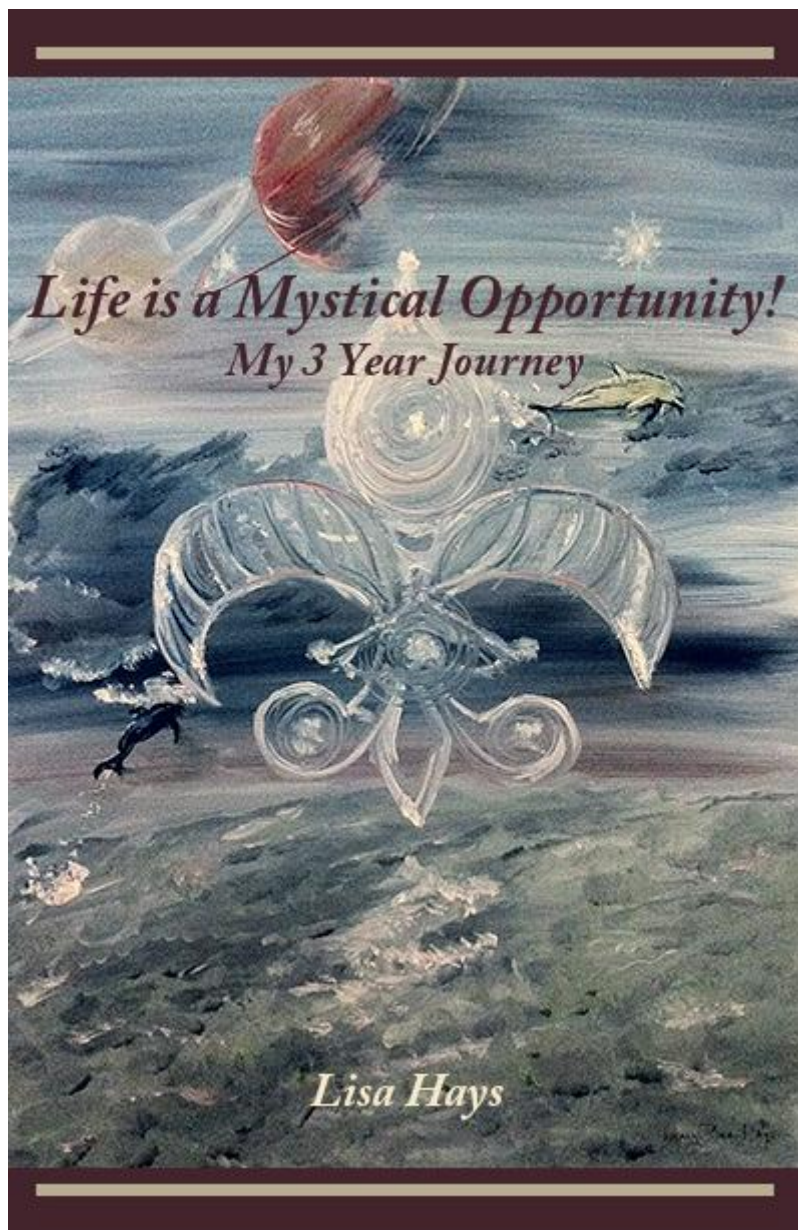


LIFE IS A MYSTICAL OPPORTUNITY!
My 3 Year Journey



LIFE IS A MYSTICAL OPPORTUNITY!

My 3 Year Journey

By Lisa Hays

PURPOSE

Life is a Mystical Opportunity! This realization is now true to me. Before my three year journey officially began in October 2009, I could only hope and dream for a perfect world. Now I know the perfect world is right here, right NOW. All we have to do is open our hearts to see, hear and feel it. I know now everything is perfect, including us! And all is in perfect order.

The purpose of this book is to share with you my visions, dreams and experiences over the last three years. Because these “downloads” were coming to me at a very fast pace and were so unusual, I started to keep a journal of them. I never thought I would share them in a publication. Journaling was just a release for me. I didn’t think very many people would resonate with what I was seeing, hearing and feeling.

I am so grateful my family honors my journey and believes in me. It is my hope you will acknowledge life’s possibilities and begin to remember what is true to you.

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My 3 Year Journey

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This book is dedicated to my beautiful children, Caitlin and Conor and my loving siblings, Laurie, Lynn, Chris and John who offer the guidance and support I cherish as I walk this Earth.

And in loving memory of my mother and father who loved us unconditionally and encouraged us to think “outside of the box”.

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INTRODUCTION

It is with love I share my 3 year journey with you. My visions, dreams and experiences may trigger memories—memories of your own truths. That is my hope.

You can REMEMBER. We are all Gods, Goddesses and Enlightened Masters right now. If you remember you are already perfect and know everything, your life flows easily and abundantly. The more you remember what you already know, the more your challenges, illnesses and problems will fall away.

I feel joy, bliss and gratitude for my abundance and health. To access this feeling at will, I take a deep breath of beautiful air. Every atom and cell of my body starts to tingle with a joyful sensation. Air is truly our life force.

I've come a long way. Just a few short years ago, I was immersed in the 3D game of life. I played hard and worked hard. To live the best I could, I ate a fairly nutritious diet, exercised enough and did what was expected of me to be a functional and productive adult. I thought of myself as "healthy, wealthy and wise."

Picture perfect, huh? Hardly. While trying so darn hard to be perfect, an unexpected thing happened—I became bored. About ten years ago, 2002 or so, I began asking myself, "What next?" I thought I had everything I could possibly need and achieved everything I sought out to achieve. I was married to a successful lawyer; was a successful lawyer myself; was fortunate to be the mother of two accomplished children; and had plenty of money,

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good health and intelligence to do whatever I wanted. But “What next?” I kept asking. It was gnawing on me. I was BORED! But if I had known then what I know now, I would have put my seatbelt on for one heck of a roller coaster ride.

You see, I realize now why I felt so bored then. I lived life with a thick pair of blindfolds on and very soundproof earplugs. I basically set it up so that I could not see and hear what I couldn’t bear to see or hear. I just wasn’t ready for the roller coaster ride yet. Once I took my blinders off and my earplugs out—late in 2006—the world for me quickly changed. But the reason “why” I took my blinders off and earplugs out is another story altogether. Not a story told here. But suffice it to say, the reason why happens to all of us in varying degrees and shapes. At some point in our lives, we hit a miserable wall where we either succumb to the misery for the rest of our lives—or—we decide to climb that wall to see what is on the other side. And climb that mighty wall is exactly what I chose to do. And I will tell you, what is on the other side is wonderful beyond words. It makes you realize that *Life is a Mystical Opportunity!*

Before my former husband Kevin and I filed for divorce in January of 2008, I was pretty private about my personal “stuff.” I recall the shock in my siblings’ and Father’s voices when I told them I was filing for divorce. I realize now I didn’t reveal my inner turmoil with my loved ones because that would mean I would have to face it first. It was much easier to stay in survival mode, with my blinders on and my earplugs in.

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At the time of this writing in December 2012, I live in Indianapolis, Indiana; I am single; I have a scaled down lobbying/law practice; I am working on a new project called *Dreams for Society*; my adult children are living their own dreams 2000 miles away in southern California; I eat mostly raw or vegan food; I dusted off my paint brushes; I play the flute and piano; I hike bunches; play tennis; work out with my weight trainer; and of course, meditate—a LOT. But the biggest change for me is the amount of traveling I do. Since October of 2010, I have traveled to Italy, Mexico, England, Peru, Romania, Sedona, Southern California, Florida, NYC, Rhode Island, Arkansas and Mt. Shasta. It seems I can't stay put in Indianapolis very long. And when I say I can't stay put, I find myself seated in an airplane at least once a month, flying to somewhere else! Why is it I feel I want to be everywhere at once? And do everything at once? Could this be possible too?

When I was a child, I loved to play outdoors and create neighborhood shows and musicals. Life was fun when I felt free to play and create. I observed everything around me, not shy about taking it all in. When something didn't make sense, I questioned, "Why?" At about the age of five or six, I remember asking myself one night before I went to bed, "Who am I praying to?" I heard in church that good Catholics were supposed to say their nightly prayers, but I didn't feel the connection. Something was off key. I intuitively knew there was much more to everything than what I was being taught in church and school.

In first grade, I looked at the nun at the front of the room and wondered, "Why do nuns cover up everything except part of their hands and a little part of their face? I can't even see what color

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hair she has. That outfit must feel awful.” One day when we were resting our heads on our desks for a short nap, the nun who was patrolling the room was walking right by my desk. Without being detected and keeping my head still, I squinted my eyes to try to see what she had under that huge white starched looking collar. I was disappointed when all I saw was just her neck!

In addition to questioning religion, I questioned world history. I wondered why the history books were all about men and wars. Looking back, I see I simply was not “buying” into all this programming nonsense.

I will never forget the day I understood we were like robots waiting for our next program. It was the first day of 2nd grade. On that day, the nun stood boldly in front of the class and announced in a rather perturbed voice, “Children, you must forget everything we taught you last year in religion class. While you were on vacation this summer, Vatican II changed everything!” Poof!

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Terms defined:

Visions: My visions are those I see in my 3rd eye or inner vision while I am meditating, while I am in an alpha state waking up from sleep, or while I am in a theta state just about to dose off to sleep.

Remote viewing is another form of 3rd eye or inner vision, but is the ability to view something happening on earth in real time while in a meditative state.

Experiences: My experiences are out-of-body experiences that can be as physically dense as our experiences on earth or less dense in which the surroundings and people are more translucent.

Dreams: And my dreams happen when I am asleep at night.

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PRELUDE TO JOURNEY

You might say I have been preparing for this three year journey all my life. Below are a few mystical occurrences which impacted me in a profound way before I “popped” in October of 2009.

Divine intervention: It was early 1990. Caitlin, my beautiful daughter, had just turned four years old. My bundle of joy, Conor, was only a few weeks old. It was a rainy Monday morning and I was driving back to Indianapolis with Caitlin and Conor after spending a family weekend at Heritage Lake. Their father, Kevin, had driven back to town earlier that morning. My Toyota Tercel, with its old tires and small frame, was not the proper vehicle to be carrying such a precious cargo named Caitlin and Conor. But those were the days in which I felt I must sacrifice a nice car for a boat. Can you imagine that? Why on earth would I make that choice? I look back at that choice in awe—I would do anything for my children, so why didn't I have a safe car in which to transport them? And why did I embark on a journey back to Indy when the conditions were not safe – just to get to Caitlin's swimming lesson on time at the Natatorium? All this seems so unreal as I write this now. But what happened that day was out of this world—a truly surreal experience.

When I left the lake, the rain was steady but not heavy. The closer I got to Indy, the steady rain turned into a torrential rain. As I drove down I-70, I watched with amazement the sheets of rain that poured down my windshield. Both kids were sound asleep. Caitlin was buckled in the front seat and Conor was in his car seat facing me in the backseat. Just then, a very amazing and scary thing

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happened. I lost control of my car! I remember thinking—don't try to hit the brakes—just take your feet off the breaks—don't try to steer—just, well just—well I wasn't sure what to do!! Time seemed to stop.

I looked to my right at Caitlin and over my shoulder at Conor to see if either one could sense the impending disaster. Both children were still sound asleep. I was so thankful they would sleep through what was about to happen. Just then my car started to turn 360 degrees. When it turned halfway at the 180 degrees mark—facing the road backwards—I saw a huge semi-trailer truck coming straight at us! “Oh no!” Time stopped.

Before I knew it—again with my feet off the pedals and my hands doing nothing with the steering—the car came to a standstill. The engine was still running and the windshield wipers were moving frantically back and forth, but the car was no longer moving. Now, mind you, a miracle occurred. For the car didn't stop in the middle of the road. No—it stopped in a perfect position, just a couple of inches from the middle medium facing forward. I remember thinking how lucky that this part of the road had a sufficient area by the medium to fit my car. At that time, most of the highway was too narrow for even a small car at the medium.

I could not believe my car just turned 360 degrees and did not hit a thing. There was not a scratch on the car! It was as if the car floated over to the medium, out of harm's way. Trying to take this all in, I was instantly snapped back to reality when the huge semi came roaring past us only a couple of feet from my car! “Thank

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God we were out of harm's way! Wow!" I thought. I looked over at the kids and they were still asleep!

I sat there, for who knows how long, getting my bearings. Oddly, I was calm and very, very grateful. My attention went back to my two beautiful children. I looked at Caitlin and I looked at Conor—and my eyes stopped at Conor. Yes, there was something going on around Conor. I knew his angel or angels had intervened. Nothing was going to happen to us on that day. I knew Caitlin, Conor and I were meant to stick together, to teach each other about LOVE and to LIVE what we came here to live, in love.

Gold Sun in my head; Full body orgasm: Around 1997, my sister Laurie and I traveled to Pompano Beach, Florida to attend a vegan, "Fit for Life" retreat for five days. It was an all women's trip that in those days was part of an Ambassador travel club selection. The trip turned out to be life changing for me. Right away, I thrived on the vegan diet—no meat, no dairy products and no caffeine. I thrived on the Tai Chi workout and the nightly lectures. When I swam laps in the pool, I could see perfectly without my glasses. Everything seemed different there. The director told us she could see auras. I was in heaven. Laurie and I had a blast and my body underwent a major cleansing inside and out.

On the last night of the trip, I received an unexpected Spirit cleansing. It all started when I attended a meditation class and I just couldn't meditate. My mind was too busy. So I signed up for a private meditation with the director, hoping I could quiet my mind and learn to meditate. At least that is what I thought I was going to do. What I did was much, much more.

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I walked into the director's treatment room with an open heart, having no knowledge about chakras, Reike or energy work. I lay down on the treatment table with my tummy up. The director asked me what I worried about and what part of my body held the most stress. I immediately piped up, "My stomach. And I wish I could spend more time with my children." Without touching me, she moved her hands over my stomach and proceeded to do something akin to what I now know to be Reike. Except it was much more. I was—unknowingly—about to embark on the beginning of a glorious journey. (A journey that would yet see a dormant period for many years until I "popped" in the fall of 2009.)

The director instructed me to close my eyes. But I couldn't. My eyelids were vibrating and wouldn't cooperate. Energy surged through me and all around me. I wasn't sure what was happening. I tried to relax as much as I could and apologized to her about not keeping my eyes closed.

She asked me, "Do you see anything?" "

Well, yes, as a matter of fact, I see a huge golden sun in my entire head!"

"Do you see any colors coming into your right leg?"

"Yes, I see light blue," I answered. She asked me what colors were coming out of my left leg and I told her pink and yellow.

In the next moment, an unbelievable thing happened—as if the golden sun in my head was not enough! I lost the feeling of where my body ended. I felt myself extend six inches from every cell and

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atom of my body. I could no longer feel the cot I was lying on. I felt my body beyond my body, if that makes sense. And to add to the mystery, I began feeling “an out of this world” tingling in all of my body—it felt so good. The only way to describe it is to say it felt like what a full body orgasm must feel like. And the best part is it lasted several minutes! It was awesome. But I didn’t realize how life changing this experience was at the time.

As I was exiting the room, I asked the director to explain what I experienced. She uttered an explanation that sounded like a foreign language. I couldn’t recall a word she said. I went straight to our room where Laurie was waiting for me. Laurie wrote down the colors I saw on a piece of paper. I was too shaky and excited to write it myself.

Within the hour, Laurie and I met up with some girls from the retreat and we walked the beach to a restaurant. They wanted to skip the vegan food the last night. I really didn’t want to go because the director had given me orders to relax over the next couple of hours. But the beach walk was nice. When we entered the restaurant from the beach, I became overwhelmed with the noise and the crowd. I almost felt like bolting! “Thank God,” I thought when the waitress seated us on the porch and away from most of the restaurant chatter. I got through the dinner somehow without feeling too badly. But the next morning at the airport, the noise still bothered me.

Looking back at this now, I realize it was as if the real world was not in harmony with me anymore. But at the time, I had no idea what had happened to me...I was pretty confused about it all.

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A couple of days later when I was in the kitchen at home and Kevin was leaning against the counter about eight feet from me, he said, “You’ve changed...and I don’t like it!”

Observation: As you remember more of your light, it shines more brightly everywhere you go. If someone close to you is not use to your brighter light, they may get “blinded”—just like you may get blinded if someone shines a bright light in your face in a dark room. When I came back from the vegan retreat, Kevin was not used to my light—it had grown more brightly, and in a way, hurt his eyes.

My guardian angel Gracie: It was 2001. I traveled to St. Louis to meet my Dad and Aunt Mary Louise to celebrate my Uncle Joe’s 50th Ordination celebration of becoming a Catholic priest. Father Joe was deep into the throes of Alzheimer’s and was not mentally present to take in the celebration. Mary Louise sat at a table with my Dad and me. Father Joe sat in the middle of the room gazing at the guests. I was looking forward to chatting with Aunt Mary Louise as she always fascinated me. Eight years Dad’s senior, she lived in Albuquerque as an independent business woman. She was telling Dad and me how she’d gotten lost on her way there. She was in East St. Louis—not a great place to be lost—when she asked her guardian angel to help her find her way. She said as soon as she put the “call” out to the angelic realm, someone appeared that gave her great directions.

I was totally entertained by her story. I loved seeing the “knowing” in her eyes about how “easy” it is to interact with the angelic realm. “This stuff is right up my alley,” I thought. Enthusiastically I

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asked her, “Can you ask your guardian angel what my guardian angel’s name is?”

“Ask her yourself!” directed my aunt. I almost chuckled when she assumed my guardian angel was a female.

I realize now my aunt gave me a huge gift. She empowered me. By directing me to ask the name of my guardian angel, she gave me confidence that I had the power to seek my answers. I had the power to seek my own truths.

About a week later as I was going to sleep, I asked my inner self, “What is my guardian angel’s name?” And right away the name “Gracie” came in. I got pretty confident that I heard correctly, so a few nights later I asked for Caitlin, Conor and Kevin’s guardian angels’ names. I got that Caitlin’s was Melissa; Conor’s was Michael; and Kevin’s was Henry. Today I don’t feel Gracie around me much. She’s moved on I think—or maybe I’m the one that has moved on.

Divine intervention again: It was the summer of 2004 when Caitlin was 18. Caitlin’s friend, Korey, invited Caitlin on a family trip to the Dominican Republic. On Wednesday night of her trip, I was at home in bed reading a book. Kevin was beside me watching TV. It was about 9:30 p.m. An overwhelming concern came over me that Caitlin was in danger of getting physically hurt. This energetic wave of concern was none like I had ever experienced, so I took notice. I called out to my guardian angel Gracie and Caitlin’s guardian angel Melissa. I asked Gracie and Melissa to protect Caitlin. A beautiful energy of peace came over me—a feeling not of this world. I knew

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somehow that all would be fine. Feeling much more relaxed, I had no trouble falling asleep.

The next day, Caitlin called the house phone about 11:30 a.m. I was at home for some reason. She greeted me in a strong, somewhat cheery voice. I remember thinking, "Gosh, I guess that intuitive feeling last night was just my imagination. I am so glad she is okay!" But then she told me she was in a motor scooter accident around midnight the night before and had busted and skinned up her knee as well as forearm. She told me Korey was following in a car and was really scared for her as she watched her fly off the bike and land on the side of the road. The roads were slick from an earlier rain. The driver of the bike was a Frenchman her age who just happened to be heir to the company, Chanel. The Frenchman wasn't hurt. No helmets. Was there divine intervention here? Most likely. Caitlin recovered in one day and resumed her vacation.

Mom's presence: Now let's fast forward to around 2005 or 2006. It was after my mom died on December 21, 2003 and before my dad died on December 22, 2008.

It was Kevin's habit to rise early and my habit to try to capture a few more moments in bed. The time of day was typically 5:30-6:00 a.m. and it would still be pitch black outside. On about five or six occasions over the course of several months, I would feel a body lie down next to me on Kevin's side of the bed. I could see an indent as well. It was a small body and I knew it was someone who loved me. One morning, I felt a hand under my pillow and it wasn't my other hand because that was by my side. I knew the hand was my

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“Mom’s.” My truth was that she was with me and I was glad.

In my lingerie drawer, I keep my mom’s small white sachet that is filled with potpourri. I found it right after she died in her lingerie drawer. The sachet has the letter “M” embroidered on it. I asked my siblings if they remembered giving it to her and what the “M” stood for—Mom or Marylou? No one knew and no one recalled giving it to her. They said it was okay for me to take it. I can still smell its fragrant aroma when I open my drawer. On days when I feel her presence more intensely, sure enough, the fragrance is more intense as well.

Regained hearing: In the summer of 2008, I was driving in my Volvo SUV with the radio on. I suddenly realized that for the first time in my life, I could hear the lyrics of the songs! This was a miracle to me. Before this miracle, I could only hear the lyrics in slow songs with no background noise, such as Frank Sinatra type songs. I was actually listening to songs I had listened to for years but never “heard”. Same car, same radio—but new ears! Phenomenal! I can’t explain it, but I know that once again, this was a sign from my inner holiness that anything is possible.

My name was called out: Shortly after my dad died in December of 2008, I awoke in the middle of the night and heard somebody firmly call out, “Lisa, Lisa.” I didn’t recognize the voice—it sounded like a male voice. I felt the sender was trying to convey something to me because there was a hint of “concern” in the tone of the voice.

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I didn't understand any of this at the time—nor do I profess to understand it now. I just know the ethereal and angelic realms are always with us to offer support.

Gold ball dance: It was July 24, 2009. I arrived at the lake cottage about 10:00 p.m. after spending the day with my tennis team at the Indianapolis Tennis Champions tournament. I didn't go outside as it was already pretty dark. I called Conor to see if he planned on coming to the lake yet that night. He said he decided to stay back in Indy and would come down on Saturday. Feeling tired, I retired for the night. It was about 11:00 p.m. and I was alone in the house.

I almost always fall asleep within five minutes of laying my head on my pillow. Add the lake's clean air, soft sounds and my block out shades to the mix, and I knew I was in for a great night's sleep. But a strange feeling came over me about a minute or two after I lay down. I felt something. "Did I forget to lock the sliding glass porch doors? Why am I worrying about this?" I asked. I only opened one door briefly upon my arrival and was sure I locked it again. Nonetheless, I emerged from my glorious bed already in a semi-theta state and checked all the doors. Yes, they were locked. So I went back to bed. I was so grateful to be at the lake in my new king sized bed and be given a guaranteed night of uninterrupted sleep. My room was pitch black the way I liked it.

A minute or two later, a bright light illuminated the room. "What...how can that be?" I opened my eyes, not sure what I'd see. To my amazement, a gold ball about the size of a nickel was swirling around in mid air. It was moving chaotically in an area of about four feet by four feet at the right corner of my bed. "What is

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that?” At first I thought someone was in the house and was shining a laser light in my room. That seemed possible since my door to my room was open. “But aren’t laser lights red and not yellow?” I asked myself. I quickly ruled out a laser light because no one was beyond my bedroom door where you would need to be with a laser. And this light just didn’t seem like it was coming from a laser. There was no beam or after effect that you would see from a laser. And the gold ball behaved erratically as if it were a conscious energy trying to communicate with me.

I was too confused and baffled to consider its behavior at the time. I surprisingly was not in fear. I was more annoyed than anything and just wanted to go to sleep. Without warning, the gold ball dove and landed on my comforter at the edge of my folded wool duvet. My toes, nestled under the covers, were at the tip of the gold ball. I remember thinking how bright this gold ball was because it really lit up the comforter and the space under the duvet. I couldn’t figure out what this thing was! I lifted my foot up and kicked at it, trying to shoo it away! Can you believe that? I tried to shoo away something that surely was beyond this world—maybe a fairy or an angel. Well, it wouldn’t budge. So rather impatiently, I leaned over to the lamp beside my bed and turned it on. I looked over to see if the gold ball was still there. I couldn’t see it with all the light now in the room, so to be sure, I turned the light back off. Finally! The gold ball of light was gone. “Now I can go to sleep,” I thought with relief. And I fell fast asleep in no time at all.

The next morning I got curious about this gold ball and tried to figure out what it was. I turned on my computer and Googled

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everything I could think of—gold ball; gold light; dancing gold light; fairies; angels; etc. The internet provided no explanation that satisfied me. To this day, I still seek the remembrance of what this dancing gold ball was. I know the experience was meant for me to understand there is more to life than what we see in this 3D world. Life is a mystical opportunity!

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My 3 year journey *begins.....*

If I were to pick one thing I am most grateful for, I am grateful I said "yes."

On the eve of this journey, I woke up one morning hearing myself say the simple but profound word "yes." It was as if I heard myself talking in my sleep, but I was awake. I had no idea what I was saying "yes" to, but I KNEW I had just signed up for something very, very important.

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CHAPTER ONE

LATE 2009

Lost Time

Sometime in late 2009

I was driving back in the dark from a dinner I had with a fellow mystical and spiritual friend, Diane, at the Istanbul Café on the Northwest side of Indianapolis. From that location, I typically take a route home that goes past Holliday Park. On this particular evening, an unusual phenomenon occurred. I lost time! I have no recollection of the 15 minutes of time during the drive home from the restaurant to a spot in front of the gate of Holliday Park. As I stared at the gate, I didn't know where I was at first. Then I noticed the Holliday Park sign, realized where I was, and promptly turned in the right direction to go home. "Wow, how could I have lost memory and still be able to drive safely?" Diane seemed to think I was in another dimension during the "lost time." Looking back, this explanation rings true to me.

Gold Beam Entered Heart

10/6/09

This day was like any other day in my 3D world. I did my usual stuff just trying to survive and trying to get through a difficult divorce. So it was with "hope" for a better life that I scheduled a session with Dr. Dan, a chiropractor from Arkansas. No, I didn't need to adjust my back. I needed something else. For this particular chiropractor was gifted with a metaphysical gift: A gift of Holy Divine Healing.

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I first met Dr. Dan at an event at my friend Diane's house when she hosted him a couple of months before in August, 2009. At the event, I listened to Dr. Dan explain his gift and how he received it 17 years before through a near death experience. He told us how he crossed the "veil" and met beautiful crystal light beings with turquoise jaws. He described how one of them looked him straight in the eyes and "zapped" him with an energetic knowing of Holy Divine Healing. He said the crystal light beings ordained him as a Melchizedek minister on the other side of the veil. "Wow, how fascinating," I thought.

As I listened to his Holy Divine Healing equations, I must admit, the equations sounded like a foreign language and "out of this world." However, I rarely think anything or anybody is too far out there. "Bring it on" is my motto. When I was leaving the event, Dr. Dan approached me and said, "You must think I'm crazy."

"No, not at all," I assured him. But as I drove home, my mind was trying to decipher and assimilate what I had just heard and experienced.

Something Dr. Dan said or did must have stuck with me because I kept getting an internal nudge to schedule a Holy Divine Healing over the phone. So on this particular night I was going to give Dr. Dan and his gift a try.

While I waited for Dr. Dan to call me at 10:00 p.m., I lay in bed trying to relax with the lights turned off and some candles burning. Promptly at 10:00 p.m., Dr. Dan called. After a few introductory comments, he commenced the Holy Divine Healing. The equation took about 30 minutes.

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Afterwards, Dr. Dan asked me, “How do you feel?”

I searched for an answer. “Well, I feel peaceful,” was the only thing that came to mind.

“Awesome,” he said.

After he answered a couple of my questions, we said our goodbyes and I disconnected the call. I leaned over to blow out my candles on the nightstand and in no time at all, I was dreaming merrily away.

What seemed like minutes later, I suddenly woke up. It was about 3:00 a.m. With my eyes wide open, I saw a huge golden beam of light stream in from my bedroom ceiling. A sonic boom sound filled the room. The golden beam went straight for my heart. My heart started to vibrate! “Wow, Dr. Dan, you didn’t tell me THIS would happen!”

Question on March 25, 2012 to the Masters with “Walking the Earth as a Living Master” Course:

I awoke from my sleep on October 6, 2009 around 3:00 a.m. just in time to see an amazing phenomenon. Looking up with my eyes wide open, I saw a beam of golden light stream through my bedroom ceiling, accompanied by a soft sonic boom. The beam was about eight inches in diameter and entered my heart with a reasonable amount of force. My heart started to vibrate. I wondered why it entered my heart and not my head. (In those days, I thought the head was where all the action was.) As I tossed and turned the rest of the night, I felt more light beams enter my

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heart. Did this light come through the earth's grid and bring forth an encoding into my heart?

Explanation from the Masters:

“This is a very important opening and a profound blessing, beloved, from the heart of your own Christed Presence. This beam of Light came as a powerful force from your own God Presence to align and awaken your heart to its original encoding from Source. Your own Divine Spark was thereby re-opened and awakened by the Light of your own Presence. This is, indeed, a great blessing and now, through the anointing of this Light, it will be much easier for you to not only proceed with your mastery, but also to hear the communications from the Presence within your own heart.”

Question to the Masters:

Those that I have shared this experience with knew it was significant, but really did not know how to explain it. No one I know has had a similar experience. Is this experience common for everyone on the ascension path? And if so, at what point on the path can we look forward to it? Is it possible I will have this happen to me again?

Explanation from the Masters:

“After a magnificent experience with Spirit, such as the one you had, it is usual that one wants to experience it again...and again. It is best to remain deeply grateful for what has come through your field of awareness via your Presence and if you experience another

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wonderful union with Spirit, it might well be different, yet just as powerful in its own way. No two days are ever alike, even in the Spirit world. Live what is eternally so, and all else will fall into place. Any experience that has a beginning and an end is truly only pointing to Divine Source. Everyone has experiences along the ascension road...some are similar yet never exactly alike."

Observation: *October 6, 2009 is the day I "popped."* The golden light in my heart activated my memory. On this day, I started to remember what I already know.....

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My three year journey of visions, dreams and experiences has been a journey of remembering. As we begin to remember we are already perfect and know everything, we live our lives more easily and abundantly. When we remember what we already know, our challenges, illnesses and problems simply fall away.

As we treat life as a mystical opportunity, we uncover our truths. When we uncover our truths, we discover the wisdom, love and power within us. As we let go of the "sorry's" of the past and the "worries" of the future, we create with love in this moment. We imagine, visualize and create a world in which we thrive and live happily every day.



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I am in gratitude to you for receiving my book.

It is such a gift to give.

Love & Joy, Lisa