More on DW

With the repeating of this experience continuing to occur, I knew I had to learn something from it. I pondered it and wrote it over many times. Some of the words and such would change but the main elements remained the same.

I killed myself. I died. I wasn't dead. I met a Divine Loving Being of golden light in a place that is not of this earth. It loved me and I loved it. We communicated. In it's wisdom and love, I was sent back. I was helped when I would have just laid there and given up again because I could not walk. I went to work. I saw things. I dreamed at night in vivid detail. Many of these dreams have happened in my real life. The main points don't change.

I was given love again and gladly gave it, even after years of being hurt in love. I was given my dear friends back and new friends that became dear. I was given back my children. I was closer to my family. I learned how great a treasure and power a true love is. I learned to love living again.

With the passing of the mate, I lost something of myself. I wasn't getting it back. The Creator had pulled a fast one on me, as I saw it, and I wasn't feeling understanding or forgiving. I was so sad and lost and hurt. I had been being good and something bad happened to me. Where was the love in that?

I looked for the answer. I was so very "not myself" with the grief and shock. The very dear friend that had been sharing books with me had loaned me one that gave me the inspiration and understanding of why I had to write this. I knew what I was supposed to do with this. It was truly a revelation to me.

That book reminded me that I am good. What a tiny thought to launch a year of writing. I wrote in an email to my friend, "I am a good woman. I was a good little girl. I am a beautiful and perfect spirit and I KNEW the Divine One Loved me JUST the way I am. I'm Good. "

I am good. I care for those that need it. From a hurt bird to a sad friend, even in kindergarten, I have cared and tried to help. I knew that about me at one time. But others told me I was not good enough; The cruelest phrase in the world. Those I looked to for love and protection corrected and corrected and I was convinced before I was seven years old that I could not be "good" no matter how hard I tried. I wasn't good enough. I was not LOVEABLE."

But I am. You are. We are only good.

I had seen myself as good again after reading that book. You are good. Not just "good enough", but the way we meant it when we said it as a child. "I'm a good girl." or "I'm a good boy."

I learned, again, that we are good. What I believe is important in this story is my ability to affirm a Loving *Living* Creator who has no negative in its being. Only truth, love and grace. Only love. And that we are good. The very material of our life force is love.

The Creator is Love. It is not just words. Perfect, unconditional love is what that being gave me. Love is what the Creator is composed of. It is the skin, the blood, the body of Him. Not God is loving - really "God is Love". Created by it, we are also, Love.

I was there, I still didn't get it. Life kept putting me in places I had to share it over and over and I kept missing it. There is NOTHING negative in the Creation. Love is not just what creates life, Love is Life; Love is what powers life. Love is only good. "God is Good". You are good. I am good.

What a concept! I knew I was not perfect in life as a human judges it - not even if you picked my mother as the judge - but the essence of me is always going to be alive, perfect and loving. I had just killed myself when I was given this knowing. It was the worst thing you could do in the belief of some people here. It was not true there at all.

How was I perfect? I can be nothing else. I said I was released from the things that were wrong in my life. But the truth is that I knew them as "right". That is the power of His love and divine grace. It is not forgiven. It is not forgotten. Neither of those is needed. It is showed to you so you understand that it is all love expressing itself between all that live.

He shows you your true self and you see you have been good. I am not this body. These hands move to the brain's impluses but the me that is writing this to you, the "ME" that is using these symbols to represent events, is only loving and good. You are made perfect by Him when you are created and are perfect still when you return. What the point of living here is - we each decide in our own heart. That is what I believe. You don't have to die in the body to receive this gift of understanding, you only have to ask for it and He gives it. That is what many call Grace. A knowledge of your own, inate goodness and value to all life by being only the true you.

I do not believe that one precious life here will be wasted or unloved by that Being I met. I am not the only one seeing this. I feel a strong need to add my words of affirmation to the others out there that believe in the Power of Love with no negatives. I can do nothing and keep the story private or share it and confirm their belief in a Creation in which it's all good.

I know that what I believe does not all match all of the book many call their only truth. I know that Love leads me today; here and now. He does it in ways that can not be explained away to my satisfaction. I choose to follow the guidance he gives the best that I am able. If I am wrong I know He will tell me so in a way I can't miss.

I have been showed that all the love we share with each other here is one with that Divine Love, the power that created life. We show that Divine Love to each other as human beings when we give loving attention to each other. It is all of His love. It is all One Love being expressed by every life being lived. One Love. One Creator. All of us are part of it and still ourselves. It is many loves and one love all at the same time.

I believe It is Love the Power that is life, that powers all of creation. I believe the Creator built us to love and care for each other. It does not separate us, it brings us all back together forever. They are not dead. You will not die.

I do not believe you will, "POOF!", un-exist. You do not "become unaware", lie in the dirt until the last trump, exit stage left, kick the bucket or any other idea you may have for the body no longer functioning. I believe there is no time and all time there. That everything is already happening in His time. It is every time and no time where He is.Time is not his master, the Creator is beyond every limit we can imagine.

Only your body becomes dead. It is such a release from so much hurt you don't even know you carry, until it is lifted from you, that it is not to be feared. I believe that Love guides all of life and works to keep the pattern true to the great vision he has of all of us loving together forever.

I can not believe suicide is a sin, only that it is a way some of us are allowed to change to the next life. I can't understand that, but I have to believe it. I was loved, treasured, sought as a friend and cherished - but I had just killed myself. To walk a path so dark that you seek death I wish on no one. I will not judge another's path home. I can only continue to try to walk mine.

I finished the book on a Monday. I told the story of that day of repeats to a new person at Bible Study that Tuesday. Telling people you died and spoke with a being of Divine Love, makes them look at you funny, but I told it anyway. I was trying to tell them why I thought I had to write it and get it out in the world.

Wednesday I realized I would have to write this. When I went back to the blog to review what I had written, it was exactly one year to the date from the I had to tell this story seven times to the day I knew I would write it for publishing. Then my telephone rang. It was the same man that started that day of repeats. He said, "Hello, you should have been expecting this call."

It would have been funny but I knew he was right. I should have been expecting to hear from him along with all the rest of the coincidences. I had mentioned him specifically the night before as being the one that started that strange day for me.

He had called to tell me he told my story at the Bible Study on the West Coast the night before (as I would have been telling it here) and it helped a person he cared about. I caught him up with where the year had brought me. When we were almost done he said, "When you publish your book before the end of the year I want an autographed copy."

I answered him, laughing, "There are a lot of assumptions in that sentence."

He replied, "I don't think so. I think it will happen.".

That feels a little spooky, too. It almost looks like his statement will be a truth. Today is November 8th. There might still be time to get a first copy if I can find a publisher. I am thinking it is going to be an E-book. (published on Amazon Kindle 12/24/07 - note - found this e-publishing site the day I was researching Chantix for the second time -12/16/07.)

I am writing this for the love I have for the Creator and the Divine Loving Being I met. I'm doing this for my friend in California I have never met. I am doing this for the man who brought me back to Jesus. I am writing this for the woman in Kentucky. I write for those who have lost their children. I am writing this for you, I pray it eases your heart as you read.

If this touched your heart then, the next time a need is seen by you, fill it if you can. By seeing those needs and filling them with our loving care the love is shared. That is all I want to do. I want to share the love. It is what makes life right and fair again, seeing there is Love for each of us. Learn to see it in those who love you. It is all the One Love, it is there for each of us.

If there is something only you can do, then go for it. Do it now, don't wait. You don't know when or if you will get a chance again. Love on.

[(to Index)](http://4herway.com/4letterword/thebook.html#top)