

**July 3, 2004**

I saw the image of a little girl, maybe four or five years old, hiding in a dark corner behind an open door. She was hiding in the shadow of the door, between the open door and the wall. It was just a sliver of darkness, just enough to cover her body, but the little girl was frightened. She was lost and confused, and she could not find her way out of the darkness to the light, even though the light was all around her. I was the little girl, but I was looking at her from the perspective of standing in the room of light, and I could see that she wasn't actually in a frightening place – she wasn't actually lost, she was in the same room as the rest of us, but she *thought* she was lost. My father (God) loved her very much and didn't want her to be afraid, so he sent a caretaker (the Holy Spirit) to reach into the shadow and pull her gently into the light so that she could be happy again. When she came into the light, she would also be able to see the small shadow she had been lost in, and she would then realize there never had been anything to fear.

Then, my perspective changed. Instead of watching the little girl, I was the little girl in the shadow. And, I saw the hand of light reach in for me. The hand didn't grab me and pull me from the shadow; that would have been very frightening. The hand simply lingered and waited for me to decide to reach out for it. Once I did, it gently and joyously pulled me from the shadow into the light.

I knew that the hand represented the miracles of the Holy Spirit. As the little girl, I was entitled to that hand that helped me out of the shadow; after all, my father sent the hand to get me. It was my *natural right* because I was my father's daughter. All that was needed on my part was to reach out and take the hand.

The meditation image ended with me and myriads of my brothers and sisters all holding on to the hand (which was much bigger now; hundreds of us could grasp one large finger) and being pulled gleefully from the shadow into the Light.

**September 6, 2004**

In a vision during meditation, I began to see as if my sight was being healed. Although the world around me did not change, my perspective did. I was happy, and my happiness was not because of anything in the world. Other people, preoccupied with their own lives and concerns, would glance up at me and see my happiness. For a moment, just a moment, they recognized something real. For just a moment, they knew that there was more than this world that we see. It was only a moment, and they would return to their concerns and schedules, but that recognition planted itself in their minds like a seed.

I saw the seeds, which had been planted in every mind, as they began to grow. Happiness sprouted in bushes of light that grew from the minds of everyone. And soon, although we still walked and lived in this world, we were focused on our minds. We knew that's where our happiness was. We knew that Love was in our minds, and we recognized that our minds were one. So we walked within the world of form, but we did not pay attention

to it. It was no longer of value to us. We valued only the Love, Happiness and Oneness of our minds.

When we were ready, God took the final step. He lifted us up out of the world and the world of form disappeared. When it disappeared, there was no loss. Through our experience of the mind, our value had naturally shifted from the world of form to the world of mind, and as God lifted us out of the world, we did not notice the world disappear. Instead, we noticed the intense joy of entering the world of Mind where the Love, Happiness, Communication and Oneness of the Mind was Total and Eternal. There was no loss. There was only gain.

**October 1, 2004** - *This vision is not in the audio.*

I saw a garden in my mind. I understood this garden had been created by the Son in love and gratitude for the Father. I knew that I was creator of the garden. It was filled with flowers that were gloriously beautiful and cheerful, singing songs of praise to the Father without ceasing. However, there were weeds in the garden too. They did not disturb the flowers, but I knew the weeds did not belong in the garden since their purpose was different than the purpose of the flowers. The weeds did not glorify the Father. I also knew that I was the one who had allowed the weeds to grow. The weeds were not strong. They were weak weeds with small root systems. And then I saw Angela, who has been my guide during many meditations. I originally saw Angela as a guardian angel, but now I understand her to also be Jesus and the Holy Spirit. As usual, Angela smiled warmly and encouragingly. She carried a small basket.

I looked again at the weeds in my Father's garden, and I understood that they were mistakes easily undone. So, I decided to seek out the weeds and pull them from where they do not belong. I found the first weed and found that it was easy to pull from the ground. As I pulled it up, I noticed the deep, black soil glistened with sparkles of light and easily closed itself up, as if the weed's roots had never disturbed the soil in the first place. I handed the weed to Angela. She smiled and placed it into her wicker basket, and it quickly disappeared into the nothingness that it was.

Now I understood what Angela and I were to do. I would find and identify the weeds for Angela. She would pull them, place them in her basket and they would disappear. As we joyously do this work together, the garden will be returned to its original state. (Interestingly, I'd like to point out again that the flowers continue their song even now. The weeds do not seem to disturb the garden at all!)

**October 2, 2004**

During a meditation today, I came upon a door in my mind that I was afraid to open. I knew the door led to a place where I would truly learn that I Am the Christ, and I felt fear in knowing that. Angela, my guide, asked me if I was

willing to open the door. I answered that I was, and I opened it. It led to a dark place, and I felt afraid. But, I knew that Angela was there with me. I heard her tell me that the fear is nothing. I remembered the concept of faith, and decided to put my trust in Angela. I repeated to myself that "I Am the Chirst" as I walked through this dark chamber. I felt the fear but was not afraid of it. I became accustomed to fear in my chest, but did not let it worry me. Then, I came to another door. This one was held shut by nothing but cobwebs. Again, Angela asked if I was ready to open the door. I answered that I was. I reached out and easily wiped the cobwebs aside. As I answered the calling to open the door, light poured in. I felt the fear, recognized that it could not stop me, and I stepped through the doorway into the light. And I saw Angela smile as she pulled another weed from the garden.