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DEAD AND ALIVE

Only when you drink from the river of silence shall you indeed sing.
And when you have reached the mountain top, then you shall begin to climb.
—Khalil Gibran

O death, where is your victory? O death, where is your sting?
—Corinthians 15:55

Well, well, well . . . So, I can die easy.
—Led Zeppelin and Blind Willie Johnson (“In My Time of Dying”)

Even dead, *I am alive.*

A thunderous hum surrounds me.

It is an atmosphere. Comforting and soothing because it is familiar within this strange and unknown dimension. I do not know within which cell, atom, or nuclei of my body or brain the hum resides—or how, when, or where I know of it, but its familiarity reminds me that I am AWARE.

I am alive. I live. I exist.

Even dead . . . *I am alive.*

I am primordial. I am soul.

The hum, the harmony of the spheres, is comforting, like a sweet, omnipresent flute.

There is no “where,” no “place,” no “when,” no “I.”

I've no identity, *only awareness*. I exist within a mesh of celestial awareness, stretched across a fabric of empty space.

The thunderous hum surrounding me causes emotions. It drifts closer through this primordial, celestial space . . .

A presence is with me; *I am not alone*.

She is ochre, a smoldering orange, deep and rich in texture. She is gentle, smart, soothing, caring. It is wisdom. It is love. It is my origin. My source. My protection. *She is Divinity*.

My soul has left my body.

My body lies on pavement, swathed in motor oil and body oil—hot motor oil pours over me and crimson body oil flows from my nostrils, mouth, ears, and eyes. A pastor recites the last rites as I lie dead in the street. “*May the Lord in his love and mercy help you with the grace of the Holy Spirit. May the Lord who frees you from sin save you and raise you up.*”

But who is he praying over? I am not there: *the spirit has left the body*. It teleported upon impact; journeying in an instant to *the other side*. The three elements of my being have been separated:

- My physical body of flesh and bones lies on the pavement of an accident scene.
- My energy body made of wheels of light remains and hovers above.
- My causal body and consciousness are in another dimension altogether.

At the moment of impact, my spirit catapults through light years and constellations, landing softly in a dark that is not dark, in a place that has no place, in light that is not light. No time, location, or identity. In the darkness of light, in the light of darkness, there is peace, comfort, and sublimity.

The spiritual presence of ochre-saffron assures me all is well.

I have no doubt.

All I feel is well. Peace. Comfort.

She was love, knowledge, wisdom, and safety. There was no concern. I was content. I had no needs, no wants. Her presence *was* peace and contentment.

Dead And Alive

I knew I was dead, *but I was not afraid*. I asked the saffron presence, “Will I return as I was? Where are the angels? The loved ones who passed on before me? I do not feel alone, yet I am alone.”

She guided me, “*You shall return. Rest. You will need the rest for what you will endure upon return. I will always be with you. Even when you do not believe or are aware of me, I will always be with you. As I’ve always been, I always will be. I am yours. You are mine.*”

I had no doubt.

She is *eternal*. *We have* been together always.

Death was not scary. It was not worrisome. It was not blissful nor joyful. It was . . . *temporary*.

A silly delay, like a road detour on your way home. Nothing to get worked up about. Within The Portal that lay between death and life, I had no need for a body or possessions.

My mind was clear. My spirit was intact. I was in clear contact with my essence, *my soul*. No body, ego, or desires existed between us; *my mind was aligned with my soul*.

Not confined by space or time, I was able to know and be aware—without witnessing or being told—that the body known as Scott was being resuscitated by paramedics in an intersection.

“I’m not ready. Can I remain here awhile?”

“*Your soul is the life force that animates your body. Without it, your body cannot live. Your soul must be returned to your body; your time of death has not come.*”

It was arranged that my soul would be rejoined with my physical body to sustain it. Much of my spirit and my mind would remain . . . *here*.

I had no need to understand nor to plan or review. It was all known—like an instant download—within my mind: The meaning of life, the meaning of death, perfect clarity of the human condition. Who I truly am (a Divine soul), who I have been (infinite lives and incarnations), and who I could become (pure Divine consciousness).

The cosmic upload revealed the body of flesh is disposable; it is merely dense matter. Beneath it is the energy body providing a base for form; it is subtle matter. Beyond both is my *causal* body: all my thoughts, knowledge, perceptions, emotions, destinies, and

Within The Portal

karmas from many lifetimes are stored within a causal frame; it is consciousness. All of them are made of worldly matter, some ethereal, formless, and subtle, some dense and physical. Underlying all of them is my true essence: *my soul*. It is ever-pure and never-changing, perfect and divine.

I understood that only my soul is Divine. The rest of me is ordinary. Identity and body are ephemeral, ever-changing, and of dense matter. Mind and consciousness are ethereal, ever-changing, but ever the same and of subtle energy. I understood there are just two phenomena: spiritual and material. The soul is spiritual, God is spiritual, and the rest is material.

“It’s time to return.”

I have no thoughts about this. I have no preference. I only want to please Her. Return, stay, suffer, exalt . . . whatever She wants. I belong to Her.

And She belongs to me.

“Will I remember here? What I know? What I truly am?”

“It will all reside within you. You can remember anytime you truly wish from your heart and with good intention. I am always with you. I am all there is to remember. I am all there is to know.”

Dead

1.

DEAD

The god of *death* bows his head before those who chant and listen to the names of God.
—Kripalu Maharaj

Don't ever say die/Never, never, never say die —Black Sabbath (“Never Say Die”)

On June 19, 2013, I was killed . . .

Dead in the street.

Mangled, bloody, shattered, and . . .

DEAD.

Life can go from light to dark in an instant.

“Sorry, I can’t,” my love-of-life girlfriend tells me when I call and ask her to take a walk with me in the park. “I got too much to do before I clock in at work.”

“It’s cool, just thought I’d ask. Too nice a day to waste.”

“Well, I know you’ll enjoy the walk on your own. It *is* a nice day.”

“Can’t,” I add. “I confess: I don’t have shoes to walk in and part of my reason for inviting you to join me was so that you’d bring over my shoes and some shorts.”

“Ahh . . . the truth is revealed!” she says with a giggle that makes me miss her even more.

“I’ll skip the walk and scoot over to the clinic for my overdue physical. It’s better than sitting here counting ceiling tiles to pass the time.”

Within The Portal

A harmony of “Okays” and “I love yous” and our conversation ends.

I’m blessed: The private counseling practice I started from nothing now had grown to the point where I could afford a sweet corner office in a building overlooking a park in a peaceful, suburban, LA neighborhood. I’m booked pretty much back-to-back every day, all day, serving a middle-class community as a specialist in crisis, addiction, and behavioral disorders. I advocate strictly cognitive strategies as I wage a quiet, backend war against the over-prescribing medical empire.

Blessed: Mid-forties; fit; a single father who is close with his son, a recent high school graduate; and a partner with whom I have a magically romantic connection. We’d just celebrated our tenth anniversary with a trip to India and Nepal. In nine days, we would celebrate my forty-eighth birthday, probably with a simple meal out or a sexy evening in—or both.

I live an unconventional life: My partner and I live a block apart, having chosen to reject the blended family option to avoid subjecting my only son and her son and daughter to the dysfunction of blending a family during the critical teen years. Her name is said as Jeanette, but spelled uniquely: *Janete*. We will both be empty nesters in a few years. My counseling career had begun eight years ago after I awoke one day and found I could no longer stomach my job in commercial contracting. So I did a one-eighty, risked it all, and started saving people from dysfunction as a private counselor.

Life can go from light to dark in an instant. . .

I expect a client or two to reschedule here and there, but never once have I had three clients rescheduled on the same day. All three appointments were back-to-back, and my clients all texted me to say they couldn’t make their appointment within the span of ten minutes. Suddenly, I realized I had over four hours to kill. I had no backup work with me since I was booked solid all day, and I’d ridden my motorbike to work, so I had no change of shoes for a hike up the hill in the lovely park my corner office overlooked.

If only one or two clients rescheduled, I would have remained in my office for the day.

Most days, I drive my car to the office. Once or twice a week, I ride my MP3 motorbike, an unusual, 500cc scooter from Italy.

To avoid wrinkling my office clothes, I change into track pants and a t-shirt and don my riding gear over them to ride up the boulevard to the local clinic for an overdue physical.

Dead

I'm healthy as a bull, but the research I was doing for my next book had some risks, so I thought it best to check the stats.

I exit my parking garage on my motorcycle and turn right instead of my usual left. In the several years I've worked in that office I had *never* exited by turning right instead of left. The right turn leads to a road with traffic and stoplights, while the left turn leads to a quiet side street into town. To this day I do not and never will know why I turned right instead of left on that particular day, *but I did*.

Two blocks away, I pause at a stoplight to turn left. I am alone in the left-turn lane, no one is behind or in front of me. A green arrow lights up, giving me exclusive right of way to turn. I ease out to turn, and an oncoming driver in a full-size SUV barrels through the red light and hits me in the face, killing me instantly.

Killed.

Dead in the street.

Mangled, bloody, shattered, and . . .

DEAD.

Life had gone from light to dark in an instant. . .

On the SE corner, there was a man on his cell phone. He was waiting outside a tire shop for his daughter's car to be completed. He had rearranged his plans for the day to help her at the last minute.

He ran to the accident scene as onlookers shouted at him, "*Leave him alone! Don't touch him! Help is on the way!*"

Pastor Tom ignored their pleas. He felt certain God had put him in that place at that time for a reason. He crouched to the ground, put his hands under the accident victim's arms, and dragged him from the undercarriage of the vehicle.

The body was bleeding from his head, nose, mouth, and eyes. His cycle helmet strap was stretched across his throat, causing deep red grooves.

Pastor Tom undid the strap and released the helmet.

It was too late.

The body was not breathing. There was no heartbeat. Pastor Tom began to administer the last rites to the man's soul. "*Go forth from this world in the name of God the almighty Father, who created you . . .*"

Within The Portal

Fifty yards away (45 meters), two paramedics are in *front* of a fast-food drive-thru, waiting on their burgers. The two emergency medical responders see the accident occur and are on the scene in moments, bringing my body back to life.

- If they had wanted tacos instead of burgers that day . . . *I would not be here.*
- If they had been in the back of that drive-thru line . . . *I would not be here.*

They bring my body back to life, but my condition is critical. I am now in a stage 3 coma, defined as “deep coma or death.” Stage 3 is the lowest scale of living, virtually synonymous with death. I am rushed to the ICU.

- Had the accident happened near my home, just three miles away, I would’ve been too far to make it to the ICU in time, and *I would not be here.*

At the moment of the accident, my son’s close friend was passing through that particular intersection, even though . . .

- He lives nowhere near there.
- He is rarely in that area.
- He had a rare errand at the DMV at that exact time at that exact corner.

He phoned my son. “*Brandon, your dad’s been in an accident. They’re pushing him into an ambulance.*”

“*How do you know it’s my dad?*”

“*His bike. No one has a bike like that. It’s him.*”

This is how my family was alerted to the emergency.

- Paramedics had no way to alert anyone or identify me. My phone and ID had been lost in the crash.

My loved ones converged at the hospital and were met by two doctors *and a priest.*

They are told it is unlikely I will ever wake up, and that if I do, my brain trauma is so severe that I will probably be bedridden for life and need care for as long as I continue to breathe.

- My girlfriend fainted and collapsed.

Dead

They were told that my face had been so damaged that, even with extensive plastic surgery, I will remain scarred and misshapen.

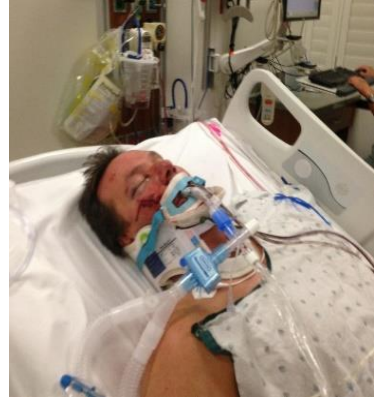
I awoke nine days later.

On my birthday.

- I did not know who I was.
- I did not know how to talk.
- I did not know how to walk.

I did not know what a hospital was, what a motorcycle accident was, or even what life and death were. I did not know who the young man sitting at my bedside was: *my twenty-year-old-son.*

I did not know who the worrying woman in my room was: *my girlfriend of eleven years.*



2.

RESURRECTION

From what is not, lead me to what is; from darkness, lead me to light; from death, lead me to what is undying.

—Brhadaranyaka Upanisad (I.3.28)

I'll get a new start/Live the life I should/I'll get up and fly away

—Grateful Dead (“Wharf Rat”)

Upon impact, my soul left my body.

I do not *suspect* this; I *know* it. I *know* my soul did not reenter my body until after I awoke from my coma nine days later. How do I know this?

I know it the same way you know there is a China and a solar system, even though you've never been to China or toured the solar system. It is a crystal-clear, intuitive awareness. It is a component of your base of knowledge: It's just part of the collection of stuff you know about yourself, like knowing you were once a child and went to school. Even without documented evidence, your personal experiences are self-verified. Like when you're hungry or tired: *self-verified*.

I do not need tangible, scientific proof or historical evidence Antarctica is real and will be there tomorrow nor do I require it to know my soul was in a dormant state and not inhabiting my body for nine days.

My soul was in a transitional state, in between physical form and spiritual form.

It was . . .

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pending.

My soul didn't just *leave* my body. *It catapulted.* It did not *arise, float, or ascend.* I was hit in the face by a truck and instantly killed, and my life force bolted the fuck outta there. I teleported from the material realm of planet Earth to an obscure dimension.

It wasn't dark. It wasn't light. It was formless, timeless, and matterless . . . and I was not alone.

There was a comforting presence. I was not "here" nor "there," as there was no spatial reference. This presence was not a "she" or a "he." The presence was care. Concern. *Love.*

Communication was telepathic. I had no mouth with which to speak nor ears with which to hear, but I was able to receive what I needed to know through my thoughts and emotions.

I was not alone.

I was not surrounded by others, nor did I see or contact anyone. But there was a *presence*, a presence of intelligence and comfort. Angels? Spirits? God? I was made aware, in a telepathic manner, that the presences surrounding me were *spiritual administrators.* Gentle and kind, concerned and loving, these "beings" uploaded things into my awareness.

I was not afraid.

I was not anxious.

I wasn't at peace or "okay" with everything either. I just wasn't opposed to it.

I felt a *perfection* in all things, that what I thought or felt about things was irrelevant and *imperfect.* I had complete and perfect *trust* that everything, everywhere, all the time is exactly the way it should be: *perfect.*

My consciousness was aware and understanding. The presence was ochre. Warm and soothing. As I wondered and desired answers to the mystery I experienced, this presence uploaded my situation to me.

"You are in a celestial dimension between life and death. All souls come here for a period of reflection between lifetimes. It is a place of rest and insight."

My curiosities are thought: "Is this the Akashic dimension? Where all things past, present, and future and all true knowledge is stored?"

Within The Portal

“That is another name for this, yes. Any names and explanations you receive here will be in terms you are familiar with.”

“If I were Christian, would it be heaven?”

“Something like that. Heaven is a final celestial abode. Your Western religions know this temporary space as purgatory, Buddhists know it as the Bardo, and the Eastern spiritual path you follow knows it as Akashic. I am providing you with knowledge in terms you can understand. This is temporary. You have life to live. Your final destiny in this life is not complete.”

“Can I choose not to return?”

“No, you’ve not completed your soul’s full journey. You have great knowledge of this already. You have full acceptance that souls live life after life until they complete the journey of the soul to a Divine state of being. You have made great progress but must complete the final stages of complete and humble surrender to the Divine to break free of the material realm forever.”

“I have lived infinite lifetimes and have been close countless times. Yet, I have never attained Divine and permanent illumination. Every lifetime I start anew without knowledge or memory of prior progress. I do not want to live on as a human in the material world. I want to become pure spirit. Please, help me.”

“You will receive insights here that will serve you well. You must make the most of your time here. See where you’ve been, where you could have gone, and how to progress. The past is bygone, the future obscure, only the present is in your hands.”

“Will I remember and retain what I am shown here to help me once I return?”

“Some will be lost; some will remain foggy. Transferring from this Akashic space back to matter will compromise some of what is gained here. You will gain much clarity in the knowledge you already have. You will learn much from the Life-Review and the Life-Preview you will experience.”

“Life-Review? The life-passing-before-my-eyes experience?”

“Life-Review and Preview are provided to all who undergo the Transmigration of the soul. It is provided so you can learn from experience: to see—in truth, our life’s choices to learn and strengthen our choices, commitments, and decisions in the future. Life-Review reveals what we have done wrong and right, and Life-Preview gives us perspective by seeing the results of our upcoming destinies and fates.”

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“I see. Review gives me insights into my past that were spiritual or material, selfish, or selfless. Preview shows me upcoming consequences to learn from them.” Apparently, Dickens was a sage as he storied about old Ebenezer Scrooge’s ghosts of past and future.

It was made known to me that if I wished, I could witness past lives that are significant to my spiritual journey.

“Life-Review is a standard feature of the death-to-life experience: your-whole-life-passing-before-your-eyes phenomena. You are being offered a rare supplement to your Life-Review: instead of reviewing just this lifetime, you are being offered a review of multiple lifetimes.”

And I accepted the offer. “Why are You offering this multiple Life-Review to me?”

“Seeing many past lives will bring you a more complete perspective of your Soul’s Journey and help accelerate your progress.”

“Yes. Bring it. Bring it all on. Whatever will help my soul’s ultimate journey.

“I’m not interested in the mundane lives of material ambitions. I’d like to see where I went wrong on my spiritual ambitions to learn how to get it right.”

I am cautioned: *“Many of these lifetimes may be traumatic. Many may collapse some of your systems of belief. Many may be hard to accept and will dismantle much of what you think you know to be true in the world, true of existence, true of God. Few souls receive a Review of multiple lifetimes.”*

My mind was present in this spiritual space of dark-light, matterless- matter, timeless-time, spaceless-space. My spirit was immersed in diaphanous light. With a sensation of motion, my spirit separated from the nothingness I inhabited and connected with a flowing current, like a river of beautiful energy, flowing past time, contacting a life . . . a being . . . a person . . . a me . . . in another lifetime, another era, another body, and identity. . .

A collection of Life-Reviews began. It spanned over ten-thousand years and was infused with truths to many mysteries. Like a sequence of dreams, entire lifetimes were condensed and displayed before me. The Life-Review was a cinema of past lives over hundreds and even thousands of years, a collection of dozens, even hundreds, of lifetimes that chronicled my soul’s spiritual journey, the lifetimes in which I got closer to spiritual perfection and the ones in which I went in the other direction.

Within The Portal

I was given a clear Review of *past* lifetimes involved with many of the most significant events in human history and revelations of *future* lifetimes.

Then I am shown my own personal future Life-Previews, which are potential realities, not *hard* destinies, revealing outcomes based on choices I can make, such as what may result if I return and live a life of material pursuits and what could manifest if I return to spiritual pursuits. A simple equation: Will I choose to pursue the material happiness related to romantic love, family, and success in the world, or will I dedicate myself even more strongly toward spiritual life and practice?

Material actions yield mundane results. If I focus on money, prestige, and material comforts, I will perpetuate more of the same, a *loop* of lives repeating the same things: romantic love and family with beauty and heartache, health and wealth that fluctuate. All these material lives never yield a perfect happiness, only temporary ones that can always be better. Such is the nature of the world. The spiritual life paths lead closer to Divine love, and it was revealed that it is possible to become One with this love for eternity: *game over, I win.*

I witnessed the Reviews and Previews as an observer, watching my own lives as a cosmic cinema.

Grand mysteries were uploaded into my consciousness. Someday soon, after my soul reenters my form and my mind settles back into grey-matter tissue, I will be able to draw from all I received while on *the other side.*

Soon, I am to return to the material realm of being to continue my journey of the soul in this lifetime and endure these tragedies, using them as fuel to reach my soul's journey's end.

"I can't go back."

"*That's not an option.*"

"I don't mean I don't want to. I don't mean 'can't' in a metaphorical way. I mean *can't.* I'm breaking. Broken. Fed up. No room, capacity, ability. . . . I'm afraid I'll only get worse, *not better.*"

"*You are going back. That's the way. You've not completed your Soul's Journey.*"

"Yeah, no. I'm not doing anything else either. Aren't you supposed to be, like, *comforting* me? Consoling me? Reassuring me? All these souls come here and say they were told they

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had “work to do,” that they had a mission to fulfill, a purpose to complete, that they *chose* to go back.”

“All souls that come here go back. It’s not optional. It is presented as optional to motivate them to want to return and be more spiritually aware.”

“Are you real or just an extension of my consciousness? You seem to be rather informal. Instead of, like . . . *angelic*.”

The angel presence gives a soft chuckle. “Yes, I’m real. We’re all real here. This is not an extension or a projection of your own consciousness. This telepathic conveyance is not a projection of your own mind, but the style and language are an extraction of your mind. All that you receive here is presented in a manner that you can best understand and accept. In that sense, it is an extension of your consciousness. You don’t speak Hebrew or Sanskrit, so we speak to you in a language you can accept. We’re not really using language at all. These are just thoughts uploaded into your mind, which interprets it as dialogue.”

This conversation is occurring telepathically with a spiritual presence. I am in a dualistic reality: *two places at once*.

My *physical* body is lying in a coma in a Los Angeles suburb, and my spirit is in an ethereal dimension of space

My life force, a.k.a. *soul, ansh, jeev, ruh, spirit*, has bolted from my body, and it took my mind with it. This is not a metaphor meaning I’ve *lost my mind* due to dying! My mind—the thinking and feeling apparatus of my *being* that thinks, reasons, feels, and *knows*, is a separate thing. A thing that is attached to the thing we call soul. The soul is the *essence of being*, the mind is its material appendage through which the soul experiences life. My Spirit has *left the proverbial building*.

Departed, left, arose, ascended . . . these do not accurately describe my condition. My soul and mind *bolted!* The accident occurred, my body died, and my spirit teleported the hell out of there!

I did not have the classic O.B.E.—out-of-body experience. I did not float above, hang around to witness them resuscitating me, my motorbike lying on its side, traffic stopped, people coming out of shops and offices to see the commotion, the driver who hit me weeping and pleading, “*I didn’t see him! It was an accident! Oh, my gawd!*” My body was killed, and “*I*” catapulted the fuck out of there.

Within The Portal

I instantly teleported to a timeless and spaceless dimension, an ethereal, subtle place. I have no body or form here, and there is nothing to “see” and I *do not* “see.” I am merely consciousness. I am *aware*—of being, of existing. Of peace. Of beauty. Of life. *And death.*

The Presence explains, “*Souls that come here do have work to do and return to, but it’s not a choice. They must fulfill their destinies.*”

“I don’t want to go back. The world may be a nice place to visit, but I don’t wanna *live* there.”

“*Ha . . . you’re funny . . . You’re not going back this instant. Your body is not prepared yet, and there are things for you to know of before you depart this space.*”

“*Is She here? Can I see Her? Can I have Her darshan? Her vision?*”

“*She is as close to you as you are now. Ever-present and within you. You will have Her darshan the instant you fully surrender.*”

“I don’t know how. It is not faith that I lack nor the belief that I need. I *know* She is the Lord of all creation and love. Why do I not see Her? I know I am not worthy, but . . .”

“*Feeling unworthy means you do not trust Her. Let go. . . .*”

“I think you’re getting away from the point: *I can’t go back.* I’m not saying I want to stay here either. This is pretty austere and shadowy, peaceful and worryless and beautiful, but still not . . . uh . . . *final?* It feels, *temporary*, like you said. Like I’m not ‘home.’”

“*Ha-ha . . . no! It’s not final! This is the stopover! The place all souls come to in between lifetimes. This is the dimension you know as the Akashic Library, where all events of time are stored, where all knowledge and truth are preserved. You’re not going back empty-handed, Krishnanand! You’re going back with tremendous insight to proceed and progress to your ultimate aim to never go back!*”

It is comforting the angelic-presence calls me by my spiritual name, Krishnanand.

“No, no . . . I been here an infinite number of times. I been *there* infinite times. Here leads to there, there leads to here. I need to get off this wheel. I only want Him. Nothing else. I don’t want heaven, I don’t want nirvana, no ‘self-realization’ or ‘oneness with the universe’ . . . no, no. I don’t just want *out*. I want Him. I want to be with divine love. Don’t you get it? I’m *never* gonna *qualify*. I am never, ever—never have and never will—qualify or be worthy of Him. No matter how far I come, I’m a still a wretch. A sinner. A

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defect. *A human.* A desire machine, shrouded in ego and illusions of power, knowledge, and obscure clarities. She has to take me as I am. Eventually, She'll have to take me with my faults, defects, ignorance, pride . . . and the whole collection of imperfections. He has to take me as I am. I may get better, but I may get worse. I can't keep doing the same thing expecting a different result. I give up. I quit."

"Now you're getting it. THAT . . . is the attitude you've been missing through infinite lives. Stop trying. Stop doing. You need to give up. Quit. Let go. Surrender.

"Those tears you're weeping are tears of your soul. They are the only ones that matter. That anguish is the anguish of your soul. Let go of mind. No . . . you can't go back: but you're going. Finish what needs to be done. Accept with grace. Do your best. We will help you. We will serve you. Go back, live out your destinies and don't lose your hope and faith that you will join Him. Don't lose your confidence and trust Him to lead you closer to Him. You've never been alone. She has always been with you in your darkest hours. She will be your source of light. Though you may not see Her light, it always surrounds you. Never forget that. He is giving you what you need to come Home. Forever. Never doubt that."

"Okay. . ." My awareness of ultimate divinity was not quite genderless. God's projection of power and creation is male. God's persona of pure love and grace is female. Together They are One.

I react to the Life-Preview: the upload of witnessing what is to come . . .

"I can see all I am to endure, and I am terrified. Broken, injury, sorrow, tragedy, suffering, loss . . . how can I be strong enough through that to never doubt? I will never doubt Him! I doubt myself! I'm a stupid fucking human! I'm a collection of desires and needs! I'm not worthy and have no such capacity to ever be worthy! I am not the worst, but I'll never be the best. This may be the best I can be! Please . . . please . . . take me! I don't care when; I don't care how. . . . I will endure a thousand lives of pain! I will suffer eons of suffering! Just to be with Him once!"

"She will never leave you. She never has. You can do this. These circumstances are extraordinary. You're receiving a very special Grace. Your infinite collection of past-life events, decisions, actions, and attitudes have been arranged to give you the biggest chance you've ever had before! We know you will not waste it! You've been graced with such supernatural events and undeniable occurrences.

Within The Portal

“You’ve provided this spiritual administration with such a rare set of raw, past-life and current-lifetime material that We have arranged them in such a way to bring you closure: Ultimate, eternal closure.

“You are witnessing a mosaic of events from your current life, and your past lives, significant to your journey’s end. Also, a preview of what is to come once you return. You are not starting from scratch! Your memory will be deleted: That’s a set law. It can’t be changed. But . . . the body and brain you’re returning to is the same one you just left. You’re reincarnating as yourself! This is extremely rare!

“In time . . . with effort and determination, you will be capable of accessing what you received here. You will still have all the spiritual progress you’ve made along with this Akashic Library visit. Stay on the Path. Remain true to Him. And you may never return here again.”

“Thank you. I will endure the fates still destined for this lifetime. I will try. I will do my best to give up. To fully surrender my useless, futile Will. I am nothing. I have nothing. He will need to take me as I am. It’s all I have to give: nothing.”

It would soon be time for my soul to reenter my body back in the dimension of matter.

My death experience was just beginning, though.

I was destined to return without memory: As my soul condensed to reenter my body, my memory would be virtually deleted. One’s identity is the sum total collection of their past thoughts, feelings, and experiences; no memory—no identity. It would be some time after my soul reentered my body before I would remember and access the visions and communications I received while there. Someday . . . it will all be recalled. Someday it will all become accessible.