

GOD'S MESSAGE of TRUTH

By: The Messenger

Foreword:

This is a true story. The events chronicled in this book occurred to the author in Denver, Colorado in the year 2001. This is a true and accurate report of this person's experience.

“God has chosen this time to send an important message of hope and information to answer the age-old questions that plague mankind.” Questions such as “Why are we here?” “Do I really have a purpose” “What am I supposed to do?” “What happens when we die?” and many others that are answered by this message. “All members of today's Human Race need to hear, understand and try to follow the instructions included in the message.” The message is simple but represents the basics of how we were created by God to become God's soldiers who should be able to defeat Evil here on Earth.

There is no attempt being made here to create a religion, or conflict with any existing religion or spirituality belief system. God has delivered a message through me and asks you to simply read this message. If you can work these simple activities into your daily life you will be doing greater God's work.

This important message was entrusted to a man of no importance, a man who had not believed in God before this experience. I'm that person. I have not lead a pious life. I have not lead a very successful life as measured by status, financial condition or any other commonly accepted measure. But I managed to, on an individual basis with God's direct help and intervention, engage in a battle with Evil and emerge victorious. This is my story and the message I brought back from the gates of Hell and Palace of God's House for the entire Human Race.

The Messenger.

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Chapter 1

THE MESSENGER:

The story started for me in February 1949 with my birth at Midway Hospital in St. Paul Minnesota as a son to a working class family. I arrived as the second of two children, being blessed, or sometimes cursed by a sister two and one half years my senior.

I led a reasonably normal lower class childhood, being gifted with a near photographic memory and cursed with an inability to develop good social skills.

This cast me in the role of an independent child who did not have many close friends. As my few friends that I have won throughout my life have told me, “You make it really hard to be your friend.” I could never understand that statement and effect any changes in myself.

My family also moved three times during my childhood which increased my social disposition as a bit of a loner. My sister was mentally gifted and created an educational echo effect where all of her teachers remembered her and always made comparisons based on my efforts. Since I was a relatively normal boy, and more interested in play and rough house behavior than educational pursuits, these comparisons were usually an unfavorable one.

My Father was a critical unhappy person. He was intelligent and talented but had an in-your-face belligerent style. He offered little encouragement or praise to me as a child. My Mother, bless her soul, tried to compensate as much as she could in raising me and my sister. She taught us how to reason and learn. I believe that the unfavorable parts of my childhood experiences caused me to develop feelings of being inferior and inadequate. I compensated for these feelings by developing a brash aggressive exterior persona to hide behind. With this shell around me, I could bluff my way through the lack of close friends and address new situations and people with a false bravado.

My upbringing, enhanced by this external shell I developed, caused me to challenge and question all authority figures and organizations. I was one of the worst rebels of the 60's in school and church, the one that pushed all the rules and regulations. The one who always challenged all attempts at direction and guidance. During the late 50's and early 60's as I was growing up, I could see this behavior reflected in the news reports from around the US. Therefore, I believed I had the right to act in that same way.

In school I was a tremendous challenge for my teachers. The combination of my memory abilities and willingness to challenge everything made me a real "terror."

Through my memory tricks I was able to rank at the top of my class, but was rarely challenged to exert myself to learn any topic. I must have been a real dilemma for my teachers when they had to identify the worst class disruption and their best student as the same person. I became worse as I grew older. I look at those days now as a waste of my talents and abilities. It was rare for a rural school to be able to attract the top teachers, but I did have several.

These teachers challenged me and I excelled in their topics. I remember a Mr. Philip Schneider who offered a solution to my educational needs as well as minimizing the disruption in class that my boredom would create. He came to me early in the school year and offered me a choice, I could stay in his class every day or I could show up only on Fridays to take his weekly test but in addition I would need to write an in-depth report on any topic I wished. He would issue my yearly grade, based $\frac{1}{2}$ on the weekly test scores and $\frac{1}{2}$ on how well I did my report.

This was a perfect solution for both of us. I read the entire class text book in the first two weeks and then researched UFO's for my report. I received an A+ and an even better reward was when Mr. Schneider told me he had never believed in UFO's but, after reading my report, he now wasn't so sure.

Another teacher became my primary mentor. Mr. Emory Giles was a great teacher.

Even though he was a high school teacher, Mr. Giles stepped into my life during 7th grade. His wife was my 7th grade teacher and I was, as usual, a major disruption in her class. Through her discussions with him about her frustration I was causing in class, he became aware of the problems I was creating.

After several meetings and discussions between us, he asked if I would like to study science (his area of expertise). I answered that I would and from that time forward I was given free run of the High School science lab anytime I was not busy in my classes. This granting of additional freedoms was a key element that caused me to strive to meet his expectations.

I worked hard to learn how to self teach myself almost anything from books. This was a skill that was created in me, my life long desire to understand all areas of knowledge including science. I did experiments such as deducing the measurements of molecules from an oil suspension method, then built a “particle accelerator” or “Atom Smasher” as it was more commonly called, from a Van deGraff generator. This required buying a 3" diameter glass tube about 30 inches long. Then I had to create machined caps for both ends of that tube from aluminum so I could provide an absolutely air tight seals on both ends of that tube. The base cap required that a valve be positioned for creating a vacuum in the tube. Our small school did not have a good vacuum pump, but the books taught me that you could build a better

vacuum by first creating as good a vacuum as I could get in a separate container and then setting the vacuum pump to exhaust into that container. I wound up using a total of 25 one-gallon Coke syrup glass jars that I begged from the local drug store fountain operation, in a series of stronger and stronger vacuum stages before I could get the vacuum in my glass tube down to operating conditions. Then the big moment, I turned on the Van deGraff generator and got out the Geiger counter to see if I was really splitting atoms. I watched the needle on the Geiger Counter climb higher and higher. It worked!

From that moment I was hooked on a belief that anyone could learn anything if they just worked hard enough. In my free spirit pursuits I also challenged organized religion. I had an intense curiosity about why we were here. I felt we were here for a purpose yet I couldn't understand what that purpose was. I felt that we should be behaving differently than the news reports were saying, but I could not discover the rules for this behavior.

I quickly went through most of the religious and philosophical books in the small library offerings of a town of 850 people. I also read all the books in the school library where I thought I could find answers.

I was raised in a household where only my mother felt spiritual growth was

important, and because of my Mother's insistence, I attended Sunday School and later churches of both Lutheran and Methodist faiths (depending on where we lived) until the age of 15.

Because of my interest in science, I had trouble reconciling the "answers" provided by organized religion versus the evidence science was coming up with. How could we have been created when all the collected evidence pointed toward evolution? How do the dates determined by the bible make any sense where geological proofs showed the planet was thousands of times older than religion believed? Where was the Loving God when all around the world most of what I could see were cruelty and hurt? How could there be so many religions, all claiming they were the only "right" religion?

The more I learned about religions the more confused I became. Why was the Jewish faith the birthplace of Christianity, which in turn became the beginning of the Muslim faith? Why (when you stripped away human interpretation, reinterpretation and the unavoidable errors in rewriting) did the core beliefs of all major religions sound so similar.

There seemed to be a common thread of basic teaching that most of the religions no longer followed very closely. They seemed so busy gathering up money, power, real

estate and other assets.

During one of my many discussions with our Methodist Pastor which occurred during a Methodist Youth Fellowship Wednesday evening meeting, he made the statement “That the Methodists were going to heaven and the rest of the world, who were not Methodists, were going to Hell. I asked “How can we condemn the majority of people in the world to Hell?” “What gives us that right?” The minister responded that “We, as Methodists, had been given the only truth” I then asked “How can we believe that only the Methodists had the truth when other religions had been around for thousands of years and the Methodists were only created recently?”

As I continued to use my memories of my religious and philosophical research to back him into a corner, he became angry and frustrated and told me “If you have no faith and belief, you should leave this church and never return.” I did as he suggested and never returned to organized religion.

I never understood why my questions and methods of argument caused those I argued with to respond so aggressively. I now believe, that my questions and debate techniques were ruthless and damaging to both their beliefs and egos. I can now see how my classroom behavior had interfered with my fellow student’s ability

to learn and grow.

I was disappointed and angry that religion had no concrete answers for me, no “proofs” to provide answers, just reasoning that they demanded that I must accept on “Faith.” Their “proofs” did not seem to stand up to logic, and I could not understand why God (if he or she existed) would give us the ability to look at the world and understand its functioning through logic and yet demand that we accept only on faith, those different teachings that were offered by a wide variety of religions.

I thought there should only be one true religion but, through my studies, I was unable to identify any religion that withstood a logical analysis of all of their teachings. Then, I also had direct evidence of the hypocritical behavior of the Methodist Church’s religious leaders in my small town. My Aunt owned the house next to the town liquor store. That house had a side porch where I could sit and watch the Methodist Elders, at that time sworn to total abstinence, sneak in the back door of that liquor store.

My life proceeded to follow a path of pursuit of material success, without any measurable results. I became uninterested in being involved in any service to my fellow man. I believed that we were all in competition with each other and winning

was the goal.

Therefore I was ruthless in my pursuits with the over riding rule “what’s in it for me” being my primary goal. I was still bothered with questions that I now believe most if not all humans ask themselves. Questions like “Why am I here on this Earth?” “What am I supposed to do while I’m here?” “Is there a purpose to my life?” “Is there a purpose in the universe or are we just an accident of evolution?” I thought about these questions in comparison to what I saw around me until I developed a basic belief structure that seemed to match what I saw happening.

My beliefs were that I accepted that there may be a Creator/Supreme Being but it does not intervene in our lives or care about us. I believed that there was not a loving god as we could look anywhere in the world and see what I considered to be tragedies and horrors that I did not believe a benevolent God would allow to happen.

That led me to a belief that there was nothing for any of us beyond death. I believed that when one dies, we just no longer existed at any level. I thought that it was more important that we try to advance in our world through competitive interactions with fellow human beings rather than try to reach a nirvana that didn’t exist. I thought if we were to leave any legacy or benefit to the world, we would

need great wealth and power to leave any mark upon the world.

The thought that we could do so by helping other people progress and that then they would pass that benefit onto others was nothing more than an afterthought to me.

So by the time I was 21 years old, I had developed an internal standard of ethical and moral behavior that measured itself against a rule of whether my actions helped me advance over a fellow human rather than helping them advance. If I caused them difficulty or failure that was OK since we were competing against each other.

This allowed me to gain a feeling of moral success as I proceeded through life. I was convinced that my beliefs were right since every action I could see and experience in this world seemed to fit logically within this framework. I decided that making an enduring mark on the world by causing a ripple effect of helping others, who would then help others and so on and so on, was wishful thinking at it's worst. I saw nothing but a few people, in my opinion misguided, who were trying to uplift their fellow man.

I was never one to look for or accept any rules of accepted advancement and accomplishments that normally preceded a career path that included the material

success that I thought was necessary to leave our mark on the world. So I proceeded to attack life and the world as my enemy. I looked for jobs based simply on how much and how quickly money could be made.

I made many errors in judgement that decreased any chance I would have of success. I had to get married young (19 years old) and was immediately (within 15 months) the father of two beautiful children. Because of a lack of financial help I decided that college was a luxury I could not afford.

My children became the sole bright spot in my life. I fondly remember starting several Cub Scout Packs, a Boy Scout Troop and a Youth League Athletic team so my children could pursue their interests in scouting and sports. I remember the camping, fishing, hiking and hunting activities that I shared with my children. I look back at those memories with love and wish I could have been a better father to my children.

I was never what you or I would call a good father or faithful husband, yet my family supported me and believed in me even when my own belief in myself was shaken. This unswerving devotion kept me going through failure after failure. The daily pressures of living and the competitiveness of trying to progress in life (as measured by material gain) caused me to further bend my rules (as well as several

of our self-imposed rules/laws for living together.) I proceeded to move farther and farther from the helpful person I should have been and become the selfish person I became.

I, like many of us, did things based on how they would profit me materially or emotionally. This behavior, which I came to think of as normal, became my norm as I progressed through my life.

This selfish viewpoint proved to be non rewarding in any material or ego gratification. My children provided enjoyment and emotional rewards as they grew into successful adults. Other than that experience, my life was unsatisfying and devoid of any of the rewards I sought.

After my children reached adulthood and my relationship with them grew more distant (This is a sad, even though a natural, evolution that happens when children become adults, especially since I had not been as good a parent as I thought I was) I found my life more and more empty of success or reward.

I continued to search for enlightenment and rewards that would provide some measure of satisfaction with uniformly poor results. I now realize (after my experience of dying) that I didn't know what I was looking for, or for that matter

the way I should have been measuring that view. It's hard to be successful in a search when you don't understand what you are searching for. Notwithstanding my lack of formal education, I had achieved job success (I had spent six years as a CEO of a public company and many additional years as the President/CEO of several private companies). I had been a successful parent (or as I measured at the time). And I had experienced several intimate relationships that were physically satisfying but in all of this, I continued to find no real satisfaction or happiness. The feeling that I was growing better or wiser never came to me.

During this 20-year period of time I grew more and more convinced that life offered no satisfaction or happiness. I became more convinced that these were elusive goals that I would never achieve. My life became a blur of unhappiness and dissatisfaction.

I came to believe by the late 1980's that for the remainder of my life I would simply repeat my past experience of dismal and disappointing experiences. My lack of beliefs in a higher being coupled with my belief that when we die, we simply cease to exist, forced me to look at my life and the acquisition of material success for satisfaction.

My dissatisfaction with life caused me to lose focus, and with that loss went my

ability to produce reasonable financial rewards. With no forthcoming material success and financial shortfalls causing continual budget problems, I decided that a continued existence like this was not appealing to me. I determined that a suicide may bring this unsatisfying experience to an early end and I started to research this aspect.

I carefully studied medical publications and discovered some books recommended by the Hemlock Society. There I studied the methods and variable levels of success achieved by these different methods of “self termination.” I was searching for a painless method of ending my dreary existence that would not involve risk to others. This eliminated all forms of traffic or industrial accidents, as I had reached a decision to not hurt others or allow anyone to believe that they were responsible for my death. I focused my research on the medical or chemical methods, if you prefer that title, of terminating my life.

I researched different types of drugs used for these purposes. I was looking for the perfect method because I had a fear of “botching” the job and being in a reduced physical or mental capacity or in pain for the remainder of my existence. My research showed there were many drugs that would, according to these books, cause my death quite painlessly. But additional research showed that many had a high rate of failure of immediate death. In most of those failures, death would only

be hastened due to damage that these drugs, in quantity to be fatal, would produce in vital organs such as the liver and kidneys.

Even when committed to my own self-termination, I still had hope and I would find many continuing reasons and circumstances that allowed me to postpone and delay suicidal action on my part. I would research and plan for this eventual action for more than 13 years.

In my advance planning I also researched financial avenues to provide for my soon-to-be ex-wife and my children. I discovered the insurance suicide clause (active in Colorado) that insurance policies needed to be in place for at least one year for them to pay out in the event of a suicide. During the late 80's and early 90's I purchased several large term policies that had a ten-year level payment. The purchase of this coverage increased my financial payment problems but I felt these were some necessary items to have in place for my children.

I continued to walk the fine line between acting on my decision to terminate my life and hoping for a better life for more than 13 years. When several of the policies that I had purchased came up for renewal, I realized I had spent more than 10 years “Chickening out” on my decision. Whenever I was given even the faintest sign that things in my life may get better, I grasped at that hope like a drowning man.

To keep the insurance rates as low as possible I was given the chance to “reenter” the plans. This involved taking a minimal physical from some of the insurance companies. During one of those insurance physicals to re-enter the existing plan at a lower rate, I was told by the person giving the physical to immediately check with my Doctor as there were unusual results coming up during some of those standard tests.

I didn't have a regular doctor at that time, so I went through the HMO process of finding and getting on a doctor's list of patients. When I was finally able to get an office exam several weeks later, I was told that I was suffering from Diabetes Type 2 and that my blood sugar was more than 500 (normal is below 125). Although my fraternal grandmother had died of that disease, my Mother had suffered from it for 20 years and even my Son had been diagnosed with this genetic disorder I had no idea what this disease really was and how it had and would continue to affect me.

I was subsequently trained, informed and educated on this disease through a multi day training class at Rose Medical Center. I was being treated with oral medicine for this disease but it was explained to me that this was a life long condition and I would be in treatment for the rest of my life for this disease. It was discovered that I had been suffering from this condition for many years and had ignored the symptoms.

I guess, in retrospect, my ignoring the symptoms that I had been aware of but did nothing about was just another hopeful method of bringing my life to an end. I was told that my delay in seeking treatment had caused advanced nerve damage and I was told this was not only irreversible but would get worse as time went by.

These facts hit me with yet another reason to pursue my idea for a suicide attempt. I was not happy to have to look forward to dramatic changes in both my life style and standard of health.

Previous to this diagnosis, I had reached a comfort level with my activities where I ate well and pretty much did as I pleased, but I was still terribly empty inside. The necessity of changing my dietary habits and my activities was another negative added to what I perceived as my “burden.” This added to my dissatisfaction with continuing living.

All during this time I took pains to not share any of these thoughts with family or friends as I did not want anyone to attempt to intervene in what I was deciding to do. Therefore I aggressively attacked my medical condition and achieved a high degree of success in bring my blood sugar levels down and kept them under control.

This continued until the fateful day of March 16, 2001. The day dawned clear and cool in Denver Colorado with temperatures in the 40's with snow predicted for later in the day. Since I spent most of my childhood in Minnesota and northern Wisconsin, this weather was comfortable and enjoyable to me. I have always found that this type of weather, clear, sunny and cool, put me in a more positive attitude.

I had by this time acquired a quantity of drugs that all of the medical research I checked assured me that this dosage would produce a rapid and painless death. I also discovered early in the morning that several additional business opportunities that I had worked on for months were now dead.

My financial situation was critical, my personal life was a mess and I decided that today was a good day as any to end it all and gathered my supplies together. I spent most of the morning feeling sorry for myself and checking and rechecking my methods and supplies to insure that I would not fail in my attempt. I had in my possession more than four grams of the chosen drug even though my research assured me that three grams would be fatal. I also read that alcohol would increase the effectiveness of this particular drug by 30-40%. These two factors meant I had almost a 75% overkill ratio.

I now believed that I could be successful in my goal. I wrote a note to my employee

and part-time lover, Angie. I told her that my attorney had the paper work that would affect the transfer of my business to her. I was interrupted in my final preparations that morning several time by demands of my business. My business at that time was working as a self-employed computer guru. I had developed a reasonably large group of individuals and companies that believed, based on my past performance, that I was able to solve any problems that they would have on their workstation PC's, computer networks and web services.

During the technology boom I was in demand quite a bit. I had to make several service related stops in the morning and was waiting for a call from a client to let me know that they were back at the office from lunch so I could go over and fix their modem problem. I decided to not delay my plans for ending my life any longer. At about noon I went to a shopping center to pick up a book to fill my time while waiting for the pills to do their job. As I returned to my car after the purchase, once again I reflected on how much I had enjoyed living in Colorado and how much I enjoyed the cool winter weather. I was still hoping to discover some reason to turn away from the path I was on. I reviewed all the plans and paperwork I had put in place to "take care of my affairs" when I was dead.

I never planned any contingencies for my incapacitation at all because I believed that my plan for self termination was adequate. I had been assured by my medical

research that a lethal dose of my drug of choice was three grams. I had four grams in hand and the research had also stated that alcohol would increase the deadly effects of the drugs I was going to take. I had brought along a small bottle of my favorite scotch to use for this purpose. I stiffened my resolve while thoughts tumbled through my head, thoughts about my past tangled with my present and my perceived lack of a future. I tried to concentrate on the book I had just purchased to control my thoughts. I started to read the book and took several large mouthfuls of the scotch as I read.

When I had drunk a little less than a half a pint of scotch, I stiffened my resolve and tried to get my fear under control. I took out the bottle I used to hold the ill-gotten pills. I emptied the entire bottle of 40 100mg tablets into my hand and put all of them into my mouth. I washed them down with another swig of scotch and put the bottle of Scotch into the back seat where I had a box of camping supplies sitting. I guess I was hoping that my death would be written off as a heart attack and my kids would not have to face the stigma of my suicide.

I had picked that particular parking lot because they ran tour buses from there up to Black Hawk and Central City Casino's. I thought I would not be disturbed until after the last bus came back at 1:00am.

As it turned out, that part of my planning was exactly right. I was found in that parking lot, sitting in my car with all the windows down, approximately 14 hours later at 2:00am. There was snow drifted across my lap since the weatherman had properly predicted the snow that was supposed to hit the afternoon before. I showed no sign of life when the store security people approached my vehicle. This caused a call to go out for the EMT's. When the EMT's approached the vehicle, they discovered that I was not breathing and was hypothermic(I was told later by the EMT's that I was found with a core body temperature of 68 degrees.) The EMT's were, however, able to detect a faint heart beat and tried to administer first aid but my body was so stiff that they were unable to get a ventilator tube down my throat to provide assistance in breathing. A search of the vehicle turned up the small empty pill bottle in my briefcase and the poly-carbonate pint bottle of scotch whiskey in the box of camping supplies in the back seat. Based on those facts, they assumed that I was an overdose or suicide attempt.

I was rushed to the University of Colorado Hospital, the hospital closest to where I was found. There, in the Emergency Room, the Doctors were finally able to get a ventilator tube down to my lungs. They and the other medical professionals battled to bring my body temperature back to normal at the same time doing pulmonary resuscitation.

They also treated me for my assumed overdose condition. They took blood sample after blood sample to try and discover what I had overdosed on. They took so much blood trying to discover what I had taken that I had to be given transfusions. After two days my body temperature stabilized at a near normal rate and I was breathing with the assistance of a ventilator. I was in a deep coma. One of the doctors later told me I was in what was typically called a “fighting coma.” I was flailing all of my body, as if I was trying to fight off an opponent, yet my EEG was showing no alpha or beta brain wave activity.

I was termed “Brain dead” yet they had to restrain my body by tying down both arms and both legs. I was told that I continued to be in this style of a coma for most of that experience.

I’ve been told that the Doctors were faced with two problems, one; they suspected a suicide attempt (confirmed once my Daughter got to my office and found the letter I had left for Angie) but their blood tests (the hospital billed more than \$59,600.00 for insurance reimbursement for drug testing alone) did not show any drugs in my system beyond the prescriptions I was taking for my Type 2 Diabetes. Nor did their tests show any alcohol in my blood stream.

They had also run a series of tests including a head MRI, a full body MRI, a head

CAT scan, a full body CAT scan, and a spinal tap. These tests also failed to show reason for me to be in a coma.

Problem number two; (the major problem) was although no one knew for sure how long I had been setting in the car without breathing, they could tell that I had suffered extensive brain damage from lack of oxygen, but were unable to test for the complete extent of that brain damage. With EEG tests showing no alpha or beta brain wave activity of any kind, with only minimal brain stem activity noted, they assumed the worst. My family was told that if I ever woke up I would be severely brain damaged and would require extended 24/7 care for the rest of my life (in other words I would be a vegetable.)

My family was told that the doctors believed that I had only a 10% chance of waking up at all, so after the first few days of the coma the talks turned to terminating life support.

Even though I was a recently legally separated adult, my soon to be ex-wife and children stepped in to manage my affairs. I had during the operation of my business developed a loyal employee (Angie), who I had known, trained and worked with as well as having an ongoing love affair with on and off for 15 years. I had made arrangements so that, if I died, ownership of all of my business assets would be

transferred to her.

She had proven to be extremely intelligent and had learned every thing I was able to teach her and then proceeded to pass me in knowledge and ability in computers in several areas. She knew my customers and my customers were comfortable with her answering calls to me for assistance.

My family had never been involved in my business and as my marriage dissolved I made sure to keep them away from any involvement in my company. To my knowledge they were unaware of Angie although they suspected that I had other ladies on the side due to my desire for a divorce and my past infidelities. I had prepared explicit instructions with my attorney for the transfer of the business to Angie in case of my death, comfortable that she had already earned that right to the business and I was comfortable that she would provide the proper level of support to my customers in my absence.

Since those arrangements were only effective upon my death, I had unwittingly left things uncontrolled in the case of incapacitation. This is an oversight that almost spelled doom for me, my business and Angie.

My family, upon my incapacitation, stepped into my business affairs to protect my

interests. They shut down my phones, refused to tell customers, friends and other acquaintances what had happened to me or where I was, and ejected Angie from the business and building. Angie viewed me as her mentor and one of the only people in the world who had ever given her an opportunity to excel without putting up limits because she didn't have a degree, or that she was a single parent with the demands of three children making her reliability somewhat sporadic. I had given her responsibilities and the authority to handle jobs. She always performed well in her job.

Because of the close personal ties during those years, I also wanted to leave her something of value for all the kindness she had shown me. However, since I was incapacitated and not dead, my family would not tell Angie what was going on with me and she was only able, through a client of mine, who was a Doctor, to find out where I was. She was able to get rumors and partial reports on my condition and course of treatment.

My family shutdown my business due to the Doctors reports and prognosis. Since I had never let them have knowledge or experience in my business, I really left them no other choice. I guess they believed the doctors when they said "if I woke up at all, I would be so severely brain damaged that it may take 18 to 24 months for me to learn how to say my name again." I don't blame them for what they did.

Although I will admit that the damage, their actions did to my business, has caused tremendous problems for me all through the period since the coma. I can't even suggest a better way that they could have handled the situation and I don't know how I would have reacted in a similar situation. So there I was, brain dead to this world with my business (that I had spent 18 years building) shut down, and my friends and acquaintances not being told what had happened, where I was or what the problem and prognosis was.

Chapter 2

THE REAL BEGINNING OF MY ENLIGHTENMENT:

Here I must digress, because now I know that this story really started about two years before I was found in a coma. A close personal friend of mine shared the problems that he was having with his son. This is a beautiful family of four, the father a medical professional (Leo), the mom (Kelly) also a medical professional, a daughter (Elizabeth) and a youngest child, a son (Edward). A picture book family, stable, secure and religious.

Leo and I had met about 17 years previously when he moved to Colorado from Kansas City and opened his dental practice. We first met at a brand new Optimist Club breakfast meeting. We both become active in the operations of the club and found ourselves becoming friends. Since that time, Leo and I have breakfast every Tuesday morning we are able (we are the only surviving remnants of that Optimist Club that had long ago shut down). Therefore, I was well versed in the family's day-to-day world.

Leo had previously told me about Edward's medical problems when he was born. He had severe allergy problems and what seemed like an increased quota of the

normal childhood coughs, colds and ear infections. Leo proceeded to tell me that when Edward was about five years old, he started exhibiting strange behavior. Edward was normally a quiet, somewhat shy boy who was a beautiful caring person.

Suddenly he started exhibiting violent episodes where he would bite, spit, attack or threaten to hurt or even kill his sister or parents. Edward accompanied these attacks with a stream of swear words, most of which had never before been heard in this household. He would also exhibit physical manifestations during these episodes where he would hunch his back and his hands would curl into a claw like appendages.

Being educated in the professional medical/scientific world his parents pursued all known medical reasons and treatments for these episodes. Despite treatment by MD's and a wide assortment of psychiatric professionals this behavior was happening more often and was becoming more violent. Leo and Kelly were at their wit's end as to how to help their son.

They were actually living in fear of injury Edward might cause to them, his sister or himself. Liberal uses of commonly accepted drug treatments were pursued with no measurable success.

While they were attending an out-of-town business meeting, they explained their problem to a fellow professional. They were shocked when this person told them that it was obvious that their son was “possessed.” They didn’t believe in such things, to which their friend responded “You’re both good Catholics, ask your Priest if the Catholic Church believes in possession.”

When they returned to Denver, they approached their Priest, who told them “Yes, the Church does believe in possession.” “The Church also believes in Exorcisms where needed.” “However, there were only a few Exorcists in the US and it would be many months before they would be able to get any help from the Church.”

Since they were at their wit’s end and sought to alleviate the suffering, their whole family was undergoing, they decided to investigate this aspect of Evil. Even though they had never confronted anything like this before or even believed in the existence of this type of Evil, they started studying available materials which lead them to a variety of different types of book outlets.

This in turn put them in touch with a genre of people that they had not experienced before. As you may be aware, a lot of people have had strange unexplainable things happen in their lives, but due to fear of being labeled as weird or strange we just don’t like to share these experiences with anyone who has not taken the first step in

asking about an unusual phenomenon. Their world of contacts started to grow.

Leo, during this research, on a Tuesday morning over breakfast, carefully sounded me out as to my belief in such “Para-normal” activities. I answered that there were so many things that happened in our world that could not be explained by “science,” therefor, I was not a sceptic in areas where I had no personal knowledge. When he explained the remark about Edward being “Possessed” I told him that I believed that this should be investigated as seriously as all the medical and psychological causes that they had pursued.

During their pursuits for knowledge and help (chronicled in the book “Enlightened through Darkness” published by Shining Light Press) they were referred to Judy Goodman of Columbus, Georgia. When Leo first contacted Judy, she seemed to possess knowledge of their problems before Leo could explain the purpose of the call. Leo asked if the person who had given Leo Judy’s name had talked to her and explained the problems. Judy responded “No, I was told of your problems during a mediation session but was told not to contact you, but instead, I had to wait for you to find me.”

This astounded Leo. He had no idea such a thing was possible. In the following conversation Judy verified that yes, Edward was possessed and that she believed

that she would be able to help.

I would receive updates on all of these activities during our breakfast meetings. One morning when Leo was recounting one especially vicious possession session with his son, I made the remark “It really irritates me that these demons would pick on a 6-year-old boy, why won’t they pick on someone who can fight back, like me.”

Judy Goodman has since informed me that this remark is called an invitation, and her knowledge told here that the forces of Evil never refuse an invitation. I now believe that the following 18 to 24 months of my life leading up to my suicide attempt had me under almost continual demonic attacks.

These attacks took on a variety of different aspects as each demon has different skills and abilities. In retrospect that two-year portion of my life was completely different in content and how I was viewing, reacting and responding to the world, I did things I would have never dreamed of doing at any other time in my life.

During the final three months of this time I awoke with a start every morning at exactly 3:34am, never 3:35am or 3:33am, Judy has also since told me that we are most susceptible to demon influence during our deep sleep period which normally occurs between 3:am and 4:00am.

Once I was awakened suddenly that way, I cannot go back to sleep so I would quietly get up and go into my home office and read or watch TV until I was able to go back to sleep or it was time to get up. I was chronically tired during this period and getting more and more run down.

My business continued to go downhill. I was able to, even when I was trying hard not to, irritate and anger customers, friends and my family (wife, son and daughter). This behavior grew more extreme as time went on, which caused more and more financial and social damage to my life.

I was completely unaware of this downward spiral of my life during this period and am only able to see the results of those demonic influences now with input from friends and family. They have pointed out how my behavior and actions changed and how I seemed, through these actions, to stop caring about my family, friends and even my life. During these times I found myself unable to stop feeling that I was worthless, my life was a waste, and I was becoming a burden on everyone and everything.

The harder I tried to turn these feeling and events around, the worse they seemed to become. I was increasingly thinking the best solution for me was also the best for my friends and family. That solution would be If I was no longer here. I still had a

reasonable amount of life insurance in force and started thinking it was time, finally, to stop procrastinating and arrange for my death, I was afraid of the pain of dying but strangely, not of dying.

I loved the mountains and wilderness area within the western US and fantasized about getting lost in one of those areas and dying there. I thought that this would be a fitting and proper way to self-terminate. I then realized that I would not be able to supply the life insurance payout to my survivors without a positively identified body.

I continued my 12-year search of the best way to “self terminate” and researched these methods through as many different sources as possible. I came to believe that an overdose of sleeping pills would be the best method. Then I set out, through whatever means necessary, to acquire the necessary drugs. I’m now convinced that most of my actions and the above thoughts were proof of the Evil influences in my life during that time preceding the time of my brain death.

Chapter 3

THE FIRST THREE DAYS OF MY TRAVELS DURING MY COMA:

Suddenly, I was aware that I was in a strange place. The last thing I remembered was getting into my car in the shopping center and taking the pills I thought necessary to kill myself.

I didn't know where I was or how I had gotten here. I didn't feel dead or even drowsy. I found that I couldn't move any part of my body or turn my head. I reviewed the memory of my suicide without really believing I had actually done those actions. After a brief period of disorientation I came to believe that I was tied down with my head held stationary on some type of Gurney type device.

As I was lying on my back, I could only see straight up with limited peripheral vision. I soon discovered I couldn't even move my eyes. I could hear sounds, like other people were around me crying and screaming, but could see no one else due to the vision limits I was experiencing. I was scared, no, I was terrified and since I could not move, see around or understand how I had gotten to this place I was totally disoriented. I felt like I was in my body but I could see no part of it because of my immobility. I was panicking and through a combination of having no control

over my body and not having any idea where I was or how I had gotten there, I was feeling more out of control than I could have ever believed possible.

I cannot share just how frightened I was. At this time I was not aware that I was no longer in my body or even in my world anymore, this understanding would only come much later.

The place I was in, from what limited sight I had straight up and peripherally looked like a huge dark cavern or stadium type building with the only light having a flickering quality like it was coming from open fires. I could see some type of roof over me but I was unable to see any walls since I could not turn my head nor move my eyes. I could hear sounds of movement around me that reminded me of dragging and slithering sounds. I could hear what sounded like other people crying and wailing in desperation. I could not see anything but suggestions of shadowy movement in my peripheral vision.

I was trying to get a hand or foot free from restraint but could not move any of my body. I grew more panicked as time progressed and I continued to be unsuccessful in achieving any freedom of movement, or gain any understanding of where I was or how I had come to be there. I was curious as to how I got into such a state, but my mind was totally consumed on getting some part of my body free of its

restraints and did not or could not dwell on any other peripheral thoughts that I was having.

It was as if I could only focus on a single thought process at a time. The feeling of being completely restrained and having no ability to control what could happen to me caused me to feel more vulnerable than I had ever felt.

Throughout my life I have always believed that “the best defense is a good offense.” I was determined to fight whatever was holding me. I could somehow sense activities somewhere in the direction my feet were pointed. From that direction emanated what I can only describe as huge rolling waves of emotions. I don’t know how I was able to sense these emotions. It felt like they came just like large rolling waves of the ocean crashing down on me, but instead of water I could feel emotions.

The emotions I felt were fear, despair, hopelessness, and terror. These added to my ever growing panic.

As I continued to fight against my restraints, I heard movement close by and started to scream out for help, and then as if in response to my screams, I heard slithering and dragging sounds of movement coming closer. Even though I could still not see

anyone or anything other than straight up these unusual sounds seemed to increase my panic even more.

Suddenly I was moving toward the area that I had sensed in the distance as the source of the roiling waves of negative emotions. I don't know how I reached the conclusion, but I just knew I could not let them (whoever they were) get me to that area. Great waves of fear, hopelessness and terror emanated from it in palpable waves. As I was pushed closer to that area, I could somehow sense that it was a doorway.

I was able to hear the cries and screams become louder and it became apparent that the majority and most heart wrenching of the sounds were emanating from there. Not being able to move any part of my body, I tried to fight the movement of my conveyance forward. No matter how hard I tried to move any part of myself I was unable to do so.

I decided to try to stop the movement by simply using the only parts of me that I could still use, the power of my mind and will. I focused my mind on the device I believed I was tied to, refusing to allow it to move. I first tried to visualize my body as strapped to a wheeled type vehicle. I created a picture of the vehicle in my mind. I tried to just refuse the reality of my experience and surroundings, but this had no

effect. I then tried to refuse to allow myself to be moved closer to that doorway I could feel in the distance. Again no luck.

I then imagined that the vehicle I was on had wheels and concentrated on visualizing the internal structure of the hub of those wheels. I then imagined the bearings melting and seizing the entire wheel and hub structure. I tried to mentally stop the wheels from turning. I was encouraged as this visualization stopped my forward movement, I still don't know how this could be, but I was too focused to waste any time on those thoughts that were not directed at stopping any movement of my vehicle.

It took a constant high level of total concentration of my mental will to keep the movement stopped. They, whoever or whatever the entities were that were pushing me, gathered more assistance and overcame my resistance and starting my movement forward again. I tried to renew my visualization of the wheel and hub melt down without any success.

I then started trying any and all ideas that came to me. Finally I tried to visualize the frame structure of the vehicle I believed myself to be on. I then visualized a large metal spike above me. I concentrated on this visualization until I thought I could feel the weight and hardness of this spike. Then I mentally drove that spike

downward to and through the imagined vehicle framework deep into the ground.

This brought my movement to a jarring halt. Continuing to concentrate as hard as I could on my visualization, I could hear more sounds' coming my way and assumed this meant reinforcements for my transporters.

As more and more joined the fight, I could feel the pressure build and my visualized spike start to loosen in the ground (at least in my mental picture) As more and more pressure was applied I could feel the spike start to bend and finally the vehicle framework came free. I frantically renewed the image of the spike in my mind and made it an even bigger and harder spike which I mentally drove back through the framework deep into the ground. This stopped us once again.

I continued (with my terror growing exponentially with each instance of renewed movement) to repeat this action throughout the first day until, finally reaching a point of complete mental exhaustion after unknown hours of effort, I lost any conscious ability or thought.

Sometime later I awoke with a start, remembering my battle experience and in great fear tried to see where I was, after close examination of the shadowy ceiling above me and gauging the intensity of the emotions emanating from the gateway (which had grown noticeably stronger as I got closer yesterday) I appeared to be

approximately where I had been before I lost consciousness.

I again started to fight my restraints and tried to figure out where I was and how I had gotten there. I was feeling so powerless, I could not move any part of my body nor see any direction other than straight up. The absolute loss of any type of control was terribly demoralizing and interfered with my ability to think and resist. I was just as unsuccessful in my struggle to move or figure out where I was or how I had gotten here as I had been before. I continued to hear screams and cries not only from the doorway but also from close around me. I strained to see any sign of any other people but the only evidence continued to be the sound.

I attempted to yell out to see if I could get a response, but as soon as I did this I started to hear those unusual sounds of movement coming in my direction again. I felt my panic leap to new high points as these sounds did not include any sounds of footsteps but just the (by now) familiar yet still unrecognizable sounds like slithering and scraping sounds.

My conveyance suddenly jerked forward even though I still could see nothing around me, I immediately started fighting again as I had in the previous day. I had no way to tell time and the intensity of my fight did not help in judging time but I later decided to call it a day based on later events.

It seemed to require even more effort to stop the movement forward than it had before, I was forced to reach deeper and deeper into the core of my being to resist. I have always been described as one of the most stubborn people any of my acquaintances and this attribute was what I was using to fuel my will to resist the movement toward the distant doorway I feared so greatly. I felt that I simply existed to refuse any movement toward that frightening doorway. As the pressure grew stronger to move me forward, I dug deeper and deeper into myself for the strength to resist.

As I realized that I would not be able to continue this level of battle for much longer and I called up, in my mind, the images of the people I loved. As these images popped into my mind, they seemed to add strength to my battle. I focused on the images of those loved ones that I wanted to see again and felt a huge rush of power and energy run through me. This extra support was critical as the pressure to get me to the doorway seemed to last for day and weeks but I know it was actually only many hours of concentration and mental efforts.

One image in particular seemed to provide most of the power to resist and I concentrated exclusively on that image, I tried to remember every feature of that person, every activity, every time I had been with that person so to draw all power I could to continue my fight. I concentrated every bit of my mind on how much love

I felt for this person and how much I wanted to see them again. This battle continued with me losing ground in larger and larger increments before I was able to muster the strength to reestablish my resistance until, as with my previous efforts, I lost consciousness due to complete exhaustion.

Once again I awoke with a start and fear in my mind. I was still looking straight up (the only direction I was ever able to see in this place) and searched for any signs that I had failed in my battle, finally I was able to orient myself to the doorway by the continued waves of fear and terror that blasted out of it. I was heartened to find that I might be only a little closer to the doorway since yesterday, although I seemed to be displaced somewhat to my left from where I had been the day before.

I was careful during this process to make no sound or involuntary movement. I was so tired and was more weary than I have ever felt in my life. I believed that if they tried to move me at that time I would not be able to mount enough effort to resist successfully. So I laid there for what seemed like hours just resting and gathering my strength.

Once again I called up the images of those I loved and fed upon that love to rebuild my strength and power to resist. Again I was amazed at the amount of power that seemed to pour from one of the images. I could not understand why this image

seemed to be able to help me more than all the others put together. This was a person I loved but was not close to me. I still don't understand if it was the depth of my love for this person, or the love they felt for me, that was helping power my fight.

I believed, based on what had happened so far, that, for some reason I must be aware and awake when they pushed me across that doorway. I couldn't understand why this would matter but just thanked my lucky stars that this seemed to be so. When I couldn't figure out any way to use this information to my advantage, I concentrated on just lying quietly and continuing to try to regain my strength.

Finally, when it seemed like I had laid there listening to the cries and screams around me for many hours, I heard that slithering scraping sound coming toward me again. I attempted to control my fear as I was afraid that if even they could not see any sign that I was again conscious, they would be able to feel my terror and know I was again awake. I must have given myself away somehow because as soon as the approaching entity reached me I heard sounds of additional entities start on their way toward me.

My terror leaped to previously un-reached heights and I banished the thought that I believed that I could not defeat these things for much longer. Then thoughts of "the

S.O.B.'s are at least going to know they have been in a fight" echoed through my being and I hit a new fever pitch of resistance.

Until the additional entities could reach me, I actually had my conveyance moving away from the doorway. That hard achieved motion stopped as sounds announced several new arrivals. I continued fighting in earnest recalling the image that had provided so much help before, I never suspected I had such depth of resolve or the will and heart to continue the fight. The fear I felt proved to be an asset I could use to continue my resistance. While fighting as hard as I have ever fought anything, I couldn't help but think that soon I would not be able to continue to resist and this brought more fear to my mind that I immediately used as more fuel to continue the battle.

The feeling of helplessness and the uselessness of resistance was overwhelming. Somehow, I simply refused to allow those feelings to affect my fight. Yet, despite my best efforts, I could feel the Gurney starting to move toward the doorway in jerks. I reached even deeper into my being to increase my resistance but could not find any additional strength to continue the battle. As we crept closer and closer to the doorway and I felt my strength ebbing I reached back to the images of those I had used for strength and lovingly said goodbye to each one. I told each one how much I loved them and would miss their friendship, love and company.

I could now actually see an archway that seemed to be the doorway they were pushing me toward. It looked like a rock wall with the arch bordered in a brass or brass colored metal. This archway was slowly getting nearer. Now it is almost directly overhead and I cannot find any additional strength to continue my battle but just kept fighting as best I could.

Just as I was being forced the last couple of feet to this gateway something changed. Suddenly, I felt a tremendous energy force join in the fight. This energy was not coming from within me but from somewhere outside of me. This force seemed to come to my aid and my forward movement stopped dead in its tracks. I laid there trembling, gathering strength as best I could to continue the fight, but the appearance of this energy seemed to deter the entities I was fighting and I could hear them moving quickly away from me. I felt such a rush of pure relief and with the need to no longer provide the effort to stop my movement toward the gates I promptly lost all thought and consciousness.

