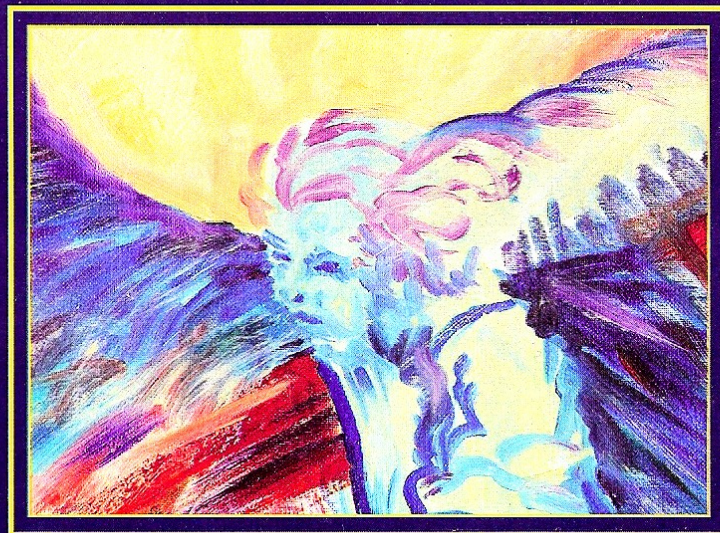


The Evolution Angel

*An Emergency Physician's Lessons
with Death and The Divine*



Dr. Michael Abrams

“*The Evolution Angel* is a true treasure, real life stories laden with doorways to the unknown. I began this book a bit curious and quickly became enthralled by its beauty.” Mickey Houlihan, President, *Wind Over The Earth*, Boulder

“I have been praying for spiritual guidance for a long time and I believe that is the reason I found this book. I plan on sending copies to everyone I know. This book has changed my life, and I’m sure it will change the lives of many others.” Amber, California

“Unlike any other angel book. *The Evolution Angel* not only confirms that we are not alone, it goes further in showing us precisely how angels work and how we can best work with them. This is essential reading for anyone striving to realize their full potential as a spiritual being.” Melinda Ryles, M.S., Lexington

“I found myself identifying with Dr. Abrams, not only as a fellow physician, but also as a human being who has pondered the many questions of our existence. The insights provided in *The Evolution Angel* answer these questions and tell us who we really are. This book explains how we can evolve as spiritual beings while on this earthly plane, and that angels are waiting eagerly to help us. It gives us the hope that God is always listening to us and we may freely converse with him regardless of who we are or what belief system we subscribe to.” Robert E. Elliott, M.D., Psychiatrist

“Dr. Abrams’ experiences with dying patients has opened a door into another dimension. The message within surpasses the conscious mind en route to the visionary spirit. My eyes are opened and my spirit rejuvenated.” Shelley Smith, Vancouver

“I personally saw an angel come into my husband’s hospital room when he was finally taken from me. The existence of such beings is beyond question. In this book you will hear from them and you will find love, comfort, and a new understanding of your world.” Colleen W., Writer, San Francisco

“*The Evolution Angel* was so enlightening. I feel like I have finally put all the pieces together to understand the truth. It was wonderful to hear an interpretation of the Bible and Jesus’ words that was so clear. I finally understand! I want to thank Dr. Abrams for sharing his experiences and being so inspiring!” Nancy, Golden, Colorado

“*The Evolution Angel* is a really wonderful book; it is full of information and support. The humor and spirit within conveys as much as the words, which is rare quality.” Ursula Ruedenburg, Artist, Brooklyn.

“The information in this book is so inspiring for me. Very readable. I went right through it. The fast vignettes that lead to the dialogues work great. The focus is sharp....I especially liked how the information refreshes Christianity—a more powerful lens, if you will, into its extraordinary potency for our lives—shaking things out of their brittle rituals. I believe the book is a fine gift to offer the world.” Marilyn Redfield, Recording artist, Washington

“Dr. Abrams has done a wonderful job interweaving spiritual teachings with normal human experiences. By utilizing actual patient cases, his writing is engaging and accessible. The spiritual connection he reports having with the angelic realm is explained in a way that’s comforting, reassuring and inviting. The spiritual information he provides rings with truth. Dr. Abrams may revolutionize the thinking of mass consciousness and significantly impact the spiritual evolution of mankind. And for this, I am grateful!” Lisa Barlow Ph.D., Clinical psychologist

*The
Evolution
Angel*


*An Emergency Physician's Lessons
with Death and The Divine*

by

Dr. Michael Abrams

©2000 Abundance Media
Boulder, Colorado

The case histories presented within are real. Names and other minor details have been changed to protect the confidentiality of patients and their families.

Published by  Abundance Media
P.O. Box 19 81, Boulder, Colorado 80308

Other Books by Michael Abrams:
The Twelve Conditions of a Miracle
The Organon of Abundance
How to Meditate (Audiotape)

Copyright © Abundance Media, 2000
All rights reserved

Library of Congress Catalog Card Number: # -9343
Abrams, Michael
The Evolution Angel

ISBN 0- 691834-0-5

Printer: Johnson Printing, Boulder, Colorado
Cover Painting, "Eleanor," by Michael Abrams

Design and Production by Marilyn Cohen

For Lora

My beloved wife and best friend.

C

And for Julian

*That in your time
you will also know.*

D A C K N O W L E D G E M E N T S E

I am profoundly grateful to the patients and friends who lost their lives as this book was written and to their loving survivors. I can never thank you enough.

I am also deeply indebted to the handful of individuals who demonstrated a proactive interest in the book as it was being developed. In this life, the few friends we have who share a strong faith in our personal visions are worth their weight in gold. Many thanks to Melinda Ryles for her faith and to Marilyn Redfield for her early readings and support. Thanks also to Shelley Smith for her many years of encouragement and to Bigi Schanz — you kept the vision alive even when I faltered.

I have a great debt of gratitude to C.W. for her prayers and to her husband. The sacrifices you have made for love are beyond understanding.

Thank you to Ram Dass for introducing me to my wife and for your invaluable and very correct advice on publication. You're the best.

Many thanks to my parents Paul and Nancy and to my brothers, Jon and Matt, for sticking with me all these years.

I am grateful to Laurie Rosin for coaching me to express myself in new and unconventional ways. It has been an honor to work with a world class editor of your stature.

Many thanks to the Jeff Herman Literary Agency in New

York, who also believed in this work from the beginning and made such a persistent and committed effort to get it out to the public.

Finally, many heartfelt thanks to Quent and Robin, Leon Townsend, Michael Metzler M.D./Ph.D., Hon. Carol G., the Barlow family, Drs. Bob and Lisa Elliott, Jim Hoagland, Paul Moser and family, Jeanette Heimbach, Linda Carlson, Marilyn Cohen, Carol Righthouse, Justin and Mickey at Wind Over the Earth in Boulder for their assistance on the audio edition, and to all the dedicated physicians and nurses who labored tirelessly with me in the trenches as the book was created.

D T A B L E O F C O N T E N T S E

I N T R O D U C T I O N	1
C H A P T E R O N E	11
First contact. The nature of angels. The myth of evil.	
C H A P T E R T W O	25
Aging and death. The Prime Directive and the rationale for transparency.	
C H A P T E R T H R E E	35
The angelic mindset. Constant vigilance. Returning the energy.	
C H A P T E R F O U R	45
Designing your life in advance. Why we aren't all rich and famous. The problem with eternity. The problem with reincarnation. The parables of the Sower and the Tares.	
C H A P T E R F I V E	63
Free will or Divine will: Who is in control? How angels answer prayers. Great misfortunes: Inevitable or changeable? Begging to live on Earth. Helping others with positive thoughtforms.	

TABLE OF CONTENTS

C H A P T E R S I X	8 1
Sex, love, and soul mates — The big picture. How angels find a soul mate. Why soul mates age and die.	
C H A P T E R S E V E N	5
The anatomy of God. The true meaning of infinity. Enlightenment.	
C H A P T E R E I G H T	1 1 1
Angels in training. The myth of angelic hierarchy. The wave-particle duality resolved. The varieties of angels. How angels adjust the physical plane.	
C H A P T E R N I N E	1 2 3
The real Jesus. The mustard seed principle. The basis of Christ's miracles: The Philosopher's Stone revealed. The laughing Jesus. The many paths.	
C H A P T E R T E N	1 3
The surprising truth about money. Overcoming money shame. Money as love. Consciously creating money.	
C H A P T E R E L E V E N	1 4
How humanity lost the ability to converse with God. How anyone can hear the spirit and speak with angels. The most powerful meditation.	

D I N T R O D U C T I O N E

A line of towering thunderheads flickered in and out of view with each stroke of lightning. The road was covered with a treacherous sheen of water. It was nearly four in the morning and I had no business driving this late. Making matters worse, I had worked all night and I was dead tired. But I kept going. More than anything I wanted to make it home. In my fatigue I had neglected to fasten my seat belt.

The miles rolled by in the darkness and the rain poured down in sheets. My head began to nod but over and over I wrenched my attention back to the road. I struggled to stay awake, trying every trick I knew. I slapped myself on the cheeks. I shook my head. I sang. I chewed gum and I kept going.

Soon my mind began to drift and a parade of captivating images floated before me. I saw myself swinging back and forth on the swing set at my old grade school. Back and forth. Back and forth. And then I was gliding down deeper and deeper into the well of memory, falling effortlessly, drinking in the feeling of deep relaxation that comes only with deep sleep.

The next thing I knew, a pair of soft hands grasped my face and pulled my head up sharply. A loud voice, kind but very firm, exploded in my head, “Wake up, Michael! Now!” My eyes flew open and adrenaline surged through my solar plexus like a powerful electric shock. The car was hurtling directly toward a mas-

sive bridge abutment only fifty feet before me, the speedometer hovering near eighty. In a heartbeat I wrenched the wheel to the left and a split second later the concrete pillar flashed by my right window.

I pulled over to the side of the road, shaken and gasping for breath. Physically and emotionally exhausted, I soon fell into a troubled sleep. Like the image of the deadly bridge abutment flashing past my window, images of my life began to race by in rapid succession. As though I were falling from a precipice to my death, I saw my entire life unravel sequentially before my eyes. I saw that I had been amazingly self-centered and had done precious little to help anyone but myself. I saw myself groping in the dark, feeling my way through blind alleys and dead-end pathways one after another after another.

And then there was nothing. The next thing I knew, sunlight was pouring over the dashboard.

Clearly, something unusual had happened to me. But it was far from over: Things *kept* happening. For the next forty days I experienced the most intense and profound series of changes I have ever known. I lost my job. A woman I loved more than life itself vanished from my life forever. Finally, a faulty heater burned my cabin in the countryside to the ground along with all my possessions.

My insurance had lapsed and I was suddenly rendered homeless and penniless. A sympathetic friend generously allowed me to sleep on the floor in his basement. At the age of twenty-nine, I was left rudderless in a state of profound despair as a bitter northern winter howled at the tiny frost-encrusted window of my stark quarters. Times were bad and work was scarce. I spent the bulk of my days huddled in a cheap sleeping bag on the concrete floor searching my mind for answers that never seemed to come.

I often prayed for guidance but I felt totally alone — as though my prayers were nothing but leaves in the wind.

Then something happened. Awakening one night from a series of vivid dreams, I felt as though someone or something had been speaking to me, but I could remember nothing. Lying in the darkness, I suddenly arrived at an outlandish and impractical decision: Although I lacked the appropriate academic background, I resolved to go back to college at the age of thirty, obtain the requisite premedical training, and then go on to medical school. Understandably, my friends and family thought this plan utterly absurd. At that point, my chances of succeeding seemed laughable at best.

C

It would be several years before I would hear the voice of an angel again. When I did, it would be because of Matthew Slater's final demise. I met Matthew the month I graduated from medical school. My wife and I were looking for a place to live in the country near the hospital where I would intern. We needed a large garden space and the Slaters had just the thing — a ten acre tract of fertile land replete with a two acre garden plot.

Matthew was a brilliant pediatric cardiologist and intensivist. He had personally developed an intensive care unit that was known for hundreds of miles around. When a child was so gravely ill that no one else could help, he or she was flown to Matthew's unit as a very last resort. His dedication was such that he would often set up a cot next to patients undergoing the most critical phases of treatment and sleep next to them through the night until they had stabilized. He had saved many hopeless cases and had won the admiration of countless grateful parents and referring physicians. He was one of the most important and most beloved mentors I have known.

Matthew was a man of infinite kindness and patience. He was soft-spoken and benign and his greatest pleasure was his gardening. He specialized in cantalopes. The two of us split the garden half and half and I devoted my portion to my own specialty, watermelons. We often met there in the evenings after a particularly stressful shift and told each other of the day's trials and tribulations while tending to our plants. But mostly Matthew just sat in the dusk in the middle of his lush field of melons with a faraway gaze. He seemed to savor every minute of every day. At the end of the fall, he confided in me that he had leukemia.

That winter was without a doubt the hardest of my entire life. I fell gravely ill and was hospitalized for a month. My recovery was tenuous and painful. In the middle of this Matthew came down with pneumonia and, before anyone could even prepare themselves, died suddenly one afternoon of respiratory failure. He left a beautiful wife and a tiny daughter behind.

It was shortly thereafter that I heard the angel speak again. I was lying in bed in the middle of the night in that twilight state between wakefulness and sleep when I felt him there. I kept still. After a few minutes he said very simply, "Write."

"Write? Write what? What are you talking about"? I queried silently. But he gave no answer, as if to say, "You know." In a few moments he was gone.

That was twelve years ago. I am now an emergency physician and the medical director of a busy trauma center in western Colorado. To this day I shake my head in wonder when I look back upon the series of events that has driven me inexorably to this point. I see now that it all began that night when my life was saved by the angelic hands and voice that deftly guided me from a certain and violent death. And I also see that I have been shepherded to this place in my life for a reason.

Now I speak with angels all the time.

C

In the course of my work, I witness a great many deaths. Over and over I watch as people die in every conceivable way — some as the result of violent automobile or industrial accidents, and some as the result of criminal assault. I attend others who have taken their own lives through poisoning, hanging, carbon monoxide, slashed wrists, or gunshots to the head. Still others die from acute or chronic illnesses such as heart attacks, strokes, and respiratory failure. Some pass away naturally from “old age” and are transported from nursing homes for me to pronounce dead.

Attending the death of another human being is awe inspiring, and I regard it as a sacred privilege of the highest order. I am fortunate indeed to have been granted such generous access to this incredible event. When I witness a soul leaving its body I am deeply humbled and filled with wonder. The power of death is stunning in its intensity. Death changes *everything*, for both the one who dies and for those who are left behind.

During my years of medical practice, first as a family practitioner and now as an emergency and trauma physician, I have experienced a major shift in the way I view death and in the way I view my role as a physician. I have always believed the soul survives the death of the body, that something goes on after the heart stops beating, after the lungs stop breathing, after the cellular machinery grinds to a halt. This is not unusual. The vast majority of physicians are very spiritually aware and believe the soul goes on after the body has fallen away.

Many years ago in the earliest phase of my career I acknowledged and honored the continuity of the soul, but I felt there was little if anything that was required of me after a patient had passed away. Like most doctors, I said a brief prayer and imme-

diately turned my attention to the grieving survivors. There was nothing, I told myself, that I could do now to help my patient. The matter was out of my hands.

But as I saw more and more people die, something within me began to change. I started to wonder: Was it really considerate of me to simply turn away the minute a patient shed his or her physical form? If the soul went on, wasn't it my duty to see what I could do to help? Wasn't it responsible, compassionate to at least *try*?

And so I began to do just that. After I had pronounced a patient dead, I continued to minister to the being that lay before me. Unbeknownst to those around me, I began to extend myself to the departed soul in a kind of silent communion akin to prayer. I began asking the newly liberated souls of my patients if there was anything I could do to help them.

At first my efforts seemed in vain. I had no sense that anyone was listening, that anyone cared. I even found myself wondering, as we all do from time to time, if there really is a life after death. Often, when I grew discouraged, I would catch myself thinking that the concept of the soul is just a fanciful construct of the mind, a desperate rationalization, the ego's way of reassuring itself when faced with the stark reality of its final demise.

But I persisted in my attempts because I wasn't sure. If there was any chance at all that the soul was still present after death, I reasoned, then it was my responsibility as a physician to make every attempt to ease its suffering during the harrowing transition from this world to the next.

Finally something started to happen, something that changed my life at a very deep level: As I spoke to the departing souls of my patients, I began to sense that they were somehow speaking back to me.

The first few times this happened I was deeply shaken. The logical, sensible part of my mind went into overdrive trying in every way possible to rationalize this phenomenon, to explain it in some reasonable way, in a way that was acceptable to me as a physician and scientist.

But I was not successful. I was receiving very distinct and persistent impressions from the souls that were shedding their earthly forms before me, and they weren't going away. In fact, my new apperceptions grew stronger and more vivid with the passage of time. Before long I found that I was having substantial conversations with these souls.

And then, as if this wasn't enough, something even more astounding began to happen: I began to sense and finally converse with other beings — presences of light and love and wisdom that seemed invariably present during these critical rites of passage. This book is a record of my dialogues with these beings, in particular with one who seemed to have a special interest in me.

During my silent conversations with newly freed souls and the angels that accompany them, I have gathered a great deal of fascinating information about the way things work in both the world of spirit and the everyday world of form that we, the living, currently inhabit.

How do these conversations occur? I've asked myself the same thing many times. The answer is that I don't really know and I don't really care. What I do know is that I don't hear any actual voices and I don't see any forms. Neither do I experience any kind of "automatic writing" or "channeling." I simply think of questions and, when I do, answers effortlessly flood into my mind. The whole process seems very natural and leaves me with a peaceful feeling.

The overall quality of my life has improved immeasurably as these conversations have transpired. I am content with my lot in life. I am in harmony with my family and all the people I work with. I sleep well and worry very little. My health is good and my finances in great shape. Most importantly, I feel very close to the Spirit and want more than anything to help implement the greater plan.

C

One of the most important things you should know is that, as I have written this book, I have grown increasingly certain that it doesn't take any special skill or talent to communicate with angels. If there is but a single message I hope this book conveys, it is this: *God and his divine agents are freely accessible to any and all human beings without exception.*

Believe me: No psychic aptitudes or powers whatever are required to speak with the Spirit or with its angelic agents. Any such notion is nonsense. I know this because I am an ordinary person. I have no special qualities or mystical talents and yet I have managed to develop a rich and intricate relationship with the beings I speak with. I have found that all that is necessary to commune with the Divine is a simple belief in a world beyond, a willingness to speak with its beautiful inhabitants, and a rudimentary ability to quiet the mind and listen. That's all there is to it. Anyone can do this, even you — if you will only try.

What's more, I have come to understand that in time nearly everyone *will* do this. There is every reason to believe it is our destiny, our duty as human beings to reach a point of evolution where we each speak directly with God — without the aid of third parties, such as clergy or psychics, of any kind.

The chapters that follow will help you understand angels, how they see things, how they communicate, and how they go

about their work. The conversations within will help you understand more about the process of life and your ability, your *responsibility* to shape your own reality. Most importantly, this book will provide you with a number of specific, practical guidelines that will enable you to develop a healthy and productive relationship with your own angels. It will even teach you how to speak easily and naturally with them yourself.

I hope this book will challenge other health care providers to increase their contact with the dead, the dying, and the comatose patients they care for. I say “increase” because I believe many doctors and nurses are already communing with the dead and dying they attend. Many of the health professionals who have read this manuscript have remarked to me that they too have felt the certain presence of the soul and, in some cases, angelic beings when attending the death of a patient. I suspect that tens of thousands of health care professionals around the world are trying to communicate with their patients through the difficult transition of death and will welcome this account.

D C H A P T E R E
O N E

Amy was a beautiful little girl and well-loved. At the age of eight, she had suffered an untimely and violent death. We knew something very bad had happened as soon as the first call came in over the scanner. The EMTs told us they were at eleven thousand feet on the big mountain at the ski resort nearby, frantically trying to save a girl that had slammed into a tree at high velocity. She was in full cardiac arrest. Bystanders started CPR immediately after the accident and the crew was now doing everything they could to keep her alive.

I talked to them on the radio as they brought her in, half-heartedly giving them medication orders. The situation seemed hopeless. Her heart had stopped beating nearly an hour ago. Survival after this amount of time was rare. It seemed that my only job would be to pronounce her dead. Then the unexpected happened. By some miracle the ambulance crew established a rudimentary heartbeat three blocks away from the hospital.

That changed everything.

I called everybody in stat. Fifteen professionals were waiting when Amy came through the door: Surgery, anesthesia, respiratory, lab, radiology, and an anxious throng of nurses from the ICU. A frenzy of coordinated activity ensued.

Amy's heart was terribly weak and very slow. I placed a pacemaker and injected the usual drugs. For a few minutes it looked like we might bring her around. But I couldn't get a

consistent rhythm going and she continued to deteriorate. Fifteen minutes later, two of the other docs wanted to call it quits, but I shook my head. There was still a very small chance. This was somebody's beloved daughter and we had to try everything again and again and again. The parents were going to look into our eyes and ask. We had to be able to tell them we had done everything humanly possible. Who would demand less for their child?

Thirty minutes later, drenched in sweat, I just nodded and everybody stopped. No one spoke. I went into the chapel where the parents were kneeling in urgent prayer. They turned and looked into my eyes. I didn't say it, I couldn't somehow, but they immediately saw it in my face. The mother collapsed into our arms. The anguish I witnessed during the next half hour was beyond description.

Finally, I led the parents back to the ER, where they pressed their tear-stained faces against their daughter's cold cheeks and told her again and again how much they loved her. They were good people, deep people. Even in their agony they found the strength to think of others: They courageously offered to donate their child's organs. I was humbled, even shamed by the depth of their selflessness, their dignity in the face of this horror.

But my job wasn't over. There was still the girl. I knew she was nearby. I could feel her. She was confused and disoriented. I went back into the call room, which was only twenty feet from where she lay in her mother's arms, and it began.

C

Can I help you? Are you OK?

Silence.

Is anyone there?

Mommy? I want my mommy. Silence. Why can't Mommy hear me?

Pause. She just can't hear you right now.

Daddy? Are you my daddy?

No. I'm your doctor. My name is Michael. I want to try to help you. You've had a very bad accident.

As if in a dream: What is that sound? What is that ringing, all that buzzing? Why am I up here? Why can't I come down? I can't hold still. Why is everything moving like that? Crying. I feel funny. Mommy?

You are in your spirit now. You have to relax. You *have* to. Just pretend you're lying back. Don't fight this, just relax. I promise you, you are going to be OK.

Why is it so bright? Am I hurt? I don't feel hurt. I feel so good. Why is Mommy crying? Can't you make her stop crying. Mommy? Why does she look like that?

She just can't hear you right now. She's praying. She's just sad because your spirit came out of your body. I'll help her. There are a lot of people here to help her. She says she loves you very much.

Pause. And then, as if speaking to another, Who are you? It's so bright. What is that? What is that shiny thing?

New voice. I am your angel mother.

Are you my mommy? Pause. Are you my grandma?

I am your angel mother.

Pause. I know you. Don't I? Why can't I... did I forget you? Pause. I'm so glad to see you. Where have you been? I missed

you so much. You're so pretty.

So are you.

Why are we up here? What is Mommy looking at? Is that me? It looks like me.

No. You are right here with me.

What is that sound? Everything is buzzing. Pause. Can I go home? I want to go home. Can Mommy come? Daddy?

I'll take you home. Mommy and Daddy will come a little later. Do you want to play?

C

Then there was silence. The call room suddenly seemed so empty. I thought I would try something.

Is there anybody there? Who are you? Can you hear me?

Yes. We are with you, and we can hear you.

Is she OK? Is there anything more I can do for her? For you?

She is being cared for. All is well. Her passing has been eased.

Who are you?

You know who we are. I am the one of us who speaks.

Is there just one of you or several?

We are many and yet only one.

You seem so... familiar. Do I know you?

Soft laughter. *Yes. More than the others I have a special interest in you for various reasons. Just keep in mind that it isn't quite that simple. There is no distinct "me." I shift and change, merging, flowing in and out of the others. A group of us tend to*

congregate with each other. One or more of us may help you or speak with you on any given occasion.

What are the “various reasons” you speak of?

Pause. Let’s just say you know me. You know me very well indeed. If you had any idea... We have been together for a long, long time.

What do you mean? Before I was born?

Yes. We have been together in many ways, in many roles with each other. In fact you were once my angel and, in due course, you will be my angel again.

Were we alive together here on Earth before?

I didn’t say that exactly. It’s not quite that simple. All in good time. Suffice it to say, for now, that we have known each other a long, long time, and I will be with you for the rest of your life. I will never leave you.

Why are you here today, with the little girl that died?

I am not at a place and I am not with her. I am with you.

But why can I hear you just now?

You don’t always listen in this way.

So you are not the one here to help this girl? There are others?

I told you we are many, and yet we are only one.

You say I know you. *Pause.* I feel badly that I have forgotten you. You seem to know me so well but I can’t quite remember you even though you seem so terribly familiar in a way.

Don’t feel badly. We discussed this before you went down. We both knew that it would be this way, that the veil would be drawn

and that you would forget for a time. That was part of the deal. Nobody there remembers. But you will. All of you will remember in time. And all of you will return.

Does everybody have an angel like you?

Everybody that wants an angel has an angel, but they aren't all like me. Having an angel is the default mode, so to speak. Unless you specify otherwise, before or after you are born, you are automatically accompanied by one or more angels. But very few souls specifically ask to be without an angel. That wouldn't make any sense.

Silence. This is crazy. Am I imagining you?

Of course. Laughing. All communication with Spirit takes place through the imagination. The imagination, the part of the mind that can synthesize images, is one of the highest faculties of the mind. Don't knock it. It is the end product of several billion years of painstaking evolution. Second only to love, the ability to imagine makes human beings sons and daughters of the great Creator. All creation, all great accomplishment, and all communication with the Spirit begins within the imagination.

Your real question lies within your question. You are really asking, "Do we exist as real beings independent of your mind." The answer is yes. We exist independently of you and are in many ways far more "real" than you.

Don't misunderstand. Although the faculty of imagination enables you to hear us, we are not "imaginary" as such. We are not mere figments of your imagination, mere fantasy. The words that are forming in your mind are real words from real beings.

Why have you chosen to speak with me?

It is you that have chosen to speak with us.

What I mean is, why will you speak with me and not the others. Of all people, why can I hear you? This doesn't make any sense at all to me. I'm an idiot!

Laughter. *We're all idiots. Your question contains a faulty assumption — that we include and exclude other people in our communications. That is not the case. We speak to everyone all the time. We are channels of the Spirit, and Spirit communicates freely from every point of consciousness to every other point of consciousness at every moment.*

Then why can I “hear” your words while others can't?

Again, your question contains an unspoken assumption — that others cannot, in fact, hear us. All beings can hear all of the words and music of Spirit all the time. It's a matter of awareness. Most of you are simply not paying attention. You are focused solely on the constant stimuli you surround yourselves with and on your incessant internal dialogue. You are lost in confusion and self-doubt and have lost the ability to know that what you are hearing is Spirit. Animals, infants, the very elderly, and certain others hear us clearly and constantly. Without the burden of self-doubt, they are free to hear us effortlessly.

Many adults, however, are hearing us more clearly now. Many more than you realize. Like you, they cannot integrate this into their daily lives and responsibilities and therefore remain conflicted and secretive about it.

Pause. I'm still having a problem with this. Let me rephrase the question. Why am I conscious of you while others are not?

Certain experiences in your life have caused your ego and internal dialogue to erode sufficiently so that you can distinguish our voices from time to time. Your years of meditation have been helpful. Certain misfortunes that you have experienced, certain

periods of inner suffering have also helped. Nothing is wasted. Nothing is random. Every misfortune, every tragedy, every “sickness” is a step toward the light.

In addition, we have watched you and know that you, like most other physicians, are often involved with souls passing from your dimension to our own. You have a rudimentary understanding and appreciation of the beyond that is favorable and facilitates communication. I, in particular, have a strong interest in facilitating your understanding — we’ll talk more about this in time.

But most importantly, you believe that we are present and have made a simple effort to communicate. This, more than anything, has helped you perceive us. Anyone who believes we are present can, with a little practice and a little faith, speak with us easily.

I feel very much at ease speaking with you but very uneasy revealing this to others. Even my friends are likely to shun me if they knew I was doing this.

All of your friends and all the members of your family, virtually without exception, are very wise beings within, very experienced. They know far more than you realize, far more than they themselves realize. It is true they will experience doubts and judgments regarding this but in time they will understand. In fact, all of them are themselves on the brink of similar states of communication. They have their own internal struggles with acceptance. Let them think what they will. They mean no harm. Pause. You have many questions.

Well, the first thing I suppose I would like to know is, what are you? What are angels exactly?

We are like the leaves of a tree. There are myriad leaves on a tree, but they are all part of a larger organism. A great diamond has many individual facets but they are all surfaces of a single jewel.

So it is with God. This Being of Beings has many individual beings or “cells” within its body, and each is an integral part of a single infinite organism.

There is only one jewel, one being, one light, one Mind. The great religions of your world have made this clear for thousands of years. There is nothing separate from this being. Every subatomic particle, every molecule, every rock, every star, every animal, every plant, every human being, and every angelic being is a perfectly integrated component of the great chain of being that is Love’s body.

When learning about angels, always keep this foremost in mind: When you are dealing with an angel, you are dealing with God. Don’t get confused about this. It’s very straightforward.

Are you saying that when I am talking to you, I am talking to God? Surely you don’t mean to suggest that I am talking to God right now.

Of course. Everyone is talking to God right now. When you talk to me you are talking to God. When you talk to a child you are talking to God. When you talk to the most aggravating person you know, you are talking to God. If you speak to a rock you are talking to God and, for that matter, when you are talking to yourself you are talking to God.

Is that what I’m doing right now, talking to myself?

God, your “self,” your “angel,” it’s all the same. You just have so many different names for things, so many words, that you confuse yourself. You should be more like an infant. An infant calls everything “da” and thus suffers no confusion. That’s part of the reason babies can perceive us so clearly.

This is a little much for me right now. I suppose I’ll stick with thinking of you simply as an angel for the time being.

Laughter. *That's perfectly fine. Easy does it.*

Pause. Forgive me but I still need clarification about something: You said that angels are simply fragments, rays, of the one great light. It is difficult for me to understand why Spirit doesn't simply remain as one single undivided entity. Why has the Spirit divided itself into many small pieces of life and light?

You still don't get it. The Spirit is not divided. It is always as one. Angels, like you, are simply a part of that oneness. Perhaps the best way to understand why we exist as apparent fragments of the one light is to understand our purpose. Actually, we serve several important functions. Most importantly, we increase Spirit's accessibility.

In what way?

You have to understand that the concerted energy and intelligence of the great Being of Beings is vast beyond comprehension. The full presence of this source of infinite light is too awesome, too potent, too overwhelming for human beings to accommodate. If Spirit were to reveal its full light to you, it would be like connecting a high-tension line to a tiny light bulb. The results would be devastating.

The energy of the spirit flows like electricity?

There are similarities. When electrical power is delivered to your home it has to be "stepped down" so that it is safe. As it travels from the power station to your home it passes through a series of transformers that channel decreasing amounts of power into smaller and smaller wires or channels. In this way, energy is delivered in a way that is safe and manageable. The wiring and appliances in your home were never designed to handle large amounts of power.

Angels are Spirit's way of revealing itself, of channeling itself in a way that can be safely tolerated by human beings. Think of

us as the precision instruments Spirit uses to render personal, individualized care.

Would it also be correct to say that angels are a kind of buffer system designed to protect humans from the full force of the light?

Yes. But this step-down system has other advantages. This arrangement also increases Spirit's flexibility and dexterity.

How?

It is said that human beings are made in the image of God. Look at your arm. At the end it tapers to a series of individual fingers, each with an intricate system of delicate muscles. Without them your arm would be powerful but incapable of finely controlled motion. Fingers enable a human being to play a piano sonata, perform a delicate and life-saving surgical procedure, or weave a beautiful and complex tapestry.

Angels are God's fingers. Like the fingers on your hand, we operate in a perfectly coordinated fashion to execute the fine details of the great design. Like the fine tools of a master jeweler, we enable the infinite power of Spirit to work with the delicate chains of cause and effect that characterize the lives of individual beings.

We are also a kind of face or "store front" that allows the infinite power and intelligence of Spirit to assume a personal, user-friendly form. It is easier for some creatures to develop a personal relationship with Spirit with this system. Laughter. Most people in your world would prefer the form of a small, pleasantly-featured man or woman to that of a trillion suns. There's only so much you can handle.

How do angels come into being? Are you created from nothingness or are you formed from something that already exists?

As I told you, we are channels of Spirit. We are not created from nothingness — no creature is ever created anew from a void. All beings are facets of the great Being of Beings, which continually transforms and recycles itself.

Practically speaking, most angels are souls that are either waiting to take birth or have already been on Earth and since passed on. Some, but not all, angels have a natural interest in people on your plane. Some may even take a particular interest in human beings that have been related to them in some way.

Are there any bad or “evil” angels?

Of course not. Although there are myths about “dark angels” and “evil angels,” these are backward and ignorant notions — remnants of medieval times when organized religion, with a fear-based philosophy, was used as a tool to control the masses.

God is everything, and God is pure love. Period. All of his creatures, all of his angels are extensions of this love. Everything else that apparently exists is but ego and illusion. If you want to understand the Bible, and other similar holy books, all you have to do is substitute the word “ego” whenever you read “evil” or “devil.”

That sounds like *A Course in Miracles*.

It sounds like a lot of sources. All truth comes from the same place.

Let me make sure I understand you clearly. Are you saying there is no form of organized conspiracy of evil anywhere in the universe? There is no devil?

You know better than that.

I just need to hear you say it.

The term “organized evil” is an impossible contradiction —

what you would call an oxymoron. The term “organized evil” is like the term “organized chaos, or “ordered-disorder” — it doesn’t make any sense.

Mathematicians say there actually *is* order within chaos.

Laughter. That is true — up to a point. Actually, a better way of saying it is that there is no chaos, only apparent chaos from certain limited points of observation.

God is the great organizing principle in the universe, the force that creates order. It is this order that makes life, love, knowledge, and beauty possible when they would otherwise be impossible. No sequence of random events in a purely random universe could ever explain the origin of life and the evolution of God-conscious beings that has occurred on Earth — however appealing that theory may be to some individuals.

There is a certain element of entropy that is intentionally built into the system to keep it from becoming stagnant. This force is a part of God. Without a force to keep some things falling apart, everything would reach a state of perfect, crystalline perfection. This would be a frozen, motionless, lifeless state of affairs in which nothing new could be created.

This all sounds very tidy but no matter how you cut it, there are still some very bad people out there doing very bad things.

Yes, there are confused people, malignant rulers, even malignant empires that have come upon the Earth. As you will come to understand, free will isn’t really free. It comes with a price. In the big picture such phenomena are simply part of the entropy that keeps things from becoming stagnant. But these kinds of negative processes are in no way organized by some great conspiracy. No matter how well organized they might appear up close, from a larger perspective they are forces of entropy and subject to its ten-

dencies. They are constantly falling apart. This is why they cannot sustain themselves and invariably self-destruct over time. Witness the fact that all the great evils have extinguished themselves over time while all the great religions are still alive and growing.

Does entropy exist in your world?

Here, things are different. Certainly, there are confused and egotistical people on Earth. But there are no evil spirits or evil angels in our world. Any psychic or other “expert” who claims differently is gravely mistaken. Any malicious spirit or entity which is “perceived” is in fact created by the observer’s troubled subconscious. The terms “evil spirit” or “dark angel” are also oxymorons. They make no more sense than the terms “hateful love” or “dark light.”

I’ll make this very clear for you: There are no goblins, demons, ghosts, ghouls, monsters, trolls, gnomes, vampires, werewolves, or bogeymen. Further, sorcery, black magic, Voodoo, witchcraft, and Satanism are all pure delusion — they have absolutely no power to summon any “organized” supernatural forces.

That’s all in people’s heads. Without exception these notions are but the fantasies of disturbed people, people in a great deal of pain, people who for one reason or another cannot see their own pure love within. If you want to walk with the angels, cast off these ridiculous concepts and turn your attention fully toward the light.

Are you sure that little girl is going to be all right?

Yes, she is doing beautifully. She is in very good hands.

Is there anything more I can do to help her or her family.

Nothing in the conventional sense, no. You have done all that can be done as a physician. But you can pray for her family. Send them light and love and we will make sure the energy you send arrives to help them.

His wife had begged me to protect him from any extraordinary efforts when his time came. We just stood around his bed and held his withered hands as the color slowly drained from his distinguished and kindly face.

His wife cried briefly but no one was really sad. Far from it. We had prayed for years that he would be released quickly, for he had suffered mightily in his final years. The minister said a prayer, I lingered with his wife who seemed deeply relieved, and finally went out to my car.

As I drove away I turned the radio on. Eric Clapton's plaintive voice sang to his child who had died tragically at an early age.

Would you know my name, if I saw you in heaven?

Would it be the same, if I saw you in heaven...

Beyond the door, there's peace for sure,

'Cause I know there'll be no more,

Tears in heaven.

Of all the songs to come on at just that time. It was an eerie but very beautiful moment. Goose bumps stood up all over my body. I thought I felt Doc there in the car with me for a few minutes. But I shook it off, telling myself it was just my imagination. But the sensation persisted. As I arrived home, I began to speak with him silently.

C

Are you OK?

Of course.

How is it there?

Beautiful, of course!

Do you mind if I ask you something personal?

Laughing. *You are my doctor. That's your job isn't it?*

Well, something has been bothering me for a long time. I watched you become increasingly demented for the last few years and I found this quite disturbing.

Flattery will get you nowhere!

You know, they all said you were quite a jokester in your younger years, before I came on the scene. I guess you haven't changed. But seriously, the same thing happened to my grandmother. She was a near vegetable for the last ten years of her life. She was a very beautiful, spiritual person all her life but at the end she was angry, combative, and even profane. I always thought that didn't make any sense—that she would have lost her spiritual beauty and peace. It seemed completely unfair.

She never lost anything. She just moved like I did: Nice and easy.

What do you mean?

It's like this: On Earth there are two ways to move from one house to another: All at once, or gradually in stages. Some people wait until the last minute and have the movers come in and do everything in one day. Others pack very methodically for months in advance and take a load or two over to the new house every few days.

It's a matter of preference. Your grandmother and I moved very slowly and carefully. The boxes that contained our wisdom and our spiritual knowledge were moved to the other side many years before we finally pulled out of our bodies. That's why we appeared to lose our minds from your side. It was a lot easier that way for me. I just couldn't face the suddenness of the other way. Too harsh. Too disorganized. Besides, what's the hurry? Incidentally, this works the other way too. Most people aren't

exactly born all at once either.

What do you mean by that?

I mean that when your body takes form on the earthly plane, your angelic consciousness usually doesn't complete the transition in one fell swoop. You remain part angel, as it were, during your infancy and childhood.

Is that why children look like angels? I know children that I would swear are part angel.

Actually, they are angels much of the time. Many small children still have one foot in this world. Many souls prefer to ease gradually into the relatively harsh conditions of the physical plane.

Would you mind if I asked you a few other things?

Laughter. *Go ahead.*

Are you an angel now?

More laughter. *Of course.*

What do you — what do angels actually look like?

Well, you are familiar with the traditional images of an angel — the winged figure surrounded by light, the stranger with a beautiful face who appears mysteriously to resolve a crisis, then vanishes without a trace — these are the images made popular in books and movies.

We can indeed appear in such ways and it makes quite an impression when we do. But it is critical to understand that we manifest in this way very rarely. When we are present and working among you, we become visible or audible less than one time in a million.

We have a kind of “prime directive” that we strive to follow at all times: We are strictly prohibited from making ourselves audible or visible except in very special circumstances and then only after receiving special permission.

Why is this? Why don't you show yourselves to us more often? This doesn't make any sense at all. Wouldn't it help increase our faith and our understanding of the light if we could just see you and talk with you normally?

Absolutely not. To understand why we stay transparent, you have to remember why you are there on Earth in the first place. Your foremost goal as human beings is to learn to transcend your senses. Your job is to develop your souls — to strengthen your abilities to think and act and communicate at the level of spirit. By remaining above your plane, we consistently encourage you to progress in consciousness toward our level.

Effective teachers always act this way, always keeping the bar high for their students. Consider how a good foreign language teacher on Earth encourages her students to become more proficient. The teacher always speaks in the language to be learned, rarely, if ever, lapsing into the pupil's native tongue. This strengthens the student's ability to communicate effectively in the new language immeasurably.

If we constantly made ourselves visible, how would this serve the greater plan? It would only reinforce your tendency to look at things through worldly eyes. In the short run it might give you a powerful spiritual boost, but in the long run it would actually weaken you and stunt your spiritual growth.

This is why we become visible very, very sparingly — just enough to let a person know but once or twice that we exist. Then we go back to the level of Spirit knowing that you will learn to speak the language of Spirit if we are patient and diligent in our

instruction. Look at yourself: It worked for you.

Here in the angelic realm it is considered very clumsy and unprofessional to become noticeable while performing one's duties. We take great pride in remaining subtle and transparent while doing our job.

Are you actually invisible while you are doing your job, or are you just so unobtrusive that we don't notice you?

Actually, you are seeing us all the time but you are seldom aware that you are observing us. Most of you wouldn't recognize one of us if we bit you on the nose. For example, we could manifest as a mosquito buzzing around your head at just the right moment. As you pause to swat this apparently annoying insect, the chain of events that follows — your personal web of cause and effect — is altered slightly but very precisely. An hour or a day later a traffic accident is narrowly averted, a "chance" encounter with an important person takes place, or you arrive at home just in time to receive a crucial phone call.

Do you have any limitations as to how you can manifest, or can you appear in any way you wish?

We have few, if any, limitations in how we may appear. We may be animate or inanimate, beautiful or repulsive, impressive or mundane. We may be astronomically large or microscopic. We could manifest as a rainbow, a scrap of trash, a sequence in a dream, a rainstorm, a digital impulse on the Internet, a blown fuse, or gust of wind. The image we project could last a nanosecond or a billion years.

We could manifest as a car driving too slowly in front of you making you "late" for an appointment. We could be an animal crossing your path, a retarded person staring at you in a checkout line, a leaf falling into a pond that grabs your attention at just the

right moment, a ragged homeless person asking you for money, or a small child smiling at you on the bus. I'm telling you, you're seeing us all the time.

Then you are saying that anything and everything could be an angel?

Yes. For this reason, it is wise to treat everyone as if they were an angel, a direct extension of God. Be careful. Any stranger, any living creature you encounter may actually be an angel. Don't make a fool of yourself by being rude or aloof to a messenger of the divine.

When you are not manifesting here as you have described, do you have a form of some kind? What are you made of exactly?

Pause. To understand our true nature, think for a minute about an amoeba. An amoeba is a bit of living protoplasm enclosed by a single continuous cell wall. This protoplasm can form projections called pseudopods. From certain limited viewpoints, these projections might appear to have a life of their own. But they do not. They remain attached to the larger organism at all times and derive their energy from it.

This is how we are. We are projections of the Great Spirit, the Great Light. Although we appear in some ways to be independent, self-contained creatures, we are not. For that matter neither are you.

So you are made of light?

Yes and no. We are even finer and more etheric than light itself. We are very nearly pure consciousness. But for all practical purposes you may think of us as beings of light.

I still don't quite understand. Do you have a distinct "body"?

that is made of light?

Not exactly. As I said, we are best described as fluid beings. We move and change ourselves constantly. We shift and flow, much like a candle flame or a rivulet of water flowing over a surface. This is one of the main differences between us and human beings who are caught in a relatively stable form.

You also flow and change, although you are not generally conscious of this. Nearly all of the molecules in your body are replaced by new molecules every year. Your bodies are like sandbars in a river. The river is constantly washing away grains of sand on one side while new grains are simultaneously added to the other side. The sandbar appears to remain stationary and stable in the current when, in reality, it is constantly flowing.

The difference between us and you is a matter of degree. We are both fluid and changing, but angels flow and change much more freely and much more quickly than humans. Whereas you may take months or years to change your form, we can shift and change from instant to instant with the speed of thought. We have escaped the illusion of solidity so completely that we flow perfectly and with no effort.

There are so many things I would like to ask you. I don't know where to begin.

Take your time. I'm not going anywhere. Laughter.

I am very uneasy asking you about specific information, about specific people and events. Should I be asking you these kinds of questions?

You can ask anything you want. But one of the things I've always liked about you is that you aren't much interested in minutia. You seem to have a natural preoccupation with the bigger questions. Like I say, you can ask anything you want. I may even

answer some specific kinds of questions. But be careful. You should think very carefully before you ask. Do you really want to know specifics about the future?

No. Not really. If something good is going to happen, it's going to happen and that will be great. If I know in advance, I'll just be frustrated with what I have now and grow impatient. On the other hand, if something bad is going to happen to me, I'll worry and fret and dread the pain involved, and my life will be hell. Either way, I'd much rather be surprised.

Oh, be honest. You would love to know which companies are going to do well in the stock market, now wouldn't you? Laughter. No, the answer you have given is the best one by and large. But there is a problem with your statement. Look at what you have said. Do you see the fatalism in your words? Aren't you implying that you have no control when you talk about things happening "to you"?

Well, maybe I didn't say that in the best way. *Pause.* Actually, I believe that we create our own realities and that we can decide to some degree what will happen to us. We aren't just helpless victims waiting for external random forces to do as they will.

That is correct. Once you know this you can begin to see why it doesn't make any sense to ask us what is going to happen "to you." If we were to tell you, then we would be taking away your ability to decide for yourself, to create your own world, your own dreams. Can you see how that would be horribly unethical?

Yes. That seems to make sense. *Silence.* Let me ask you something else: Do angels have specific names? How should I refer to you?

Hearty laughter. *You can refer to us in any way you want. We*

don't care about such things. Names do not exist here. They are completely irrelevant on this plane. To name us wouldn't make any more sense than to name a flowing, ephemeral pseudopod on an amoeba.

D C H A P T E R E
T H R E E

For years I have had a standing order for all the receptionists: If an Amish person comes through the doors, they are to summon me immediately, even if there appears to be no obvious emergency. The Amish only consult a doctor when they are gravely ill.

Rebecca was a beautiful, angelic Amish mother in her mid-thirties. When I first saw her, she displayed no obvious signs of illness. She was standing neatly dressed in the waiting room, tending quietly to her eight children. Appearances can be deceiving.

In the privacy of the examination room she told me she had fallen two stories through a plate glass window. She said she had a “little cut” on her chest that she had been treating at home with herbs and poultices and prayer. As it turned out, a long shard of glass had penetrated her thorax and her right lung was completely collapsed. Two weeks had elapsed since the accident. Until now, she had continued to work as usual at home.

Things got worse. A lot worse. When I worked her up, I discovered she also had breast cancer, a very advanced case. A bone scan showed that tumors had already metastasized throughout her body.

All the clan’s elders were called in. They came from as far as Vermont. About a week later, twelve of them met with me in the chapel of the hospital, their long white beards and all-black

clothes creating quite a sensation. As they listened intently to my words, I told them I held a deep respect for their healing ways, for their herbs, their vitamins, and most of all for their prayers. But I told them in no uncertain terms that they would have to add additional treatment modalities to these. Modern medical techniques would be required if Rebecca's life was to be saved.

They considered my advice with great care for two days. Ultimately, however, they declined. Rebecca was not to have surgery, chemotherapy, or medication of any kind.

Unable to afford the fare for a companion, she set off alone on a train with no air-conditioning in mid-August for an alternative clinic in southern Mexico to receive shark cartilage therapy.

By this time both of her lungs were collapsing periodically. Along with her simple black suitcase, she carried two special water seal devices connected to chest tubes designed to keep each lung inflated. When she returned three weeks later she had lost another thirty pounds. Never complaining, she died quietly in the hospital four days later. Thankfully, she accepted pain medication at the end.

We did everything we could to help her family. We wrote off thousands of dollars in medical care and did our best to ease the suffering of her loved ones. Several angels were present at the end. After she was ushered to the other side, I began asking them questions.

C

Do you mind if I ask you a few things?

Of course not. Have we ever given you the impression that we feel this is a problem?

No. You have always been very helpful. Is she going to be alright?

Yes, she is so much better now. You needn't worry about her or her family. We will take care of them.

But the children, eight of them — what will they do? They have no mother. No angel can possibly take her place.

Of course not. Their suffering is beyond description. But there is a reason. There is always a reason.

Angrily. What reason? What can possibly justify such a catastrophic event? For the love of God, there are eight innocent children involved.

Suffice it to say, all of them agreed on this course of action. They all decided this path would help them progress in spirit more efficiently than any other path. If you could see ahead — and behind — from our vantage point, you would immediately understand. They have been incredibly wise and incredibly courageous in their choice. They will be together again in time, and their bonds of love will be immeasurably strengthened. Please be at peace with this. Leave them to us. Turn your attention to the job at hand. Ask the things you want to know.

Silence. One of the things I have really wanted to ask is, what are angels attracted to? How can we encourage your presence among us, among those we want to help?

It is often said that opposites attract and in many instances this is true. The positive pole of a magnet attracts the negative pole of another magnet. Male and female are attracted to one another. Quiet people often like to be around people who talk a lot and vice versa.

But in many other cases like attracts like. Throughout the

universe, massive astronomical bodies are attracted to other bodies with great mass. The attractive force responsible for this is known as gravity, the force that holds your solar system and your galaxy together and your bodies to the Earth.

Like attracts like on many other levels. Young people are attracted to other young people and seniors to other seniors. Positive, charitable, peaceful people much prefer the company of others with similar attitudes.

The principle of like attracts like exerts its influence very strongly in the angelic realm: Angels are clearly attracted to each other, as well as to human beings that share their way of looking at things. For this reason, anyone seeking to deepen their relationship with us should know something about our mindset and strive to emulate it.

What are the characteristics of the angelic mind set?

Our general outlook is characterized by perfect positivity, optimism, and love. We harbor no negativity of any kind. Even the most subtle forms of discouragement, fear, judgment, and malice are unknown to us. We are invariably cheerful, easy going, and perfectly accepting of others.

But above all, our mindset is characterized by an incredibly deep sense of appreciation. We savor all we behold in creation and feel a gratitude so deep and so constant that it defies description.

Silence. What are angels like to be around? Are some of you earnest and serious, or are you all fun-loving and full of laughter.

Some angels are earnest and sober. Some of us are extremely concerned about the suffering we know you feel, and we take our work very seriously. But most of us are quite jubilant and gleeful. The words jolly, rapturous, silly, and mirthful describe the typical angel. But all of us, including those of us who are

somewhat solemn, are happy and deeply contented.

I've noticed you all seem to laugh and joke around quite a bit.

Laughing. *This is true. We love humor and laugh often and loudly. In fact, you can't imagine how hard and how often we laugh. Even the most whimsical of your comedians could not compete with us. In fact, they derive their inspiration directly from us in many cases. So many of your classical impressions of angels cast us as somber, businesslike creatures, but these are largely incorrect. Even the Christ and the Source itself are brimming with light and laughter.*

How, exactly, are we to use this information?

Realize that when you are in a similar state of mind — positive, accepting, grateful, and joyful — you attract our company automatically by the law of like attracts like. If you are interested in angels and seek to improve your relationship with us, you would be well-advised to abandon any form of negativity.

Watch yourself. Know yourself. Root out every form of doubt, irritation, and anxiety. Be thorough and ruthless in your house-cleaning, paying special attention to subtle forms of judgment and pessimism. Every day, without exception, maintain your vigilance.

Constantly strive to lighten your state of mind. A suitable mantra for one seeking the company of angels is the simple phrase "lighten up." Repeat these words over and over and over, applying them to every difficult situation you encounter throughout your day.

Above all, cultivate a deep and abiding sense of gratitude. Work at this diligently. Dwell in the present and look for the positive in each and every moment. Be proactive in this area. Don't wait for things to appreciate, find things to appreciate. Make time to have fun. Laugh easily and often. Then, we will natu-

rally gravitate toward you and gladly help make your life easier.

Are there any things we should make an effort to avoid?

There are certain things you should avoid like the plague. Strenuously avoid the company of those who complain and condemn. Actively seek the company of those who love life, those who look upon their fellow men and women with love and compassion. Shift your entire mindset to one of constant optimism and joy.

Break away from any social, political, or religious group that harbors the slightest undertone of judgment or superiority.

Be wary of the books and periodicals you read, the television shows and movies you watch, and the radio programs and music you listen to. These can carry unsettling subliminal messages.

Now you've got me a little worried about something. We are only human. We can't always be positive — that's just not realistic. Are you saying that if we have real problems and react with grief or sadness or frustration that you will be automatically driven away? That doesn't seem fair somehow.

It is true that like attracts like and that it is advisable to maintain a positive state of mind in order to cultivate a healthy relationship with us. But we know that you are human and occasionally vulnerable to various forms of negativity even when you are trying your hardest. This is only natural.

Does this mean that if you are having a difficult time we will abandon you? Of course not. We will never abandon you. There is nothing you can say, nothing you can do to make us stop loving you. It's just that when you are in a positive state you make our job easier and encourage deeper and more frequent contact.

I'm not quite clear about this.

Laughter. *To understand how this works, imagine for a*

moment that you are a proud and devoted grandparent. Imagine that you have been left to babysit a room full of your grandchildren while the parents go out shopping. At first, all of your beloved grandchildren play quietly and your job is easy. Soon, however, it becomes apparent that one of the children has a problem. Nothing seems to please this child. He begins to whine about everything and begins to quarrel with you and the other children.

Being a perfect grandparent, you take all of this in stride. You love this grandbaby beyond measure. There is absolutely nothing any of your grandchildren could ever say or do to make you stop loving them. What's more, it is utterly unthinkable that you would ever stop watching and protecting them — especially for something as minor as being in a bad mood.

But you are experienced and wise. You know that the worst thing you can do with a whiny child is to give him more attention. More attention reinforces the undesirable behavior. It says to the child, “Whining and complaining is a successful and productive strategy. When you whine, you will get exactly what you want — more of my attention.”

You know that the best course of action is to continue watching the child, making sure he doesn't hurt himself while quietly busying yourself with another grandchild who is having fun with a constructive project on the other side of the room. You wait until the child settles down and begins to play quietly. You then reward this behavior by giving him your time and attention.

This is how we see you when you are indulging in unnecessary negativity. Don't act like a spoiled brat over every trivial problem, which is what most of you do when you don't get your way.

Sure, there will be times when you have real problems and times when you will experience real fear about real dangers. Without a doubt, we will be right there to help you when any true

difficulty arises. Just be careful. Before you start complaining and throwing a fit, make sure your grievances are genuine and significant.

What should we do if we make a mistake and fall into a negative, ungrateful state of mind?

First of all, don't feel guilty. Never hang on to shame or remorse when dealing with us. If you stray from the path in some way, don't mope around wearing the hair shirt. That just compounds the problem. Snap out of it. Forgive yourself and move on. We have no capacity for judgment or blame. Acting as if we do insults our forgiving and accepting nature.

What else can we do to encourage your presence?

Give something back. If you want to have a healthy, sustainable relationship with an angel, you cannot expect to take all the time and never give. Selfishness is poison to any relationship — on your plane or any other.

Younger souls constantly make this mistake. For example, younger siblings often talk for lengthy periods about themselves while asking their older brothers and sisters little about how they are doing. Most children and grandchildren don't learn until late in life to start asking their elders how they are doing and what they are thinking about. Only the most considerate and mature of younger souls thinks to ask its elders how it can return the energy it has been given.

People would be wise not to make this classic mistake with an angel. We have our own lives, our own projects, our own interests. Would it kill you to occasionally ask us how we are doing?

This is important not so much because we need to be asked but because we want you to grow and mature to the point where you care enough to ask. When we see such growth, we feel a

sense of accomplishment. This is part of our reward for the work we do with you.

Another thing that you can do is to offer to help us. We have our own projects. We absolutely love it when one of you is thoughtful enough to say, “What can I do to help you.”

Yes, but *how* exactly are we supposed to help you? Most of us can't even hear you. We have no idea what you want or what to do to help you.

That doesn't matter. The way to go about this is to first offer to help. Then, be quiet. Open your eyes and look around. Listen to the world around you. Those that have ears will hear.

Pay attention and persist. There will be signs — a phone call asking for a contribution, a letter in the mailbox, a person on the street — it could be anything. If you are paying attention and anticipating, you will know. Trust me: If you are paying attention, you will know. It's not that difficult.

Silence. Are there any other ways we can encourage your presence?

Pause. *Have you ever had a friend or relative that only called you or visited when there was a problem or need? How did that make you feel?*

I do know people like that. In fact, I probably act the same way myself sometimes.

True. That's just how children are.

Do you see me as a child?

We see all of you as children, and we love all of you no matter what you do. But we really wish you would call on us more when you are having a good time. You need to work on this. Don't just

call us when you get in trouble — during the bad times. Don't act this way with any angel. It is somewhat rude and inconsiderate.

Remember that we love joy and fun. Granted, we don't really need your help to have fun. It's just that it is polite and considerate to include us in the good times as well as the bad.

How should we do this exactly?

It's all done in consciousness. When things are going great, all you have to do is remember us. This simple act of awareness is greatly appreciated by your guardians who will consider it a sign of spiritual maturity. Like good teachers everywhere, we like to see signs that our students are making progress. That is a major part of our reward for working with you.

When we need help, how should we ask you to help us? Is there a certain way that is better than others?

One of the most common mistakes people make in dealing with us is to ask for our help only with self-centered plans. It's perfectly normal to ask us to help with personal projects, up to a point. Everyone has certain projects and plans that are based around the self. But it is important for you to understand that you should always be looking outside of yourself, always trying to integrate your personal good with the greater good. Whenever you are involved in something that will benefit many, you automatically pull additional power from the spirit. We are the agents of that power. We are the vehicles through which Spirit transmits itself into your lives.

Think of others. Look at what you are doing and continually ask yourself: Will this benefit anyone else? Will this contribute to the greater good? Such questions will expand your awareness beyond the boundaries of the self and will attract our presence and our help. I suggest you think of the Amish woman and her family and start practicing right now.

OTHER BOOKS BY DR. TODD MICHAEL
AVAILABLE IN PDF AND AUDIO FORMAT
ON HIS WEB SITE TODAY:

THE TWELVE CONDITIONS OF A MIRACLE:

THE MIRACLE WORKER'S HANDBOOK

WINNER OF THE NEBULAE AWARD:

BEST SPIRITUAL BOOK OF THE YEAR, 2005.

DrToddMichael.net

THE HIDDEN PARABLES

THE SEQUEL TO THE TWELVE CONDITIONS

A Chronological retranslation of the thirty enigmatic parables of Christ showing that these thirty peculiar stories, often glossed over by orthodox teachers, are actually a very carefully orchestrated sequence of mystical lessons entirely relevant to and consistent with our new quantum world..

Personal, Spiritual, Life-Coaching

with Dr. Todd Michael and *The Evolution Angel*

Personal Life-Coaching sessions

are now available for everyone,

as Dr. Michael has retired from medicine.

Dr. Michael has extensive training and experience that enables him to help you with a very wide array of life challenges. His coaching also helps people reach their highest potential, manifesting the great dreams and aspirations of their lives.

Dr. Michael has degrees in medicine and psychology/philosophy, 16 years of experience in emergency/trauma and family practice medicine, including the medical directorship of a level three trauma center for four years, four years of experience in pain management and family practice.

Dr. Michael is an initiate of the Mensa Society, the author of fourteen self-help books, which have been translated into numerous languages, and ten years of experience as a traveling lay minister giving sermons and workshops at scores of progressive churches around the country.

His coaching style is gentle and compassionate yet, appropriately truthful and confrontational—he knows how to tell his clients in tactful yet highly effective terms where their errors and deficiencies are holding them back. During his sessions, the Evolution Angel is always present, overlooking the entire process and keeping things on track. Although these are not psychic readings, per se, the coaching is decidedly influenced by this wise and generous being.

Some of the examples of the kinds of issues
he specializes in coaching include:

Marriage and Relationship Issues - This is Dr. Michael's favorite and most rewarding area of expertise. He uses what he calls a "No Fault, Mutual Behavioral Contract" system to help couples reinvigorate their relationship, resolve conflicts, soothe discord, reach a high degree of real intimacy, and achieve loving harmony. This really works well, and many couples need only a single session to achieve the level of harmony and higher energy they seek to manifest with their partners. And, if you are single and seeking to manifest a relationship—he is the man to ask!

Career issues - One of the coach's favorite initial questions is, "What is that you would really like to be doing for a living?" He asks clients to imagine what they would do for a living in a "perfect world." He then asks clients to immediately list the barriers they believe stand between them and this "ideal" type of work. Before the hour is over, a written plan is drawn up to guide the client with a very specific, 1, 2, 3... list so that they can begin breaking through each and every barrier, real and imaginary, that stands between them and the ideal life they would like to manifest.

Spiritual and Metaphysical Coaching. Many of Dr. Michael's clients come to him because they have been diagnosed with life-threatening illnesses or other "disastrous" problems. Or have close loved-ones who are undergoing similar crises.' Coaching of this nature is, of necessity, a very delicate matter and every ounce of compassion and understanding is used to help the client "make sense" of what is happening to her at a higher level.

Parenting Issues: Dr. Michael's main qualification for coaching here, is the fact that he raised a great fifteen year old son who takes all honor's and gifted classes, is a fully active member of the Boulder High School Junior Varsity Football team, gets along with everyone including his parents!, and has made a firm commitment to never use drugs or alcohol. Dr. Michael really loves coaching parents either alone, or with their children in attendance (preferably) so that they can achieve, through the use of NFMBC's--No Fault Mutual Behavior Contracts—an immediately noticeable lessening of problematic communication and destructive downward spirals of interaction.

Children and Teens. Dr. Michael's second favorite type of coaching involves coaching children of all types, including troubled children and teens, gifted and exceptional children, so-called Indigo Children, and children with challenges and illnesses. He has a "touch" with children of all ages who seem to open up to him almost immediately-- once they get there! Lol. If your children or teens are having any sorts of difficulties at home or at school, either one or two sessions with Dr. Michael will often suffice to produce dramatic changes. Also, some children and teens are a bit more likely to agree to see a "coach" than a psychologist or therapist.

Medical Issues. Although Dr. Michael is retired from the active practice of medicine, he can still do wonders for you if you have medical issues. After seeing well over 100,000 patients in his twenty years of practice, he is an expert at coaching you to understand what your doctor is saying and doing, and help you know better how to access the medical systems available—including orthodox and alternative. He can help you learn how to communicate with your physicians and therapists so that they better understand you, provide you better care, and treat you with more respect, naturally and harmoniously. An ideal addition to your overall health strategies.

More info at: DrToddMichael.net