



When God Speaks I Listen

By **Russ Michael**

Author of long-time bestseller *Finding Your Soulmate*
and
Soulmates, Twin Rays and Special Lovers
Autobiography of an IMMORTAL
Your Soulmate Is Calling
and many others ...

When God Speaks, I Listen

By Russ Michael

Russ Michael Books

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Front Cover Art:

A highly talented volunteer Russ Michael eBook Team artist who prefers to remain anonymous created the beautiful front cover art for this book and for most of the other Russ Michael eBooks. The artist states:

"I just have to say this. Because of this immense effort that I have been putting forth, it has kept me coherent, sane and remaining in the light. It has kept me happy, moving forward in creative endeavors, and most of all, ALIVE. Thank you, dear Michael, for your giving freely to all that have 'ears to hear, and eyes to see' of yourself, and that you are fulfilling the reasons that you came back into this life at 18 years old. Whenever you embark on ANY journey, you do it in a BIG way ... and that is incredible. A wonderful example to ALL ..."

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DEDICATION PAGE

To all those who *hear GOD speak*—who listen and act accordingly,

These are my awake *brothers* and *sisters* on earth!

I love you.

Table of Contents

Chapter	Title	Page
1	Message from God to Me	1
2	My Death Experience	19
3	When God Speaks, I Listen	25
4	How God Directed My Life	27
5	From Teacher to Teacher	51
6	God Speaks in Silent Whispers of Subtle Feeling	57
7	God is Every Where	67
8	God is Within Your Own Inner Void	71
9	My God is Lawful and Unconditional	79
10	God Establishes Universal Principles	83
11	What About Reincarnation, Karma, and ESP	89
12	What About Soulmates and Marriage	105
13	What About Sex	111
14	God Wants to Talk to You	115
15	When God Speaks, It Pays to Listen	119
16	God Creates the Cosmos Through Your Mind	125
17	The Coming 'Golden Age' of God on Earth	131
	Appendix	135

Chapter 1

A Message from God to Me

My story begins at age 18—when I died and came back into this body to complete my failed soul ‘mission’ in two past lifetimes in very ancient India and old Egypt. However, let's first move up through time to 1974 when I received a startling message from God from a member of my church congregation after my Sunday morning sermon.

I do not remember the topic of my talk that day, but two years earlier, I had founded the Church of Humanity in Dallas, Texas. After my then marriage to my soulmate, Pat, I moved my church across the country to 3333 Connecticut NW, Washington, District of Columbia. My congregation grew fast. I had already authored several books, including my first, and now classic, bestseller, *Finding Your Soulmate*, which today is still being published and sold in 12 major languages worldwide.

After completing my 45-minute talk, the usual surge of friendly congregation members pressed toward me offering handshakes, hugs and grateful thanks for the day's message.

Among them was a very elegantly attired woman who waited patiently aside to conduct a private conversation with me. When I got to her—or she got to me—I was astounded to hear her tell me that during my talk she had received what she claimed was a loud inner, audibly spoken, message from God. This calm and quite serious church member said that God told her to deliver a personal message to me immediately after my talk.

With upraised eyebrows, I asked her to continue. She took my arm and told me with a straight face that God had told her that I was doing God's work in the world. God had further told her that in due time she would be his vehicle to help me do my world work.

Over the years, several people had personally told me that God had given them a direct message. More often than not, I saw that it only made THEM feel and act as if they were special. When I did not notice any changes in their attitudes or living style for the apparent better, I surmised that their purported message from God was just another one of those “I am special, GOD talked to me,” kind of individual ego-motivated announcements.

It appeared that kind of an event again was now shaping up before me. I did ask her in what way she thought she could help me do my work in the world.

She replied up front that her husband had died, and, as a widow, she could not help me

financially. However, she stressed strongly the fact that she knew very powerful and influential people from all walks of life in Washington D.C. Perhaps she could indeed personally help to make me and my now spiritual presence more well known in the city through her many very influential friends.

I told this obviously high-society woman (Lady X) that of course I certainly would appreciate a helping hand in any way offered, but I could not think of any single way in the immediate moment how she could be helpful to me and my immediate or future-planned spiritual work at my Church of Humanity.

Lady X then proceeded to tell me she was very close friends with her neighbors directly across the street from where she lived. She said they headed up one of the largest mental science healing practice religious groups in the world. This new-thought church is located in almost every major city in almost every major country in the world. She was certain if they knew about me or of my very important teachings, they could help to make me more well known not only in Washington, D.C., but all across the whole world overnight!

A warning flag went up in my mind!

I shrugged my shoulders and told her that it did not sound like a good idea to me but, of course, she was certainly free to do what she personally chose to do.

One week later, after my next Sunday sermon, Lady X again waited aside to speak to me in private. This time, she said her efforts to help me become widely known quickly through the influence of her friends had been a real disaster. In fact, she said, she had almost lost her friendship with them. When I asked her why, she replied she had told her friends in all seriousness that the secret or arcane doctrine that I was actually teaching far more advanced spiritual knowledge than was being taught or had been taught in their own church doctrine by their illustrious founder, MBE.

The net result was that her friends did not want anything to do with me and especially not with my “more advanced” teachings. They were in fact, Lady X lamented, both “put out” and “very angry” with her for “telling them that”!

Of course, this did not surprise me. It astounded me that Lady X would have done such a thing. It was not a very wise or kind thing to do. It was why I had told her the Sunday before that I did not think her friends, who were already strongly indoctrinated and head members of that other well-established church, about my spiritual teachings was a very good idea. Therefore, we left the matter of God's important personal message to me through her to stand at that.

A few weeks later, I was pondering my still-massive 1974 Church of Humanity and my personal lecture, workshop and book-writing “rest-of-the-year” agenda. The new year of 1975 was

only a few months away and I had plans for an even greater annual agenda for the upcoming year.

I already had a regular series of weekly radio broadcasts at a host of radio stations on both the East and the West Coasts, and I was determined to have regularly scheduled radio broadcasts and a television show of my own in Washington,, D.C., about 'The Mysteries'. Prompted by my Master mentor, Master D.K., I planned to make 1975 a big year by literally introducing the secret of the ancient mysteries to the masses worldwide.

Indeed, with the help of the help of Pat and several deeply dedicated volunteer church members and board members, I had already managed to set up a string of radio broadcasts across the USA every Sunday morning. Thus, that window was already open and working effectively.

However, the question now was how to put together, produce and host a television show on 'The Mysteries' in Washington, D.C., in such a relatively short time. Another seeming hurdle loomed before me—the pragmatic question of where all the money would come from needed to produce such a production.

All at once, I heard a familiar voice from within say clearly, "You do not need one penny to make your dream come true! Call Lady X now. Ask her if she has any friends in the television business."

When God speaks, I listen. I have learned from past experiences when I did NOT listen and paid a high price to pay attention now to that inner voice. I immediately went to the telephone and called her at once.

Lady X was pleased to hear from me. I posed the question on my mind and I could almost see her light up. She paused only a brief moment before answering my question almost

“Yes, in fact I do have a very close friend who is the station manager of a large, well-known cable network that broadcasts nationally. They have a television station here in Washington, D.C.—Warner TV. I will be very happy to call him at the television station and set up a personal appointment for you and him right away!”

A few minutes later a beaming Lady X called back to say that she had set up an appointment with “the man” that very afternoon. She added that if it were all right with me, she would pick me up and drive me to the television studio. Lady X explained that since she had been given the directive personally from God, she personally wanted to introduce me to the station manager.

When Pat and I arrived, Lady X introduced me to the genial station manager with what I knew to be a much-exaggerated declaration. With a straight face, she said I not only possessed an immense field of spiritual knowl-

edge, but that that I knew about everything anybody would want to know about anything!

She also quickly confided to him that she did not have the slightest idea why I wanted this personal appointment with him! Nevertheless, she said, she felt and knew in her heart it must be something very important or I would not have asked her to make a personal appointment with him. Her deep trust in me, and her desire to be of service to me, was obvious to us both.

The focus then turned to me. The station manager, with a friendly smile, asked me in a most straightforward manner, “What can I do for you, Dr. Dr. Michael?”

He was extraordinarily polite and showed the utmost respect to both Lady X and to me for which I am now and will forever be grateful.

I promptly told him about my background. I gave him a brief sketch about overview of my death experience at age 18. I showed him several books I had written, which were all selling very well, about the how and why of meditation, about soulmates, and about other deeply esoteric subjects. I mentioned that I had taught an accredited psychology course at the University of Humanistic Studies at the San Diego Campus, and that I had presented hundreds of different lectures about various topics and aspects of the secret mysteries of life.

Cutting to the chase, I then proposed producing a weekly television show, called “The Mysteries”. I told him television the show would be produced and presented around my teachings of ‘The Mysteries’ and that my very lovely wife, Pat, would act as my co-host.

He listened attentively and intently with great interest, so I expounded further. I told him that on each program I would give brief discourses about various highly spiritual subjects like ESP, meditation and other profound life mysteries, subjects that were, most of which were unknown by the masses. In addition, I had a host of talented friends from across the nation—various known and unknown authors and individuals—with expertise in these areas that I could and would invite as guests on my show.

Many of whom I personally knew could perform phenomenal feats—even publicly demonstrating mind-over-matter control over their own physical bodies or their personal environment.

The station manager asked me a few pertinent questions from time to time. By the beaming look in his eyes—and the rapt attention he paid to me—it appeared he was highly interested in my idea and was definitely ripe and willing to explore it further.

When he asked what I would want to produce such a show for him, I knew that point my dream of having my own television show was

about to become a reality! How soon was quite surprising—my answer needed to come from my heart without hesitation.

I told him I wanted nothing except ownership of the film I produced. I would direct and produce the show myself. All he or Warner TV needed to do was to supply me with the studio recording time and at least two good camera operators to shoot the production of my show from several angles.

He nodded his head in quick agreement. He, like me, was a man of action. He proposed we start by shooting a pilot segment (a sample show) for him to review. Then—if he liked what he saw—we could put together and shoot one or two shows a week until we had “canned” half a dozen or more of my ready-to-view television shows. He suggested we do 30-minute episodes. We could start the program as a regular prime-time weekly show in a late afternoon time slot and a half-hour show would be perfect.

The now very animated station manager pondered silently a moment. He glanced at his desk calendar, then reached for his daily schedule book and asked, “When would you like to start?” I told him I was ready to begin the show at a moments notice and to book me as soon as he could for our first pilot test film. He studied his monthly and daily schedule and then said he could have the studio and a two-man camera crew ready and on hand and be ready to shoot the pilot film early this coming Wednesday morning.

I did a quick calculation. This gave me four days to get myself, and Pat, ready for our first television show. What better time than “as soon as possible?” I thanked him for the opportunity so readily given and told him Wednesday morning would be very suitable for me.

We shook hands, said our good-byes, and warm-heartedly agreed to see each other again there at the television station early on the forthcoming Wednesday morning.

When Wednesday arrived, both Pat and I were ready for our first opening pilot film on ‘The Mysteries’. Pat designed a very colorful logo of a six-pointed star with many esoteric symbols within it. The blazing logo had every color of the rainbow in it and made a sensational central opening piece to our show. The camera zoomed in on it and enlarged the design so that it filled the entire television screen. A caption on screen displayed the title and production credits, “THE MYSTERIES ... hosted by Dr. Russ Michael and co-host, at Michael”.

Our first shoot was a genuine production miracle. It went smooth as silk. We had only two quick camera breaks and no retakes were needed. All of us—including the crew and the continually beaming station manager—were very pleased with our pilot film. In that light, two more half-hour shows were scheduled to be filmed—one on Thursday morning and the next on Friday afternoon. Pat and I were elated.

Thus, in the first week of 1975, just as I had desired and envisioned, the first television show of 'The Mysteries' was aired, and as anticipated, it was extremely well-received. The television station received high praise from a huge percentage of our audience.

In 1975, at the end of the four 13-week blocks contracted for, we showed our last episode of 'The Mysteries' series.

The station manager asked permission to repeat my entire series of weekly shows in the following year of 1976. I gave my quick and pleased approval. Therefore, instead of one year, we had a full two-year public television exposure in Washington, D.C., of 'The Mysteries' instead of only one year.

Even though I had been dubious that Lady X had been directed by the voice of God to help me do my life's work, it turned out that she really had listened and heard God speak to her.

Thus, my dear friend, if you are still humanly embodied and reading this book, I want to thank you again for daring to bring me God's personal message, for helping me to make my divinely inspired dream of producing and hosting a television show on 'The Mysteries' possible. If you see this, please write to me in care of this publisher. Simply know, in the body or not, that one fine day I will thank you—somewhere, some time, and in person—again! So be it.

Our loving God Creator Source moves within us all in “mysterious” ways.

Much earlier in my life—only a few years after my death experience—I not only heard the voice of God tell me not to proceed in a certain direction, I was also given a vivid, dramatic mental picture of my world crumbling in around me if I failed to heed God’s warning. It happened in between our three-month annual “break” during my professional basketball days, a career I enjoyed immensely for seven years

The heavens above me split wide open by a bolt of lightning with a thunderous blast—the earth below my feet shook violently. The message was crystal-clear. Do not go forward with that plan.

Nevertheless—being young and foolish—I followed my desire to pursue and woo a certain lovely young lady in the state of Wisconsin named Nancy. I paid an awful price. In the course of events, before my next pro basketball season began, I was thrown in jail and falsely accused of both drug smuggling and selling bank-mortgaged property.

While in jail, all my fair-weather friends suddenly vanished. All of them deserted me. Topping that, my girl-friend-to-be believed I was guilty. I was in agony and in the throes of such a self-pity party that I was literally on the razor’s edge of slashing my wrists and committing suicide.

However, the voice of God spoke again and I listened. God said I would have other much greater and far-more-true loves in my life. God said the truth would be known and I would soon be released from jail.

God, naturally, was right on both counts! I was released from false imprisonment a few days later with all due civic apologies made. Since then, I have experienced more than one genuine, very idyllic soulmate relationships that few men or women on our Earth have known and enjoyed.

I am now currently still in the daily joy and bliss of sharing life with my very own Twin Ray spirit self, going into seventeen years at the time of this writing in 2007.

As you may have guessed, it takes only one such experience at failing to heed the voice of God to remind me to listen now very attentively when God speaks! Thus, the title, theme and personal disclosures shared with you in this book.

On the other side of the scale, by listening to God's voice I have often literally saved my life from otherwise certain death.

In the late 1960s, I used to enjoy going hiking on Mount Baldy, which was only a brief and worthwhile hour-long drive from Los Angeles. I was a long-time member of the Sierra Club and was staying overnight at one of their lodges on

top of Mt. Baldy. My plan was to drive back to the city early the next morning.

Late that evening I became conscious of an extremely lucid dream. In my dream, I was in my new Cadillac. I had just come to a sharp curving turn in the road. I could see blue sky to my left and I hit the brakes to slow down for the turnout. To my great horror, my foot went all the way down to the floor. The brakes were out and my heavy Cadillac was picking up speed as I rounded that sudden dangerous curve. I rounded the curve, but my speed increased as I continued downhill on a gradually descending slope.

I could see yet another abrupt turn coming up with more clear blue sky to my left where the steep cliff dropped deep down over the side of the road.

My survival mechanisms had already kicked in! I was aiming to hit small green bushes off the side of the road to slow me down, but my heavy speeding car just rolled on over them.

In horror, I realized I was going far too fast to navigate that sudden new turn. To my complete dread, my new Cadillac, with me frozen fearfully in it, hurtled over the edge of the cliff.

In my heart-pounding dream, I knew I was dropping down, down, down to my certain sudden death almost a thousand feet below.

At that point, the voice of God awakened me from the dream. The message I heard was loud and clear: "Re-dream that dream again. Change the ending!"

I complied without hesitation. I instantly fell back asleep into the very same dream! I was just approaching the curve and I felt the brakes go out and my foot go all the way down to the floorboard again.

Quickly, again I aimed the car for the biggest bushes in sight. Again, none of them slowed down my increasing speed. I saw the fatal curve coming with blue sky ahead. I also suddenly saw a fairly large pile of rocks with a caution sign protruding up from them to my immediate right. I aimed straight for the rocks, bracing myself for the impact.

The huge Cadillac hit the rock pile with a crash, rocks flew, the car twisted slightly, leaped up and turned sideways in mid-air, then came down and slid sideways across the road in an immense cloud of dust to the screeching sound of skidding and shattering rocks.

My car all at once came to a complete stop. The sound and fury of movement had all subsided. The cloud of dust my collision with the rock pile had raised gradually fell back to the earth around and before me. The contrast was stark. Everything seemed so very incredibly quiet.

I gathered myself together, opened the car door and stepped out, giving thanks to God that I was alive. I then walked across to the other side of the road to my left and saw that it dropped straight down for what appeared to be at least 1,000 feet. If my car had not stopped, I would surely have skidded down over the cliff to my death on the rocks far, far below.

At that moment, I awoke from the dream! I realized at once that I had just experienced a precognitive vision, one of several that I had already experienced before. I knew that my car brakes would go out during my drive back down Mt. Baldy on my way back home. However, I did not relish the idea of reliving the actual experience I had dreamed in three-dimensional reality so I re-checked the brakes and brake fluid and the brake lines. Everything appeared to be fine. I then decided I was going to outfox the outcome since I really did not want to have a “no brakes” experience, so I simply told myself to remember to slow down before I came to every curve on my way down the mountain.

The idea made me feel better. I took the downhill road gradually, slowing my Cadillac down considerably each time I came to a turn. However, my destiny had already been created. I was going to meet it despite my “game” or effort to avoid the hair-raising experience before me. And sure enough, the rote of slowing down before each turn was forgotten about 10 minutes later and I felt my car approaching a familiar turn with too great of speed so I applied the brakes. My foot went clear down to the

floorboard and my heart seemed to sink with it. I knew what was coming so I hit every large bush beside the road I could see, but my speed just increased.

My panic grew as I saw the blue sky coming up and knowing I was going way too fast to make the turn. At the same precise moment, I looked to my right, saw the pile of rocks ahead and ploughed directly toward the center of them. My car did the exact same sideward leap and skid as experienced in my dream a few hours earlier. I heard the same screeching and crashing sounds and saw the same cloud of dust and rocks flying as in my dream. This time it was for real!

I gathered myself together, opened the car door and stepped out, giving thanks to God that I was alive. I then walked across to the other side of the road to my left and saw that it dropped straight down for what appeared to be at least 1,000 feet. If my car had not stopped, I would surely have skidded down over the cliff to my death on the rocks far, far below. The whole time I was feeling and expressing my great thanks to still be alive and able to go on with my life mission.

The next car that came down the mountain stopped to see if I needed help. The driver said he would drive down to the nearest garage, phone the police and tell them to send me a wrecker to pull my car down the mountain to a repair shop. Besides having no brakes, something had snapped and the car would not move

on its own volition. A few hours later the damages had been welded, the car fully repaired, and I continued safely on to my home in the Hollywood area of Los Angeles.

Before I share any more of the important messages I received directly from God, I will tell you about my very real death experience at age 18—where I met God face-to-face! You can imagine what kind of a dazzling light-filled encounter that was!

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Chapter 2

My Death Experience

Rather than taking the extra time and effort now to re-write my death experience at age 18, I have decided to share the same account that was published as a special relative posting in the forefront of my book, *Soulmates, Twin Rays & Special Lovers*.

When a genuine DEATH experience occurs—you must and will experience an instant total flashback of all you have ever felt or thought, said and done—as I did. My breathing had stopped—and my heart had stopped—for my physical body was to all appearances and signs DEAD.

During my out-of-body duration “time”, my entire life flashed before me like a vividly clear movie. God was not there to judge me. Yet, I judged myself more than any one, anywhere, any way, on Earth could.

I looked at my life and I saw so clearly and felt badly that I had failed my many self-created personal tests again and again. The love and wisdom I came to express was hardly visible and certainly lacking.

To add to my shame, chagrin and great regret, my mind then flashed back further to an-

other two very relative human Earth lifetimes when and where I saw how I had also failed then to ground and achieve that very same Earth embodiment mission of mine.

One lifetime was in old Egypt. The other one was even farther back in time—approximately 10,000 years ago in very ancient Tibet. In both I saw I had failed to fulfill my own very same important personal mission—or soul contract with God—in those specific former lifetimes too. This made me feel an immense great remorse for having failed God—and myself—repeatedly.

I drew myself together in the void in which I now stood and I asked God for help. I wanted to return to my 18-year-old physical body and work at fulfilling my mission—as I had volunteered and agreed to before my rebirth, my re-embodiment back into human form.

The precise moment that I asked, a point of white light appeared in the far distance. The light moved closer and closer. It came faster and faster to me—God, now in form of a dazzling white, white light like no snow-white color I had seen on Earth, stood before me! I was transfixed with a joy and a sense of utter bliss and peace that human words cannot ever describe.

God spoke gently into my mind and being. God told me I had two choices: (1) I could stay in Heaven and carefully review my recent life and make plans for a new human rebirth and

fulfill my soul contract then; or, (2) I could return to my 18-year-old physical body, and once again on Earth work at completing my current avowed mission in it.

I knew instantly that I wanted to go back to complete my soul contract with God in my present physical body. The instant that I made the choice I felt the vibrations of my whole being suddenly become slower and slower.

We live in a vibratory Universe—as explained in several of my other books, especially in *The Secret Is No Secret Anymore*.

I also felt a heavier and heavier, dense, gross feeling. In the next moment, I felt myself completely back in my physical body!

I paused, stirred and opened my eyes slowly. I heard the excited shouts of astonishment of the large band of sailors and the medic attending me who had been trying so hard to revive my apparently dead body. My body had showed no sign of breath or heartbeat for more than 10 full minutes, I was told later.

Someone shouted, “Give him air, stand back!” I heard another yell, “He's coming to!” The clamor grew, and slowly I remembered. I had been assigned to paint the inside of one of the emptied water ballast tanks of our U.S.S. Ashtabula oil tanker during my Merchant Marine service in 1945, just before the very end of the World War II.

Our huge oil tanker was cruising slowly up the river toward Tiensing, China. A crew member and other Navy sailors had seen me fully passed out COLD in the empty water ballast tank in which I had been painting.

Two had just returned to paint with me after enjoying a fast 15-minute rest of some breaths of sweet fresh air and a quick cup of coffee with the bosun. He was in charge of operations in the engine room of our immense naval oil tanker. I had been lying on the warm metal deck of the engine room, with no signs of life. I was stripped to the waist while the medic tried to revive my seemingly lifeless body!

My entire conscious death experience, along with the flashback and glimpses into the two former lifetimes and my personal blissful interaction with God, had become branded indelibly into every atom, molecule and cell of my human body and soul being.

To the astonishment of everyone standing by, on my revival I sat up on my own volition and burst into sobs of joy that wracked through my body, wave upon wave, one wave after another. The realization that I was safely back in my body and able to go on to learn and live a Godly life—and be able to do what I had come to do here on Earth—filled me with an immense, tearful, ecstatic joy.

That intense, high state of pure joy stayed with me. A joy permeated every thought and feeling I had for approximately thirty fabulous

days. Then, gradually the “high” of my joy disappeared. I returned to “normal” down-to-earth thoughts and feelings and ego-based actions or reactions.

However, I surely recall all of that death experience today just as vividly as when it occurred scores of years ago! I knew my death experience was a genuine, loving gift from God. It was my initial awakening.

I was raised from childhood, along with my other dear five brothers and sisters, as a very orthodox Lutheran. I attended a Lutheran school my first six grades of schooling. I certainly was not properly schooled on what to expect when my human body death occurred.

Lutherans—or any orthodox religious cults—do not teach anyone about reincarnation or that our soul lives as God's eternal loving gift to each of us in human form forever. I awoke to the personally experienced fact that our souls are eternal. I knew from that day forth that only the 3-D physical body we put on and cast off again, and again, and again dies.

In reality, there is no death. Each and every one of us lives on and on and on forever and ever!

I am eternally grateful that I had my own undeniable God-gift of a death experience. It opened my mind gradually to realize that all past great religious teachers who ascended their bodies in their lifetimes—like Jesus, Bud-

dha, Mohammad, etc.–knew and proved there is no death! Therefore, it is forever true that in the end no one in human form truly fails for we continue learning through repetitive births until, one by one, we “wake up” to the Kingdom of Heaven within that all of the great spiritual teachers taught us about.

Each of them personally did teach of reincarnation to their followers and to the masses in their time. They did know and teach the fact that we are born in human form over and over again until we arrive at our own complete final awakening into the sacred nature of our very own Mighty ‘I Am’ Presence and attain full mastery over our own sacred human body of consciousness and physical world being.

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Chapter 3

When GOD Speaks I Listen

As earlier disclosed, God has given me many warnings during my lifetime. By heeding those warnings, I have managed to avoid what would have otherwise been sure bodily death again. Thus, I developed an early appreciation for the messages I got from God when I refused to pay heed to God's due warnings. For example, God strongly alerted me not to go forward with my plans as told in the first chapter of this book; but because I did, I paid a horrible, and what could have been avoided, personal price!

I will certainly be sharing some of these other messages from God in the following chapters. A good teacher repeats the important points he or she is making several times—and I simply want to emphasize the point here—that you will be reading about often is that **NOW** when GOD speaks, I listen!

You might want to consider doing the same thing.

As you will discover in this volume, God speaks in many ways. God's message to you can come as a precognitive vision; or as a clairvoy-

ant picture of what is transpiring hundreds or thousands of miles away at any given moment; or God can show you a lucid replay of a past current or past lifetime event. God also can speak to you in such a way that you pick up the message as a sure feeling! At other times, God may talk to you in audibly heard words. Each event is different. Each of us is different in how our personal “receivers”—and perceivers—in our current human bodies work.

The means of communication is never important. It is God’s message that counts. When God speaks to you, it is important that you consciously get the message. You have free will after that to choose to follow the sure guidance God Source has given to you, or to ignore God's message. You have free will and you may choose to proceed on another path—but if so, like me, you might pay a high price for not following God's sacred and timely inner guidance.

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Chapter 4

How GOD Directed My Life

The late 1950s and early 1960s were turbulent years in my life. I was still quite “carnal” and had high hopes of being a successful songwriter. My seven-year cycle of professional basketball playing had ended when a terrible car accident put me out of commission. Among many broken bones and severe lacerations, I broke my left wrist in the accident. I knew it would take a good two years for my wrist to heal and for me to get back into good shooting form and sound physical shape, so I made the reluctant decision to end my professional basketball career. I loved playing basketball for a living with all of my heart and soul, yet it was obviously high time for a good change.

My major focus turned back toward being a successful songwriter. I had gotten very close several times but could never quite make it. One of the songs that I co-wrote with a friend, Satellite Beep Bop, was recorded by Leon Evans and His Band on the De’ Best Records label out of Hammond, Indiana. It immediately looked like it was going to be a smash hit.

A great many radio station disc jockeys were soon playing and praising it daily. Thus, several of the big recording companies sent Sam DeBest—the owner of the record company—telegrams offering to buy the record “master” and get it out into record stores across the nation immediately. However, Sam stubbornly resisted letting go of the control of the record rights. Sam assured me he would—and could—get all the financial backing to do what was needed.

Meanwhile, because of the now growing rave reviews by disc jockeys and the public, the Count Basie group quickly made a “cover” master of the song that was already being aired nationwide. We appeared to have a smash success!

To our further elation and growing delight, it was rumored that Duke Ellington was about to do the same. At the same time, Dick Clark called to arrange with Sam for him to play our Leon Evans & His Band version record on his national, hugely popular, American Bandstand television program. Yet, a dark cloud was looming above us. Many of the disc jockeys had scores of irritated callers complaining to their radio station that they could not find a single record store that had our record in stock. Just as quickly, one after another of the DJs stopped playing our record. That was the end of what was almost an immense hit song.

A few months later, the record companies RCA, Capital and Decca approached me with a

startling proposition. Sam, feeling very guilty for not accepting the offers of several major record company owners to mass-produce our song, said he would transfer the title of his old beat-up car to me and furnish me with enough gas and food money to drive from Hammond to New York City. Sam said he thought I was really a top quality songwriter and my talents were just being wasted in Hammond, Indiana. He felt in his bones that I ought to go to “Tin-Pan-Alley” in New York City where all the big music companies and major record companies had offices and publishing houses—where then they openly listened to new songs to publish and record.

Sure enough—just as predicted by a Calumet City, Illinois, psychic months before—I left on my solo trip to New York. The psychic predicted a mysterious man would meet me on my arrival and would help me greatly to succeed in my mission.

When I arrived, I checked into my hotel at 4th and MacDougal in Greenwich Village, New York. An elderly gentleman with smiling eyes, whom we will call Harvey (not his real name), met me at the registration desk. I had just booked the only room available and signed the register when Harvey, walking with a slow gait, approached me with a winning smile. He extended his hand in friendship and said, “You’re a writer, aren’t you?”

I was startled that he knew I was a writer. I stared at him a moment and answered with a cautious, “Yes”.

Harvey grinned widely and told me that he thought he could help me fulfill my mission. He suggested that after I had checked in we could meet in a more private area of the lobby over a cup of coffee. Harvey assured me he could—and would—gladly connect me with some of the best songwriters and top music publishers in the city.

I was astounded at my luck. I hurried to get my luggage from my car and then to my room. I was eager to meet with Harvey, who I would soon know did indeed have unbelievable publisher and top songwriter artist “connections”.

Over the next few weeks, Harvey introduced me personally to Richard Mills, the then president of Mills Publishing. It was at that time—if not now—the largest music publishing company in the world.

In addition to that, Harvey introduced me to several of the top hit songwriters of that day, and I co-wrote several songs with two of them. He also took me with him as a guest to a very special private dinner with the now former Emperor of Japan and his then new wife. We were guests of a very wealthy couple who owned one of the largest meat packing companies in the world. After a round of introductions and polite conversation, the six of us sat and

enjoyed an elegant dinner served by a host of elegantly dressed household attendants.

Later that same week, Harvey took me to the headquarters of the Mills Publishing House in Tin Pan Alley on Broadway where he introduced me to Richard Mills. After introductions and a little small talk with his friend, Harvey left me to show my “wares” to him. Mr. Mills gave me his complete undivided attention.

As soon as Mr. Mills heard the record master of my song, “Clap Hands”, he offered me a contract and a check for \$5,000 advance payment on the spot. I also accepted the offer with great glee right “on the spot”.

Five thousand dollars then was like fifty thousand in today's inflated currency. Mr. Mills told his secretary to cancel all of his appointments that day. I sat enthralled as he told his secretary he was taking me out for a steak dinner at one of his favorite restaurants.

During that very fine steak dinner, Mr. Mills told me that he had plans for Bing Crosby, Frankie Lane, Frank Sinatra and several others of the most popular singers of that time to hear and record “Clap Hands” as soon as he could get in touch with them.

Imagine my elation!

Naturally, I was overjoyed, and being young and rash, I decided to take the sudden windfall of \$5,000 to pay for a four-week vaca-

tion trip to Florida. However, by the time I got back to New York again, everything looking so rosy had changed dramatically!

First, I went to the small record office that had taken possession of the only copy I had of one of my masters on consignment. It was a very cute novelty song called, “Have You Seen My Puppy Dog”.

I discovered—to my immense horror—a sign on the door saying that this record company was “out of business”. I checked with the owner of the building, but the renters had suddenly left without leaving a forwarding address.

I then went to see Mr. Mills. His secretary said he was very busy; however, he politely took the time to speak with me. He told me he was sorry, but try as he did many times to get a firm recording commitment from Bing Crosby or any of his other many major big time hit singer personal friends, all of them were either out of town or simply too busy on other pressing projects of their own at that time.

However, Mr. Mills, noting my crest-fallen look, tried his best to console me. He reminded me that my song was now officially listed and displayed in their Mills Music publishing catalog. He said any artist at any time could spot it and select it for recording. However, this obviously had not happened to this date!

Years later another song arrived on the “hit parade” song scene titled “Clap Hands”. I was

filled with excitement, but when I heard the lyrics and the music, it was not my song.

My sudden high-stepping world was suddenly shattered. Twice in my life, I had stood at a critical crossroad of enjoying a potential huge success in my desired career as a songwriter. It was not destined to be. Both times something occurred to change the momentum and course of events to end in my utter failure as a truly successful songwriter.

There was a subtle message there, but I was not getting it.

I tried to pull myself together. Since my old car had broken down the day I had arrived in New York only a little over a month earlier, I had no transportation and no money. Therefore, without hesitation, I decided to “ride the rails”. I knew I could catch a free ride on a freight train to Los Angeles. Once there, I was certain that I could get a fresh new start on my chosen career as a big-time songwriter.

I was truly determined to make it big as a songwriter, so a lot of ego was involved in that desire. In addition, I was coming out of a state of lack—or an attitude of lack—that, following universal principles, by putting attention upon what I lacked, I was simply surely reproducing a further continued state of lack.

Within hours, I managed to sneak aboard the first of several freight trains crossing the USA. I ate nothing for several days.

When one of the trains made a stop near an orange grove while going through sunny California, I—along with another hobo freight passenger—quickly jumped off the train and picked all the oranges we could carry back with us before we hopped on the train again.

I gorged my huge hunger with a dozen or more sweet, succulent oranges. In truth, I again felt like I was back in New York having a royal feast with Harvey, his wealthy friends, and the Emperor of Japan and his wife!

The oranges managed to curb my great hunger. On arrival at the Los Angeles freight train yard, “Pete the tramp” and I leaped off the train. We parted ways after sharing a cup of hot coffee together. I then hitchhiked to Hollywood.

Luck was with me. I washed dishes at a popular chain restaurant for a meal and I was handed enough extra money for my good work to stay at a non-moving, non-clickety-click, \$2-a-night joint, sleeping in a bunk bed in a huge men's auditorium where others who were also down-and-out slept that night.

The dishwasher job was just for one night, so early next morning I started to make the rounds to find any kind of job to bring in a few meager dollars for food and board. Yet all the doors to any sort of a job for me seemed to be tightly shut.

After two nights and days of roaming Hollywood streets and sleeping in an old abandoned house, I made a sudden decision to hike to another huge business section in Los Angeles. Again, having no luck at all, I decided to hitch a ride out of the city. I thought that perhaps I would have better luck finding some kind of a temporary job in a countryside town or a smaller size city.

It was summer and I was tired, discouraged, hot and weary as I trudged down the street. I dug into my pocket to find I only had one thin dime left to my name. At that moment, I looked up to see a sign on the window of the tavern before. It advertised a large glass of beer for 10 cents.

I did not know where it came from, but all at once, I felt an overwhelming compulsion to splurge my last thin coin in my pocket for a glass of beer. How absurd. Yet, there I went. Destiny had other plans for me.

I walked into the dimly lit tavern. It was quite large inside. It was now near high noon and I was the only visible customer in it. I walked over to the middle of the bar, seated myself and ordered the 10-cent beer special.

The bartender complied—setting a tall glass of beer before me. He took my dime, opened the cash register, stuck it in, and quickly went on with his business of getting the bar ready for the day. At my last glance toward him, he ap-

parently was busy stacking bottles of beer in a refrigerator.

I sat there sipping the cool beer and musing on my seemingly very sad situation. In my mind, I had decided that since it seemed impossible to get any work and survival money in either Hollywood or Los Angeles, I would finish my beer then hitchhike out of the city to search for a survival job in some of the smaller cities along the way. Maybe I would even return to my old stomping grounds in Hammond, Indiana.

However, God Source—and my own inner co-creator “I AM” self—had other plans for me. For some reason, time stopped still and I stopped thinking for a moment. In the deep silence God spoke.

“No, my son, you must return to Hollywood. Look down at your feet.”

God’s voice was audible and seemed very loud in the silence. I had to comply. I looked around to see who else had heard that voice. Then I looked down at my feet and saw a small pile of dollar bills scattered on the floor. I slid off my seat, stooped down and gathered them together—with a final count of eleven one-dollar bills, which from my view then looked like a sizable “bankroll”.

I slowly clambered back up on to my seat at the bar and looked at the bartender. He was still very busy stacking bottles into the refrig-

erator. I looked all around the bar and there simply was no one else in sight. “That’s it!” I thought, and immediately decided to play the “finders/keepers” game.

My reasoning was this. It was obvious that the bartender had not dropped the bills on the other side of the bar, and since there was, no other tavern customer to stake a claim, that huge roll of money—now tucked safely in my pocket—was mine to keep. I felt rich!

My next thought as I sat sipping the rest of my beer and laying new plans for the day, was that now I could afford to buy a bus ticket back to Hollywood. On arrival, I could get an inexpensive meal at one of the fast food restaurants. Then I could dig in at another \$2-a-night room—actually a single bunk bed in a large room full of bunk beds occupied by other almost down-and-out one-night sleepers.

When I arrived in Hollywood, I found God had directed my footsteps again. I got off the bus and headed to a large fast-food restaurant in the middle of the throbbing movie capital. I sat down and ordered an inexpensive hamburger with a glass of coca cola. I started to eat when I heard God’s voice again.

“Turn around!”

I turned around in my seat and there, standing a few feet away, was Don, a successful songwriter friend whom I had befriended in Hammond, Indiana, two years before. He

looked at me and did a double take. He blinked through the thick lenses of his glasses and exclaimed his astonishment!

“Is that you, Russ Michael?” He cried out. He peered at me as I grinned, then stepped forward to extend his hand with a pleased look.

“It is you! What are you doing here?” His emphasis was strong on the last word since we had not seen each other for the two years since he left the Hammond area and returned to Hollywood to further his own blooming song-writing career.

When I told Don my sad story and that I was flat broke except for a few dollars in my pocket, he told me not to worry. He had a close female friend who would enjoy meeting me and who would certainly offer to put me up for a few days or as long as needed to get back on my feet.

He was right. In the course of meeting Donna (not her real name), we struck the right note with each other on sight. She not only offered me food and a warm place to stay while I got my own house in order, but also, in the due course of events, gave birth to one of my sons, Douglas Bryan Michael. I also encouraged Donna to bring her four other young sons back from their foster homes so that we all could share a happy family life together, all of which I am convinced was designed by God himself. Donna and I even did some story writing together.

However, by the time Douglas was a year old, I was deep in spiritual self-crisis. At that time there was much media talk about atom bomb warfare and the need for all of us to build bomb shelters. My disgust with “civilization” grew greater each passing day. It reached a climax with my decision that I no longer wanted to live on an earth with people who acted so primitive and barbaric. I decided that I had just enough personal savings to go to some warm place, find a cave, and live by myself for the rest of my life. There was much anger and a flood of tears over my erratic decision, but I stuck to my vision. I had decided that Hawaii would offer what I wanted in terms of climate, beauty of nature and isolation somewhere on one of the major or minor islands. I purchased my one-way ticket to Honolulu, taking no worldly possessions with me other than a small satchel containing several pads of paper, some ballpoint pens, a small knife, a fishing hook and line and a few chocolate bars.

When I got to Honolulu, I took a cab straight to the city public library and peered over the maps and descriptions of the various islands comprising and surrounding Hawaii. My eyes lit up when I came across the “Garden Island” of Kauai and a place seemingly far away from any city called “The Valley of the Lost Tribe” (which unknown to me then had been one of my homes in Hawaii over 4,000 years ago).

The moment my eyes saw the exotic name of the valley, I knew it was my final destina-

tion. In checking my money reserves, I found that I had just enough to pay for the flight from Honolulu to Lihue, the capital city of Kauai. As soon as I got off the plane in Lihue, I asked inside the airport for directions to The Valley of the Lost Tribe. I was told by the man at the counter that he did not know where or how to get on the old 4,000-year-old footpath that went to the valley, but if I walked a half-mile down the dirt road to my right I would come to a museum. He said that, George, the old man that managed the museum was an old army scout and he surely could direct me there.

A half hour later, George, a big friendly old Hawaiian, told me that if he were only a few years younger he would enjoy making the perilous journey with me. He warned me that I must be careful on the old trail, especially on the paths along the very high cliffs, since many hikers had plunged down to their death on the rocks below from those high cliffs over the years.

The ironic thing is that before making that trip over the mountain into the hidden valley on the other side, I had always had a great fear of heights, which certainly got cured in the next few days!

George gave me clear directions how to follow a circular main road around the island to the beach where they had made a famous movie a few years before. From there I could penetrate the jungle and would find the 4,000-year-old trail straight back from the beach. It began

somewhere on a rising slope about a half mile from the water. George said that as long as I kept bearing northeast from the well-marked beach, I would eventually find the trail. He stressed the fact that once on the old trail, that it is so deeply grooved it is almost impossible to lose it. The exception was when a landslide or some avalanche or hurricane activity altered the natural terrain.

George also had some other quite interesting news for me. He told me that there already was another hermit living in a cave in that valley, a black man who was formerly a famous physician named Dr. Rolley (not his real name). He said that like me, Dr. Rolley had gotten disgusted with civilization and had moved into one of the several natural caves off the beach in the hidden valley. He had already been living there for several years in complete isolation. George himself had made the trip into the valley and befriended Dr. Rolley with a gift of a hunting gun and ammunition, but said that Dr. Rolley preferred to hunt, trap and kill wild goats with his long-bladed knife instead. He told me Dr. Rolley would be friendly and probably very happy to see me since he had no one to converse with in that secluded valley. He also asked me to send his best regards to Dr. Rolley, for I would surely meet him.

I thanked George, shook hands goodbye, and told him if I encountered Dr. Rolley, I would certainly give him his message. Several hours later, after hiking and catching a ride, I was at the designated popular beach. Following

a northeast course, I came across the old trail in less than half an hour. You could not miss it, as George had said. The old trail was deeply grooved at least a foot deep and averaged 20- to 30-feet wide, except on high cliffs where it narrowed down to a frightful three to four feet. Indeed, in some points, as forewarned, it totally vanished along with a part of the cliff or mountain. In those instances, I would just keep on making a circle until I found it again. In one or two agonizing situations, I had to work my way slowly up and over some dangerous terrain to find it. I also had plenty of company on the trail. Watching curiously, appearing above or below me and retreating when I approached, were the goats that abounded in that area.

On one occasion, just before going over the mountain peak, where a fence with a gate separated ownership of one part of the island and the other (by, I believe, the Miller's and the Robinson's—both very old Hawaiian families), I encountered a dozen or more cattle winding around the mountain on the trail toward me. Since now the trail had narrowed down to less than three feet of solid rock and there was no room for us to safely pass each other, I would defer to them and clamber up the side of the cliff to a safe perch about 15 feet overlooking the trail below.

I barely managed to edge my way up to the perch and seat myself when the cattle arrived on the trail below. None noticed me except the last one. When it saw me peering down, it veered away from me and almost lost its foot-

ing, but luckily managed to catch its balance and continue on its way. In the process, it knocked several of the many rocks and pebbles strewn on the old path off the edge of the cliff. I heard the sound of their fall below a long, long time later! I gave thanks that it was not me plunging down from such a great height!

Once I reached the pinnacle and went through the gate to the other side, the going was much easier. The view over the lush green valley below, dotted here and there with large and small waterfalls, was magnificent. Way to my right I could see a broad expanse of beach with sand that looked like pure gold and to the right of that, an endless blue ocean with white-frosted waves dashing toward the golden shore. Straight ahead of me on the other side of the valley was a towering cliff that appeared to go straight up for 7- to 10-thousand feet. It was an absolutely gorgeous, breathtaking and majestic sight! From what I could see and determine, it would only take me another two hours, maybe less, to get down to the grove of orange and coconut trees far below. The old trail was now much wider and seemed to have a nice, easily navigated, downhill slope. I could see it winding around in the grove of trees at the base of the mountain far below.

After resting for ten or fifteen minutes, drinking in the endless beauty that surrounded me on all sides below, I began my leisurely trek down the trail toward the green valley below. Other than a brief hour or so nap in the low bench-like branch of a tree five or six hours ear-

lier, the entire hike up and around the mountain had taken approximately seventeen hours, which is what George at the museum back at Lihue had estimated. I had eaten plenty of the many varieties of edible fruit growing along the old trail and just before getting on the trail, I had cracked several coconuts, drank the coconut milk, and stored chunks of coconut in my little satchel that I munched along the way, so I felt quite contented.

I had just about gotten to the very bottom of the trail where it approached the grove of orange and coconut trees I had seen from above, when I looked up to see a fierce-looking man dressed in wild goat-skins. He had a knife holstered at his side, a sack across his shoulders resting on his back, and a rifle cradled under his right arm. The man saw me at about the same time and both of us stopped in our tracks to survey each other. A friendly smile is about the best and fastest long-range communication you can give, and I think both of us broke into a friendly smile and waved to each other at the same time. We quickly approached each other, and as I drew near, Dr. Rolley shouted loudly to me.

“Who are you? What are you doing here?”

I greeted him by his name, gave him his message from George and introduced myself.

Bernard Rolley seemed to exude a tremendous amount of life energy. Yet, he was very “centered”, appeared to have great self-control,

and seemed to be a man who truly was taking charge of his life. He was definitely at peace with himself.

We established an immediate friendly rapport with each other. When he asked how long I planned to stay in the valley, I told him that I, too, had left civilization for the very same reason George told me he had and as far as I could see, I intended to live in a cave by myself with nature for the rest of my life.

Dr. Rolley nodded and handed me the bag of oranges he had gathered and told me he was going further up the trail to catch a wild goat that I could share with him later over a campfire. Meanwhile, he gave me instructions to keep following the trail through the grove until it ended on the beach, then to turn left on the beach and walk for another half-mile or so toward the huge cliff. It came almost right up to the shoreline, where I would see a big waterfall coming from very high above. He said there were several open caves to the left of the waterfall, only a hundred feet or more from the ocean inland, and that one of them was his. He would be glad to help fix up one of the other caves for my permanent residence; however, since the tide would not be in that evening, he would direct me when he returned to another huge cave alongside the shoreline itself. Meanwhile, once I got there I could shower in the nearby waterfall and wait for him since he would surely be back from his hunting excursion within two hours.

I was happy to know that my long trip across the earth to find a cave of my own was on the immediate horizon. I quickened my footsteps to the easily recognizable site of Dr. Rolley's cave since there was a little vegetable garden planted right next to the cave. I could see the mouths of other little caves nearby and peered curiously in. All of them seemed to extend some distance into the side of the mountain, so I knew I would soon have a cave of my own. I threw off all of my clothes, walked naked to the nearby waterfall and stepped under it. The water was not too cold, but it was cool enough to be quite stimulating and physically refreshing. It felt so good to be out of my clothes. I then emptied all of my pockets and washed the clothes that I had been wearing for three days in the little stream leading from the waterfall into the ocean. Then I wrung them out good and laid them out in the sun on a pile of nearby rocks. By the time Dr. Rolley returned with a small goat slung over his back, my clothes had dried enough for me to get back into them.

Later that night, still awake in a huge cave next to the ocean, I sat down on the nearby rock just ecstatic over the warm temperature and the silent colorful beauty that had surrounded me all day on all sides. I was feeling glad that I had gotten away from civilization and was able to live in that glorious Hawaiian paradise, when a most amazing thing occurred.

ZOOM!

All at once, my entire being seemed to grow to the size of the universe.

SHWOOZ!

The next instant I felt like a balloon the size of the universe with all of the air let out of it and the voice of God spoke to me in stern, commanding tones.

“You are not going to vegetate in a cave. You will rest tonight but in the morning, you must begin your journey back to civilization. You came back into your body to complete a mission. Listen carefully!

“You will return to civilization and study many books and gather spiritual knowledge that you will then share with all mankind. You must arise early and be on your way. Listen, and follow your spirit. I will always be directing your footsteps. Be at peace.”

I was completely stunned! Symbolically, I had gone as far away from civilization where my mission was waiting as I could get. It was as if I had gone to the ends of the earth and now I was compelled to return, to study, to learn, and to share what I learned with my brothers and sisters on earth! This was the very farthest thing on my mind but I had learned, as shared earlier, when God speaks it is very wise to listen and to comply with God’s wishes (which are always for your betterment)! I expected Dr. Rolley to be surprised when I shared my experience with my audible directive from

God to return to civilization early the next day. However, Dr. Rolley had already had his own inner conversations with God, so he did not show or express any surprise when I told him I planned to return to civilization and why.

That evening he treated me to a wild goat dinner and we sat around the campfire until late. I soon discovered Dr. Rolley to be a man of tremendous depth. When I asked him if he ever planned to go back to civilization, he said only if his God within directed him toward that course.

More than 10 years later, I was busy giving cross-country lectures across the country. One was at a large church in Tucson, Arizona—and to my great astonishment and pleasure, a very nicely dressed, smiling black man walked up and told me how much he had looked forward to my lecture and how much he had enjoyed it. He asked me if I knew who he was. I looked closer. It was Dr. Rolley! He worked in some capacity at that church.

Ours is indeed a small world and we meet those who are brothers or sisters “in spirit” often simply because we tread the same paths all leading toward the same goal of aiding God to usher in the ‘Golden Age’ upon earth!

If you want to know more about how and when this great ‘Golden Age’ is coming upon earth, I suggest you obtain and read a copy of my book exploring that subject, *The Birth of*

Earth as a Star, published by New Dawn Publishing.

Meanwhile, in Hawaii, my path directed me to return to Lihue to a wonderful young missionary couple who taught at a small Protestant church. They helped me find a place to stay and a job so that I had enough money to fly back to Los Angeles a few weeks later.

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Chapter 5

From Teacher To Teacher

I was now a totally different and self-directed person and I opted to walk my own way. That way, or “path”, led me rapidly from spiritual teacher to spiritual teacher. I really had no idea where to go or what books to read to find true spiritual knowledge, but I was directed or guided to begin with religious books written by Tolstoy. It was this great man who “cracked the egg” and introduced me to the fact that Jesus was a “man” and not “the” God as my own strict religious upbringing had taught me.

At first, I was shocked and dismayed when Tolstoy called Jesus a “man”. I actually put the book down and reflected on what I had read for several weeks before I picked it up to read further. This illustrates how ingrained our wrongly taught religious ideas can be. What helped is that I knew Tolstoy had learned to read the books of the Holy Bible in their original Aramaic language—and stated that our Christian ancestors had taught about rebirth or reincarnation openly until forced to stop during the reign of Emperor Justinian and his wife, Theodora.

Tolstoy also explained clearly that the true God is a God of love, not an angry, child-like and cruel tyrant that demands worship, adoration and praise. He helped me understand that many people who taught religion simply were ignorant about many important spiritual things; and, in the process, created a “pseudo-God” clearly made in the image or reflection of man. Conditional love is no love at all, so I realized that much of what I had ingested in my youth about God reeked of ignorance. I did not blame my teachers or the preachers, for I knew they simply spoke out of ignorance. They needed to learn the truth, the same as I had learned the truth, and in their own way and own pace.

From Tolstoy I made a leap to meditation and study at the Self-Realization Center, founded by Yogananda in Hollywood. A close friend of mine from high school days back in my home state of Michigan and I reconnected with each other at that same time. Paul M. was equally dedicated to find spiritual truth and the two of us bought a house together in nearby Gardena, possible since I had begun earning good money as a real estate agent. We took turns going to the library, coming back loaded down with books.

On one of Paul’s return library trips, he set a big stack of eight or more books down on the coffee table. I saw one of the books fall to the floor and picked it up. When I read the dedication inside, I knew it was my next book to read. It was one of more than twenty profound

books authored by the Tibetan Master known as D.K. as “channeled” or mentally dictated through the mind of Alice A. Bailey. I quickly became a disciple under his training in his books—and once had a clear telepathic conversation with him where he scolded me for not doing my homework. In his books, which were written in the 1920s to early 1940s, D.K. states that a disciple of his would appear and teach ‘The Mysteries’ to the masses, via radio and other communication methods, in the year 1975. He explained that from the ancient past to the present, the sacred spiritual teachings were carefully guarded and handed down by word-of-mouth to only a handful of well-selected students of the Master teacher. These teachings had never been revealed or taught openly to the masses, but the time had come, and in 1975, that particular “window” would open on earth.

As you already know at this stage of this book, I not only presented the teaching of ‘The Mysteries’ that I had studied and learned well to the masses via radio and television, but I also wrote a book titled *The Mysteries* that was published in 1975. At the same time, I held national 15-day long intensive workshops on ‘The Mysteries’ that were attended by eager students who came from all parts of the USA. Two large workshops were held—one in Des Moines, Iowa, and the other in Virginia Beach, Virginia.

When the 15-day period was over, no one wanted to go home. The group was eager to learn more. I gave lectures or workshops from

10 a.m. to 10 p.m. all 15 days except Sundays, so they received, reflected and absorbed a lot.

Returning to the direction of my learning while reading the D.K. books, I also discovered 'theosophy'. Consequently, I soon read *The Secret Doctrine* and *Isis Unveiled*, two enormously huge volumes jam-packed with revealing new spiritual knowledge.

When Jane Roberts and SETH came along, I also read and absorbed all of the clearly expressed truths about our multi-dimensional realities, and I taught the SETH material to my growing army of students across the country.

In the course of events, through another student who attended my lectures at the Church of Humanity in Washington, D.C., and became one of my best friends, I learned about Sai Baba of India. After viewing a video about him and his work in India, I quickly read all the books I could find written in English about him—close to 40 books in thirty days! If or when you read of what Sai Baba is doing to help us in the 'Golden Age' on earth, you will probably agree with me that Sai Baba exhibits and lives the life of God in the flesh!

My friend, Sai Grafio, now in 2007 living in the Washington, D.C, area, had the good fortune of attending an appearance of Sai Baba at his ashram in India. Through my encouragement, Sai Grafio has written several books, another just published in late 1997 by a publisher in India. The book, also published in the Eng-

lish language, deals mostly with ‘The Mysteries’. I list the name of Sai Grafio's book in some of the bibliographies published in several of my other books.

My quest for knowledge has taken me to many teachers and many great, and some incredibly grand, books. I will speak of one of them now—the “Great White Book” simply titled: *RAMTHA*. This is a book that when I have enough money on hand I will have published and gifted to every single person living on earth today—along with the ABRAHAM books. It is—as are all of the many ABRAHAM books, CDs, etc.—an absolute masterpiece of exact down-to-earth hands-on spiritual knowledge. This book stresses how to find God in yourself and in all others! When you read it—or any of the ABRAHAM books by Jerry and Esther Hicks, you will understand why I give these books such a high recommendation.

There have been other teachers and other grand books absorbed in my life, but once again, some of the most comprehensive universal knowledge I have read and absorbed has come from PHILLIP, who explains how and why SETH, an extension of PHILLIP, was first introduced to human consciousness on earth. You might imagine PHILLIP as the wide end of a big cosmic-sized funnel and SETH as the little end of the funnel. That analogy will give you more of an idea of how colossal, how absolutely all encompassing and all embracing is the new data fed into us on earth by PHILLIP! His data is not old stuff in new clothes like so much “new”

information now presented to the masses. You can locate access to PHILLIP in my bibliographies.

For me it has been a long, struggling journey into new dimensions of God's reality. Thankfully, I now know, as my soul or inner spirit has always known, the vast difference between the pseudo-God (that MAN has manufactured to control and direct the lives of other humankind) and my own intimate and eternal God of justice (through cause and effect or "karma") and a God of unconditional love who judges no one.

In the balance of this book, I will share some of the Cosmic or Universal Truths that this loving God I know has directed me to learn and share with you and all humankind. If these eternal truths enlighten and uplift you and those you love, then I encourage you to share them with others too. That may very well be your own earthly mission, as well.

God bless you!

Ω

Chapter 6

God Speaks in SILENT WHISPERS of Subtle Feeling

God can do whatever God wants to do. He certainly could speak to his human children in a very loud roaring voice if he chose. However, a God of love does not intentionally frighten his little children. Therefore, he speaks to us in far softer tones.

Another point to realize is that God wants every single one of his human children to grow up to be a unique and mature God in his or her own self-woven fashion! That is the kind of companionship desired by God. God does not want any one of us to be clones. God has chosen to create a new breed of human Gods on earth! Those Gods, when fully matured, will have their own self-created minds, their own self-created thoughts, their own self-created persons, and will thereby be equal Gods whom God can commingle and communicate with intelligently!

You cannot be surprised or pleased by what a clone says or thinks. A clone can only say or think what that clone's creator says or thinks. That is "old hate" and God has designed His/Her creations so that we would, through abso-

lute free choice, evolve into unconditional, divinely intelligent and equal universal creators as HIS/HER SELF!

Have you noticed in a loud crowd that when someone suddenly speaks up in a soft and quiet voice how everyone now stops talking to listen? That is how God usually speaks. God prefers to speak in almost silent whispers!

Another factor also occurs. Since every one of us is unique we will, therefore, hear God speak differently. We can each learn to turn up the volume in our own receptive minds, if desired or needed. That ability will vary from person to person, depending on self-experience, self-desire, self-control or self-mastery, and developed sensitivity. The more sensitive an individual grows, the more effortlessly and clearer he or she will hear God's voice.

Understanding how this universe works will give you more understanding about how you work. Our universe works with waves or life pulsations that we call frequencies. We humans operate the same way. That mental or physical image our brain reports seeing first was picked up in you as a light wave. It was reflected into your brain, an immense natural computer that identified the wave configuration and transformed it into a visual image as interpreted to you, the silent observer in your universe.

What all of our senses report to us have been transformed from the impact of specifi-

cally isolated and identified self-received light waves, whether touched, tasted, smelled or heard. When God transmits a singular message to a specific one of His/Her children, it comes into that individual's field as a registered or conscious feeling. The brain of that person can then present the message from God into an audibly heard spoken message transmitted in the language that person, or his or her brain, understands or knows.

Though God also holds the entirety of all creation together from the exterior or outside universal or cosmic position, God is also residing or living in the nucleus or center of every form that exists. Therefore, the fastest or most direct line of communication from you to God or from God to you is straight from your own God center within you. That God of love is loving you enough to keep those 300-thousand-trillion individual cells that comprise your adult human body together as one singular and comprehensive mass or unit. God is also doing that unconditionally for all the other billions of us humans on earth, as well as for all other life forms, from the greatest central sun to the furthestmost minute electron or positron in all existence!

When God speaks to nations, groups or human individuals, He/She first is picked up by the receiver as a subtle feeling. That feeling can come through as an audible whisper of divine intelligence or as an actual audibly spoken voice. All of us can learn to hear God or to speak to God in our own divine way! Most of my

communications from God have come very unexpectedly as an audibly heard voice in my head. It is just like hearing someone next to me speak, except my brain uses my “inner ears” to hear, then transmits the message to that point or center in my brain that gives me the “illusion” of hearing through the ears of my body, though I am really hearing God speak to me through my inner or human-spirit self.

Often, I receive a clairvoyant or inner “3rd Eye” vision along with the spoken word of God. It seems like I am looking at a color video screen with my outer eyes, while in reality time stops or “freezes the time frame” while my inner self peers wonderingly at the scene suddenly thrust before my astonished consciousness.

When both the vision and spoken voice of God is received, the message is crystal-clear. Sometimes, if the message is only visual and has not been picked up by the receiver, God will repeat the exact same vision again. That occurred to me more than once, aside from the instance already shared with you when God saved my life from falling and being crushed to death at Mt. Baldy. My mother also had a double vision, since she could not believe her eyes when she saw it the first time.

At that precise moment, I was several hundred miles away experiencing the awful car accident that ended my professional basketball career.

The car I was sitting in as a passenger hit a sudden ice patch on a bridge we approached at high speed. The drunken driver had his pedal down to the floorboard and we were doing 120 miles per hour. He hit the brake just as he hit a patch of ice, and the Lincoln I was riding in spun and hit the guardrail, throwing me out and down to the snow bank below with the car then landing squarely on top of me! It was still right side up, so the hot exhaust pipe was burning my leg. My left wrist was completely shattered. I had lost consciousness sometime during my fall, so I “came to” in a sudden, very painful awareness that I felt the opposing forces of bitter cold and fiery hot. I did not know where I was or what was happening. I only knew that I was trapped and no matter how hard I struggled, I could not get away from the intense hot pain and the freezing cold. In desperation, I gathered all of the will power and energy I could muster in a final effort to break myself free and lost consciousness again.

What seemed like a moment later, consciousness began slowly returning to my body. This time, I started becoming aware that I was walking around the car in a circle trying very hard to realize where I was at and what had happened. Just as I started to remember riding in the car as an equally drunk passenger, I heard a voice hailing me. I stopped my circular walk to turn and see that the car driver was running toward me. He was astonished that I had broken free as he had tried repeatedly to free me, but the entire weight of the car was resting on my body, compacting me down

through the snow to the ground. Therefore, seeing a light of a farmhouse in the distance, he ran to it, knocked on the door and asked to use the phone to summon the police, a wrecker and an ambulance.

Meantime, my mother had a clear moving picture of my car accident. She saw the car spin, saw me thrown over the guardrail of the bridge, and saw the car crashing through the guardrail, falling 17 feet down the embankment and landing squarely on me. Then she said she saw what appeared to be a whirling or spiraling mist rise up from the car through the car roof and take the form of me in spirit. She said I seemed to be deliberating or deciding whether I was going to leave my body below or stay, and it soon appeared that I had decided to stay in the body for I began a whirling or spiraling descent back down through the car roof. She woke up at that point and looked at the clock. It was a few minutes before 2:00 a.m. The “dream” worried her and she thought of waking up my grandmother to tell her about it, but decided otherwise. She lay back down to sleep and said she must have fallen asleep instantly, for all at once the same very lucid dream repeated itself down to every exact detail.

This time when she awoke, she decided to awaken my grandmother to tell her she had dreamed I was in a bad car accident two times in a row and was naturally very worried about me, her son. When they got the news of my accident, she found that it had occurred at the same time as her vision, just a little before

2 a.m. and several hundred miles away, near Fon Du Lac, Wisconsin, while she lived in Lower Michigan.

Death has come “knocking on my door” several times since my actual death at age 18. I will share another time when the voice of God saved my human life.

During my professional basketball days, I would drink many bottles of beer to quench my big thirst. It became a habit and I would often simply drink too much and get drunk.

One night, when I was staying at a hotel in Los Angeles, I came home very, very drunk. It was a cool night, so just before going to sleep I turned up the heater to warm up the place. I could hear the steam hissing as I disrobed and plopped into bed.

The next thing I knew, I was hearing an urgent voice saying, “Wake up. Take a walk!” It was God speaking.

I roused myself out of my sleep stupor and realized that daylight had just started. I never get up to go for a walk in the morning, especially just when daylight is breaking. However, I knew that voice and, as disclosed, when God speaks I listen and I comply!

There was a chill in the air so I threw my clothes on quickly, strode to the door, locked it behind me and walked down the long hallway past the front desk. My room was on the first

floor. The manager was obviously still asleep. I strode out through the front door and began my walk, and was suddenly astounded at what I felt. It seemed with each breath I took the world was becoming brighter and I felt like a superman who could “leap tall buildings in a single bound.” My body had never felt so exhilarated since just after my re-entry of my physical body at age 18 after my death experience.

I kept on walking for several blocks, absolutely thrilled by how alive every single cell of my body felt, then sensed it was time to go back to my hotel room. The tremendous “high” that I had felt was waning and my consciousness seemed to be entirely back to normal by the time I opened the front door of the hotel.

My eyes widened and I raised my chin to smell the air better. I was shocked—no doubt about it! The entire lobby of the hotel was filled with gas. I did not hesitate a moment! I rushed to the hotel room door off to the side of the front desk marked Hotel Manager and pounded hard.

“Wake-up! Wake-up!” I shouted.

A few moments later, the manager, dressed in a housecoat, opened his door and poked his head out. He appeared very sleepy!

“What’s wrong? What’s going on?”

I waved my arm in a circular swing, “The whole building is filled with gas! Don’t you smell it?”

The hotel manager looked suddenly concerned, sniffed the air and sprang into action. He ran to the front door and threw it wide open, quickly setting the doorstep to keep it open. He waved in the direction of my hallway.

“Quick! Go down the hall and knock on every door. Get everyone to check if their gas heater is on and tell everyone not to light any matches!”

I followed his suggestion and went down the hall, arousing everyone down the line and passing the warning along. Some of the doors were already opening as hotel guests wondered what all of the commotion or fuss was all about in the hallway. I soon came to my door and was about to pass it when I hear the sound of gas. I opened my hotel room and the volume of gas that came out almost bowled me over. I stepped quickly to the hissing gas heater and turned it off. What I had so erroneously perceived to be a steam heater was not a steam heater. That drunken mistake could have cost me my life and the lives of many hotel guests. I was shocked and then extremely thankful that I had managed to hear God’s voice even through my drunken stupor. The miracle is that I had survived several hours of breathing in those deadly gas fumes. Over the years, I have read of many individuals and even whole families who have died because of a little gas leak in

their house. So, it appears that despite my rash and ignorant human behavior, God decided I was going to stay alive to complete my mission this lifetime!

In actuality, there have been several other such very close times when “death knocked on my door”, but I did not answer. I do believe—rather KNOW—that my life work has just begun. I have barely scratched the surface of what I have come into this human body to do. It is my determined and conscious intention to live at least another 70+ years, completing my human life work and then moving through a conscious “earth graduation” process! I fully intend to be around helping God to precipitate the ‘Golden Age’ on earth and enjoying an earth where our entire human family is finally awake to its divinity! Perhaps in that process we will have the pleasure of a personal meeting and sacred communion together. I hope so.

Ω

Chapter 7

God is Everywhere

As already lightly touched upon, there is no place where God is not! How could that be since every wave and momentary particle is birthed out of the conscious BEING of God?

God firmly, securely, occupies the central core of all things, large and small, seen or unseen. It is so very highly important that everyone still swept up in orthodox religious thought come to realize that God is within him or her!

People who now find it hard or seemingly impossible to love themselves who discover that God is what and who he or she is at the very heart of their being will rapidly learn to love their awakened God self!

In giving many, many cross-country lectures and reading the many letters I have received from readers of my various books, one of the same questions that keeps cropping up is, “Yes, I have been told, over and over, that I cannot really love another person until I have learned to love myself. However, no one has ever told me how to love myself! How can I love myself when I know I think, or do, or feel things that are unworthy?”

One of the answers I have given to that desperate plea for help is that you must first begin to discover or realize that you are God in human flesh and that the same God dwells in the very center of all of your human brothers and sisters, both in the flesh and those out of it.

This is where all poor self-images can be rapidly cured. When you finally KNOW for certain you are a unique and divine self-expression of God, you will stop doing the old genetically motivated, ignorantly adopted or cultivated acts, thoughts, and feelings so unworthy of a God-aware-self! Your human body is literally “a temple of God”. When you really know God lives in your human temple, are you going to continue with old self-destructive habits to your precious divine human body? Naturally not!

At the same time, that same holy revelation that God dwells in every single human brother and sister of yours is automatically going to make you think twice before you intentionally harm or degrade them in any way. Why would anyone consciously want to degrade God?

I hope that the point is now well made. God is everywhere. Neither you nor I can conceive of a space where God does not dwell. God occupies the very darkest black hole or void. God occupies all things in all dimensions of all realities. This should be a comforting thought for, like me, you can walk through “the valley of death” and God will be with you! As you now know, I KNOW that to be a personal fact through personal experience.

My final question at this point is, “Do you know that?” If not, look deeper within.

Ω

Chapter 8

God is Within Your Own INNER VOID

Everything seen or unseen has sprung from the dark void occupied by God. You and I are no different. All that we are has sprung forth from that dark void within each one of us—the seen and the unseen. That is the exact point or spot where God dwells in our seemingly so concrete or solid human bodies.

As expressed earlier, God can do whatever God decides to do, but as a rule, your God resides in a space or place near your heart. This has led us to make the expression “feel with your heart” so popular. However, the heart does not feel. It pumps blood and does its assigned or designed job of circulating your blood well.

For chemical-electro-polarity reasons, that holy space near your heart is usually the most effective location from which to guide and operate our many human body systems. This is where the feeling we know as joy springs from and moves from there to all the cells of your body. Human joy is by far the highest human feeling. It comes directly from that heart center, or electrical chakra.

Joy, as felt in our human form, is the same light wave that has slowed down or lowered its

vibratory rate at the exact point where the 4th Dimension ends and our familiar 3rd Dimensional human life expresses itself. That is why joy felt in the heart or soul area is the highest felt human expression. Happiness is the highest body expression felt in our primate brain section, while sheer bliss wells up directly from a brief touch or contact with your human spirit or God within. That exquisite, even fleeting conscious flow of God into our human vessel evokes ecstatic bliss.

When the various schools of organized religion know and teach their curious young students that the nearest and most accessible place to contact God is within the void of their own inner being, civilization will change dramatically! Knowing this, Sai Baba of India stresses that all children should be taught to treat each of his or her parents as God, to treat his or her teacher like God, and to treat every guest in his or her home like God! When children make this their conscious action from early childhood, the problem of drugs, excessive intake of alcohol, unruly gangs and juvenile delinquency will vanish like a puff of smoke.

If in accord with this idea, I suggest you implant it in the minds of your own children here in this glorious land as well!

Of course, the best way to teach a child, or anyone else, is by self-example. When children see and know that you personally take the time to withdraw and “decentrate” into your inner sanctum or holy (whole-I) void, they will begin

to gradually accept it as a natural survival pattern and will begin to copy or emulate your behavior.

In my book, *Finding Mr. Right or Mrs. Right*, I present a well-detailed technique of how anyone can use the “Science of Decentration” (the opposite of your act of concentration) to touch or tap into his or her God within. You actually release your death grip on consciousness and let your whole being sink slowly and very, very gently into the quiet, all-embracing void of your being.

Even a few moments of contact with your inner God can re-energize your entire being for hours or days. I remember one day in Virginia Beach many years ago. Three psychics in the local area who knew me well were alarmed. While checking with each other, they found that all three had concerns about me, and two had actually seen a vision of me lying white-faced and dead in a casket. One of them, Miki, a close friend, told me about it with great distress and asked me if I knew what might be going on.

Certainly, I was alarmed, I knew Miki was a very accurate psychic ever since she had “read me” at a visit to her home. She tapped into and revealed my name or identity as a Pharaoh in approximately 1600 B.C., and supplied the actual name, Ahmose II. She had not known of my death experience and of my journey back in time to re-live briefly major events in my life as Ahmose II.

I told Miki that I would decentrate that evening to find out exactly what was going on, for I certainly did not want my life mission to be cut short by another physical body death. I went inside with my question to God. I asked what was going on. Was I scheduled to die in the next few days or so?

Sure enough, as soon as I got deep enough into my void, my 3rd eye opened and a vivid 3-D scene unfolded. I saw clearly why my brain would fail to think clearly. I would fall from a high ladder and die, but then I was assured quaintly by the voice of God—dressed like a doctor in white working apparel—that I “had insurance to cover that!” which might be more clearly expressed as “good karma!”

In that very detailed account of my body condition, I was told that I had only one of two clear choices that I had to make consciously:

1. Die and quickly be re-birthed again to go on with my life mission,

Or

2. Because of my “insurance”, the damage could instantly be repaired by self-request, and I could go on for another 25-year cycle or longer to complete my earth mission.

A great emphasis was placed on the fact that I must not go “out there” for advice on what decision to make. It must be decided by

me alone in conference with my own God within.

The "long and short" of it is that I already knew that just as there is a Black Brotherhood working in human form and working straight from the 'Dead Zone', there is also a White Brotherhood, the members embodied or disembodied, but all working out of their God center within. One of my own first Master teachers, D.K., who lives in physical form in Tibet, is a member of the Great White Brotherhood and I, myself, felt highly supportive of anything they had done or were doing to further our coming 'Golden Age' on earth.

Therefore, after thinking it through and finding my own inner self in perfect agreement with the idea, I decided that since I had been asked to make a conscious choice, I would allow God and his whole host of the White Brotherhood to look over the past, present and future, and make that choice for me and choose option 1 or option 2, whichever option would most effectively help me succeed in my life mission. My decision was firmly made. I then "cut the cord" and let that "thought form" be my conscious answer.

Three days later, I had a miraculous fall from a 30-foot ladder on a local painting job. A gardener had made a sharp diagonal cut at a 45-degree angle on a branch of the big shrub on which I landed. It stood straight up like a pointed spear.

From the top of that 30-foot ladder, my falling body turned slightly in mid-air and I plunged straight down, belly first, on top of that sharply cut spear. I felt a pain as if that up-turned point had lanced through my whole body. Did it penetrate through my belly, under my right rib, since my body had turned and I came down, spread-eagled, on my chest and belly?

Whatever and however, that sudden sharp, incredible, body-piercing pain disappeared as fast as it had risen within me.

I was uninjured! I rolled off the bush to the ground and then I jumped to my feet, to the open-mouthed astonishment of my painting helper, Karl. He could not believe I had survived that high fall unscathed. I pulled out my shirt from my pants. There was a round hole in the shirt that matched the exact same location just below my right rib where a very black round circle about the size of the diameter of that sharply pointed spear in the middle of that bush.

There was no further pain—just that round, blue-black, slight indentation. The blue-black, dark round circle disappeared at the end of the first 28-day cycle, but a slightly visible circular scar still shows these many years later.

It was a miracle. I had no pain or ill effects of any kind from such a high fall. I am sure that without “divine intervention” my psychic friends in Virginia Beach would have been

viewing my body laid out in a casket—as envisaged a week or so earlier by two of them.

One of the key points I want to make relative to my story is that God wants us each and to always follow our inner guidance rather than to ask for advice from those around us. The perfect answer is always there deep inside—within our own inner void.

Ω

Chapter 9

My GOD is LAWFUL and UNCONDITIONAL

One thing that goes with being unconditional is that you do not place those whom you love under manmade, black-and-white laws they must follow. An unconditional God would not, could not, make such a perverse law.

“Think it through,” as one of my Master teachers, Manley P. Hall, used to say often! What good is that grand gift of free choice if we are told by religion that God has set up certain mindless laws that we must follow? There certainly are ‘Universal Principles’ that determine a justified or balanced outcome to all actions, like the ‘Law of Attraction’ and the ‘Law of One’.

However, MAN has created and burdened his “fellow man” with a host of city, state, national and civic and now international laws that simply bind and clog his free progress. I do recognize that MAN is MAN and, like an ignorant or unruly child, must be sometimes restricted from harming self or others because of his or her erratic or aggressive behavior. However, those Master teachers wiser than me,

along with our E.T. neighbors, have proclaimed that more than 95 percent of our manmade laws do far more harm than good. Most are deliberately designed to enslave us, dishonor us, or strip us of our divine human dignity! Isn't it high time these low laws, this travesty, are addressed?

Thank God! God does not have any such limiting laws. God's Laws are limitless, just and eternal.

God knows how much every single one of us yearns to be free and totally unencumbered human spirits. He loves us unconditionally so why would he even think of putting us under a state of restriction? Our God Creator Source does not judge or make our choices for us. If God did, what would be the use of thinking or saying we are co-creators on Earth with absolute free-will choice?

Self-growth is amplified through self-movement, and if self-movement is restricted in any way, then so is our self-growth restricted in equal proportion. It is time now, I believe, for us to speak out about these things and demand that those who represent us in legislative bodies or legislative positions delete many of these obviously obnoxious, restrictive laws that rob us of our noble human dignity.

If your "God" binds your movement with restrictive social, or so called moral or ethical laws—that are obviously repulsive and senseless

to your free human spirit—I suggest you consider taking an appreciative look at my God.

My God—who is totally and completely without judgment—allows my spirit (and yours) to be wild and free. My God would never think of judging you for your actions, your thoughts, or your feelings. My God grants every desire I ask to be fulfilled. There is nothing I cannot be, do or have.

Think it through. You might want to change Gods!

Ω

Chapter 10

GOD Establishes UNIVERSAL PRINCIPLES

God runs an absolute just and balanced universe. Not one iota of cosmic or universal existence is allowed to remain unbalanced. Our physicists and other scientists call this a 0-state universe. They recognize and acknowledge the unending Universal Principle that for every action there is an opposite and equal re-action. Sir Isaac Newton, of course, is the first known scientist to proclaim this principle. There have been Master teachers, some of them scientists, who have known and proclaimed this particular universal principle to their disciples, students, or devotees for ages, as disclosed in my book, *The Secret Doctrine of the Arcane Mysteries*.

See a brief extract from a page of this book immediately following the end of this chapter.

All of the other numerous important Universal Principles set into motion at the start of all creation must adhere and co-exist within this principle. In all creation, a rhythmic, balanced, interchange is always at work.

All Master teachers have learned how to manipulate freely within these now publicly known cosmic principles, identified as “The

Secret”. The arcane Masters have discovered exactly how and why their own divine human bodies function. They therefore have absolute control over them. When you know how our universe operates, you know how you operate.

In due time, I plan to author and publish three other key books that will reveal the most basic everyday working Universal Principles that operate around us and within us. Book readers will explore the: attraction/repulsion principle; universal one-ness principle; on-time principle; expansion/contraction principle; love principle; light principle; reality principle; self-survival principle; truth principle; constant change principle; wave/particle principle; hologram principle; ego principle; immortality principle; on-hierarchical principle; reflection and absorption principle; and a host of other key Universal Principles in volume one of this trilogy. The first book will be entitled, *Universal Principles*, and will soon be followed by the second and third books of this trilogy.

When you—or anyone—read this entire forthcoming trilogy, your universal knowledge will be very rounded out and that knowledge can be used to speed you forward toward a conscious human earth graduation. Obtain and read my book, *Autobiography of an IMMORTAL*.

For now, let's move forward and take a deeper look at the universal principle of birth/life/death/re-birth, along with a couple of other subjects of general interest.

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THE SECRET DOCTRINE OF THE ANCIENT MYSTERIES

“... Where have the secret doctrines of the ‘Ancient Mysteries’ come from? Who formulated them into this immutable, unchangeable, set of laws governing every aspect of life in form? Countless human souls gave their entire lifetimes to a constant quest after truth! These persistent seekers became Adepts and Masters of Wisdom as they relentlessly pursued, found, and utilized truth. These now consciously sacred Holy Men and Holy Women pioneered the Science of Life eons ago.

“... The ancient doctrines comprising the long held secret MYSTERIES were formulated far back in the distant night of time, long, long before our tiny planet Earth came into existence. The knowledge about these immovable laws of life and nature were handed up by spoken word from generation to generation—from planet to planet—from sun to sun—until all the Sons of the Suns of the Suns in the heavens—and sentient humanoids upon the countless planetary bodies like our earth—are today able to discover the secret...or He or She—in their midst—who holds the keys to the Kingdom....”

.....

Excerpt from *The Secret Doctrine of The Ancient MYSTERIES* by Russ Michael

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Comments:

“I thank you from the bottom of my heart for your books. As I read them I cry and am electrified as my being comes to know and understand the forces uplifting within.”

“I have enjoyed two of your books already ... my neighbor ... is now reading your [book about] White Brotherhood. They're fine books.”

“Just finished The Secret Great White Brotherhood and almost finished with Why & How of Meditation. Must say I am thoroughly enjoying each of them. Send me catalog of all your books, tapes, etc. ... put my name on your mailing list for other items ... I would like to know more about you and your work.”

“I obtained the pamphlet ‘There is No Death’. ... Please send me as many copies as this will pay for including postage ... I feel the concept is one which will bring great personal happiness to many who are not fortunate enough to believe in this.”

“Send Russ Michael books ... I enjoyed Finding Your Soulmate and look forward to reading the others.”

.....

NOTE: See the back pages for information on how to obtain this book or any of the more than 20 Russ Michael eBooks.



Chapter 11

What About Reincarnation, Karma and ESP

Before my death experience, I would have said, “What about it?” for I had never heard of any teaching about reincarnation. Even if that subject would ever been brought up in the narrow religious circles where I was raised, it would have been highly distorted or presented ignorantly that humans reincarnate as animals! The idea would clearly have been ridiculed. After my death and flashback of my first 18 years of this life and the clear, well-delineated flashbacks to one of my lifetimes in old Egypt and to another in ancient India, my reply is that, “I know quite a bit about it from first-hand personal experience!” You may not know it or you may not believe it, but that does not really matter. What matters is that I know the Universal Principle of birth/life/death /re-birth is a 100 percent self-proven fact.

A majority of religious believers living on earth also believe and teach about this constantly ongoing principle. We are born. We live a relatively brief life in human form. We die. We rest and review our former human lifetime in the ‘Dead Zone’ for an average of around 40 years, then we are reborn to repeat this endless

cycle until we have been purified enough to graduate from our earthly human existences! At this point, we progress to other more challenging and more worthy schools of learning.

I can also report from personal experience that we feel a considerable amount of guilt and regret after death for the wasted days or years of our past human lives. It is obvious that the opportunity so carefully planned and designed before we took re-birth had slipped through our fingers again.

From what my Master teachers have revealed to me, when most of us realize we are dead and can no longer return and re-enter our human bodies—for that door in time/space is now closed to us forever—we learn we must wait until another time or “period piece” in human earthly unfoldment to meet certain people with whom we failed to balance out our karma with in that past existence.

Therefore, the scale of balance between ourselves and those others whom we failed to meet and repair our past actions, or to meet our just rewards, must be met in still another mutually human-incarnated time period. One single unbalanced event between our self and another could be the cause for failure to achieve an earthly human graduation. Eternal balance and eternal justice prevails in all creation. We call that karma.

Karma may be good or bad and is a Universal Principle always at work. However, it is

possible to balance bad karma by an act of good karma at any given moment. We cannot use the excuse that our karma is keeping us bound to the “wheel” of human existence. This means that if you killed someone, you do not need to be killed by him, her, or another to balance out your bad karma. Instead, you are free to dismiss that karma by saving the life of another. Thus, a life saved for a life lost restores your own relative field of karma.

Extra-sensory Perception (ESP) was a term coined by Dr. Rhine of Duke University, a man dedicated to doing carefully documented research in the field. Since God dwells deep within each one of us, we all, without exception, have some form of ESP.

Since my task, as directed by God at my cave experience in Kauai, was to learn about all things, when I read how one of Dr. Rhine’s best ESP subjects tossed a pair of ordinary dice and rolled a seven an astonishing seven times in a row simply by focusing his mind on always coming up with a 1/6, 3/4 or 5/2 combination, I decided to get my own self into a psyched-up state and try it too. I knew that if someone can do something, then any other person has the potential to do it as well or better.

I sat down at my living room table, relaxed and did my decentration exercises with the intent of getting myself into a psychic “high” state. Then I focused my mind on the intent that each time I picked up the pair of dice, I would use a “seeing the end from the begin-

ning” technique—I would see the dice roll, tumble, spin and stop on a seven combination. If the first die that stopped landed on 6, then the next would turn up a 1, thus totaling seven. If the first die that stopped landed on 3, then my mind power would make the other one flip to a 4, for a total of seven. Finally, if a 2 showed up on the first die, the next die would land on 5, again totaling seven. (And vice versa on all of these possible sevens: If a 5 showed up first, the other die would be a 2, adding up to a total of 7, and so on.)

Dr. Rhine had stated that the mathematical odds of tossing a normal pair of dice and coming up with a seven combination seven times in a row was one in a million, so he felt his subject had certainly proved he had ESP or mind-over-matter control. My game plan was to at least tie that record and try to beat it.

I began the experiment by picking up the pair of dice and envisioning a seven total combination. A 2 popped up first, so I knew the other would stop tumbling and land on 5. Sure enough, it was a 5. I did not even blink, but I did keep a mental count as I picked up the dice. Again, and again, I threw a total of seven! If a 4 showed up first, I knew absolutely the other one would skip and jump and stop on 3. I was definitely “on a roll” like a crapshooter who is “hot” at a gambling table. The number of seven total combinations rolled every single time had now reached seven rolls of seven total combinations, but I kept on going—8, 9, 10, 11, 12.

On the twelfth roll of seven total combinations, I just could not continue further. I sat in the chair stupefied. My mind was whirling. I had proved mind-over-matter control, but at a heavy cost. I suddenly felt as if physical reality had suddenly caved in all around me. I reasoned that if I could do this with a simple and determined mental focus, then each of the billions upon billions of others of my fellow human beings could and were doing the same thing. So where did that leave or place what I knew with such a certainty with my senses as solid physical reality? Did a physical reality even exist?

Later I learned about the universal hologram principle (the principle that allows us the illusion of a “physical” dimension). However, this time it took several days of mental and emotional stress before I was able to get myself “back in center” without feeling as if the solid earth might vanish from under my feet or that someone with a stronger mind might injure me with a psychic attack!

At another time, after having read about the power of ESP in some other book, I again decided to prove it to myself, so I set up another experiment.

I already knew from what I had read on the subject that ESP works best when you can get yourself into a highly psyched condition. I decided I would first spend an entire morning in quiet meditation, along with a deceneration period where I would suggest that it would be a special day for I was going to prove that I

could precipitate a find of a fairly large sum of money—meaning a penny, dime, quarter, half-dollar, or dollar bill would not do. It had to be at least a five-dollar bill, or more. Lake Michigan was nearby. A beach was perfect.

My home at that time was in Bridgman, Michigan. I decided I would go to the nearby sandy beach of St. Joseph, where I could take a solitary stroll on the beach and focus on precipitating a large money find.

During my stroll, I kept my feeling of being very centered along with the absolute feeling that I would find money laying somewhere. My eyes swept the sand on both sides of me as I walked along the bright yellow sandy beach for at least two miles toward the south, avoiding talking to anyone since I was determined to keep my focus. So far, nothing had shown up and the familiar voice that you already know suggested that I turn back. The voice said to keep holding my focus, but take a relaxing coffee break at the Tip-Top Café, a coffee shop near the St. Joseph Pier.

I made the long walk back, still keeping my focus and still scanning the yellow sands before me for the sight of some money, but still nothing.

When I walked into the café, I sat down at the counter and ordered a cup of coffee. As I sat there with my coffee, still holding my focus and wondering when and where I was going to make my unexpected find of money, I had the

sudden urge to go to the men's toilet and evacuate. I entered the toilet in somewhat of a trance state, dropped my trousers, turned around, sat down on the stool and evacuated as my body desired. When I finished, my eyes strayed down to the floor at my feet. There lay a crisp, new twenty-dollar bill!

The experiment had been a success. I was elated! I felt I had proved beyond any doubt the ESP power that Dr. Rhine was revealing to mass consciousness.

I will share with you that the above two incidents led me to try yet another. In my search for knowledge, I read all of the books I could find about Edgar Cayce, known as "The Sleeping Prophet", who lived and founded the Association for Research and Enlightenment (A.R.E.) in Virginia Beach, Virginia. In one of the books, he mentioned that he could mentally will a person to walk to him. I thought about it and decided to see if I could also do it. It was the kind of experiment easy to try at any public place. This time, while sitting at a booth in a restaurant in Los Angeles, I decided to pick out someone sitting at one of the many other booths in the restaurant for my subject.

Everyone in the place was a stranger to me so it did not matter who it was. I wanted it to be someone I did not know. That way, I would know for sure that it was the power of my will or mind that had brought my subject to me. I surmised that if I focused on drawing someone who knew me, he or she might just step over to

see me on a whim. I decided to prove the experiment in a satisfactory way for my scientifically oriented mind. I had to pick a stranger for a subject, and I decided that if any eye contact were made, I would select a different subject.

My eyes scanned the room and saw a party of five or six persons sitting at a booth about twenty-five feet away. All of them, both men and women, appeared to be in their early twenties. My eyes lighted on the young woman with her body turned slightly away from me so that eye contact would not be likely.

As soon as I calmed and psyched myself up, I began to focus on the back of her head and suggest that she turn around, look at me, stand up and walk straight to me at my table. I sensed a slight “click” of contact with her immediately and she stirred a little restlessly in the booth. I gave the suggestion another time and realized she was rising to her feet. I quickly averted my gaze, but kept track of her out of the corner of my eye as she stood, turned and walked straight to me. As she approached, I looked up toward her. She stopped directly in front of me, about three feet away, and said, “I don’t know why I’m here, but something told me to come over to you”.

I grinned widely and introduced myself. I confessed that I had just done a mental experiment to see if I could get her to stand up and walk over to me. She laughed, eyes glowing, and said that she believed in “that stuff”. She introduced herself and sat down, and we

enjoyed a warm new friendship and conversation about ESP together.

However, I will add all of the above are child's play compared to a very recent experiment I conducted after being given a discourse by a Master teacher on how to do it. This experiment took place a couple of years ago on the beautiful boardwalk next to the Atlantic Ocean in Virginia Beach, Virginia, during a visit there. In this experiment, it actually took me only about three seconds to precipitate a live person to a designated space at a bench on the boardwalk.

Using the technique I had learned, I knew the exact spot on the bench that this particular person and I had sat on days earlier. This was not a pre-arranged meeting. The odds of my encountering this specific person—considering the million or so people residing in that area, and a million more tourists from all over the world coming and going—was one in trillions.

I sat down in that exact space with the pre-arranged suggestion that when I opened my eyes that specific person would be standing there directly before me and would say the exact words, “Hello, is that you, Russ Michael?”

Before closing my eyes, I surveyed both directions of the boardwalk and the shoreline just beyond me with lots of people sunning themselves just beyond the boardwalk—between it and the blue ocean. It was a warm sunny day. A few people were strolling in both directions of

the boardwalk, but certainly not the specific person I was about to mentally “precipitate” in a “space”. I knew that this person and I had sat on that very bench side-by-side five days or so earlier.

I then moved to the center of my being and closed my eyes with the absolute feeling that when I flicked them open again the person who had sat in the space would be standing directly before me.

About three seconds later, I knew it was time already to open my eyes.

“Hello, is that you, Russ Michael? How wonderful to meet you here again,” the exact specific designated person sang out! “Were you meditating?”

“You might say so,” I said, greeting that specific person with incredible elation.

The experiment was over. It had been successful to my complete satisfaction. It would have been too complicated and too unbelievable to reveal to that dear person what had happened, so I did not tell her of the absolute miracle that had just taken place.

I had no idea where this person came from who so suddenly manifested directly before me.

There was a little sand pathway coming straight to the boardwalk and to this bench from off Atlantic Street, directly beside where I sat on the bench. However, if this person had

come from that direction, she would have had to turn around suddenly in order to face me where I sat when I opened my eyes.

At any rate, here, too, I had learned first hand that knowledge gives us immense power, but only when and if we use that knowledge. I used my new knowledge to prove to myself the awesome power of thought and our God-given human minds!

However, as the awakened man Jesus told his awed disciples, I too must disclaim, "It is not me that doing these works. It is the God within me!"

In actuality, it is the God or God self, the "I Am" within every single one of us, who does that work.

I will share one last account here with you about reincarnation that also transpired in Virginia Beach. It happened back in the early 1970s when I was just starting to make several cross-country lecture circuits. I was back at the home I was renting just off the ocean and 24th Street, with about a two month space before my next cross-country lecture circuit began, when the telephone rang. I picked up the telephone and a strong voice spoke. The man identified himself as K.F. from Indiana.

He said he had been on a long spiritual search to understand life and, after being told a second or third time that I might have some of the answers he was looking for, asked if he

could make a 10 a.m. appointment for such and such a day when he would be in the area. He was coming to the Virginia Beach area to pick up a Rolls Royce he had ordered from England that was to be delivered to the nearby Norfolk ship dock.

I checked my schedule and told him I would be free most of that day so he certainly could count on having a personal consultation with me at that time on that day.

The days passed, and on the morning of our appointment, I was busy writing a chapter in a new book when my doorbell rang. I glanced at the clock. It was 10 a.m. exactly, so I knew K.F. had just arrived for his consultation appointment with me. I walked to the door and flung it wide. My eyes also widened.

The next moment, I extended my hand and placed it on his left shoulder—a salutation done in old Egypt thousands of years ago—and stated matter-of-factly these exact words, to my own surprise:

“I know you, brother. We were close friends in Egypt long ago, for over twenty years.”

K.F. stood stunned. He extended a quick hand to me and said, “I’ll be right back! I’ve got a cassette in my briefcase I want you to hear.”

He turned on his heels and quickly extracted his little black briefcase from the white Rolls Royce parked in my driveway. As soon as

I ushered him into my living room, he pulled out his cassette player and sorted through the cassettes in his briefcase. Locating the one he wanted quickly, he asked where my nearest electrical outlet was so he could plug in and play the recording for me. I watched, wondering why he was so excited.

K.F. pressed a button and ran the tape forward a little. He explained that what I would hear was a past-life reading by N.S., an elderly man who used to travel lecture circuits with Edgar Cayce. I knew the fine old gentleman since we had also shared speaking events at conferences together. I knew that he was a very accurate past-life reader, but wondered even more why K.F. was so eager to share some of his past-life reading of his with me.

Meanwhile, K.F. had found the right spot on the tape that he wanted me to hear and turned up the volume. The voice of past-life reader, N.S., was speaking.

“And at another time in Egypt, approximately 1600 B.C., you were a well-known and much loved High Priest. One day, the mother-in-law of the Pharaoh came to you and said she wanted you to make a public announcement that the Pharaoh was ‘the’ God.

“You shook your head no and told her that the Pharaoh was ‘a’ God, but not ‘the’ God so you could not and would not do it.

”This angered the woman greatly and she went to the Pharaoh and demanded that the High Priest be summoned to his palace and be told he must make the announcement.

“The Pharaoh, badgered by his mother-in-law, finally agreed to order the High Priest to come to his palace.

“When they met they became instant friends, and that friendship had lasted for over twenty years. The Pharaoh would often call the High Priest to sit on his throne and to make decisions when civil cases had to be heard from citizens.”

N.S., the speaker on the tape recording, started to move on to another past life of K.F., so he switched off the cassette recorder and we both moved together to share a long and very mighty bear hug. That former close warm bond of friendship between us—that ended long ago in Egypt by death—was renewed on that splendid day in modern-day Virginia Beach, Virginia, USA.

There are no accidents.

When K.F. heard I would be going through Indianapolis on my upcoming new lecture circuit, he told me he would secure a few more television and radio talk show appearances for me there. He also insisted that I stop and visit with him, his wife and their two young sons in a small town about 50 miles south of Indianapolis.

I did. It was amazing.

When I got to his home, I was astonished. This time around, it was he who now owned a huge modern-day palace. There were two huge stone lions on guard on each side of the long drive leading up to his home. The building had been a junior high school that K.F. had purchased and converted into this colossal palatial home.

I mused that perhaps in his many visits to my massive palace in old Egypt he had envisioned having such a place of his own one day—and that day had certainly come!

From time to time over the next few years, while we were still in close contact with each other, K.F. would gather together a large throng of his friends from the surrounding area and I would present a lecture or workshop on various aspects of ‘The Mysteries’ to this select, but fairly large, group.

K.F. must have a great deal of “good karma”. Among many other things, he owned a chain of hair-cutting schools, an airport and his own private plane. Across the street where he lived was parked a long train. It was convenient to his palatial home. All of the train cars had been converted into motel-like sleeping rooms. All of them had a bath and full kitchen facilities.

In addition, he was also enjoying this “good life” life with his lovely soulmate.

Incidentally, his guidance had been right. K.F. certainly did find some of the answers he was looking for in the first few hours of our first—and certainly completely destined—meeting.

What about you, beloved soul; have you found some of your answers?

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Chapter 12

What About SOULMATES and MARRIAGE

From the very start, I wrote my first book, *Finding Your Soulmate*, with the strong intent to have my readers understand the spiritual dynamics behind and within a soulmate relationship. I also found it to be a terrific platform for communicating the spiritual knowledge I had learned to others in a package form wanted and desired by them.

The big sales success of my first soulmate book led to my sequel, *Your Soulmate is Calling*, now already published in 13 languages. So, combined with the admixture of 12 languages my first soulmate book has been published in, there are at the time of this writing a host of soulmate books being read worldwide in more than 20 different major languages—which adds up to a mountain of books, all working to enlighten brothers and sisters across the earth.

One of my other books in this vein, *Finding Mr. Right or Mrs. Right*, also is published in several languages.

Your question may be, “What is a soulmate?”

Simply put, a soulmate is a mate whom you meet at the “soul level”. This definition is opposed to a love relationship or a marriage involving mental, emotional and physical interactions alone!

A meeting and a mating at soul levels form the kind of a genuinely loving relationship filled with and brimming over with much inner deep spiritual fulfillment for both marriage partners.

A soulmate marriage is certainly to be desired. However, if yours obviously is not, do not despair. Do not give up your relationship or the marriage without doing all you can to make it work. You are together for a reason. There are no accidents. This means instead of changing your marriage partner into something else, or someone else, you make self-effort to change your own soured self-attitude about your marriage or relationship.

When you find your God within, all kinds of exciting miracles can and do happen in your life. When you feel differently, appreciating what you have or whom you have in your marriage, or your personal relationship, you act accordingly. Your change of attitude can develop a completely new feeling of love for each other. When you appreciate someone and they know it, they will begin to appreciate you for the universal principle of balance (shared earlier) kicks in.

Marriage is not something to be rushed into or rushed out of since a marriage partner is now involved in what transpires. However, if you are being mentally, emotionally or physically abused by your marriage or relationship partner, that is a different story. You are a divine human being and the God within you deserves far better treatment than that. Only a fool—or an individual genetically addicted to self-abuse—will remain in that kind of an environment. There is little or no conscious self-love in any situation where you are the one abused and where you keep subjecting yourself to that shameful abuse.

On the other end of the spectrum, I can personally disclose that a soulmate marriage is ecstatic, joyful, uplifting and fulfilling beyond imagination. It is definitely worth wanting, cultivating or finding. However, you cannot make a marriage partner or a relationship partner a mate who will or can meet you at the soul level without willingness on his or her part.

For a soulmating to occur, both individuals involved must be able to know, meet, greet and to live out of their “center within”, or soul. If one is spiritually centered and the other is not, a soulmate relationship cannot exist. Soul-to-soul communication is possible only at a soul level.

The individual in a marriage who does not understand or live in his or her soul consciousness is not able to communicate intimately with his or her partner who does. Thus, arguments,

disagreements and parting of the ways occur naturally.

Give your marriage or relationship with a special someone a chance. If it is not right and you are doing all you can each moment to meet your marriage partner at a spiritual level, but it is not happening, the parting will come smoothly and naturally when your own God within guides you into or upon a different course.

Therefore, turn within and listen to what your God has to say about your marriage!

Marriage is a sublime opportunity for two souls to merge their paths and to become as one.

When the one-and-one no longer add up to two but instead add up to one, the speed of self-growth follows a potential direct square. Each such unified partner in such an exquisite marriage relationship grows four times as fast as an individual who is single.

Universal principles like this are at work at all times.

God bless your marriage or “special love” relationship!

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FINDING YOUR SOULMATE

“... In this end times age the conscious urge of soul-mates to yearn and search ceaselessly for their beloved counterparts grows daily. Memories from the ancient past return to hold their enticing image before us. Somewhere in the distant night of time, one special someone meant more to our soul than any other. This wondrous remembrance lifts our hearts and turns our minds' gaze toward this one brilliant STAR rising in our future heavens. ‘Where, oh where, is my soul-mate!’

“...When you find that particular ideal who meets the high standards of your own soul, then you will find and know your own soul-mate. The two are one. Every soulmate who comes into our life is there because he or she has responded to the timely invocation of our own soul. When we ask with firm conviction and unswerving faith, then we shall be given our desire. It is an occult law, that every invocation must be met by an evocation. Every time we lift our earthly matters up, we bring our spiritual substance into worldly being. The God within us becomes a living reality outside of us. Your ideal does exist! May he or she unfold rapidly within your present field of awareness ...”

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Excerpt from *Finding Your Soulmate* by Russ Michael
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Comments:

“Workshop last Saturday was very meaningful to me ... I have been studying your book on meditation. It is wonderful.”

“... a lifetime experience to my husband and myself.”

“Just a short note to let you know what a profound effect you have had on my life and the lives of many others since your visit to St. Louis.”

“I must say you are the first teacher that I have met that has left us with so much knowledge, and so very much to think about for a long time to come.”

“I got what I needed from your lecture ... thank you for your help and encouragement.”

“Russ, thanks so very much for giving our community this wonderful opportunity to hear TRUTH. You are an exceptionally gifted teacher and I want to tell you that I am personally grateful for what you have brought to us.”

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NOTE: See the back pages for information on how to obtain this book or any other of the more than 20 Russ Michael eBooks.



Chapter 13

What About SEX

Sex and money are two of the most popular subjects in society—and in our media—today, along with violence and dark cabal-created real terror. In the process, sex often is depicted or coupled with much violence. Yet the two are like oil and water—they do not mix.

My experience has proved that violence breeds more violence, but more sex does not. On the contrary, more sex breeds more of a peaceful environment, and—like you—I am for peace.

Sex is not bad! Conversely, sex is good. Where would you be today without the sexual interaction of your parents?

Sex organs are not bad or “naughty”. That concept is sheer ignorance. We must stop teaching small children such a terrible lie.

In the West, especially in our beloved USA, there is too much of an unwholesome focus on sex.

At the same time, the human body is covered up in public like it is something to be ashamed of, or as if an exposed female breast or a dress pulled up high on a woman's legs will provoke a sexual assault upon her from all the nearby males. There are just too many very

contradicting messages going on in our Western “new” world. It is as if there is a constant focus or unnatural obsessive focus on sex almost all the time and everywhere in the USA.

While on the other hand, you can stroll along the beaches of old Europe and find females young and old sunning themselves with breasts and much or all of their femininity fully exposed. Whole families of men, women and children sit or lay nude in the sauna, or take showers together completely naked.

Yet there is nothing about it in the air that smacks of physical sexuality. The human body is not hidden or quickly covered as if it were “dirty” or an object of shame. The people of Europe simply do not equate a naked body part with sexuality, while we in America are clearly obsessed with sex. Europeans have what I have found to be a healthy attitude about sex. It is simply a natural part of their daily or weekly life like food is to all of us. Sex to them is not a big deal and they wonder why the media tries to jam more sex, coupled so often with violence, down their throats!

You already know my attitude. I, too, definitely believe sex to be a totally natural act between a man and a woman. I do not, however, judge or condemn gay and lesbian individuals in any way for their sexual lifestyle preferences. I know that their same gender sexual preferences stem from their genetics, or are what is known as “cross-over”.

Often, a lesbian or homosexual entity in human form was, in spirit form, naturally polarized as either a female or a male. She or he literally crossed over the line: a spirit who is naturally polarized as a female crosses over and chooses to be re-birthed in a male body; or, vice versa, a male cross-over chooses to be re-birthed into a female body, though his natural polarity is as a male.

Thus, a female in a man's body who knows herself to be female seeks out males; and vice versa, a male now birthed in a female body seeks out females for his sexual pleasure, since he feels inwardly like a man. Get the picture? If not, re-read and ponder how the Law of Attraction is at work in whatever situation.

For whatever reason, through karma or their own free choice, these lesbian and gay individuals—who are also truly our divine loving human brothers and sisters—have simply made the choice to cross over or are having a karmic sexual cross-over experience. I am very aware of many of the other major reasons at other levels, but we do not have the space here to reveal and discuss them. Most of that information already has been revealed in other books of mine, such as *Mental Room of Mirrors*, *Self-Therapy Technique*.

Meanwhile, I do not recommend passing out condoms to children at home or in school because it implies that you want them to use them. I suggest instead that you tell your children that sex is good and that sex is natural;

however, sex is not something to experiment with until they are older. Children playing with matches cause a fire. Teen or child pregnancies can and will occur. Babies need to be raised properly by parents who can earn an income or have the means to support their children. Tell your children these simple, true facts and they will appreciate you for that!

Sex is sex—just as food is food—and nothing more unless enhanced through spirituality. Then sex becomes something worthy for two truly divine lovers, a Goddess and a God in human flesh, to enjoy!

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Chapter 14

God Wants to Talk to You

I do hope at this point of reading this book—if not already convinced of it—that God really does dwell inside of you and that God wants to speak with all of his very precious children, including you.

Speaking from my own life experiences, God is eager to warn you if your life is in danger or to give you advance notice about important issues in your life, and sometimes in the life of your country or of the world. God has more concern for you than any human parent ever had! There are many human parents who also know how to love their children unconditionally. Yet even their great love, when compared to God's, is like a candle next to a blazing sun. God loves you like no human can or ever will!

If you are eager to talk to God as I do and as many other human souls on earth are now already doing, you may need to pay attention to what is going on in your mind. If you are so busy talking to yourself about all of the petty little human concerns going on in your daily life, how can you ever hear God speak? God gave us all free will or free choice, and that means he even allows us to mentally, emotionally or physically “tune God out”, if that is our

human desire. Spiritually that is impossible, for God Creator Source is within each and every fragment of the God Creator Source Self.

Imagine how great and so obviously unconditional the love of such a God. Imagine, too, your own Creator who gave birth to your self-identity—that which allows you to say “yes” or “no” under all circumstances. When you truly know this, you will realize that when you can consciously choose to stop talking to yourself long enough to hear God speak, God will speak to you.

God really does want to talk to you. God will also listen to you and will give you the answers to any questions you pose. If you do not hear the answer to your question, it does not mean that God has not answered. It may simply mean that you have not yet sufficiently “centered” yourself or developed a sensitivity where you can feel the answer. Remember that all communication comes into our field as a vibratory wave of light. It is always picked up first as a feeling before being given sound or sight through the machinery of our human body and perceiving minds.

Your human body is a computerized, transistorized, biological, chemical-electrical machine. I prefer to call it an “embracement vehicle”.

You can teach your body how to relax so that your in-dwelling God consciousness can become centered. When you are “off center” or

off balance because of mental or emotional storms raging in your body and mind, it is difficult to hear God speak to you.

Learn how to DEcentrate, which is the opposite of CONcentrate. When you concentrate, you close in on your self. When you decentrate, you open yourself wide. When you are wide open, God will speak to you often for God does love you.

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Chapter 15

When God Speaks, It Pays to Listen

Usually we all hear ourselves speak mentally in our heads. We do this far more than we hear others speak to us. Since most of us are so very busy talking to ourselves, and usually about very insignificant things, how can we ever hear God speaking to us?

Each of us processes about 50,000 personal thoughts daily.

I suggest you take time today to listen to how much you really are chattering away mentally to yourself mentally. In fact, I challenge you to give yourself a suggestion that you will be on the alert to catch yourself talking to yourself this day and hereafter. I am sure you will be astounded. Simply keep reminding yourself all day long that on this special day you are monitoring yourself to see if you really do talk a great amount of the time to yourself. If not, you are certainly one in a million!

Meanwhile, God speaks to us on a daily basis in subtle tones and in subtle ways—and it pays to listen to God. I have already presented you with quite a few examples of how hearing God speak can be a life-saving event. However, it pays to listen to God in many ways. God

speaks in images as well as words, for we are all different in our sensitivities and personal focus or unique psychic proclivities.

As a rule, we all fall into three major sentient categories concerning inner communication with our God-self.

1. We feel
2. We see
3. We hear

Those of us developed in the first category are good at “psychometry”, meaning we can pick up or touch an object or a person and get sudden, strong mental images or impressions from it or from that person.

If we are in the second category, we are “clairvoyant” and can pick up pictures or vivid scenes of the future, past or present. Distance is no barrier to the mind for MIND is everywhere.

If we are in the third category, we are “telepaths”, meaning we are more apt to hear God speak rather than pick up the pictures or strong feelings God sends us. We can also more easily send or receive telepathic messages from others around us.

It follows that a more highly developed individual will be picking up transmissions or communications from God, or from anyone else

or from anything else, via all three of these once-opened channels.

When I first began doing meditation, I was anxious to get some form of inner message or communication, and it finally came. On that particular meditation period, my 3rd eye opened and I clearly, lucidly saw an enormously huge book. It stood before me about a yard high. The cover was black and the large gold printing on the book read: “*A Book Synthesis*, by Russ Michael”.

That picture was so indelibly etched on my mind—and on my brain—that I can recall it at will and with total clarity today many, many, many long years later.

At first, I interpreted the symbol literally. I thought I was going to write a book about that subject and that would be the book title. Later, when my ability to think and be multi-dimensional was developed, I realized the book represented my entire life. The black cover signified the ‘void’ out of which the synthesis of the many different schools of enlightenment I had studied and absorbed would be unified and presented to the masses. Millions of souls on Earth would read my many books; listen to my public radio shows or interviews; watch my television interviews; watch my Washington, D.C., television series about ‘The Mysteries’ (which aired in 1975 and again in 1976); listen to my discourses in person; and/or receive my information through the many forms of public media available now like our veritable instant

worldwide communication with each other via the Internet.

Listening to God pays in many ways. You might be told by God how to win the lottery. I have met a woman who followed her guidance and did win. You might be told how or where to find your soulmate or Twin Ray, or some other special lover. You may be told how to cure an illness when the doctors have already written you off as a hopeless case. There are simply countless ways that God can speak and bring beneficial results to you—because you listened.

During my lectures, I always begin by holding my mind in the silence or the ‘void’ for a few moments first. I call for a moment of silence from my audience and enter the void of my being. Whatever subject I am addressing flows out of me to the audience like a mighty river—no ranting, screaming or trying to put the fear of the devil in you.

Why? Because God is speaking through me in those calm and centered moments.

I recall, and will never forget, one incident. I was “in the flow” while presenting a lecture when someone in the audience abruptly asked me a question.

ZOOM!

All at once my consciousness felt like it was in an elevator that had just dropped down a hundred flights to the main lobby (my physical

brain), and there I groped for the information at that low horizontal level. I had to think really hard to supply the answer. It was such an obviously conscious struggle.

Whereas when I am in the flow, listening to God and allowing my vocal chords to say the words I hear and speak to my audience, the knowledge is coming from a vertical direction from the heights down to the depths and widths of my physically embodied human being. I am inspired as I speak and that means to be in-spirit, for God is talking to me—and I am listening.

You can learn to hear God speak to you today if you desire it strongly enough. If so, make the conscious effort to relax your body, ideally somewhere in a solitary place. If that is not possible, then wherever you are, just go deep within into the silence of your being and listen.

God may be talking to you at this very instant through the very words you are reading, and when God speaks, it pays to listen.

Ω

Chapter 16

God Creates the Cosmos Through Your MIND

If or when you read *The Secret Ancient Doctrine of the MYSTERIES*, or any of my other books that explore the Universal Hologram Principle, you will know much more about how this great cosmos surrounding us was created. All of it up to, down to, or across to the farthest point of existence was and is created by the one MIND.

Edgar Cayce, the Sleeping Prophet, often made the terse statement, “Mind is the builder”.

Not to confuse you—but to help expand or to enlarge your mind—there is only ONE mind at work here throughout all Creation. Because of our ignorance of ‘The Secret’ and our intentionally taught misuse of the spoken or written word, we say “your” mind, or “my” mind, or “his” or “her” mind, or “their” minds as if each one of us is a little piece of mind that we can call or claim as our own.

WRONGO IN THE CONGO!

The one MIND of the ONE God created everything that your senses report to you and my senses report me. Since you and I are of that

mind, we are natural co-creators of the Universe we live in. The common link between every person and every thing in the cosmos from the biggest star to the smallest particle anywhere and all between is mind one mind!

This is one way of understanding what Lao Russell, wife of the late scientific genius Dr. Walter Russell, meant when she wrote, “God will work with you, but not for you!”

What this means is that God has supplied a God-mind that extends out to and into everyone and everything in creation, and we are allowed—asked, actually—to co-create with it.

Mind is for our use. We can work with any part of God-mind—large or small, simple or complex—at will, through free choice. God gave us each free choice so that we could “do” or “not do”—be or not be, have or not have—anywhere, anytime and anyhow we desire to do it.

We choose. You choose. I choose. God never chooses for us. God fully, freely and lovingly allows us to suffer the depth of hellish self-torment or the heights of heavenly self-delight.

At each given new moment of each of our human lifetimes, we are given unconditional choice to create our own angle or altitude of space in the cosmos. We can select any known shape or texture, density, mass, weight and luminosity we desire. It must be and is our self-chosen decision. Thus, the universe—or earth—

you know and experience is made or created through your own sweet mind!

Free will has been given to every “I Am” self God fragment in the cosmos. Creation anywhere, therefore, is simply the power of God working through that extended God fragment’s one God mind.

Your mind is my mind and vice versa. All mind is one mind! That is why in any mind-over-matter experiment, I consciously became the mind.

When you believe, it you will see it, though the reverse is announced or intentionally taught to dumb-down the masses, i.e., “I will believe it when I see it”, which is the voice of ignorance.

The belief you personally hold paints or colors the one mind to present you with that specific picture in that specific space. For example, I used that one mind to precipitate that specific person at the specific relative same one-time and at that specific boardwalk same one-space as related in Chapter 11.

Ω

THE SECRET SCIENCE OF WHITE MAGIC

“... An even greater paradox: Both white magician and black magician use the exact same laws of nature to accomplish their objectives...but only up to a certain point. The reason is simple enough. Pure energy can be used for good or bad. It contains no black or white qualities within itself.... The time finally arrives when the white magician forges ahead—transcending 3-D laws, gaining wisdom and power—while the black magician is damned by his own nature to remain confined within the lower threefold spectrum of earthly existence. The white magician gains deep insight and mastery over the intuitive plane. Her or his power now becomes profoundly greater than the black magician's. The black sorcerer has severed himself from his soul and has no means whereby he can tap energy higher than the lower mental plane. He remains limited to life and substance at physical, emotional and lower mental levels. These three planes of consciousness act literally as a confining barrier to the black magician. He must remain within this reduced spectrum of reference until the form of which he is a part—in this case our planet Earth—Ascends or disintegrates. At that time he is reduced back to primal nothingness... lost in the dark night of time. ...”

.....
**Excerpt from *The Secret Science of White Magic* by
Russ Michael**

Comments:

“I’ve loaned SOULMATES to Sue Ann, WHITE MAGIC to Billie, and I’m reading the MYSTERIES.”

“I found your book, Finding Your Soulmate, at the ICC Brotherhood.” I literally could not put it down till I had completely read it. Bless you.”

“I want to let you know how much many of us in Omaha enjoyed your latest books.”

CELEBRITIES

“I certainly applaud your intention and efforts to bring more responsible programming to television, and to foster a spiritual cleansing in our nation.”

-Pat Boone

“By the way, Sue Ann said she mentioned to you about Willie Nelson loving your book, The Great White Brotherhood, and that he wanted more copies of it—maybe a half dozen or so would do it for now.”

Note: Willie shared this book with Kris Kristofferson and many of his other peers. This book also led to a deep spiritual and personal friendship between Willie and me, as disclosed in my autobiography.

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NOTE: See the back pages for information on how to obtain this book or any of the more than 20 Russ Michael eBooks.



Chapter 17

The Coming Golden Age of GOD ON EARTH

Most of the biblical prophesies you hear or read about are crying out that our world is coming to an end. That is not true! End times are surely here now, but not in the way depicted by gloom and doom prophets.

Earth is far too valuable of a piece of solar and cosmic real estate to be destroyed by human—or inhuman—hands, or minds. Mother Earth has been around a very long time and she will be serving all humankind for a long time to come. Earth is simply ascending in vibratory range from the Third Dimension to the Fifth Dimension. Mother Earth will no longer have a need for the ‘Dead Zone’ where humanity experiences the depths of hell or the sublime heights of heaven for soon there will be no physical body death. Soon many other human civilizations like our own, and those different than ours, will come and go to our Mother Earth freely.

Meanwhile, the universe operates on cosmic cycles, as does everything in it. The time cycle we are now entering in this Millennium will precipitate a final and eternal ‘Golden Age’ of a

new breed of Goddesses and Gods on Earth. This new Earth will be apparent in the eyes, the hands, the minds and souls of us as we all become more and more enlightened. Earth is becoming a STAR right at this moment.

As already stated, Sai Baba in India is making a huge contribution toward ushering in this enlightened era.

Countless other individuals and large masses of us on Earth today are “waking up” to our radiant self-divinity. Each in turn is arousing those around them, who likewise awaken to find their own divine God selves as well.

Soon all humanity on Earth will be ONE, in body, mind and spirit.

My book, *The Birth of Earth as a Star*, first published by New Dawn Publishing in the early 1990s (certainly an appropriate name for a publisher of such a book), can give you further insights into the why and how of it.

Soon all on Earth will be consciously seeking the knowledge revealed in this book. It is important that you and all the other readers of this volume know that this ‘Golden Age’ has already begun despite all appearances to the contrary. Despite the constant dark mid-East warfare; despite the spread of ignorance and the focus placed on the growing massacres and bloody violence dominating our television screens and emblazoned in black dark, bold

headlines in our dark cabal-controlled newspapers and public media worldwide.

Just as I had to go symbolically to the ends of the earth to find myself to that cave in Kauai; human earth civilization must also plunge down into the depths of darkness, of despair and depravity, before it suddenly finally turns, as did I, toward the light.

I have a strong hand in this planetary awakening process and so do you. My own personal enlightenment and your own bright personal enlightenment radiates out to light the minds and souls of others yet asleep.

I love this grand, green/blue emerald orbiting the wide blue heavens we call Earth. If you love it half as much as me, you will want to do all you can to see it light up like a shining star. Let it be so as easily, painlessly and speedily as possible.

Life is good! Life is grand! And awakened human life on earth is magnificent! I love it and I love you! God be with you.

Your God and my God, just like your mind and my mind, are the same.

Our God loves us and speaks to us often. All we need to do is quiet ourselves and listen. You may do as you choose, but when God speaks, I listen!

APPENDIX

As you may have guessed, there are hundreds, perhaps even thousands, of gaps or untold events in this volume. Some have already been disclosed in my past books, while others may be revealed in my future books. I am assuredly a man with a mission. I know what my mission is and I am now fulfilling it in this volume, past volumes and future volumes.

My mission is not to jam my knowledge down your throat, for whether you believe or heed what I have learned and presented is your business and none of mine. My business and my mission are being accomplished. I came on earth to learn about God and God's universal truths, then to talk and write about them and have them published and read in as many languages as possible in this lifetime, and I am doing it.

My forthcoming trilogy on the Universal Principles contain many of the profound truths about God and the universe in which we live presented in such a style and manner that a 10-year-old could understand them. For example: If you can understand how the universe works, than the Universal Principle of "a balanced and equal re-action to every action" kicks in and you will understand how you work, for each single God fragment of US is a miniature universe.

If you want to understand soulmate relationships, then you may want to read my books *Finding Your Soulmate*, published by Samuel Weiser, Inc.; *Your Soulmate is Calling*, published by New Dawn Publishing; and *There Is More than One Mr. Right or Mrs. Right*, soon to be published.

If you want to read about what happens to you when you die and go into the 'Dead Zone' of the Fourth Dimension, then my book, *Human Spirit on Earth and in the Dead Zone*, published by New Dawn Publishing, will reveal that information to you. You can learn how to easily protect yourself from the influence or possession of the demonic denizens of the 'Dead Zone' after death or while you are still here on earth in a human body.

If you want to understand how God will usher in the 'Golden Age' on earth, my book, *The Birth of Earth as a Star*, will supply you with that information. If the work of avatar Sai Baba of India to usher in this 'Golden Age' on earth is not known to you, I suggest you read any of the half hundred or more books published in English about him.

If you want to know and be able to use the most primal self-therapy technique on earth, read my book, *Mental Room of Mirrors Self-Help therapy Technique*, also published by Russ Michael Books and available in eBook form.

From time to time, I will be writing and releasing new books and eBooks on many impor-

tant subjects, so be alert for them if you like what I am revealing. In parting for now, may God bring light, love, health and great abundance into your life! SO BE IT.

You may write to me in care of this publisher or directly to Russ Michael, P.O. Box 654, Virginia Beach, Virginia, 23456, USA, (Please do understand I only read English letters to me.)

DR. RUSS MICHAEL

NOT THE END ... THE BEGINNING

Ω

Final note from the author scribe ...

In addition to my best-seller, *Finding Your Soulmate*, which is still selling in 12 languages, I have written more than 20 published self-help books and I invite you to obtain and read them all.

After my death experience at age 18 and in the unfolding due course of my spiritual work, I have received thousands of letters of gratitude from readers of my books and from many grateful attendants of my workshops who have found their soulmates or their Twin Ray life companions, or made their wildest, most impossible dreams come true. A few days ago, I received an email from someone who recently obtained and read my 360-page autobiography.

Dear kindly eBook reader,

This is what Carolyn Tester had to say to me about *Autobiography of an IMMORTAL*. Bless her heart.

I don't think I have ever enjoyed reading anything as I am now doing with your autobiography. I'm now beginning to read slower and slower ... as the end of it gets nearer ... a habit I've acquired when in a GOOD read.

*Love to you and yours,
Carolyn Tester*

If you enjoyed this or any other books of mine, please encourage your loved ones, friends and associates to obtain and read them all.

I suggest that you obtain my own *Autobiography of An IMMORTAL* or any of my current 13 eBooks—soon to be 20 or more.

Enquire now (or later) at:

www.TheSecretIsNoSecretAnymore.com

Or contact me at my personal email address:

RussMichaelEbooks@Gmail.com

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You can soon listen to my 3-minute podcast, read my brief bio or surf through the “Table of Content” pages of my many obtainable eBooks.

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To receive my **FREE** daily spiritual “Michael Worldwide Newsletter” in your inbox, email me at RussMichaelEbooks@Gmail.com and ask to be subscribed. (Again, this is free. Just ask!)

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Bless your heart, forever and forever. Bless us all. We are all blessed.

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***In living and loving gratitude to All That Is
I Am—Russ Michael***

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