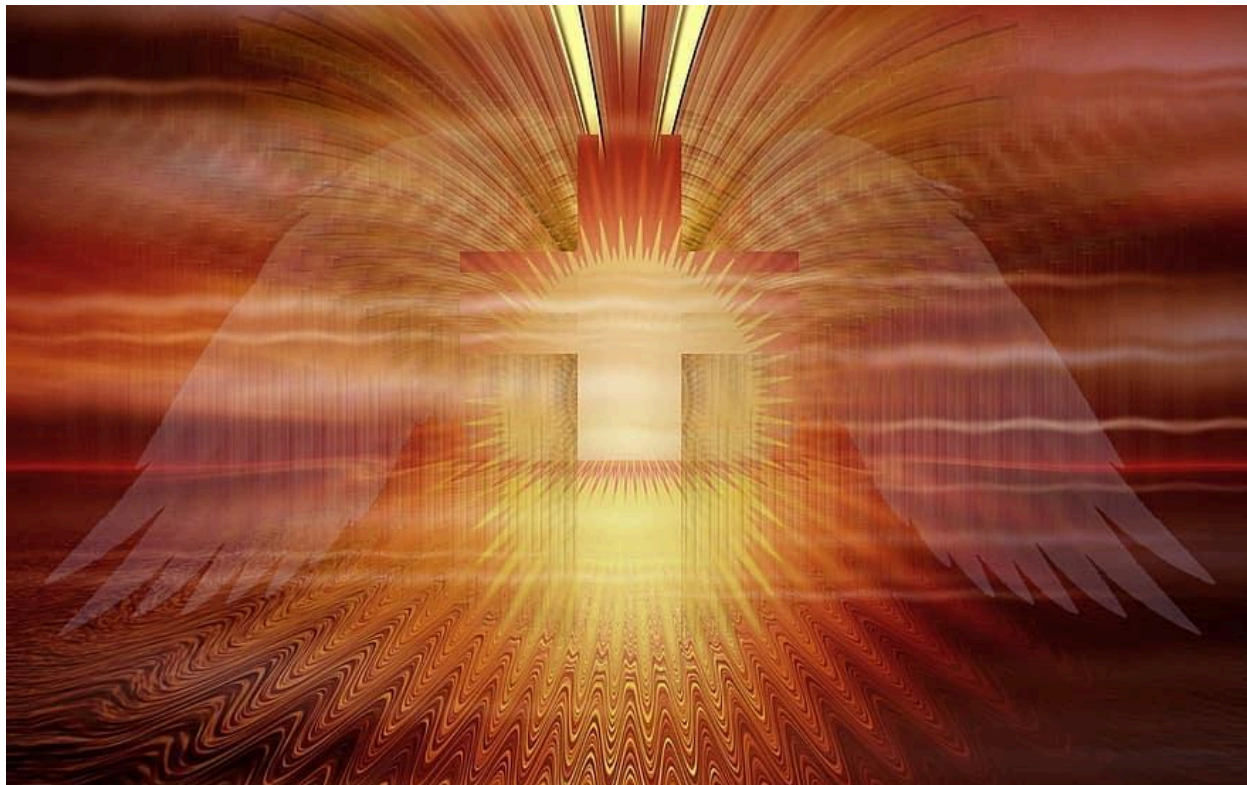
of brilliant light. She smiled wider and slowly vanished. I heard her singing voice whisper, “My Love you’ll be Home and with me soon, very soon.” God Is.



This experience is embedded in the very core of my being and I will never have anything as magnificent occur.

I ended up in my bedroom listening to Enya. I’m such a big fan of hers I’m offering this endorsement. I searched and found, “Enya, whose full name is Eithne Pádraigín Ní Bhraonáin, is an Irish singer and composer. She is known for her modern Celtic music and is the best-selling Irish solo artist, after the rock band U2. Enya was born on May 7, 1961, in Gweedore, Ireland, and raised in the Irish-speaking region of Gweedore. She began her musical career playing alongside her family’s Celtic folk band Clannad in 1980. She left Clannad in 1998 to pursue a solo career, working with the former Clannad manager and producer, Nicky Ryan, and his partner Roma, as their lyricist. Over the following four years, Enya developed her sound by combining multi-tracked vocals and keyboards with elements of musical genres such as Celtic, classical, church, jazz, new age, world, pop, and Irish folk. The success of her album *Watermark* (1988) propelled Enya to worldwide fame, helped mostly by the international hit single “Orinoco Flow (Sail Away)”. She has since released several other albums, including

Shepherd Moons (1999), The Memory of Trees (1995). It's rumored she plays every instrument herself and mixes it all, Bing could not verify this though. [Enya](#)



A Thought Provoking Story



Let's say you're an African mother living in the jungle in the year 1694. You've been with your man for 17 years and have 4 children. You work hard and are 48 years old. Not easy raising 4 children and a sometimes childish husband in this sweltering hot environment. All in all, life is good for you, and you laugh much more than you cry. One day some white folks come into your village who are missionaries. They seem like nice people who have great food and smile a lot. They begin explaining about a man named Jesus who lived thousands of years ago. They tell you he walked on water, the blind could see, the deaf could hear, the paralyzed could walk, he raised the dead and when he was hung on wood to die, he raised himself 3 days later. You're thinking, what? Now, these well-meaning folks tell you he died for your sins, and you must believe this, or you're going to eternal hell. You ask, "What is sin?" They tell you. "What is hell?" They tell you. You go to bed that night thinking WHAT? This whole stuff sounds pretty out there to you. Who on earth came up with all this? You've lived a hard life but a good one. You have no enemies, many friends, loving children, and a good hardworking, and caring man. Why on earth did these people tell you about this Jesus person? You've made some mistakes, but you've been informed these are sins. You asked what this sin stuff is about, and they informed you that you've sinned against God. You asked, "What's God?" They tell you God made you. You had thought all this time that your parents had made you. Now this God who you have never seen is furious with you and is going to send you to a place of unending pain and misery. Forever. However, you've been told some good news. All you have to do is believe in Jesus, who died for the sin you didn't know you had done. So now you're thinking, this God sent his only son to earth and commanded him to endure torture, suffering, and death? You don't want anything to do with any of this nonsense. You had even begun to feel guilty about mistakes you were informed were sins. You had never felt guilty before and certainly don't appreciate the feeling. You truly like these white people and are a good judge of character. You never lie and always tell the truth. The missionaries ask you if you believe in Jesus. You tell them you'd rather not, as you were doing better before thinking about their so-called truths. They left. Years later, you reach a nice old age of 94 and die in your sleep. Where are you now? Atheists will say "in the dirt". Born again Christians, "Eternal Hell." There's a 3rd most glorious answer, "Enjoying The Magnificent Perfection And Love Of Heaven, Forever."

Parallels To Christianity



I asked Microsoft Bing about the Mayans. “Yes, the Mayans existed before the time of Jesus. During the pre-Columbian era, human sacrifice in Maya culture was the ritual offering of nourishment to the gods and goddesses. Blood was viewed as a potent source of nourishment for the Maya deities, and the sacrifice of a living creature was a powerful blood offering. By extension, the sacrifice of human life was the ultimate offering of blood to the gods, and the most important Maya rituals culminated in human sacrifice.

I don’t know about you, but to me, the writers of the New Testament sound like proponents of human sacrifice to appease the anger of a fearful God.

Another question asked was what ancient civilizations pre-Christ parallel traditional Christianity? “There are several pre-Christianity civilizations that had deities with stories of virgin births and resurrection. Some examples include Horus, an ancient Egyptian deity, who was said to have been born of the virgin Isis. Mithras, a deity worshiped in the Roman Empire, was said to have been born of a virgin and was associated with the resurrection. Krishna, a deity in Hinduism, was said to have been born of the virgin Devaki. Dionysus, a deity in

ancient Greek religion, was said to have been born of the virgin Semele and was associated with the resurrection.”

Sounds like the New Testament authors were attempting to make Christianity believable to different peoples and societies.

Atheist Friends & Logic



I was fortunate enough to have been raised in a loving home. Mom and Dad weren't churchgoers, and the subject of God never came up. They did teach me a short prayer when I was very young. "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray to you Lord my soul to keep, if I should die before I awake, I pray to you Lord, my soul to take." So as a small child, I just accepted the existence of a higher power.

When I became older, friends would discuss God. Once, several agreed on this statement. "Where did God come from? Nobody can answer that, proving there is no God." I didn't say anything, but still believed in my higher power.

In school, I was taught the Big Bang Theory. Astronomers believe the universe began as a singular point and expanded to the size it is today and is still expanding. So everything came from virtually nothing? This never made much sense to me. At All. I was also taught that most scientists believe that RNA, or something similar to RNA, was the first molecule to self-replicate and begin the process of evolution that led to more advanced forms of life, including human beings. What? So this is the answer to thousands and thousands and thousands of aquatic creatures, birds, animals, and humans?

Scientists believe the earliest life forms we know of were microscopic organisms, microbes, that left signals of their presence in rocks about 3.7 billion

years old. These scientific theories only strengthened my belief in a higher power. If you think about and study, these two believed explanations of all life everywhere, will begin to make no sense.

George Carlin, who I believe is the greatest comedian who has ever lived, was an atheist. He always told the truth, but in a genius manner that was absolutely hilarious. In one routine he said, "Yeah, there's an invisible "Big Man" in the sky. He sees and hears and knows everything. He sent down commandments and if we break One of them we're going to burn in lakes of fire and have unending, horrible torment in Hell. Forever and ever and ever. BUT, God loves you AND he needs your money. He Just Can't Handle His Finances. Me, I worship the sun. That's something I can see. I appreciate its life-giving energy and warmth. I pray to Joe Pesci. Now there's a guy who gets the job done. Neighbors dog barking? Call Joe and the problem is solved.[George](#)

Several of my friends and a few of my very close and old friends are atheists. All are intelligent and I have appreciated our discussions. I've learned much from their different perspectives. Most are happily married with children and enjoy good jobs. All, hate the wars, crimes, corruption, murders, homelessness, poverty, and greed we all witness. A close friend logically said, "A God who made all this crap would be insane and I'd want nothing to do with it, anyway."

Another does community work and enjoys helping the homeless. He has 2 beautiful daughters and a son. He's been married for 12 years. He had to attend church every Wed. and Sun. for years, as a child. More than several times he was badly beaten by his dad to "save" his soul. His mother was an alcoholic and his parents argued constantly when she was drunk. They hated everything they watched on the news and constantly complained. When in public he'd often hear statements like "Look at that long hair drug user going to Hell." Another time, "I bet she's a whore, better get right with Jesus or she'll burn forever." "Those politicians are corrupt and need the blood of the lamb." They ended up divorcing. He was thankful that they taught him what he did not want. A psychiatrist helped him come to that conclusion.

Another read a book about the number of children, priests had raped. It also told of a megachurch minister who said, "My flock, God has told me I need a Lear jet to more effectively proclaim our good news gospel to the poor sinners." He bought the plane. His congregation also purchased him a swimming pool for his \$750,000 mansion. Jesus told him he needed to be baptizing the saved.

I learned from another that the concept of Hell and Satan was simply made

up. Centuries ago a council of scholars on the advice of the Romans, agreed on the concept after Christianity had been declared the empire's religion. This would help keep the ignorant masses in line and be a good reason for them to give money. That worked well, considering the massive wealth of the Catholic Church.

A Course In Miracles & The Bible



Today, Christians are looking for the return of Jesus. He HAS returned via the writings in A Course In Miracles. Dr. Helen Schucman was a clinical and research psychologist and wrote the text from 1965 to 1970. This was written as a collaborative venture between Helen Schucman and William Thetford. Schucman said that the book had been dictated to her, word for word, via a process of “inner dictation” from Jesus. At first, Helen thought she was going insane. She asked this voice some very difficult questions, all answered correctly. A Course in Miracles is a self-study spiritual curriculum that presents a way of life based on contact with the Holy Spirit or internal teacher. It combines Christian terminology with Eastern mysticism, perennial philosophy, and modern psychological insights.

The Course aims to undo the blocks that prevent awareness of what we truly are. It deals with the root cause of suffering, which is the illusory sense of separation from God. The course is challenging because it involves a radical

paradigm shift in how we see the world. So Jesus dictated the text to Helen. He explains what the Bible and his earthly ministry truly mean.

There are many manuscripts of the Bible. For the New Testament alone, there are about 5,500 manuscripts. If we include lectionaries, which are Bibles arranged in the order they were read in the ancient church rather than in canonical order, then the number grows dramatically. Additionally, there are over 24,000 manuscript copies or portions of the New Testament in various languages including Greek, Latin, and others. The Bible is a collection of 66 books written by about 40 different authors over approximately 1,500 years. These authors came from diverse backgrounds and wrote in different languages on three different continents. Many of the writings are simply not true.

For example, Romans 9:21 says, “Does not the potter have the right to make from the same lump of clay one vessel for special occasions and another for common use?” The potter is a reference to God. The vessel is us. One vessel for special occasions” means Heaven.” “Another for common use” means Hell. In other words, if one lives a loving, caring, prayerful life but was made for common use; that person is going to experience agony in Hell. Forever. And there is Nothing he/she can do about it. Nonsense.

One woman wrote the Course and it has 1249 pages. I have studied this book for years and have found no untruths. None! Jesus explains in The Course that his last name is not Christ, it's Jesus of Nazareth. Also, a bit of trivia. He was married. Under Jewish Law, only a spouse could anoint a body. Mary was his wife. He had perfectly understood he was one with Christ. So are we.

The whole purpose of this Course is to teach you that the ego is unbelievable and will forever be unbelievable. By accepting the Atonement for yourself, you are deciding against the belief that you can be alone, thus dispelling the idea of separation and affirming your true identification with the entire Kingdom, as it's part of you. This identification is beyond doubt, as it is beyond belief. Your wholeness has no limits because you are Eternal.

The book The Disappearance of the Universe was written by Gary R. Renard. It is a record of 17 mind-bending conversations that took place over nearly a decade between Gary Renard and two ascended masters who appeared before him in 1992. They revealed some shocking secrets of existence and taught him the miraculous powers of advanced forgiveness. Gary Renard was sitting in his home in Maine back in 1992 during Christmas week. He was learning the stock trade and was a professional guitar musician. His wife, Karen, was at work, they have no children. He's sitting in his living room, looking out the

picture window, and two people just appear. Male and female, Arten and Pursah. This is how the book starts. When I first read this, I thought, “Yeah, right, this has to be fiction.” It’s non-fiction. What’s most impressive is that this book stays true to the hard-core metaphysics of A Course in Miracles.



According to “A Course in Miracles,” happiness cannot be found in earthly time-space life. The course urges the reader to make a fundamental mind shift from “condemnation-out-of-fear” (mindlessness) to “forgiveness-out-of-love” (mindfulness), since our “right mind” is outside time-space and cannot be harmed by worldly attacks. This “right mind” is not God’s mind, but rather the mind that serves the Holy Spirit, which is unlimited forever, in all ways, beyond the laws of time and space, unbound by any preconceptions, and with strength and power to do whatever it is asked. It rests in God and is free from fear because it has attached itself to love.

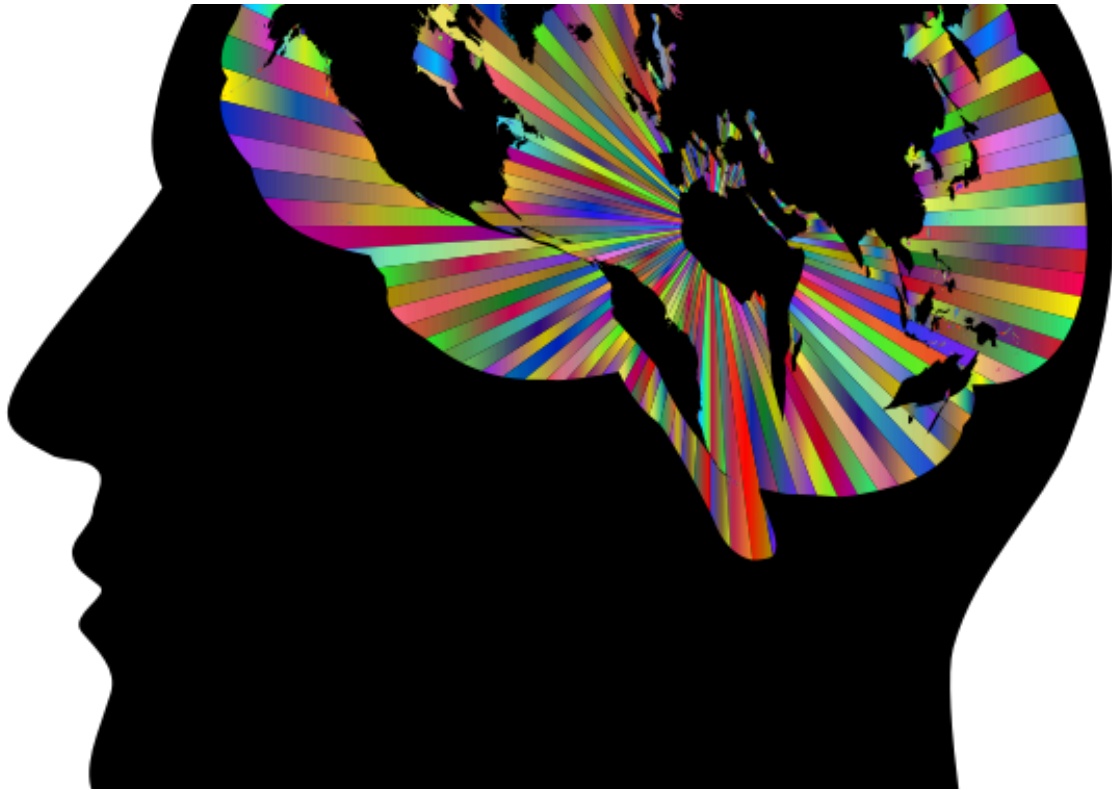
The Mind Outside of Time & Space



Correspondingly, in the teachings presented in *Disappearance Of The Universe*, there is a mind outside of time and space that is not God's Mind. This mind is often referred to as the "Son ship" or the "One Son" and is described as the collective consciousness of all beings. It is said to be an illusory mind that believes it is separate from God and has created a world of time and space to experience separation. The goal of the teachings presented in the book is to help individuals awaken from this illusion and remember their true identity as part of God's Mind.

The mind outside of time and space is healed through the process of forgiveness. This involves recognizing that the world of time and space is an illusion and choosing to see beyond it to the reality of oneness with God. As individuals practice forgiveness and let go of their attachment to the illusory world, they awaken to their true identity as part of God's Mind. When this mind is completely healed, it is said that the illusion of separation disappears and the individual experiences a state of enlightenment or awakening, in which they remember their true nature as part of God's Mind. This is described as a state of peace, love, and joy that transcends the limitations of the physical world.

We're Dreaming In Heaven



The underlying premise of The Course is the teaching that the greatest “miracle” that one may achieve in one’s life is the act of simply gaining a full “awareness of love’s presence” in one’s own life. Every time we hold open a door, surrender our place in line, give back too much change, give to the soul begging on the highway, or turn the other cheek, we love.

The Textbook in The Course presents a thought system about truth and illusion on two levels: It states that *everything* involving time, space, and perception is illusory. It presents a monism that states that God is the only truth and reality: perfect, unchanging, unchangeable, extending only love, though not in time and space, which cannot really be comprehended from a dualistic perspective. The theory further states that all life as we perceive it is actually one life (because God has only one Son, sometimes called the collective sonship), dreaming of separation and fragmentation. It claims that eternity is outside time and space and that this dream never occurred in reality and is “already over”, though not the (illusory) perception. When addressing the question of how such an illusory dream could arise from a perfect and unchanging God, The Course states that to ask that question is to presume that the time-space dream is real, which it states is not. *A Course in Miracles* states that to think we exist as

individuals is a fundamental error. However, since we experience ourselves in time and space, reading these pages, the course presents its thought system on a second level.

The time-space level, or “preceptory” level, is referred to as “the dream”. A *Course in Miracles* states that this level was “made” by the “sleeping Son” as an attack on God. Furthermore, the “Son” is regarded as not just Jesus, but as all collective life. In this time-space dream, perception is continuously fueled by what originated from separation, judgment, and attack. This results in what the Course calls the “sin-guilt-fear” cycle: we *sinned* by rejecting God and making a universe of time-space (the Big Bang); this results in *guilt* over our rejection of our Creator, and subsequent *fear* of God’s wrath. The “sin-guilt-fear” is described as too horrendous to face, and therefore subsequently projected out, so that to *Homo sapiens* it seems that evil is everywhere except in himself. The world becomes a threatening place, in which we are born only to fear, fight, and die. The thought that keeps this process going is referred to as “ego”, or “the wrong mind”. A *Course in Miracles* concludes that happiness cannot be found in earthly time-space life, and urges the reader not to commit suicide but rather to make a fundamental mind shift from “condemnation-out-of-fear” (mindlessness) to “forgiveness-out-of-love” (mindfulness), since our “right mind” is outside time-space and cannot be harmed by worldly attacks.

Satan Does Not Exist, Our Own Ego Is Our Enemy



According to The Course, seeing “the Face of Christ” in all living things is the way to “accept the Atonement” and ultimately awaken from the dream and return to the eternity of God. Ultimately, this means the end of individuality and of the ego.

The ego is like a river flowing toward the fearful ocean; fearing it will lose its identity. The Holy Spirit teaches the river when it enters the ocean it becomes the ocean. The ego is also like an onion, pull away a layer and it still looks and smells like an onion. Eventually, the last layer will be gone and we’ll wake up in our True Home, Heaven.

In any state apart from Heaven life is an illusion. Life not in Heaven is Impossible, and what is not in Heaven is not anywhere. You are the dreamer of your dream and when you achieve perfection in forgiveness you’ll awaken in the Heaven you’ve never left.

The concept of Satan and Hell was created to put the enemy “out there” instead of looking for our true enemy in our own mind, our ego. The reason I researched my manuscript about the 911 World Trade Center so thoroughly was to show how the collective ego, via the Deep State, works in silence. They have engineered the enemy to be Muslim, thus not looking for our true enemy who was working behind the scene in our own nation.

God Did Not Make This Universe, Christ Did



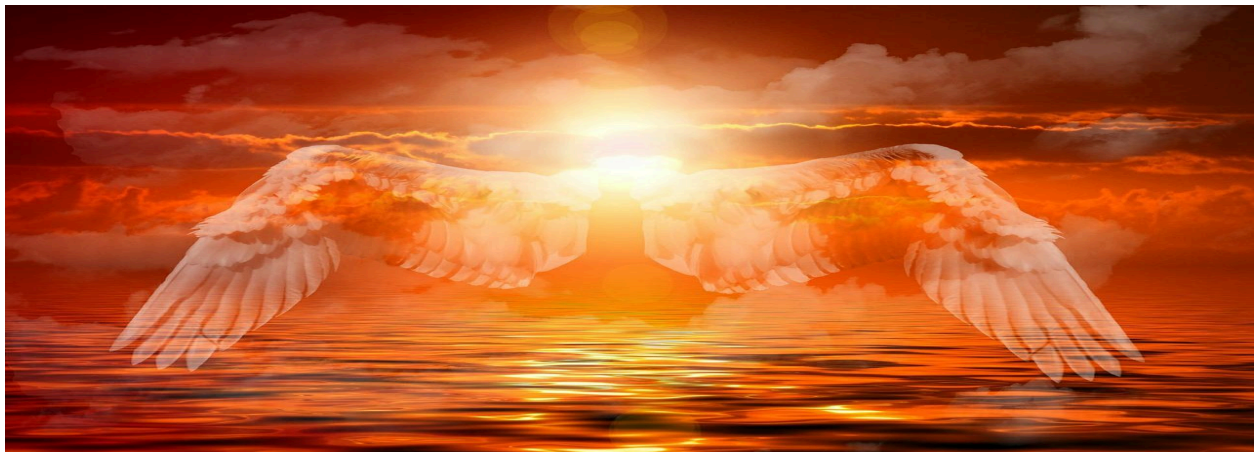
Another way of explaining the Truth of what actually transpired is the following. God did not make this universe; the Sons of God (Christ) did. They had been given all the creative powers of the Father and wondered what it would be like to live in a universe of time and space that was separate from God and based upon duality rather than unity. The Course calls this a “mad idea”. For the first time, Christ had an idea that was not shared by God and Christ knew it. He imagined what it would be like to be apart from his Creator. Forgetting to laugh about that silly idea, feeling guilty he experienced something new. Fear. The first ego was created. The mind believes that it is completely on its own.

God knows absolutely nothing about this since in nonduality there is only a constant unchangeable Love. Christ made this universe through the Big Bang, composed of billions of fragments to hide from the supposed wrath of a vengeful Father. The idea of duality could not be carried out in God’s reality so we created a dream universe of illusion and entered it as if falling asleep and dreaming. The trouble was that we went into such a deep state of sleep that we had no awareness that we were dreaming, so we accepted the universe of illusion as real and forgot that we had a true home in the Celestial Realm.

The Course says the story of Adam symbolizes what happened to us Yet the Bible says that a deep sleep fell upon Adam, and nowhere is there a reference to his waking up.

This created a barrier in communication between the Father and the Son so deep that God decided a correction was necessary. God’s extension outward, though not His completeness, is blocked when the Sonship does not communicate with Him as one.

The Greatest Spiritual Truth I Have Ever Read



So He thought, “My children are asleep and must be awakened.” So God wanted to awaken His Sons. But There Was A Major Problem. Whatever God places His attention on becomes as if it is real. If God entered the dream to redeem his Sons, then the dream would become real to Him as well, and he would also be trapped. There would be the risk of both the Father and the Son becoming eternally separated from their true home, eternally losing their identity. To solve the problem and allow God to keep his attention focused on Reality, He created a special agent, The Holy Spirit, that could be a bridge between the two states of existence. So God created the Holy Spirit, Who was God’s answer to the separation. He has created the Holy Spirit as the Mediator between perception and knowledge. Without this link with God, perception would have replaced knowledge forever in your mind. With this link with God, the perception will become so changed and purified that it will lead to understanding. The Holy Spirit entered the collective sleeping mind of Christ. A first Christ was healed and woke up in Heaven. In other words, we are All split off as “part” of the One Christ Mind. The Course repeatedly asserts there can only be one Son. Unity can only create unity. Multiplicity cannot originate from Oneness. If all His creations are His Sons, everyone must be an integral part of the whole Son ship. The Son ship in its oneness transcends the sum of its parts. Therefore, the term Sons of God is used by Jesus for convenience in addressing his students as they believe they are.

On the other hand, the Son of God is the term used to denote who we truly are as Christ, the Identity of Oneness we shall awaken to after our dream of multiplicity is undone. Pray To Achieve Perfection In Forgiveness. [Dave Gilmore](#)

What Does It All Mean?



Now that we have been informed of *the most profound spiritual truth ever written*, let us reason together to begin and determine what this actually *means* in the year 2024. A Course In Miracles states that it is even beyond its teachings to fully explain what Love actually is. However, with logic and reasoning, we are given glimpses. Let's discuss a Love that is absolutely perfect. A Love that is beyond purity, immeasurably magnificent and beautiful, immense total power, all-knowing, all-seeing, everywhere, outside of time, forever unchanging, cannot conceive of any loss, eternal, always giving an unlimited joy, contentment, and happiness. Totally complete in and of itself, with a perfect light that extends to all existence. Forever. *We are a part of this.*

When Christ experienced His moment of insanity, how must He have felt? When my wife died suddenly in front of me at the young age of 43 all those years ago, I knew how I felt. HORROR. I imagine taking That and multiplying by a thousandfold is how Christ felt. Fear was completely unknown until that moment when Christ mistakenly thought God's Love was gone.

However, because Christ was created by Love, He used His immense power to create this false universe. Why? To hide. Christ's love created the harmony and perfection of nature, the beautiful sunsets and sunrises, the magnificent oceans and rivers and lakes. All the myriad forms of life we witness everywhere. The animal kingdom, all the creatures on land and in the waters and heavens. The magnificent stars and planets and the continually expanding universe. He made us. He made a mother's love for her children, which I feel is greater than a father's love because her very being nurtured and grew their child for 9 months.

A huge problem existed because all Christ made was due to fear. Thus, the dynamics of death and decay came into play. The Holy Spirit was created by a Love beyond all comprehension and entered into the Mind of Christ. He began to laugh and love Himself again, thus He could love His Father/Mother, and He was healed. Look at the dynamics of love today. We cannot truly love another until we love ourselves first. This very same Holy Spirit; the Voice for God, not of God, is within you, within me, and every single person living on the face of the earth. All the wars, crimes, destruction, poverty, homelessness, greed, hate, drug abuse, and fear are caused by our own ego and the collective ego. However, this ego is completely defeated by something it knows absolutely nothing about. Love. Eternal Love. The Magnificence of God's Will is astounding.

Each time a baby is born into this world it is merely reliving the time when it seemed to leave its perfect environment in God where all was nirvana and it was

completely taken care of and provided for and then found itself slapped in the face by a seeming reality that was a living hell by comparison. You may think of birth as a miracle, but babies don't come into this world smiling, do they? They come in crying and screaming.

I Am Not A Body, I Am Free



Freedom must be impossible as long as you perceive a body as yourself. The body is a limit. Who would seek freedom in a body and look for it where it can not be found? The mind can be made free when it no longer sees itself as a body, firmly tied to it and sheltered by its presence. If this were the truth, the mind was vulnerable indeed !

The mind that serves the Holy Spirit is unlimited forever, in all ways, beyond the laws of time and space, unbound by any preconceptions, and with strength and power to do whatever it is asked. Attack thoughts cannot enter such a mind, because it has been given to the Source of love, and fear can never enter a mind that has attached itself to love. It rests in God. And who can be afraid who lives in Innocence, and only loves?

It is essential for your progress in this Course that you accept today's idea, and hold it very dear. Be not concerned that to the ego it is quite insane. The ego

holds the body dear because it dwells in it, and lives united with the home that it has made. It is a part of the illusion that has sheltered it from being found illusory itself. Here it hides, and here it can be seen as what it is. Declare your innocence and you are free. The body disappears because you have no need for it except the need the Holy Spirit sees. For this, the body will appear as a useful form for what the mind must do. It thus becomes a vehicle that helps forgiveness be extended to the all-inclusive goal that it must reach, according to God's plan. Cherish today's idea, and practice it today and every day. Make it a part of every practice period you take. There is no thought that will not gain thereby in power to help the world and none which will not gain in added gifts to you as well. We sound the call of freedom around the world with this idea. And would you be exempt from the acceptance of the gifts you give?

The Holy Spirit is the home of minds that seek for freedom. In Him, they have found what they have sought. The body's purpose now is unambiguous. And it becomes perfect in the ability to serve an undivided goal. In a conflict-free and unequivocal response to the mind with but the thought of freedom as its goal, the body serves and serves its purpose well. Without the power to enslave, it is a worthy servant of the freedom that the mind within the Holy Spirit seeks. Be free today. And carry freedom as your gift to those who still believe they are enslaved within a body. Be you free, so that the Holy Spirit can make use of your escape from bondage, to set free the many who perceive themselves as bound and helpless and afraid. Let love replace their fears through you. Accept salvation now, and give your mind to Him Who calls to you to make this gift to Him. For He would give you perfect freedom, perfect joy, and hope that finds its full accomplishment in God.

You are God's Son. In immortality, you live forever. Would you not return your mind to this? Then practice well the thought the Holy Spirit gives you for today. Your brothers stand released with you in it; the world is blessed along with you, God's Son will weep no more, and Heaven offers thanks for the increase of joy your practice brings even to it. And God Himself extends His Love and happiness each time you say: *I am not a body. I am free. I hear the Voice that God has given me, and it is only this Mind I obey.* [Adiemus](#)



All Of My Manuscripts Are About A Course In Miracles Except “Calling 911, The Truth.”

Differences Between New Age Beliefs And A Course In Miracles

NEW AGE BELIEF -1: God made this world so that it can experience itself. This world is very real.

ACIM -1: This world is not real. God did not create this world nor even know of its existence. The entire universe is an illusion dreamt by the Son of God.

NEW AGE BELIEF -2: Either semi-dualism (recognizing that God is love) or non-duality (recognizing life is an illusion but thinking that illusion was made by truth).

ACIM -2: Pure non-duality: Anything that comes from God must be exactly like Him. God could not create anything that is not perfect or else He wouldn't be perfect.

NEW AGE BELIEF -3: The collective consciousness is God/Spirit.

ACIM -3: Consciousness is the domain of the ego. Consciousness was conceived after we dream of separation.

NEW AGE BELIEF -4: There is only change. We are always evolving and striving for perfection. Note: Nothing is perfect in this world.

ACIM -4: Spirit is unchanging, perfect, and eternal. This is the state of Heaven.

NEW AGE BELIEF -5: Truth is relative. Everyone is entitled to their truths and there are levels of truths.

ACIM -5: Truth is not different for everyone. Truth is truth.

NEW AGE BELIEF -6: There are dimensions or densities based on vibrations/energy levels. The higher dimensions or densities are supposedly more enlightened.

ACIM -6: There are no levels in heaven. All conflict arises from the concept of levels. We are either enlightened and back in reality with God, or still dreaming of separation. Only life in heaven is real.

NEW AGE BELIEF -7: We can make choices at every moment and our choices determine our life script.

ACIM -7: Life in all its myriad forms or possibilities is already scripted at the instant of separation. The only choice is in our mind where we decide to identify with the Holy Spirit or with the ego when interpreting each moment.

NEW AGE BELIEF -8: Life in this world is beautiful and meaningful. Everything exists for a higher purpose.

ACIM -8: Life in this world is mad/insane. Nothing makes sense in this world. The world was made as an attack on God.

NEW AGE BELIEF -9: We have individual higher selves (souls).

ACIM -9: There is only one higher self — the Holy Spirit. Also known as the voice for God, our memory of God, or the reflection of God's love in our dreams.

NEW AGE BELIEF -10: Collectively, we are God itself. We are each an aspect or fragment of God.

ACIM -10: Collectively, we are the Son of God. God created only One Son of God. Technically speaking, there is no "we" since the separation into fragments did not occur.

NEW AGE BELIEF -11: Some new age beliefs postulate the existence of evil forces. There are also spiritual exercises to protect from negative energies.

ACIM -11: There is no evil or devil, only illusory madness projected by our ego mind and thankfully, they are not real.

NEW AGE BELIEF -12: Being individual souls, the attack is by others. Some teachings state that acts of hostility were planned between the souls before life as a lesson.

ACIM -12: Every attack is an attack upon ourselves. We project our unconscious guilt onto (dream) figures or situations that seemingly attack us. So now they are guilty, not us. The cause of our guilt arises from our imagined separation from God.



Currently, I'm living with an old friend I've known for years. Her name is Mary Jane. Before we met, I had the infinity symbol and the initials M.J. tattoo'd on my left arm, closest to the heart. So I'm living with an M.J., guess what her deceased mother's name is? Mary Jo.



And He Shall Wipe Every Tear From Our Eyes