

Journey to the Seventh Door

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Answer Answer Erom Eleaven

Journey to the Seventh Door

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An Answer From Heaven

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DEDICATION

I dedicate this book to my lifelong partner of Twenty–five years, Carol.

Thank you for opening my heart and sharing Your life with me on this great adventure.

To our children, Aileen, Buddha and Gabriel, To our grandchildren, Julianna & Devdan To our son-in-law Kevin

Thank you for loving us, letting us love you, And agreeing to be family with us.

I dedicate this book to my mother and father.

With my whole heart,

I thank you for loving me, caring for me, Being committed to me, moreover, teaching me that Loving

God is as natural as breathing.

Thank you to all of my family for sharing this wonderful life with me.

Steve & Jan, Lee & Al, Judy & Mike, Gina & J.E.

Matt & Shanon, Kathryn & Lance
All my wonderful nieces and nephews,
All my great-nieces and great-nephews,
I love you ALL and wish you Happiness and Joy.

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Foreword

he writing of this book was an act of love. Mary Ann has been living what Scott is teaching. I have observed Mary Ann dedicate herself to this endeavor, something she felt called to do. She doesn't call herself an author, yet finds herself so moved by Scott's experience that the writing happens.

Overcoming fear and concern, she set out to tell this relevant and life-changing story.

Her strong drive to help and support others gave her the courage to step out and take on this wonderful task. She has truly been amazing. Her strong work ethic, and inspiration from "Them," focus, determination, and discipline created the

space for "Them" to flow through. For Scott, for Mary Ann, for "Them," I am deeply grateful.

What an exciting and delightful experience it is to witness the unfolding of Scott's story. I have always been interested in anyone who has touched life after death. I have never even heard of anyone's story being similar to what unfolds in this book. It is wildly unique that Scott not only went beyond death and returned, but that he was healed of an incurable disease by the hand of God. And because he was healed, he now helps others to heal.

He is transformed by a consciousness and energy that course through him like a mighty river. Scott has also been given the grace to commune with and to speak with God regularly. This has changed the way he sees everything. Now, instead of merely looking at someone and seeing their body, he sees and feels their soul, witnessing the energy field pulsating through the body and soul. Often times, he feels the burdens they are carrying.

There is always a thrill of excitement when I get to introduce someone to Scott. What wonderful thing will happen? How will their lives change? One theme that I observe running through the considerable time I spend with Scott is that people's lives consistently improve in the presence of spirit so powerful that it works like alchemy. You may feel this same presence within these pages.

How fortunate I am to have been given the grace to see these

encounters and be a part of the healings. Healings just happen around Scott. Some are physical; some are psychological. I have personally seen countless healings of the soul. As I watch closely, I see and feel a shift in the energy in the room; chill-bumps rise on me and on Scott and love becomes a palpable presence that fills the room. Scott has told me that he opens the door to someone's heart and God rushes in. Then it is up to that person to establish and strengthen the connection.

I know that Scott pays a price for the healing that happens through him, but I'm not sure what that price is. I offer prayers for his strength. Sometimes I see a faraway look in his eyes and I find myself wondering if he is longing once again to be at the "Seventh Door."

Scott's certainty and clarity are vibrantly present. As you read these pages, pay attention to your inner being. When you feel tears, or warm chill-bumps, or even a slight sense of warmth, know that this is God knocking at the door of your heart.

— Carol Billingsley, D.C.

4th Generation Chiropractor

Introduction

et me say this: Scott is not a prophet. He's not so different from anyone else. Yet his story is incredibly special. He literally felt the healing of God's Hand. This book is not a Gospel. It is the story of that amazing intervention and consequent relationship told from his perspective as well as that of a few of those who have already been affected by it. This perspective grows and evolves as Scott has the privilege of a continuing visitation with God.

The book's purpose is to bring people closer to Love by revealing through Scott's life-changing experience the close and joyous relationship with The Divine that is waiting for each of us. He sat with Them¹ and they talked about many things.

¹ Scott refers to God as Them. I will go into detail about that later.

They spoke about Scott and about other souls, about how souls come back and turn away from Love, and about how to find our soul mate(s). They talked about religions.

Since his heart attack, Scott is awakened in the early hours each morning, feeling a presence that is the embodiment of love andwarmth. His awareness is brought to God, where he rests and talks.

'They' give him messages for himself and for others. Some of these messages I will share with you here. I know it sounds strange and maybe unbelievable, but it's true. The experience he has had is for him, for me, and it's for you. It has answered a lifetime of questions for me. I mean big questions. What happens to us when we die? What sin is going to be too much and turn me away from Heaven? Why are the religions of the world at war with each other? Is there one true church? Which one is right? Who is God? What is His nature? Am I following The Divine's wishes?

Scott doesn't want to prove anything. He isn't trying to prove that He exists. He knows God exists. He wants to share his experience so that you feel the bliss of Love in your heart too. Opening the inner door is the key. It's all inside us, waiting to be remembered. That is how you can tell the truth from fiction. When you read this book and there is a hint of remembrance, you'll know it's true. Trust your self. The truth is there for you.

When you are reading, feel it and let that lead the way. Take

what's right for you and discard the rest. What I know is this: Scott's experience has opened doors in my heart and I feel closer to God than I have ever felt before. Don't worry about anything that doesn't sit right with you. What's important is to find the piece that will help you heal.

I would love for you to meet Scott one day. He is such an unusual character. I had known him for a few years before his heart attack. I have seen a big change in him since his death experience. He is closer to the divine truth. He is more relaxed and at peace. His eyes are lit with love. He comes into my Chiropractic Office and sits with my patients most everyday. He is there to bring the message of love and equality to each person. He meets them where they are; if he needs to be silly, he is; if he needs to be soulful, he is; if he needs to connect, he does. He sits there and is willing to do whatever the person needs to help them open their hearts to themselves. For in the opening they find Love.

I have watched Scott as he has gone through the last year and a half since his illness. At first, he was a little frightened by his experience and revelations. He struggled as he coped with the medications that the doctors prescribed. He was unsure about the road ahead. He was shown a pathway to helping untold numbers of people. At first, he wasn't comfortable with the idea. However, as it became clearer and clearer, he became more comfortable with his experiences. Scott's understanding

of the information that he has received and is still receiving, has become more informed with time.

For me, it has been like watching a flower blossom. At first, Scott was a little unsteady with the information. The light in his eyes would come and go. Now I have to tell you, his body is holding the love that he began to receive when he visited Heaven. His eyes are lit and sparkling over with a joy and giddiness that fills his whole being.

It is important you know that this book is really about the relationship between you and God, not about Scott and God. Read these pages with your heart. Stop when it seems too much. Trust yourself. Let the information flow into you with ease. This book crosses all religious, racial, and traditional borders. I was raised a Christian so I had questions about Christianity. You will have questions about your path. Even if you think you are not on a spiritual path, the truth is that we are all on one. Some just may not be in line with what organized religion recognizes.

We are all on the path. How it looks is up to each of us. All religions are equal. All true paths are equal. One does not over-ride another. We all are seeking; we may just call it by different names.

My wish for you is that you find a way to open the doors inside your heart that you have closed. I hope you will unlock them and the happiness inside you will flood your days.

Henceforth, I will indicate my words by the use of italics and

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Scott's words will be in normal print. Included also are testimonies of a few of the people Scott has touched These are also in regular print. In order to have the book flow I have taken some writing liberties. Be assured that I have changed nothing that Scott has told me. I have just put it into story form. God bless you on your journey.



THE BEGINNING

hen Scott walked into our chiropractic clinic, I was in my adjusting room. I could hear someone outside in the lobby making a lot of noise. When I walked out, there was a person with a twinkle in his eye acting as if he were making a fuss. We shook hands and bantered back and forth for a while. He was there because he was secretly helping one of my patients who needed our care desperately. He wanted to support her in being able to get her needs met. He had a great smile, hiding underneath that beard. My first impression of him was, 'what a character!' He was gruff, loud, and precious, all at the same time. He didn't care what I thought of him. He laughed and

seemed to enjoy play-fighting with me. I was struck by his commitment to my patient and the kindness that he felt toward her. I saw him as a big old, loving, gruff bear pretending to be hard.

Scott often came into the office to visit. I could hear him from the adjusting room, so I always knew when he walked in. He created a small storm around him, which he thoroughly enjoyed. He was a handful for sure.

I like to keep my chiropractic adjusting room fairly peaceful so my focus can be on the patient with whom I'm working. We have an open adjusting room, which means that six or eight people may be in there at a time waiting for their care. When Scott would arrive, he'd sit himself down and start to needle me or someone else until he started to giggle. After awhile he would seem to have had enough fun and off he would go until the next time. Many times he would take some of the equipment and start using it. He would be yelling out to all of the patients that he was giving the adjustments that day.

He was completely unrefined and very much a Southern country boy. He was laughing every time I saw him and he always brought a smile to my face. He never cracked a mean or prejudiced joke, unless it was towards me, but everyone knew it was all in fun.

There were times when I struggled with his presence, because he would try to take control of the adjusting room and bring it in a direction that I didn't want it to go. It was like having a half bull/

half monkey whipping through the office. I desperately tried to keep some kind of control over the situation while I took care of my patients. I would take a breath of relief when he walked out the door, yet I always felt my heart open when he came in the next time.

One day Scott decided he needed to become a patient. After looking at his x-rays, I was concerned when he told me that he felt no pain in his body, considering the extreme nature of his problems. When I palpated his neck, he could hardly feel my fingers. I asked him if he had a high tolerance to pain. He laughed and nodded his head. His care was complicated because he had a lot of problems and degeneration in his spine, but could neither feel the results of nerve pressure nor of his treatments toward recovery. He would rarely do what I recommended. Mind you, I didn't expect him to.

After a year or so of getting to know him, I gradually grew to love and appreciate this fellow. I remember the first day I had an opportunity to experience the depth of his heart. He was at the front desk with his wife, secretly paying for a portion of someone else's bill. He was worried that he couldn't continue to pay it. His wife was also concerned and they were trying to figure out what to do. He looked at her with moist eyes and said, "Honey, that's why I get those extra jobs, right?" She nodded in agreement and my heart was mush. Here was someone who is truly unselfish. I have to say that this was the moment that they both captured me.

I'm 53 years old and it is my experience that you can really tell who someone is when it comes down to money. There have been many times when we were down to our last dollar. Other times we were well below our last dollar. We've made some poor financial decisions. When it gets hard I worry that we could lose our home or business. During these times I try to choose the highest path as opposed to the easiest. I have to say that the easiest sometimes looks appealing. Who am I kidding, most of the time it looks too appealing. Carol and I have made it a habit of asking ourselves, "what is the highest decision here?" We do our best to choose it and have noticed that it always seems to be at a sacrifice to our desires. Although I do believe that because of these decisions, our life is as blessed as it is today. I would never have guessed, but somehow all of the small decisions have made a big difference in my future.

Here stood Scott who was paying for someone else's care and having great difficulty in doing so, yet still going the higher way. I learned who he was that day and I have never forgotten it. I have the greatest respect for his strength of character and heart.

On November 5th, we received an unexpected phone call telling us that Scott was in the hospital and had had a life-threatening heart attack. We talked to his family in order to follow his progress. His family wasn't sure what had happened; the test results were conflicting. The day Scott was released from the hospital he came to the office, popped his head around the corner of the adjust-

ing room and raised his arm to let us know he was okay. He had stopped over to let us see him. At the time I thought it was to let us know he was doing well, now I believe differently.

He looked great. His coloring was pink and his energy level was much better than I had anticipated; still, it was clear that he was sluggish and tired. From his appearance I felt that he must not have had that big a medical problem. When I was in my twenties, I helped to run a cardiac rehabilitation program in London, Ontario. I was, therefore, familiar with the look of a cardiac patient whose heart is struggling. Scott didn't look anything like someone who has had a recent heart attack. It was only a few days after he had been admitted, and he was already walking around. I took a breath of relief and went on adjusting my patients.

I had no idea of what was about to unfold. It was like all the great moments of my life. In hindsight that moment when he popped his head around the corner stands out in my memory. It is a little more distinct than other events, but it doesn't seem anymore out of the ordinary than other things I remember. Yet, it is these defining moments that have changed the course of my life.

During this time, life was challenging. Carol and I were foster parents and we were fighting to keep a young boy safe who, we believed, would be in danger if he went back to his birth family. We had grown to love him completely as a member of our family. With grace and determination, I forced my

mind into what was the present moment, and I thank God that I was able to do that. It was in this mindset that I could manage my life and be at peace. I was able to stay centered and out of fear for a year as we deliberated with the courts and his birth family. I forced my mind to be disciplined, not letting it go down the many scary paths of pain, doubt, and suffering. With God's grace I was able to go through this time with heart and an even temperament. My mind was at peace and I was able to sleep well. After four years, it all worked out and we adopted our son. Almost losing him was one of the most uncomfortable gifts that life has given me.

However, there was one problem, I held contempt for his birth parents and family members who allowed him to be in dangerous and violent situations in the first place. I felt angry that someone would cause a young person so much pain. One day I talked to Scott about the situation. I felt righteous about my position and just knew I was superior to the parents. I totally expected confirmation from him about the rightness of my position. Oops!

I glanced over at him; he was shaking his head and saying that God loves them exactly as much as God loves me. Scott was worried about the parents' souls. He didn't want them to be filled with regrets. He wanted them to know that God loves them and that they were not being judged. Certainly, they had made bad decisions. Clearly, a child shouldn't be with them. However, God loves

them and values them completely. Something in my heart burst open and recognized the truth. At that moment I was able to see the parents for what they truly were, beings of love who were covered with pain.

My compassion for them is now immense. I can truly say I hope for a complete recovery and wish them well. We will raise this fine young man with a love in our hearts for his birth parents that we wouldn't have had before. I will appreciate Scott forever for bringing me kindness, love, and appreciation for my son's birth family.



BEFORE DEATH

don't know about you, but every time I hear that someone has had a near death experience I want to find out about it. It seems like every cell of my being is awake and listening. I want a glimpse into the world where I know I am going. Every detail of their experience is interesting to me. Seeking God has been a lifetime endeavor. When I heard that Scott had had an experience of the afterlife I couldn't wait to hear about it.

I had the opportunity to know Scott before the near death experience, but you didn't. So let's start from the beginning. I asked him what he felt like before his heart attack and this is what he told me:

I never have been happy, not really. I have always felt that I underachieved. I have always cut myself short. I've really been hard on myself. Even though I excelled at what I did, I never thought it was good enough. If I can help others, I should be able to do this for myself, right? Well, I could help everybody else, but I couldn't do it for myself. I never felt worthy. I couldn't reward myself. I would always make myself settle for something less.

For instance, I went to buy a vehicle one day. I could afford a better one, but I got one that cost less because I didn't want to act like a show-off. I didn't want to stand out in the crowd. I didn't want to be the one who was noticed, but I did want to see acknowledgement from those I helped. Yet I would get nervous if they were too demonstrative about it. I wanted to know that their life had gotten better, but I would tell them to hush, so that no one else would hear. I had the calling to help people but I didn't know what I was doing. I think the heart attack was my wake up call. I had the right intention all along; I just wasn't on track with myself.

For me, the whole idea of waking up to my true character and purpose has always been a driving force in my life. Scott's awakening is incredibly interesting to me. He was raised with a Methodist and Baptist background in a family that went to church on a regular basis. I asked him about his religious or spiritual life before this event:

Was I a devout Christian or Catholic? No! I was raised in the church, but fought actually going there in everyway I could. My mom would give me a nickel that I was supposed to put it in the plate, but sometimes I would swallow it on the way to church and tell my mother, "I swallowed my nickel!" They would send me home. I didn't want to go to church. I believed I already had the word in me, I knew it. I thought it was a waste of time. I read the Bible in Sunday School, listened to the preacher and would think—'Well damn, he's trying to control me. He's telling me that if I don't do what he says I'm going to go to Hell. I didn't believe that!'

Guess what, he was wrong and I was right! I know what Hell is now. I know! I don't know about other people's death experience but I can tell you this, I sat with God for a long time and asked a lot of questions. The God that my preacher was telling me about and the God that I met are two completely different Beings. Guess what, there is only one God and that God is perfect and complete.

Words can't really describe Heaven and God, but one thing is for sure, God isn't scary. No he isn't, not at all. God is better than my best friend, completely loving and comfortable. There isn't any place or experience here that can compare. Even the best moment here isn't one sixteenth what it's like with God. With God it's warm, loving, welcoming, judgment free and like the best party ever. I wish I could adequately describe it to you. Open your heart and see if you can feel it. Imagine a place where billions of souls are your soul mates. You know them and love them completely, and God is rejoicing in the reunion between you and those souls, along with every other soul coming to 'Them.'

I grew up during the hippy movement. I didn't want to be a hippy, but I wanted to try everything, so I did. I'm not going to lie, I tried everything. The problem was that I couldn't feel things like everyone else. I couldn't feel the effects of drugs or alcohol, so they were a waste of time and money. I learned quickly that I didn't want to blow my funds on something that I couldn't even feel. So I stopped buying booze and just acted like I was drunk. I knew there was something different about me because I did not "feel" like others did. I used to wonder why it was that when I am physically hurt I walk away with no pain.

I was interested in people and I learned so much more about them while I was sober. I eventually started searching out other things that could affect people instead of drugs, like vitamins and herbs. I really wanted to help myself and others.

Before the heart attack, I had created a shell around myself. I wanted to hide my knowledge from people; they seemed to be jealous of me. They rubbed their achievements in my face but I wouldn't do the same to them. This made my shell stronger. Some people misunderstood me, thinking that I thought I was better than everyone else. Why would I tell them about me? Yes,

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I had walled myself off. Like all of us, I had the right stuff; I just didn't know how to use it.



THE DEATH EXPERIENCE

hen Scott told me about his death experience, I could hardly believe what he was telling me. I looked at him wondering if he was just a little bizarre. It all seemed a bit 'out there', yet it felt true. I could tell because when I listened to him, my heart would soar with joy from the telling. The more I listened, the more the truth penetrated me. Questions I had gathered over a lifetime were now being answered. I hope your heart is moved too and brought closer to your truth, just as mine has been.

Now, on to Scott's experience:

It was Saturday morning, November 4th, 2007. I was sitting in my favorite place deep in the woods about four and a half miles from the road. I had had a great morning. I climbed into my four-wheeler and went to 'my spot.' I was having a good deer hunt but something just didn't feel right. Remember, I don't feel my body like other people. I didn't feel the heart attack as it was beginning, but I did feel restless, so I went back to camp a little early. I was shooting the bull with my daughter's boyfriend and Frenchy, another friend of mine. In the afternoon I had lunch and took a nap. In the early evening I went back to my deerstand and climbed up the tree.

I had drunk a couple of energy drinks. I used to love them, but I don't drink them anymore. I smoked a cigarette, then suddenly, it felt like someone thumped me on the chest, thump, thump, thump and then it stopped. I felt like I had indigestion and then thump, thump, thump again. This went on until about dinnertime. I went to light another cigarette when I heard the voice for the first time:

"That's the last time you are smoking a cigarette."

Now remember, I'm sitting in the woods, there is no one around me, and I'm up in a tree-stand. I look around and think, 'okay, someone is hiding and talking to me.' Back then, I was very logical. I knew that no one had come in front of me because I could see a hundred yards ahead. I knew no one had come up

behind me because I would be able to hear the noise of leaves crackling if someone walked over the ground. I was on my third drag of my cigarette when I felt a little woozy.

Then I heard it again:

"I told you, that's the last one, enjoy it."

This time I put the cigarette out and got mad. Now I'm talking aloud in the woods, "I don't know who the hell you are but this is the start of my vacation, and by God, I'm not going to have your ass sneaking up on me telling me I can't smoke a cigarette! Either show yourself, or I'm going to start shooting trees down!"

Then the voice laughed. "Well damn," I muttered and climbed down from the tree. By the time I got to the bottom, I could hardly breathe. Now I'm thinking, 'Screw it, I'm getting on the four-wheeler and going back to camp.'

I asked Scott if the voice welled up inside his being.

"No," he said with a grin on his face.

"WHAT? ARE YOU KIDDING?" I shot back incredulously. He replied that the voice was on the outside, just as if I were talking to him. "NO WAY!" I countered.

One of the guys told me that Frenchy was up the road a ways and had shot a deer. He was in one of the stands up a hill, but I was feeling too bad to make the walk. That should have been a sign to me that something was wrong, but I'm a man; I'm a dumb ass, and I don't pay attention. Frenchy asked me if I want-

ed to come to get the deer with him but I said no, I was hungry and just didn't feel quite right. So my friends went to get the deer while I went back to camp to cook dinner. As I'm cooking in the camper, I look over at my cigarettes lying on the counter. I'm thinking, 'Hmmm, I'd like to have a cigarette.' I'm just about through cooking when I do decide to have another one. I step out of the camper, light the cigarette, and hear the voice again:

"I told you."

This is when it started. It was about 8:15 in the evening and it felt like someone hit me in the back with their fist. I started to cough and gag. I didn't have any chest pain at the time, just the coughing and gagging followed by cold sweats. I threw the cigarette down, got back in the camper and lay back to let the air blow on me. I was able to take a couple of bites of food and a swig of the energy drink. I went back outside as the others were pulling up. I was looking at the deer in the trailer when the voice said:

"It's time for you to get in your truck and go home."

I knew I was the only one who heard it, mind you. The guys looked at me, got worried and said, "Are you sick, do you need a ride?"

"No, I'm going home by myself." They argued with me but to no avail. I got in my truck and drove off. I got about twenty miles away from camp, down an isolated road, when I felt like I couldn't go any further. I knew I was about to die; I just knew it, I could feel it. I felt like someone took a pin and stuck it into a balloon. My soul was oozing out of me, I felt it leaving me and there wasn't anything I could do about it.

"Pull over."

I gave up and pulled off the road. The voice came from the back seat and said:

"You're going to be alright."

"I don't want to die here; I want to go home. I have to get to my wife."

"You're not going to die."

It was clear that in the beginning, Scott thought the voice to be someone fooling with him. I now wondered who he thought the voice was. He told me that at this point he thought the voice was his Guardian Angel. It was only later that he came to know who the voice really was.

I rolled the window down, threw out the energy drink and the pack of cigarettes. I said to myself, "Oh my God, I'm going to die!"

"No you're not; I'm going to heal you."

At that moment, I gave up and slumped over the steering wheel ... I then felt a magnificent, warm, loving hand come around from behind me and touch my chest. The pain stopped. I watched the hand sink into me. It engulfed me. It went all the

way through me. I felt it go through my heart and through my soul. I felt my soul come back into my body. I knew I was coming back, a different person.

I believe I died out there on the road, but I don't know for sure. I can't prove it to you or to anyone else. Let's just say, that is where I had my experience with God. When my wife and I put it together, we figured I had lost about thirty to forty minutes. I had called her when I was leaving the campsite to tell her I wasn't feeling well and was coming home. She was worried about me and had been calling me. The first sound I remember when I woke up was the cell phone ringing. It was my wife calling to check on me and to ask why I hadn't answered the phone the many times before she had called. At the time, I couldn't give her a reason.

I do know this, the old Scott died out there on the side of that road. The real Scott woke up, the one who had always been inside me but was never let out into the world. God opened all the doors to my heart. At the end of this experience with God, my heart had been healed. I don't believe I was given a second chance. I know I was given my first chance again. I was put back on the right path so that I could do what I was supposed to be doing all along.

When I was draped over the steering wheel and God's hand went through me, the voice said:

"You're going to be fine, now come with me."

I knew what was happening to me wasn't normal because just a moment before I had had a terrible anguish and knew that I wasn't going to get home to my wife before I died. Now, it was gone and that's when the journey to the seventh door started.

I can't say I went into the light. It wasn't a light, it was love, it was warmth. I was going along a path. I wasn't walking, I was ascending. If I could make an analogy, I would say that the path looked like a cobblestone road with six off shoots. Each off-shoot had a door and there were seven of them. At the end of the path was the seventh door. That's where I was going and I knew that immediately. I was excited to get there. I could feel each door as I went along. The feeling was getting greater and stronger. It was like a magnificent and bright pathway.

It was a wide path and there were hundreds of other souls moving along it as well. They were all going to different doors. There was a light around each soul and I felt a glow around me.

I wonder if this is the light that people experience when they die.

I was drawn to the warmth. The warmth was everywhere, but for me it was even stronger at the seventh door. Behind each door were billions of souls. I noticed the person beside me. I noticed the people passing me. I noticed all the doors I was going past. I knew that none of the other souls moving on the path were going to my door, but I could feel the excitement coming from them as I was heading to the seventh. There wasn't any jealousy, just love. They were happy for me. The love felt so warm in my heart. I felt the warmth coming to me. The strangest thing was that theirs wasn't any brighter than mine was; we were all made of the same love. The force of love was like a magnet drawing us each and every soul to our own doors.

There were two souls with me. One had died and the other was an escort, taking us both along the pathway and making sure we went to the correct door. At the time, I didn't recognize my escort, but later I realized she was related to a person who is a close friend of my family, whom I had seen, but not often, and that she was still alive. She was wearing a green dress with pearls. Once I got to my door, she left.

Later when it hit me who my escort was, I told our mutual friend about her helping me when I was walking the path to Heaven. He relayed the story to her and she was shocked. No one had ever mentioned knowing about the 'journeys' she made. I guess those whom she had escorted never came back to this life to tell anyone. She said that she hadn't told anyone before, but she had done these trips many, many times.

I questioned Scott. "She's alive, and guided you to Heaven from here? I don't understand. What do you mean?" He told me that she is a great old soul who takes people along the path. She has

done this hundreds of times. When I heard this, I wanted to interview her. He asked her if she was willing to be in the book, but she declined. It seems that this is private for her and she doesn't want to be in the limelight.

I passed six doors to get to the seventh. Each door was a level of consciousness. I believe this is the evolution of the soul—seven different plains of awareness. At the time I saw it as doors. It's just the way I saw it. These levels of awareness start with our souls being in a state of confusion at the first door. We then evolve through the next five doors until we arrive at a state of bliss and union with God at the seventh. Each door is a grand entrance. The last one is the grandest of all. It was so GRAND!

There was a Being with open arms at my door. I was filled with an increasing enthusiasm. I sure wasn't going to wait for my escort; I just wanted to get there. The further I moved along the path the more I became aware of where I was.

I was compelled to move faster and faster toward my door. I felt drawn to that door, because of the love and warmth I experienced. Everything there is felt. The warmth is amazing, it feels so goooood. It is filled with a love that is thrilling, complete and ultimate.

You want to know something cool? Nothing there was any greater than I was; we were the same. All was the same. We all have that incredible love inside us. We mostly just don't feel it.

As I progressed along the path, I became more and more aware of the people around me, and of all the doors. It was as if the reality of where I was became increasingly more concrete.

I was raised to believe that when I got to Heaven there was going to be a big metal gate and a man standing there with a list he would use to review my life. At the time of the heart attack, I felt that this couldn't be true, but I really didn't know. This experience wasn't anything that I expected. It was so much better than I was taught. It was absolutely perfect.

I had always heard that when you die there is a tunnel. It seems weird to me that I saw a pathway. Mind you, that is what I saw. It wasn't enclosed like a tunnel. It was open and bright. There was a bright light around me and everyone else. Everyone's light was love. I see that love as an expression from the heart. It feels warm. I felt that I was finally going where I have always wanted to be.

One thing I want you to know is that this was my experience. I saw a pathway and seven doors. That doesn't mean that's what you will see. However, the essence of what we experience is the same. What I saw matched what I could relate to. This experience gave me tremendous comfort. I can tell you one thing for sure, God is real! God is love. God wants you to come to Them.

When I got to the door, the voice said:

"You can only touch."

I did touch.

"Now come back."

That's when I was drawn back, turned around and sat on a bench. It's not as if I could see a bench, I just felt the bench. Everything in this experience is felt with the heart, not seen with the eyes. You have to understand, feeling the experience was much more complete than just listening with my ears, looking with my eyes, or speaking with my mouth. Feeling what was communicated was all-inclusive and gave me a broader and deeper awareness of God, humanity, freewill, love, forgiveness, and everything else They shared with me.

When I was drawn to the bench and sat down, the conversation continued. It was very matter of fact. What was told to me was as if I were watching a movie or working on a puzzle — THIS is what is going to happen, don't be afraid. But honestly, at first, I was afraid.

God and I are sitting on the bench. 'They' say to me:

"It's not your time."

"Is this a joke, where the Hell am I?"

(Nothing.)

"Well it must not be Heaven because I just said a cuss word."

"A word is just a word, son."

"Who are you?"

"I AM — You're going to be fine."

I asked Scott, "did you see the I AM or did you feel Them?" He told me that he felt Them. Everything in the soul's world is felt. As an example, he didn't see the color green, he felt the color green. Because of this, the experience became deeper and was felt throughout his whole being. He felt the colors, he felt the levels of consciousness, he felt the other souls, he felt God. So I asked, "What did God feel like?"

He laughed, "complete bliss."

While I was talking with God, it was as if I were a computer that was being completely downloaded with answers, with messages, with awareness, with visions, with knowledge of the future, with a depth of understanding that I had only dreamed of having access to before. It was like a great big puzzle and it was being laid out for me. It was so much I couldn't digest it all. Now every morning I go back and spend time with God, and pieces of that puzzle are revealed to me. I was given everything in that first visit; I just couldn't grasp it all. Now when I go back, the puzzle becomes a little more clear.

Just as a side note, I was sitting one day in a large room at the Chiropractic Office and I turned to Dr. Carol, my Chiropractor, and tried to describe the magnitude of what God had shown me.

"What you understand of what I know is the size of a nail on one of the walls. What I know is the whole room. What God knows, well, is everything. There are no secrets. God knows every thought and feeling we have."

When I was sitting with God in front of Heaven's gate, I turned and looked back down the path. To my astonishment I saw people turning away. I felt great sorrow and anger coming from them. It wasn't anything like I had just experienced. I wasn't prepared for the devastation of lost souls. I panicked. "If I have to go back, will I feel like that when I go down the path?"

"You're going down there for another reason. You won't feel like that. You'll be back when it is your time; and you'll take your place right beside me."

"Okay, you're getting a little deep. Something isn't right here." This is not what I thought God was going to be like. I felt confused; I wondered where I was and what was happening. At the same time the whole scenario seemed a bit comical. I was thinking that I hadn't expected God to be funny. Then the I AM said:

"What did you think, a bunch of violins would be playing for you as you came up that path?"

This time I laughed. This is what's so great. I was completely comfortable. We were like two great friends. I looked down the path again and I felt the human sorrow and anguish from the ones who were turning away. I thought, "OH SHIT, what if I feel like that when I go back down?"

"No, you're going back so others can learn."

"Why are they turning away?"

"They did something in their lives for which they can't forgive themselves. They have a deep regret."

My heart hurt to my very core when I heard that. With great love God said:

"They are all welcome to come back. I want them to come back."

I saw the horrible tragedy of souls not going to God. It was awful. It was as if the grandest banquet was prepared for them and they didn't know they had an invitation. I could feel God's sorrow at the lost souls, which made my heart ache even more.

I felt scared again and worried that I was going to hurt like they did if I walked down the path. God reassured me once more that I would not feel like that.

I realize that one of the many purposes of this book, and why I came back, was to pass on the truth that deep regrets we can't face have to be addressed now. God has placed the devices inside our hearts to heal anything. If we don't reconcile with ourselves and others before we die, we won't be able to face Them when we are on the path to Them. Listen to me, the pain of turning away is beyond anything that you know here. The pain of looking inside your heart is immense for sure, but nothing like refusing God's heart.

With my whole being, I have experienced that God wants all of us to go to Them. God cries tears of sorrow for each soul who turns away. It is nothing like I was taught. God doesn't stand there, judge each soul, and say, "This is what you did right, and this is what you did wrong. Now you are going to Hell or Heaven." No, that's not it, God is there with open arms each and every time. It is we who judge ourselves and turn away.

I'm telling you, it's YOU who is going to do the judging. It's not God. God only loves us. There are no judgments from Them. God gave us freewill to make our own decisions. If we make decisions that we regret and it turns out that we can't forgive ourselves, we turn away from God. There is no greater pain. There is no pain greater for God either.

I had many questions and my heart was full of judgments. I wanted to know about the Bible; were we the only ones in the universe; what about the soul, does it return and go back into another body?

'They' wanted me to know that the soul comes into the body at birth, and that we make many incarnations. Each soul is a gift from Heaven to the parents. It is the greatest gift. The care and raising of a soul is an awesome responsibility. When we do not raise our children with love and care, our hearts close and we can't forgive ourselves in the end.

Children are able to experience pure joy because they are so close to Heaven. They still remember God and all of Their love. Adults forget and become hardened.



A woman gives of herself in the birth of a baby. She endures her pain for the sake of the new life. A man gives nothing. Therefore, a man owes God even more than a woman, for the gift of the soul. Many men do not accept the gift of raising their children and refuse to be dads. In the end, this is one of the sins they commit as humans for which they cannot forgive themselves. Because of this, many fathers turn back down the path in great anguish. The pain in their hearts is overwhelming. Remember, your sin is judged by you, not by God.

It's hard as hell to forgive myself when I have done something wrong. It is SO hard to examine my faults that closely. People can't forgive themselves for some things. It is we who punish ourselves. When souls turn away, they go to the place they have been taught will be there; they create their own Hell. If someone believes in a fiery Hell — that's where they will go with all of the other souls who had the same teachings. Whatever your heart believes when you die, you will get. It may not be what you have been taught, but it will be what you believe. The same holds true

for Heaven.

Isn't forgiving ourselves the hardest thing of all for us to do? Isn't that the truth. What happens when we are mean to someone? Don't we try to blame them or the situation? What does it take to forgive ourselves? What does it take to be gentle with our own and other precious souls?

This wasn't anything like I thought it was going to be. I thought God would be sitting in a big chair and judging everyone. 'They' don't do that — we do it ourselves. It's the regrets, the deep regrets that keep us from going to God. The pain of turning away is overwhelming. Too many souls are turning away because they don't understand that in time.

Everyone is welcomed back to God. Even those you think are bad, are welcomed back. Listen: The hard part is that we have to want to come back to God. We have to forgive ourselves. It's hard to do this but believe me it's a lot easier to forgive ourselves now and be able to live a loving, giving life. Basically, all you have to do is trust yourself because you have what you need inside your heart. God made sure of that. You're going to be alright. Open the door to your heart and you'll find love for yourself.

In every tradition there is the concept of praying for the ancestors. Our prayers help them to forgive themselves and return to God. Scott told me that everyone can go back to God at the point when they realize they can. I believe this.

I said to God, "Tell me about the Bible. What's the deal?"

"I didn't write it as it is now. I put all the answers in your heart. Yes the Bible is a great, great way to look at life, it's a good guidance, but the truth is in your heart."

So I took that to mean that people need both the Bible, or another Book of Faith, and the heart to understand the Word of God. My impression is that God believes the Bible to be a great way to look at life. Sure, it was originally inspired. However, it has been translated, words have been altered and parts have been left out. Changing one word can change the meaning of the message. Also, each theologian will interpret the words according to his or her ideology. The Bible is a good guideline, but it's not the entire story. The essence of the truth is in our hearts. That is where the truth can unfold and become alive for each person. I started to ask about the Bible again when God stopped me with:

"I didn't write it, man did."

Okay, this is going to be hard to fathom — at least for some of you. God is both male and female. That's right, male and female. This is why the I AM is complete. It's also why the I AM is so perfect. The male and the female parts are both complete and present.

For my entire life, I've been taught that God is a He. Now I know They aren't just He, They are He and She, both aspects at

the same time. I can hear both of them, like it's both sides of a discussion simultaneously. I hear the male side in one ear and the female side in the other. I started to understand They, We, I Am, We Are. They are one big entity and that is one reason it is so magnificent there.

God wants everyone to come back. The He side of God says, "There is nothing you have done that I am ashamed of—come back! Come back to me." The She side of God says, "Please come back, I love you." She cries tears of sorrow for the souls who turn away. The "I AM" is a He and a She. I sat with God; pure perfection and bliss.



As I have said before, in Heaven, communication happens without talking. Without them speaking, I understood what They were saying. In Heaven we understood each other through feelings. Feelings are everything there and here too. Feelings are the way into our hearts. Feelings are the real way that we communicate with each other. It's like communicating with a baby; a

mother can know her baby's needs sometimes without the baby even making a sound. Now imagine that feeling, only a zillion times stronger. I could hear the words through my heart, not through my ears.

God cries huge tears of sorrow when souls turn away. God tries to help souls forgive themselves. That's where the Angels come in. 'They' send the Angels to console people who are turning away, the Angels are trying to get them to come back, but they can't change freewill. All the Angels can do is tell the souls to forgive themselves. Something so simple is so hard. We have been taught that if we have done something bad we are going to Hell. That just isn't the truth! That is man's control. I don't want to change anyone's belief in the Bible or other Book of religion. Everyone interprets scripture differently. What I experienced and felt is my interpretation of my time with God. I asked again, "did you write the Bible?"

"Not as we see it today."

Remember that God gave us freewill. It is what makes us so special. Because of freewill God can't intervene, we have to make the decision to go to Them. Remember that the Angels can't change freewill either. They try to get the soul to come, but they can't take the regret away. All they can do is tell the souls that, yes, they can forgive themselves. God loves you, come to God. Something as simple as forgiveness is too hard for those

who have been taught, "I've been bad and I'm going to Hell." But that is not the truth. Hear me: It's just not the truth. Again, that's man's control. Remember, what we believe is what we get!

One of the reasons for writing this book is to get the message out; we have to look at our regrets NOW. Don't wait. After we leave the body, it might be too late. Look at the one thing you feel that you can never face, whatever it is. If we wait until we die, we will lose the very thing we have come here for, which is to progress towards full acceptance of, and union with God. Stop whatever you are doing and look inside yourself. What is it that you are hiding from? What are you ashamed of? What part of you is so bad that you can't forgive yourself? What can't you forgive in someone else? Reach out to yourself and reach out to that someone. God is right there with you. We can all do it together.

There is nothing more tragic than a soul turning away from God because they don't feel like they deserve that much love. Love is our God given right. It is man who turns it away. Never is it God who refuses love. NEVER! I know this goes against the doctrine that many of us have been taught, which is that God judges us and sends us to Hell.

I'm here to tell you that my experience says something different. We are the ones who judge ourselves. We are the ones who say, "I am not worthy of God's love. I can't go to Heaven. I have to go to Hell." God and the Angels are there with open arms,

supporting and encouraging us to come to Them. God wants us to join Them. The billions of souls within your "door" and all the rest want you to come and join them. It's like a homecoming that you can't even imagine. All we have to do is face ourselves; come to terms with what we have done and say, "YES, we are worthy of God's love".

Don't interpret this to mean that man can go around and hurt other people with no regard for consequences, since forgiveness will get us out of Hell. In the end, the soul may not be able to forgive. And that is something we ultimately must do, we have to make amends with ourselves and others now.

Follow a path that takes you to love.

Never give up.



THE JOURNEY BACK

I was different. I was what I had always been underneath, but had hidden under the illusion of the body's reality. I drove to my home, went in and had a shower. My wife was very concerned about me and asked, "Do you want to go to the hospital?" ... silence. "Do you want me to call my sister and ask her?" (My wife's sister used to be an ER nurse.) I told her that, yes, I did want her to call and relate that I was having a thumping in my chest that wouldn't go away.

My objective when I got home was to take a shower and ask

her sister for advice. If she told me to go to the hospital, I was going to go. If she told me not to worry, I wouldn't have gone. My wife called her, and sure enough, she felt we needed to go straight there. I'm one who never goes to a hospital for anything, but this time, because of her confirmation, I said okay. I didn't want an ambulance ride, so we took the car.

As we were driving to the hospital, God told me:

"Do not lie down until you see this doctor."

The image of a bald, male doctor came to me. I thought of him as Dr. Bozo because of the way his hair looked. He was bald and hairy. I truly believe that everything that happened to me that night happened for a reason. It helped everyone I encountered, from the lady who checked me in and reviewed my insurance information, to the nurse who took my vital signs, and the doctors who were involved in my care.

When we arrived at the hospital, my wife was worried because she knew they were going to insist that I lie down. She cut her eyes at me and asked, "Honey, what are you going to do?"

"I'm not going to lie down."

"But they will want you to lie down."

"If I lie down I'm going to die! Just trust me on this one." She just nodded.

Someone took me in for the initial exam. They took my blood pressure, checked my weight, and asked me my symptoms. They

did their workup and sent me back to the waiting room. I sat there for two hours before anyone bothered with me again! I had been having heart problems since early that morning and was getting angry that they were leaving me just sitting there for so long.

The emergency room protocol is to admit heart patients immediately so they can get the care they need before irreversible damage occurs.

The intake nurse finally took my wife and me back. She told me that an EKG was going to be done and I needed to lie down. I told her, "If I lie down, I'm going to die."

My wife agreed that I wasn't going to do it. The nurse proceeded to put the tabs on my chest where I sat. The machine spat out a recording not more than six to ten inches long before the technician grabbed the paper, in obvious alarm, and headed down the hallway. As she took off, the cart trailed behind her because she hadn't taken the time to separate the paper from the machine. I turned to my wife and said, "Well, I guess they believe now that I'm having a heart attack."

People started coming in from all directions. It looked like a fire drill with everyone trying to get to me. They continued to want me to lie down, but I continued to say no. Everyone seemed over excited, so I kept telling the medical team to calm down. The doctor wanted to give me morphine for the pain.

I told him, "I don't want morphine, it makes me angry."

"What is your pain level?"

"I don't have any." He couldn't believe it. His jaw dropped open. When they studied the heart monitors the doctors and the nurses were shocked. The doctor asked again, "What kind of pain are you in?"

"None," I chuckled!

The testing revealed that my heart was pumping out only seven percent of the blood that came into it. This started a huge flurry of activity around me. Seven percent isn't very much. I was told that we normally function at fifty percent or thereabouts, depending on our age. The doctor looked up at the monitor and my blood pressure was about 120/80.

A normal blood pressure is 120/80. When someone is having a heart attack their blood pressure either registers considerably higher or lower.

The doctor's jaw dropped again. He didn't know what to make of it. My wife asked, "How could he be having a heart attack with his blood pressure so good?"

No answer.

Around midnight, the hospital's computers crashed causing the doctor and nurses not to know what pills I had been given. This realization put them in more of a panic. The attending physician was visibly shaken, he kept asking me if I was okay. It was clear he could not understand what was happening.

The intake nurse who had taken my vital signs earlier was attempting to put an IV into my hand, but she was shaking too badly. I could tell she was upset due to her earlier mistake of having left me unattended for two hours, having thought I was just having pains from indigestion. She kept stabbing me with the needle but could not locate the vein. My hand was swelling and the situation was getting worse. I turned to the doctor and said, "you need to take her and calm her down, this isn't helping me. Get another nurse." She was deeply disturbed by what she was seeing, afraid I was going to die in front of her. My hand continued to swell. I told the doctor, "I'll be fine, but put someone else on my hand."

When that nurse walked away, the swelling immediately went away. Another nurse was then able to put an IV into the same hand. It went in the first time with no problems. The doctor looked at my hand, I was looking at it; we were both shocked. My hand had responded to the nurse's fear. This blew my mind. My hand swelling, then that swelling immediately subsiding, was the first of many incidents that showed me how different things were now.

The doctor was on the phone to the next hospital, advising a doctor of my condition. I knew the person at the other end was the doctor in my vision and the person I was supposed to see.

He was the one God had revealed to me. This was going to be the right fellow. He was my Dr. Bozo. We were following the plan; I knew it was perfect.

The doctor advised my wife, "He needs to be life-flighted to another hospital, NOW! We've already called a specialist." She asked the doctor if it was necessary that I be airlifted; couldn't I just be transported by ambulance? "No! We have to stabilize him as soon as possible; he has to leave now."

We learned later how bad I really was. I could feel my wife's fear rising. She started to panic. I looked at her and said, "Honey, I'll be fine." She later told me that the twinkle in my eyes is what calmed her.

I have come to love this twinkle. For the first year, I would see it every so often and I knew Scott was in a better state than I had ever seen him before. There is a lot of joy and celebration in that look. Now he has that twinkle most of the time and the love and joy beams.

That night I was angry with the first hospital staff for having taken their time addressing my problem. Now I feel differently. I believe that for them a healing started that night beginning with the receptionist whose job it was to get me in right away, due to my complaining of chest pain, right on to the doctor who attended to me. Somehow the event changed them. It's okay now, it all feels good to me. I'm no longer angry, I actually feel awed about

the whole thing. How perfect God is!

Before leaving the ER, the attending doctor again told me that I would have to lie down in order to be put on the helicopter. I let him know that just wasn't going to happen and I told him what we were going to do. The doctor just couldn't believe what was going on. He was so used to handling patients in a particular way that I think he had lost sight of a patient as a person. He kept looking at me as if he couldn't believe what he was seeing. It seemed to me he was waking up too.

I was still sitting up as I was being rolled to the helicopter pad and yet again, they were telling me to lie down. There was a stretcher I was supposed to be strapped onto in the helicopter. I looked at it and just laughed as I informed the medics that I was going to sit in the front passenger seat. The problem was that things were set up to monitor my vital signs in the back. I wasn't about to lie down and there wasn't going to be any argument about it. They said, "okay, sit up," all the while muttering that I was going to die.

The front passenger seat was nothing but a jump seat. It was designed to make it easy for the medic to work on the patient in the back. Except in this case, I sat on the stretcher, on the jump seat, with a wedge that kept me sitting upright. It was all very makeshift because this wasn't the way someone was supposed to be transported. Instead, the two medics were in the back, very

stressed and pretty silent, except to say, "If you get into pain, let us know and we'll get you something." They seemed afraid to talk to me. I was wearing a hospital gown and was cold. I asked if they would turn the heat on, which they did.

I have to tell you, riding in the helicopter was cool. As we approached the next hospital, I could see it and asked them if we could circle around one more time. I received an emphatic NO! We landed and there was a medical team waiting. They weren't expecting me to be sitting up in the front seat. As I got out of the helicopter, the hospital personnel were looking for their patient saying things like, "Where is he?"

I stepped around from the side in my hospital gown and yelled, "here I am!"

They were shocked. I got tickled! A heart attack patient just is not able to do these kinds of things. I climbed onto the stretcher and was freezing. They continued to tell me to lie down, and again, I said I wouldn't until I saw doctor "Bozo." They thought I was hallucinating, but he's the one I was shown in the vision. I wanted to see that bald head. As soon as he came in I said, "This is who I need to see!" God had already shown me everything so I knew it all had to transpire in a certain way. I have thought about it many times, everything that happened kept everybody calm in the process. Nobody got upset.

When I saw my surgeon something inside me relaxed. I had

already seen what was going to happen, so I knew this was the doctor who was going to help me. Of course, everyone wanted me to lie down but I remained seated until they wheeled me into the operating room. When everything was set up and prepared for me the voice spoke again:

"It's okay now, you can lie down."

So I did.

They did the blood work, EKG, and monitored my vitals, then the doctor started to put in the arterial stents. He said I was in bad shape and that my heart was very weak. But I knew differently and said, "Oh hell no it's not!" I felt I had to prove to him that my heart was fine. But the monitors and test results were still confirming the results from the first hospital, which showed that my heart was barely functioning. A second stent was put in place, then they started on the third.

I have no memory of what happened at this point. Apparently, I passed out and my heart stopped for three and a half minutes. This was later told to me by one of the operating room nurses. The craziest thing happened. While my heart was not beating, I opened my eyes and said, "Would you please hurry, I'm tired and want to go to sleep!" This blew the doctor and the nurses away. There was no way I was supposed to be talking without my heart pumping. Following my outburst, my heart simply started again, all on its own. I just laughed when I heard

about it. God is so funny and has such a great sense of humor.

When I was back in my room following surgery, I knew I had been healed and was going to be just fine. The doctors didn't believe me. Who could blame them? I simply wouldn't have believed me either. When they came and drew blood to test my enzyme levels, apparently I wasn't going to follow the book on that one either.

When someone has a heart attack, the muscle actually stops functioning in the area that can no longer receive oxygen. The muscle begins a dying process, breaks down and produces enzymes. The more severe the heart attack the higher the enzyme value. The cardiac enzyme test is used to determine the damage to the heart muscle. The test is done in intervals beginning six hours after the heart attack and the values peak about eighteen hours after the incident. Between twenty-four and thirty-six hours, the enzyme levels return to normal. This very test is used in the emergency room to determine if someone has had a heart attack at all. *In other words, if someone doesn't have raised cardiac enzyme lev*els and they have had symptoms of a myocardial infarction within that day, it is determined that they never had a heart attack. The doctor may call it angina. No elevated enzymes, back home you go. I am emphasizing this because in Scott's case the results of the enzyme tests are significant.

When in the first hospital my enzyme level tested extremely

high, I was told that when the level is anything over 2500 the person is going to need a new heart. The heart is dead, or close to it, and it is useless to try to do anything but prepare the person for a transplant. They told me my levels exceeded 2500. What happened in my case completely threw my doctor. My enzyme levels had changed six hours after surgery. Not only did they not go up, they went to zero. Remember that at the time of the attack, my heart was able to squeeze out only seven percent of the blood that came into it, and it would have been shedding off a tremendous amount of dead tissue. When my enzyme levels registered zero, the health professionals were confused, to say the least.

This just doesn't happen in normal circumstances. It's not supposed to happen. They didn't know what to do with me. They came back and took blood again. The enzyme levels registered zero. A third time they took blood and still the same answer. The doctor finally came in and supervised the lab technician. He wanted to make sure that it was correctly taken and delivered to the lab. Sure enough, the enzymes were still at zero. I knew I was healed, but no one else did. I knew I was going to live. No one else did. I wanted out of the hospital. Absolutely no one else thought I should be out.

After the medications had worn off, I was up on my feet and moving around. I wanted to go walking and get outdoors. I love being outside. I had all the wires on to monitor my heart activity. I was told not to go anywhere, but I knew I would be okay, so out I went.

When I left the cardiac care floor, apparently I was out of range and the signals stopped as if I had flat lined. Staff members were frantically looking for me everywhere. I didn't realize this, I was just out enjoying the day. When I returned, the staff let me know how frantic they had been! I could see they were very upset with me. I felt for them but they didn't know what I knew. I had been healed when God put his hand through my heart. For their sake though, I didn't leave the floor again.

My lab results were great and I was feeling pretty good. I was walking around, and I sure didn't look like their normal patient. My heart output was up in the twenty percent range. This in itself was unusual. Most heart patients stay in ICU for a few days and then go to the cardiac-care ward for a much longer time. Because of my test results and the fact that I was able to get up and move around without too much effort, the doctors had no reason to keep me hospitalized. On the third day of being in the hospital, I was released!

On the way home, I went by Dr. Carol's and Dr. Mary Ann's office to say hello. I didn't know why, except that it was part of the plan so I followed it. They were shocked to see me and surprised

how well I looked. My coloring was pink and rosy, not gray.

I went home and made sure I followed the cardiac doctors' orders. I didn't feel like my old self at all. Most people would mean by that that they felt awful. Not me. I felt like a new human being. It took time to put the pieces together, but I knew something amazing had happened to me and was still happening. In the beginning, I wondered and questioned everything. That's just who I am. I'm not a spur of the moment person. I have always been one who has to examine something before I'll take the first step. It was all different; wonderful, but certainly out of the ordinary.

The weeks and months that followed were frustrating. I wanted to share my story with my wife and family, but it was difficult for me. I couldn't put the whole thing together. How can I explain this, in the beginning I was kind of in a fog. I knew I was alright. I knew something outstanding had happened to me. I knew I wasn't the same person I had been just a few months, weeks, or even days before. I knew the place I was going to every morning was absolute bliss. I wasn't able to put it all together like I can now. It took time to put my experience into words, and words still don't do it justice. Perhaps in time I'll get better at this. As an example, there is no way I could have written this book. Mary Ann helps me to take my Heavenly Experiences and put them into words that give a glimpse of what is true.

During the first year after the heart attack, all I wanted was to simply enjoy my life. God's love was humming through my body and I wanted to savor it. I felt like I was completely turned on. Everything looked different to me. It was like I could see for the first time. When I looked at someone, I saw who they really were. I saw their energy — the colors that were around them and the light that sparkled through them. I could see the truth in people. I wanted to go out into the woods again, and be with my friends. Hell, I wanted to live the life I loved.

The doctors didn't know what to do with me. I wasn't recovering the way they were expecting. They put me on all kinds of medications because this is what they know to do. I couldn't stand the drugs, but went along and took them anyway. Partly, to give my wife and family comfort, but mostly because I was following a plan. Taking the medications was part of the plan. I want you to know that these drugs change a person's personality, making them difficult and ornery. After a heart attack, there is so much to deal with and the drugs make it harder. I know they are important. I believe they are like a crutch that is necessary to keep someone going until their own body heals enough to take over the job again. Saying all that, the drugs are hard to deal with. Just know that.

Traditionally, the fact is that once a portion of the heart muscle dies, it doesn't recover. The heart will lose function, and the patient will have to live with the medications for life. Scott has gained an awareness that God has given our bodies the ability to heal themselves.

As an example, he is to be one of the first people to receive a medical therapy that utilizes one's own body to heal itself. In two years this therapy will be implemented, and many heart patients will have the opportunity to recover completely. He is aware that right now the statement that your own body can heal and take over the job again is strange and not a current reality. However, this is going to change, you can look forward to that.

I'm one of those people who think before I leap. I now know what I've been given, and I'm not going to use it beyond what They tell me to do. With great power comes great responsibilities. However, in the beginning I had to sit with it, reflect over it, test it, feel with it, and look at every aspect possible. I even argued with God about it. The great thing is that no matter how much I fought the situation, God was always patient. 'They' kept nudging me forward.

Before I go any further, it is important to emphasize that every morning I am brought back to Heaven, and after one and a half years of experiencing God every morning, I now know what is real. I know what is true. I know God. Furthermore, over time my visits with God have changed. I have gone from questioning Them to understanding Them. I used to have faith.

NOW I HAVE TRUTH.

In the beginning I was confused, and it was all kind of a blur. I would think, okay, why do I know about some things before they are going to happen; why do I keep on visiting this fabulous place every morning? But when I came off my medications, what had happened began to become clearer; although I did continue questioning myself. Even when I thought that it just wasn't going to happen, it would. Or in disbelief, I would think I was crazy, but then it would register: "No I'm not!" Finally, when I gave in, accepted God and said, "okay, I'm going to do whatever you tell me to do," everything became clear.

Seventeen days after my heart attack, I was back hunting in the woods. My wife was nervous about me being by myself. So I took a picture with my cell phone camera and sent it to her so she could see that I was fine². At the time I was up in my tree stand, having a wonderful day. In the woods my mind becomes clear. I love being out in nature and my heart feels free when I'm there. I know seventeen days really isn't that long a time, but it felt like an eternity to me. Also, I was back where it all began. I needed to be back in the woods, and was grateful that I could be there again. It was such a relief, because this time in camp, the conversation between God and me became clear; I knew I wasn't crazy. I perceived something very special was happening to me. I took a breath, relief flooded me, my body relaxed and my heart

² This is the picture you see on the back of the book.

calmed. Although I was still confused and the nightly visits were strange to me, I was good. I hadn't flipped out and gone over the edge. I was in good Hands and felt I could trust that.

Three weeks subsequent to my heart attack I went back to work. It was difficult for me when the other employees questioned me about what happened. My work is not "touchy-feely" work; it's a tough business. So when my coworkers sought me out to talk, I was surprised. During one morning visit with God I had been given a message for one of my suppliers. As I was talking with her the message just flowed out of me. I had knowledge of things that I just shouldn't have known! I saw the picture of her entire life. The words that came out of my mouth were filled with love and compassion, and they were not mine, yet I knew where they came from, as did she. Her healing was apparent, deep and complete. Afterwards, I was scared and uneasy about what had happened between us, but God helped me to relax. This was going to be the first of many such encounters.

I went to my Cardiologist repeatedly as expected, but I believe my visits were to teach him. I kept telling him I was healed and wanted to get off the medications. He kept saying how important they were and that I should continue taking them. Eventually we came to an understanding. I told him I would do as he advised if he would listen and take into consideration what I was saying as he was making his decisions.

So I did what he recommended, and he in turn listened to me. The office visits continued in much the same vein. I would tell him, "I am healed and my heart is okay, so let me off these meds!" Eventually he said he was willing to schedule a cardiac test much earlier than usual. He advised that if I did well on the test he would decrease the medication dosages. This was great news. I already knew what the test results were going to reveal.

People don't usually survive a heart attack such as I experienced. Medical personnel don't see people live after what I went through. The doctor really didn't know what to do with me. Giving me the stress test so soon afterward was a big step for him. I know some guys who have had heart attacks as long as two years ago and still haven't been able to withstand a nuclear test. But, off to the examination I went. The results were great!

My heart should have lost a lot of its ability to work. Instead, it showed a drastic improvement. The doctor was amazed. He remarked that he never sees recovery to this extent taking into account the severity of my heart attack. Still, he wasn't happy about lowering the dosages and the number of drugs he had prescribed. He thought I would die if I didn't follow the protocol. I didn't blame him. We all know that some people will sue for just about anything, making malpractice a real threat to doctors. Although I'm not one of those persons and that is something I would never do, I went along with his advice and

decreased the medications, but didn't stop taking them. I also knew I was there to teach him.

I have listened to Scott reiterate the interactions with his doctors for a year and a half. This I can tell you in regard to what the doctors have learned from him. First of all, his Cardiologist listened to what Scott was saying and recognized that his experience was much different from most of his other cases. Anyone who has gone to a doctor for care will tell you that having the doctor really listen to you is almost unheard of. The act of a doctor really listening to a patient is unfortunately rare, but incredibly important. Secondly, Scott's case has shown that getting up out of bed sooner than previously thought after a heart attack is important to the recovery process. However, if you have had a myocardial infarction, talk to your doctor and see what they suggest in your circumstances. Thirdly, contrary to current medical thought, the heart muscle is capable of regenerating. Finally, as I have already mentioned, Scott is a candidate for a case study, and will be taking part in a selfhealing technique, which we will share with you in another couple of years. It will drastically alter the conventional ideology of dealing with heart attacks and the recovery of the heart muscle.

The medications made me feel as if I were in the bottom of a well. I could set my eyes on the light at the top, but it took all day to get there, and then I would have to take another batch of drugs and down I would go again. Each day the meds would drop me to the bottom and I would then have to work to crawl to the top. It was as if I lost myself everyday. This was very difficult and frustrating for me.

It wasn't only the loss of who I was prior to the heart attack, it was mainly the loss of my full realization of and communion with God. When I convinced my doctor to decrease the drugs, my life improved. The trip through the "medication tunnel" was not nearly as long or as hard. It was still disappointing because I knew how much better I could be without the drugs. I knew I was okay, but it was difficult that those around me didn't know. I would make trips to my Chiropractor's Clinic to see my friends and talk. That felt good.

In the early morning when I awaken and am with God, various experiences happen. Sometimes I am given information for another person. Many times that information is provided weeks before I actually find the person. Then, when I look into their eyes, or feel their heart, the information comes streaming through me and I know what's going to happen next. The words just flow out of me. Sometimes that person's heart is opened right away, then and there. Other times, it may be later that the words sink in and their burdens are lifted. Still, each time it's pretty darn amazing.

When I am imparting God's message to someone the same wondrous thing happens. A door opens inside them, which allows them to feel the truth. When that door opens, they are ready to hear the message that I have from God. God flows into their hearts and the connection is made. Sometimes when 'They' flow into the person, They tell them the message Themselves.

It's the door to the heart that is opened. I don't do it and you don't need me to help you do this. The doors are ready to open, all you have to do is love yourself or someone else and want to open the doors. It depends on your situation. People will think that they need to be close to me to have this happen. Well, that just isn't true. Simply from reading this book you know you have the ability. God wants this for us. 'They' have given each of us the gifts we need. We already have them. These tools are inside your heart.

Love yourself, everything will be okay.
Forgive yourself and forgive others.
Open the doors to your heart,
One door at a time.
Let yourself feel your feelings,
One feeling at a time.
Offer yourself to do God's work.

Remember, God isn't judging you. You are judging you. 'They' love you completely. Isn't it a relief to know that when you die you just have to be willing and able to forgive yourself and you can then run into God's arms? The catch is whether or not you can forgive yourself. We have to learn how to recognize the feelings we have and how to use them, so we can forgive ourselves and go to God.

Some of you may get angry at the thought of this because on the surface it looks like "anything goes," that all behavior is acceptable and then forgiven. Listen, that's not the truth. When we die, the ability to lie to ourselves is gone and we are left with the pure truth of what we are and what we have done. We are bare. Nothing except an open heart is going to get you to let yourself go to God. This is the plain truth. For example, have you ever been in conflict with someone and they died before your conflict was resolved? Perhaps it was that you were deeply disturbed with the person. Then what happened when they were gone? If the pain was deep, you are then left with a scar that stops you from loving them, yourself, or others. In the same way, if what you have to forgive within yourself is too deep, you may not be able to do it when you die. Love yourself enough now, open those tender parts of yourself, let God in, and feel the healing. Remember God isn't judging you, God is loving you.

One way to recognize whether we have parts of ourselves that

need forgiveness by us, is by noticing if we are judging others instead of just observing that they have beliefs or habits with which we are not in harmony. Are we lifting souls up or are we making them wrong for their actions and pushing them down.

Some people believe that if God isn't judging us, then we will all become mean and our actions will be hurtful. Is that really true? I don't think so. I believe the heart will know the truth and will reach for the highest ground. We have thousands of years of history during which we have learned concepts that have created a critical and judgmental God. This has resulted in a world full of anger, fear, and sadness. Just imagine what it would be like if we took responsibility for our own hearts and saw God as an accepting and love-filled being. What would happen then? I believe love would triumph.

Some people say, "If I give to a Church, I am paying my way to Heaven." No! That's not the way it happens. We can't pay our way into Heaven. Other people think their preacher or religious leader knows the way to Heaven. Well, not really; some may, but some may not. But your heart knows. Everything you need is in there. The truth is inside you. God is inside you.

All of the religions are good paths to God, one isn't any greater than another. The world's religions have good guidelines and their Holy Books spell out the same basic truths. They are all good guidelines and the world needs them. They are needed in

our schools. They're needed in our communities. The problem is that not all of them contain the entire truth, one of those truths being that: We are all the same. God loves everyone the same. That person or race you may think is evil, is loved by God just the same as you are. In Their eyes, there is no difference. This was one of my issues when I first talked with God. I said, "I bet all of those who killed people in the United States on 9/11 didn't find what they were looking for when they died."

"No, that's not it. I love them just like I love you."

I was left with a confusion that I now understand. God loves us all, and no one person or group of people is left out. As I have said, and worth mentioning again, if we hurt ourselves or others while we are here, we have a very difficult time forgiving ourselves when we are there.

Man has contrived a whole collection of fictitious ideologies that aren't true, mainly to control people. The truth is freeing. The truth is wonderful. You know when you experience warm, tingling chill-bumps? That's when you feel the truth. That's God. You may have read or heard about someone who declares, "I've been to Heaven and God told me that my faith is the one and only way and my Church is the answer; follow me." Guess what? They haven't been there. Once you go there you'll know, everyone is loved and welcomed! It's impossible to change the Word of God. If God doesn't want me to say something, I am absolute-

ly unable to say it. The words cannot come out of my mouth.

God wants you to have your heart's desires. That's right! Whatever you want. God wants you to come to Them completely. God wants you! I mean you, the one reading this book. God is there with open arms, waiting for you. THIS IS THE TIME FOR US TO COME BACK!

There is a difference between your heart's true desire and your mind's desire. To find what you really want inside your heart, you must go beneath the fear and find your oasis of love. Open the doors and you'll find bliss.

One of the reasons for this book is to help people be able to forgive themselves; to help them understand what they need to do here, so they can get to There; to help them understand that the truth is already theirs to discover. This book is meant to lead people back to Them.

The true Word is in our hearts and that is what They want us to accept. It's hard to explain and I get frustrated because I don't feel I'm able to communicate it adequately. I know that it starts here, in the heart, and from there it spreads. It's a constant feeling. I want other people to feel what I feel. It's as if every cell of my body heard what was being said by Them. The male aspect was talking into one ear as the female aspect was talking into the other. I could feel their strength and compassion together. I think that's why we know God as the "I AM," because They

are everything. Once we go into Heaven, we become a part of Them. When we become a part of Them, we are then Them, and yet still uniquely ourselves.

When I died, I didn't see only one person that I loved, I saw billions of people that I loved. This is what was so wondrous: When I died, I was a part of all of them and I wanted to go through the seventh door to join them. I knew all of them, but I wasn't allowed to enter yet.

The warm chill-bumps happen when the truth is felt. Recognizing both the truth and what is missing is important. Feeling the messages in this book is of great consequence. Remember when you were a kid? You'd wake up in the morning and go outside to play. You'd look at the sky, take a deep breath, and exhale "Ahhhhh." As adults, that inspiration, that ability to feel our hearts, is what is missing. When we have experienced 'truth', we are then able to recognize it another time. Without the experience, without the heart, how can someone know if what they are being exposed to is 'truth'.

Without the heart, knowledge simply becomes dogma. When the heart experiences the truth there is no doubt; there is nothing left to the imagination. Interpretations are unnecessary because the Word is in our hearts. When the inner Word matches the spoken Word, we then know it for Truth. Feel what this book offers, and you will then know what is true for you.

I used to be a very cut and dried kind of a person, but now I get it: I'm just a helper. I'm not the one doing the talking, They are speaking through me. I still hunt and enjoy the occasional drink. I still appreciate the beauty of women, but I love my wife. I still cuss, I'm still me. I'm just not the old me anymore! I feel wonderful. In many ways I'm not how I was. I no longer worry about my job or money. I know that They take care of everything. I know that God will take care of putting the next person in front of me to receive their message, freeing me to relax and enjoy my life.

If it were up to me, I would choose to be in the woods, or in my beautiful home with my family and friends. I would rather live out my life privately, enjoying my relationship with God and the people I love. However, I know that this experience was not for me to hold onto alone, it was meant to be passed on. I willingly share this knowledge with you, aware that life as I know it has changed forever.

Scott saying, "the heart has all the answers," was a confirmation for me. For most of my adult life, I have trusted my heart more than any teaching, dogma, tradition, or law. It has been difficult to follow my heart in a society that seems to discredit trusting our inner world; the very thing that I hold dear. I've seen people around me "follow their heads." I tried to do that and became extremely unhappy. It never made sense to me to ignore what my heart was telling me to do.

However, when I was young I used to be a rule follower. Not that rules are inappropriate or unnecessary, I just didn't question them. I remember when I first went out with someone who wasn't the same color as I am. We were in a high school play together, and I fell head-over-heals for him. He was Jamaican and at the time I never noticed the difference in our skin colors. In hindsight, I love that innocence. My only concern was whether he liked me, and what we were going to do together.

Before long, stress began to manifest in my personal and social life regarding the two of us dating. I was able to maintain our relationship for about three months. Going against the accepted social grain of that time was overwhelming and I buckled under the weight of it all. I opted for comfort instead of truth.

It was the beginning of me closing many doors to my heart and that continued for the next ten years. I didn't trust the love inside me when making decisions. I listened to my mind instead. Eventually, I closed myself in and couldn't gain access to myself. I remember one day when I felt I was at my lowest, I screamed out to God for help. Within seconds the phone rang. It was a friend with whom I felt comfortable talking. I was able to express myself completely. She was wonderful, she listened and comforted me. What a gift.

Later in my life, Carol and I met. I didn't know immediately, but she held the dozen or so keys needed to open me to myself and

learn to trust who I was and what my heart felt. I don't know what I would have done without her. Funnily enough, when I first met Carol I wasn't aware of the possibility that I could have a relationship with another woman. I was naive. I actually didn't even know those opportunities existed. Everything I had known was about to change.

The night we met, I was on my way to a seminar. I knocked on the door that led into the classroom and she opened it. When I first saw her, I gasped. I looked into her eyes and said to myself, "she's an angel." I loved her instantly. Our souls met and that was that; although it did take a long time for us to be able to be together. But, as a couple we broke through and have been together ever since. At the time of this publication, we have just celebrated our 25th anniversary. We have adopted three children and live a full life together. Life is bursting with wonder and surprises.

It is really beautiful and confirming that we are all able to change and can learn to love each other. Thank God I finally listened to my heart. If I hadn't, love would have continued to elude me, and I believe I would still be alone.

Now back to Scott's testimony...

When I died, I perceived myself as lighter than air. What you are able to see is not me. Most of you only see the body, the structure that carries me around. Now, I can see all of what you are, full of light and colors. I see what you are, and where you are

going. When I see the whole self, all the clothes, the haves and have-nots, those things don't mean a thing. It's like when you make a decision, I can see where that will take you. I perceive it all the way to the end. I can be simply sitting there talking with someone about any subject and then it happens. 'They' start interacting with that person and the healing begins. I smile, giggle, and marvel at the beauty of it. It's not I who does it, that's for sure. When They are finished, the person's light changes and I see their destiny change with it.

Even when I watched the souls who were turning from the "I Am," I saw the goodness in those souls and felt the anguish that prevented them from forgiving themselves. When I saw them, it hurt me that they were leaving God's loving arms. There were hundreds of souls on the path when I was there. There were many more souls turning away than were going to God. So many leaving, how awful was that!

I'm telling you.

Do the healing here.

Lead a good life here.

Open the doors to your heart here.

An Answer From Heaven

God wants everyone to come to Them freely. This is why They have given us freewill. When we rush into Their embrace, we go to Them with a great gift, a heart that has freely chosen God! I believe there is nothing else more sweet to God.



HOW I RECOGNIZED THE TRUTH

here's a tremendous difference, as we have already talked about, between knowing the truth and experiencing the truth, isn't there? Questions regarding life, death, God, and all of the other answers man has sought, have come from a place of not really knowing the truth. I've learned different theologies and studied various spiritual works. Along my path of study and my quest, I have had rare moments of experiencing the truth. When this happens, there is nothing anyone can say that will sway me from what I know.

Scott experiences God; he experiences the bliss of Heaven; he experiences union with other souls, and he feels everything through his heart. There is nothing that will sway him from knowing what he knows. But, how do I know that what he said to me is true? How do you know? The answer has to be in our hearts. When my heart was opened, I could feel what Scott was saying, and that's when I felt the truth. I also compared it to other spiritual experiences of my life. When God touches me, the imprint of Their love is seared onto my heart to be remembered forever. My heart is where the truth is stored — not in my mind — for my mind can alter the details of my experience in many ways.

I was raised a Catholic. I went to church and I loved Jesus with my whole heart. My mother had a sweet way of creating a bridge between Jesus and myself. She taught me to talk to Him about my day as if Jesus were a friend. Eventually He became just that, my friend. How can I ever repay my mother for giving me such a strong awareness of God?

As I grew older, the church began to be a problem for me. I couldn't hold onto the experience of love that I had with Jesus. The rules and regulations didn't make sense to me as I found them to discriminate against many groups of people. I found that very disturbing. I questioned how it could be true that God was on one side versus the other. How could God want me to win and yet someone else to lose? How could someone in the upper hierarchy

of the Church be closer to God than the rest of His followers? Why is it that one person can talk directly to God but no one else can? Why were we compelled to follow the current Church rules as if they were a directive straight from God?

When I was older and looked into the theological history books, I saw that the rules had been changed throughout time. So why is the current time period any more enlightened than any other? The ideology that there is only one true church did not sit right with me. The concept of just one true path was not comfortable. I have felt the love of God when I looked into the eyes of a Christian, a Hindu, a Buddhist, a Native American, and a Spiritualist. To exclude other ways of knowing God hurt my heart. Those rules didn't fit with the God that I knew. Therefore, I made a clear distinction between God and church; I chose God.

I do know that the Bible has been translated several times, from the early Greek into a variety of languages through the ages. I also know from studying Sanskrit, an ancient language from India, that each word can be translated into many different meanings, depending on the writer's perspective, and early Greek is no different. I also know that the time period of early Christianity was very political and its followers experienced many dark days.

I know that my love for God has been real and that His love for me is real. But which are man's rules and which are God's? I stopped going to organized church many years ago because I felt the truth was buried beneath the dogma. The truth felt dead to me when I sat inside those walls. I wanted to know the truth for myself. I wanted my relationship with God to be alive. I wanted God with my whole heart.

After several years of being alone, and feeling loveless, depressed, and lost, I hit bottom. I had let go of my relationship with God. I felt awful. My soul ached for a reunion with love but it had to be real. I remember one day finally praying to God, and declaring, "okay, I'm ready to bring You back into my life." It seems ironic now, because God was never out of my life, I was the one out of my life. I had lost access to my heart because of the many doors I had closed. God was always there.

Three weeks after my declaration to God, I met a living Saint from India, who had the power to facilitate the reawakening of God's love inside me. She is a pure and humble servant of God. Her dedication to humanity is such that I want to fall to my knees in gratitude that she is on the planet and is a conduit for the living spirit of God.

I vividly remember that moment when I awoke. God's love flowed from this saintly person's touch into my forehead. It felt pure, warm, precious, unconditional, complete, and familiar. It was as if liquid gold was flowing softly, completely into every cell of my being. The moment this love entered my body, I was able to recognize it. I understood that it was the essence of God. I per-

ceived the truth, because the truth is at the core of us all. I had been asleep to it; nevertheless, I was able to recognize it instantly.

I savored the experience because I had been searching for this love every moment of my life. I had come home. When the love flowed down into the base of my body the same quality of love emanated out of my very being. I was astounded that God's love was inside me! Right inside me, all along, without me knowing it was already there. I certainly didn't believe it had been there, I had thought I wasn't worthy. I had concluded that there were dark thoughts and feelings inside me; God could never be inside me with all that! I was wrong. This awakening changed me forever. I can never express the thankfulness that fills my being for her touch and what followed.

Now, when I go to church, I can feel the truth. The church dogma may not have changed; it is I who have changed. I can now find the truth within the words that are being preached. I can love and honor God both inside and outside a church, and that feels perfect.

Now that I have experienced the truth, I have a yardstick by which to measure the rest of my experiences. I am able to recognize the truth in what Scott says. I have found his version to be darned expansive and encompassing, because I have experienced the truth in my own body. Scott's truth and my truth match. This is my reason for writing the book.

An Answer From Heaven

Scott wants you to understand that he is not a prophet, nor is he a healer. This book is not a Bible. He is not the way to God and we won't get any closer to God by being close to him. The way to God, to the 'I AM,' is inside our hearts. Follow the gifts that God has given us and open the doors to your heart. It may not be easy; but, it will be a heck of a lot easier than keeping the doors shut your entire life. The reward is great.



SOUL MATES

et's touch upon finding our soul mate. Most people today are searching for "the look," the clothes someone wears, how they style their hair, the shape of their body. In general we don't look beyond physical appearance to see the heart. Yet, that is where we'll find what we're really looking for. When one heart meets another with whom it is truly meant to be, there is nothing that will keep them apart. When two souls are given the opportunity to connect, there is no pulling them apart. However, if all you are interested in and seeking is the outward appearance, you may never find what you are looking for.

When we are led to pair up with someone, it's not their appearance that is going to matter. When we come together, we become one. It's not going to matter what anyone is wearing. If you had taken a picture at the point when you and your soul mate met, you probably would never guess from it that they were "the one." The souls connect, not the bodies. The rest of that crap going on is just physical; the look of their body has nothing to do with it.

Many people think that sex is love. They're just using the wrong part of their body to find love. This is making people sad and distraught. Love is in the heart! Let God help. Start with trust. Trust that the truth is inside your heart. Take these little steps and find a door to enter into your heart. Then find a way to look inside someone else's heart. That's where you will find the mate for whom you've been looking.

If someone is basing what they think they are looking for on what someone else looks like, they won't find what they want. Some people who are looking for relationships have been raised to value a certain look. So, most of their relationships are based on appearance. A woman is required to be one hundred and ten pounds and perfect. Well, guess what, no one is perfect. If you strive to look "just right," you are wasting your efforts on the wrong thing. Now if you seek to know love, you are getting somewhere. Reach out to each other. Go out for dinner and

get to know each other. What is important is our willingness to take a step and reach out without fear. Reach out and let others know that you also need love. Tell each other what you are looking for — stop playing the dating 'game.' Go ahead and just risk telling the truth. Forget about appearances. Look for the heart. That's the only thing that's important.

It's vital to be interactive with other souls. To find your soul mate, your love, you have to put yourself where you can meet people, and look beyond the exterior of those people. What they do, what they say, how they look, the clothes they wear; these are unimportant. If you look inside your own heart and let those doors open, you can then use the aids that God has given you. Try a different approach; go for intimacy through the heart rather than through the body. Let's find our friend before we find our lover, then the union between two bodies has a deeper meaning, one that can last a lifetime. Be willing to sacrifice a bit in order to receive the most.

If you look at a person's soul, you won't have to worry about the rest of it. We are blocking our souls from finding their mates. Let's have some fun. Put everybody in a circle, naked! Then observe who sees what. Find out who is looking at which parts. Probably only one percent would look for the soul and the rest would be looking at the bodies.

If you know that you need to be somewhere, or with someone,

and it feels right in your heart, you NEED to be there. When we resist where our heart is leading us, we are fighting against what is supposed to happen. This is when we go off track. If you have to follow a certain standard to be with someone, then you are not following your heart.

All we have to do is listen to our hearts. There are a lot of people who think they have to be a certain way to make it in this life. Listen to me. All you have to be is a person who follows your heart and you will make it.

Here is something people don't realize. Everyone has a match, and this is the part that I thought was so cool, there are a lot of matches for each person. I used to feel so sorry for someone whose mate died, especially when they were clearly so much in love. The I AM told me that the person left behind can find another soul mate.

How do I explain this better? We are all one, but we are on different levels of awareness, which I perceived as different doors. Beyond each door, there are billions of souls all bonded together as one. Any souls within the same door can pair with one another. It doesn't matter which soul we pair with; they can all be our soul mates. Only a portion of the souls within each level of awareness incarnate during the same time-period. Still, there are plenty for each of us to find.

Look at the soul instead of the outward body. The soul is the

constant; the body changes. Look at me. I'm not the shiniest instrument in the shed, I'm not even the most used one! But right now, I'm the best one! And, I want to be. I want to open those doors. It's all inside our hearts. Please don't miss this. My God, don't miss this like I did! I almost died with the doors to my heart still closed. I was arrogant. I cursed, "Screw You, I busted my ass for You." I was mad at God and told him so. "You aren't helping me one damn bit. I don't hear one thing rumbling from You about what I'm doing." When I died, I gave up. But God responded:

"No, you aren't giving up!"

Then They took me on the journey of my life.



Change the habit of looking at the outward appearance. Remember that the body is a vessel to carry the soul. Look for the heart in each one and when you do, you'll find your soul mate. You can find that for which you are hoping when the doors to your heart are opened; you can then use the tools that God has

given you.

Listen to what the following story has to tell. Remember, the body is only the vessel needed to move the soul around.

A True Story

Sometimes it is revealed to me what is yet to happen, like getting to watch a preview to a great show. One day my wife was watching a preacher on TV who was re-telling a story he had heard about a famous actor. As I listened to the beginning of the story, I knew I had already seen it in a vision during one of my visits with God. My wife was enjoying the story and it made her feel good. That was the purpose of it for her, but its broader purpose was to show people the tools inside their own hearts.

The story goes like this: A woman's husband had died while undergoing a heart transplant when she was out-of-town. She is sitting in an airport crying. A famous actor sees her, sits down, and comforts her. He misses his plane so that he can continue to talk with her until her plane leaves. He tells the woman that he will be back in the area shooting a movie in a year or so, and if she would like to come by the movie set to say hello, she would be most welcome. While thinking that this is a very nice invitation, she doesn't really consider doing it.

Time passes and work on the movie is underway. The woman just happens to get stopped in traffic near the area where they are filming, and she remembers the actor's invitation. Filled with gratitude, she wants to thank him. So, she gets out of the car and goes to find him to say hello. The actor warmly greets her, talks for a few minutes and then has his producer sit beside her while he resumes shooting. The producer and the woman enjoy each other's company, hit it off, get to know each other, and after a time, marry.

God sewed the seed at the airport. The memory of 'a feel-good moment' brought her back to the actor, which put her on the path of love. Now, the most important lesson here is whether or not she would do what she was led to do and stop and look for the actor. Freewill! This was an opportunity; it was an apparatus of change given to her and she used it! Look what happened: Happiness. It was as if God stopped her and put a tool in motion. 'They' fill us with answers in different ways. Our part is to listen. The woman in the story listened, she may not have realized that she listened, but she did listen. This is just an example of the things we miss everyday. Our days are full of these kinds of opportunities.

People ask, "Why isn't God listening to me?" The answer is simple, They are listening; They are constantly communing with us! The question is; how do we hear Them. We are the ones not listening; we have forgotten how, but it's not hopeless, we can learn again. This is what you can do; turn the volume up on your

ability to hear and feel God. It is our God given right to be happy and to share our life with someone. 'They' want us to love, share, and prosper. However, freewill rules our destiny. God cannot intervene and change our decisions. Only we can!

Another question is: 'How do I fine-tune my ability to hear and feel God?' The answer remains the same, 'Open your heart and let God in'. Once we consciously feel the essence of Them, we will know what to look for when we are trying to listen to God the next time. The opportunity to open our hearts is available everyday, every moment. The possibility exists now, reading these pages. If we strain or try too hard to feel God, we will miss this opportunity.

Create the intention to feel God, ease your body, take a deep breath, quiet your mind and gently listen. It is a little bit like feeling a very soft breeze. All other noises have to be pushed out of our awareness. All of our senses, have to be put to the side, except listening for the soft rustling of leaves. We have to hold the intention to feel the faint sensation. Wait ... wait ... and then, the reward/union with the breeze. Try this method when listening for God. Remember, just don't try too hard, relaxing your heart will lead you with ease.

The woman in the story sat in an airport and appreciated a gentleman's support. She wanted to express to him how grateful she was for the time he had taken to spend with her. God gave her a tool. The tool was gratitude. She listened to her heart and stopped to let the actor know the depth of her appreciation. The significance of this story is that she LISTENED. Gratitude brought her back and guided her to her future husband. Our virtues and our feelings are our tools. This is one way we can feel God through our hearts.

This book isn't being written to prove there is a God. We know there is a God, we know Them. We are writing so that everyone who cares to, can see that there is a way to have access to God. The information in these pages can open the doors inside people's hearts. It has opened many for me and other people who have heard Scott's story.

What is so exciting, is that all the problems people have related to me have the same solution — opening the door to your heart and realizing the answer is there. After the door opens you can get the answer. Once the door is opened and the light comes on, the person I'm working with no longer needs me. Sometimes the door needs some shaking, but as soon as it's open, it's open!

It can be confusing at first to make the discernment between God's inspiration and your mind, your will. The secret is whether you are thinking about it or feeling about it? Get out of your head. If you are thinking about it, that's just not the way to do it and it will lead you the wrong way. If you feel it first, then you can follow your heart and go down the path that will bring you what you are

truly seeking. Trust your virtues.

When you can open all of the doors inside your heart, there is absolutely nothing left to fear. I used to have fear, now I have Truth. I used to have Faith, now I have Truth. I wish this for you all.

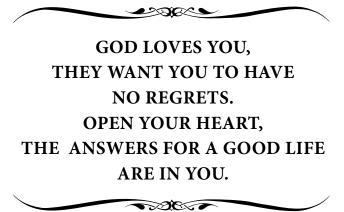




MY FRIEND

very morning I feel a brilliant love come to me. It is aweinspiring. The love takes my spirit and I sit with God again. My conversations with God, are as if two great friends are chatting.

Nothing is scary or difficult anymore, but in the beginning I was afraid of it all. Now, some of it, I can remember in the morning, but the rest has to come together later. I want everyone to comprehend that God isn't scary. There just isn't anything about Them that anyone has to fear. It's ourselves making this judgment. Believe me, we are incredibly harsh on ourselves. God is there



loving you, and Their arms are wide open. This is the main message I have been given.

All I know is that if I could provide the experience to everyone that I was granted ... well, that would be tremendous. If I could place my hand over your heart and pass on what was given to me — Oh My God, my God! Can you just imagine? There I was sitting in my truck thinking I wasn't going to make it, when a voice says, "you're not going to die." Then God's Hand passes through my heart and I'm healed.

I am now forever different though very much the same. For the first time in my life, I don't have fear. Everything is now a part of a plan, and what that whole plan is — I'm not sure, but I'm following it. There is no deviating from the plan. I'm driving home and instead of being full of fear because I'm dying, I know that there is a plan. Following the plan remains with me and I

now don't go anywhere unless inspired to do so. This is such a great way to experience life that I wish it for you with all my heart. It's all right there; follow your heart.

The trick is discernment as to whether the message is coming from the heart or the head? Knowing that takes practice but once you have truly experienced living life through your heart, you will never forget it.

Because we were given freewill, God cannot intervene and change our decisions. Freewill is what makes us perfect in God's eyes. The ability to choose our actions is what makes the reunion between us and God so glorious and wondrous. We go to Them out of choice, not instinct.

Freewill is one of those forces we humans have that I struggle to grasp. I asked God questions like why They can't just get more involved and make a person's life easier? After all, if God doesn't help, who will? Don't you feel that sometimes? I sure do. I argued with God about Their intervening. God's answer was short and clear.

"FREEWILL son, FREEWILL".

I spent a lot of time arguing with God about this one. Each and every time I would be told:

"Freewill."

I heard it so often, I began to roll my eyes. I'm telling you, I began to hate freewill. Finally, I gave it up, surrendered, and that

is when I finally grasped it.

Freewill is the greatest gift God has given us! Freewill is that which allows us to make decisions and to reap their consequences. It is one of the gifts that makes us different from all the rest of creation. Freewill is what allows us to decide to return to God. It is because we choose love and choose God that then going to God is so fulfilling that Their heart fills with joy. God doesn't judge our decisions, we do. Freewill not only determines our destiny, it gives us the chance to change our future. There is no pre-destiny as some people believe. Our decisions are what make our future, our destiny. I have been given the ability to see where someone's decisions will lead them. However, there is no big secret here. Make enough positive decisions and you will reap a positive future.

Close friends of mine lived in Czechoslovakia during WWII, and as children, were forced into concentration camps. They lived lives full of deprivation, cruelty, and loss. However, they never lost their hearts; their true selves. They kept on loving each other, reaching out to others, and disciplining their minds to think in a positive manner. They went through hell and kept their souls. Theirs is a story of spiritual victories. Eventually they were liberated and free to start new lives. They have lived out their lives helping and uplifting their families, friends, and communities. You can find their story in a book called, Yankele, A Holocaust Survivor's Bittersweet Memoir, by Alex Gross. Their example il-

An Answer From Heaven

lustrates Scott's words concerning freewill; in other words, how each decision lays the next brick for the future.



WHY WAS I CHOSEN

hy has God used me? This is a tough one for me, but let me give it a shot. I can only believe it is because I am strong-willed and I wanted to know. I just wanted to know. I believe it was my time to learn the truth.

Previously I have mentioned that right before my heart attack I had been very angry. I had given up on myself, and on God too. I felt that my entire life had been about what I could do for others. I would go into a store on Christmas Eve and listen for a story of someone who was less fortunate. I would give them some

money if they needed it for their kids; or I would help them get a hotel room and a meal if they were out of luck. I did this over and over again.

My reward was being able to see the blessing in their lives because of what I had done. This was also my downfall. I questioned that there could be a God, because I should have been able to see some goodness result from what I did. I wanted to see that the people I had helped were changed. I was looking for good seeds to have taken root. I never saw the outcome and I never felt that what I did was enough. God should have shown me the goodness that I had done. He should have at least given me that. I wanted God to show me how I had truly helped others. The last person I tried to help returned to the state they had been in before I intervened. That's when I got really mad. This all happened just before I died.

When I slumped over the steering wheel, I gave up on myself, my dreams of helping people, and God. I figured that since I had given up on God, I was going to Hell. Why had I worked my whole life helping people only to see no return? I cursed, "screw this, I'm tired." But, God wouldn't let me give up.

I was wrong, so wrong. Then suddenly I saw in my heart what God is. 'They' gave me the gift of that vision. They have given us everything we need; all the means necessary to get where we want to go. These means are feelings; compassion, faith, hope,

laughter, grief, sadness, and despair. We just don't listen to our feelings. God wants us to be on our path to happiness, joy, love, and union with Them. They have given us everything. We have to learn how to listen.

Once we have access to all of our feelings, we can see the truth in others. I can now see into a person's soul. I can see all of the goodness contained within. I'm not judging a person's past; I'm not seeing what your hatred is, that's private. I'm foreseeing what you can be. When you open the door and God rushes in, you have a new future. I get to see it. This brings so much peace to me. If I pay a debt for someone, it's not essential that I hear how great I am. I know by simply doing the action, by utilizing my tools; I am doing God's work. This is all I need now. The reward is all inside me. I used to miss all of it by looking in the wrong place. I was looking to the other person for the reward when God was telling me where it was, all the time, but I didn't know how to listen.

I know that one of the reasons I was chosen is because there aren't that many people helping others anymore. I want to share this with everyone.

I've learned about the heart. I missed the concept badly before, but am able to get it now. I had such a long journey before I was able to get it, but now I can truly comprehend it. Although I had helped people selfishly, had looked for my reward in the wrong place, and had given up on God, I was still willing to do Their work. God showed me. 'They' showed me a mirror to myself and how I had changed by helping others. This is where I found my reward. God showed me the goodness in people and in Them. They proved to me without a shadow of a doubt that everyone has been given the chance, with all the abilities needed, to get where they want to be.

Again, the tools are our feelings and virtues, and once you can use them, everything becomes clear. I now use them and in this way I am following God. This is my reward. I didn't understand this before; now I experience the truth inside myself and it feels great!

I'm also not afraid to speak out. I have been given the awareness that I must take action; the responsibility was offered to me and I accepted it whole-heartedly. The knowledge in this book is going to make people strong. My purpose is not to change anyone's religion. I get it. All the religions lead to the same place, Heaven. God uses all languages to ask us to come to Them. They want this for each and every one of us. No one religious group has a faster or better journey to God. There are many ways to Them. Find the right one for you, and follow it with all of your heart. Remember: Face your regrets now and forgive yourself. I can now perceive when someone needs my help in opening that door to their heart. I then simply follow my own tools and the

miracle happens.

Another purpose of this book is to let people know, especially those who are still questioning their faith and God, that if you have faith, then you have love and you have God. You can come to God any time. The most important thing is that in the end, you have to be able to forgive yourself for whatever you have done. We hope to help people open their hearts again, by using the gifts that are within, to repair all of the problems they think they have. Our time on earth is just part of the journey, part of the growth.

You have to find the faith inside your heart, then you will find God. You can trust that there is truth there. So start with the faith that the truth is inside your heart. Even if I could manifest God right in front of you, and you saw Them with your own eyes, you would say that they were someone else. You wouldn't believe it, even seeing it for yourself. However, if you felt it with your heart, then you would believe; you would know it to be true. The heart is the key. Open the door to your heart and you open the door to God.

God returned me to life from my crisis so that others could possibly find the way to forgive themselves now. Don't wait so late that you are dying or already dead. Do it now and face your regrets and God will be right there for you.



HEART OPENING EXPERIENCES

A Testimony by Debbie House

cott and I had a professional/vendor relationship. We had never become friends or met face to face. He would make an order and I would ship it. I had known him for years as a down-to-earth guy. At some point in 2007, I had noticed that Scott disappeared for a while and hadn't made any orders. Then one day he came back and told me that he had had a heart attack, eventually opening up about the entire experience. Since I had known him before, I knew he wasn't the kind of

person who was trying to impress me or get me to believe what he was saying. He was sharing his experience and in fact, didn't really care if I believed what he told me or not.

Over time during one of our conversations, we started to talk about beliefs. Unexpectedly he said to me, "I know there is one particular thing that has burdened you since you were young, that you need to get off your heart."

I couldn't believe it. I had never told Scott anything about my life. I had shared it with others, but had never received the help I felt I needed. There was too much pain. However, I instantly knew to what he was referring. I started to talk saying, "I just feel like..."

Scott interrupted, "Like God hasn't forgiven you. You did the right thing at that time. It's not that God hasn't forgiven you, he has forgiven you. He would like for you to forgive yourself. Just know that he has forgiven you." I started to cry. It was incredible.

When Scott talked to me, I knew it was a divine message. I felt it in my heart. It felt right. In that moment, I felt the burden lifting from me. The heaviness has never returned. I am so grateful for Scott for telling me his experience and for following his heart.

I grew up in a fundamentalist Baptist Church. I was taught that we are all sinners, and basically, we were going to Hell. At the time there was a serious problem within my family. The preacher told my brother and me that if we prayed long and hard enough our prayers would change the adult's negative behavior. When the situation didn't change, my preacher told us that we had become the cause of the problem because our prayers were inadequate. We felt horrible. I remember thinking that if God was like that I didn't want anything to do with him. He was a mean God. That and other things gave me a warped impression of Him. Therefore, forgiveness was just about impossible.

After I had my child, I wanted to raise him with some kind of church life and I chose Presbyterian. I became a Deacon and a Sunday School teacher. I was very involved in church and yet I was carrying these burdens in my heart. I threw myself into the activity of church. I got all of the self-help books. I felt that if I did enough right things and did enough good, then somehow I would be forgiven. The burden weighed on me and would roll around in my heart constantly. The weight was tremendous. I never did feel like I did enough and my life continued this way.

In addition I made a decision as a young girl that has haunted me ever since. I did what I thought was right at the time but regretted it ever since. It devastated me. I had carried it around for all these years. It affected my marriage, my work, my relationships with my family, but most importantly, my relationship with myself. I was heavy-hearted. I tried to do a lot of good so that I could somehow balance out the bad. Nevertheless, in my heart I was doomed. I have done the "God Please Forgive Me" prayer in many different versions.

About two or three weeks after our first conversation, Scott called me. "Hey, are things going your way?"

"Yes! I don't need to place an order, but I did want to tell you something, which is, I would like you to go home tonight and tell your husband how much you love him."

"Are you kidding?"

"No, you know that barrier that you have up because you have been hurt so much as a child and young woman? You are afraid to let your love just flow, but you need to let it flow and your husband needs to know how much you love him. So go home tonight and let him know just how much you love him."

So, I went home and did as Scott asked. It was the first time I was able to let my love for my husband breakthrough. It was also the first time that I was able to be receptive of his love for me. When I married my husband, he asked me to tell him the truth, to be honest and open with my feelings. I agreed that I should be, although I couldn't do it. Now I can. We are so much closer than before. I now feel that I can take a chance with being honest and open.

Remember that Scott doesn't know me personally, at all. He and I have only known each other over the phone in a professional way. We had never shared ANY personal moments. He

didn't know I had had a rough childhood and had accumulated a lot of painful memories over the years. I had constructed a wall around myself and no one was allowed in.

I used to feel that my opinions were wrong. But now I don't and I am also more laid back. I used to be so serious about everything. Now I'm more affectionate and loving. I'm not afraid to love my husband and accept his love. My marriage is very stable and comfortable. I can now take life on its own terms. I was so messed up emotionally and not comfortable in my life; now I am a different person because of my healing.

I had to leave work one day because my husband had become very sick. Scott called that afternoon to ask me if everything was okay? I felt so consoled, there was no way that Scott could have known about my husband's illness. When I told him that Scott had called, he was in the hospital and was amazed. Neither of us knows how he does it, but we sure do love it.

My relationship with Scott has been life changing and yet, as I said, I have never seen him. I am a different person today thanks to this healing.

A Testimony by Don Hearn

I lost my little girl in an accident about a year and a half before Scott's heart attack. My daughter was amazing. I was very close to her. I loved her with my whole heart. I had been working with her to teach her how to walk. She was just over one year old. My wife was moving a TV and my daughter heard her Mama move something. She ran over to help her just as the television fell. It killed her. I was incredibly close to my little girl. It seemed like I had a thirty year relationship with her wrapped up in one year. It devastated both my wife and me. This is the worst card that anyone can be dealt.

I had to sign the paperwork to stop the machine that kept my daughter's body functioning. I held her hand as she took her last breath. I got to see her off from this beautiful world. I felt her feet turn cold. I had a deeply committed relationship with her and I had to say goodbye to her, for now.

It is the toughest thing I have ever been through. One thing I want you to know about us, my wife and I are people of faith. This is what has gotten us through. Many days it was very hard just to get out of bed. It is a knife that continues to go through my heart.

There are times when my wife and I will look at each other and the pain is still there. My definition of faith is believing in something that we can't see or touch. I can have all the faith and love in the world, but if I can't be with our daughter, the pain is too immense. I have heard other people talk about people they have lost. They tell us how they can feel that person. This was not true for us. I have been so frustrated. Neither one of us can feel her. The loss of my daughter is a centerpiece of who I am.

I have had Scott as a client for six to seven years. He was a very difficult guy for me to call on. I liked him but he had teeth. He was quick to the point. I've been a salesperson for my whole career and I'm 43 years old. I try to develop a relationship with my clients. I never got to that level with Scott. I dreaded calling on him. For the most part, he was generally short with me when I called on him. He is a big client for me and really, I probably never would have called on him and put up with it, except for the money.

There was a time when I didn't hear from him. I learned later that this was when he had had his heart attack. Now I work on straight commission. I was willing to lose my money for one month or so because he had been so hard on me. However, at that point I decided that it was going on too long. I looked at my sales figures and I decided that I had to go by his office. This was even bigger for me. A phone call was one thing, but a face-to-face visit, well I wasn't looking forward to it. I had pretty well decided that he wasn't my customer anymore. I wanted the opportunity

to see if I could salvage the sale.

I walked in, he looked at me and gave me a hardy greeting. I said, "Scott, I haven't heard from you for awhile."

"Don, have a seat." He paused, and then continued, "I died."

Now I have been doing this job for 18 years and I've never heard that one. I looked at him and I thought, wow! "What happened?"

He told me his story. I was listening and looking at him. I spent about two hours with him. It was almost in slow motion. Usually I would spend a short time with him and it was painful and uncomfortable. Here I was, spending time with Scott and enjoying it! Not only enjoying it but I was able to talk to him like I don't get to talk to others. He used to make me sweat for a purchase order and always made me ask for it. This time he was being extremely 'not Scott.' There he was writing out the purchase order without me saying anything. It was a new experience for me with him. I didn't know who this guy was.

The neat thing for me was that in the conversation a door opened for me to talk about my little girl. He had no idea that she had passed away. I was able to have all the faith in the world, but when I lost my daughter, no amount of faith could give me a picture of where she was in Heaven. I had no idea where my sweet baby girl had gone. Everyone has a different idea of what Heaven is. It's just that nobody knows what Heaven is. But, here

I was sitting with somebody who had been there. He was able to tell me what he saw. I got a great deal of comfort knowing what this place might look like. I've never heard anyone else say that they have seen Heaven. This place holds my little girl. Scott was so reassuring to me about what Heaven was like. This is a personal deep pain for me. In those two hours, I really felt it was like years of therapy.

You know, there I was sitting with Scott talking about the one thing that my heart wanted to know and he was giving me a purchase order. I was able to talk about the one thing I wanted to talk about, but couldn't to anyone else. When I left that meeting, my relationship with Scott had completely changed. I can tell you, that guy came back from death for a purpose. My faith tells me many things but it just didn't give me a picture of where she is. I believe he can give people some comfort from their pain, and that is great.

Scott is a different guy since the heart attack. What struck me more than anything was this difference. He seems more caring now, more at peace with himself. I struggled for years to get a relationship with Scott. To see such a change in him after he came back confirms my faith. It changed him as a person. He is a different man than before the heart attack. I love the things that he told me about this place. I remember him telling me that he saw a billion souls and he knew them all. He knows that his

job on earth isn't done. I am looking forward to what he will do in the future.

I don't get a lot of answers about my little girl passing. By talking to him, he had a picture that he could paint for me of a place where she is completely busy and is taken care of. This is comforting. The beauty of this whole experience is also about what he and I have given to each other. I feel that I can now call him a friend. I think he is a great person. I didn't know him before the two-hour session we had together. Now I do know him. This is the miracle. He is a changed man.

A Testimony by Mary Ann

Scott came into my office one Wednesday in August 2008 and remarked, "okay, what's wrong with you?" I looked at him as if he were crazy. This was another day like any other, adjusting patients and talking about health.

I don't often see or hear people in the healing profession talking about what it takes to be healthy. I hear a lot about taking drugs, performing surgery, and detecting pathologies, but not about how to become or stay healthy. Because of this, I am driven to talk to my patients about how the body works; what it needs to become healthy, and what they are doing to cause it ill health. This is a huge endeavor and rather frustrating since our society promotes whatever is yummy, easy, fast and looks good. There isn't much thought of long-term effects on our children or ourselves.

So, there I was, talking and adjusting, hoping to deflect the hundreds of thousands of dollars spent every day to convince us to take this or that drug, buy yet another different piece of clothing, toy, or food product. You know the scenario.

This particular day, Scott sat himself down in the adjusting room and began to study me. I felt uncomfortable and uneasy in my own skin, but couldn't put my finger on what was wrong with me. I never like the feeling of being so out-of-touch with myself. I adjusted one more person, then went and sat down beside him

with a baby I was about to adjust. She was a five-month-old who had hip problems.

The work that I do with children helps to balance their bodies, and take away issues that cause misalignment of joints, bones, and muscles. Many people are afraid of chiropractic for children. I am afraid for children who don't receive chiropractic care. Their spines are impacted on a daily basis, learning to walk, falling off the couch, playing, tumbling and all the other activities children enjoy.

It is my job to make sure their spines stay in alignment so that they can grow into healthy adults, who are able to reach their genetic potential. Some of the indicators for care are: when babies are fretful, not eating or latching on as they should, not crawling evenly on all four limbs, not keeping down their food, or not progressing and meeting all of their developmental milestones. I am one of the specialists to whom people bring them for recovery.

Scott studied my back and put his hand on the area of my T1-T3. This is where the bottom of the neck and upper mid-back meet. 'They' had led him to the place where I had a problem. "This is it," he stated with certainty.

"Oh right, that's been hurting me for years, I had stopped noticing it."

I commenced working on the baby while Scott's hand remained there. I could feel the warmth move through my body and on into hers. There was a tingling sensation running through the spot where he had his hand. The energy moved to my shoulders and down my spine; it felt great. I felt that the healing was also going to the baby.

Scott was funny, he kept saying, "I didn't know I could do this. This is cool. You have to know, it's not me." After about five minutes, he stopped and took his hand away.

I was finished with the baby and now could move my neck around to check out what had happened. It felt warm and I could move it without any restrictions. I really hadn't been aware how much it bothered me until the pain was gone and I could move it freely. I was thrilled, and blown away at yet another example of Scott's healing and awakening. As he left and I went back to work, I wanted to tell Carol about how great my neck felt.

That night I went to sleep pain-free with a big old smile on my face. But the next morning as I awoke and lifted my head, much to my surprise, I yelped in pain. My neck and mid-back were hurting more than ever. After I was able to get up, I stooped over to pick up our baby and had to quickly put him down again as the pain in my back felt like I was being stuck with a hot poker. I was shocked and so disappointed. What on earth was happening? The pain was so extreme that I couldn't give an adjustment, work on the computer or even attempt simple household chores. My pain level was a nine on a scale of one to ten.

I couldn't figure it out. I had no choice but to stay in bed, get an adjustment and keep ice on my spine. The next day I was thankful to feel better, so I went in to work. The day went pretty well and I thought the pain would just go away at that point. Scott again came to the office and placed his hand on the same spot on my back for another five to ten minutes. The warmth and the tingling were even stronger this time. I was a little concerned that I might hurt again, but I knew that it really didn't matter, this healing was important and I was willing to endure the outcome.

When he finished I felt great again, went back to work, and exclaimed about how good I was feeling. It was a relief that the extreme pain had dissipated and I could continue to work on my patients. I love being a Chiropractor and I was thrilled that I could again dive into it.

The next morning—guess what? That's right, I couldn't move and the pain was horrible, even worse than the first day. Again, I could only get adjusted and rest in bed. The following day, however, was not any better. It was clear that I was not going to be able to work for some time. Fortunately, Carol was able to take over my portion of the practice while I recovered.

I spent many hours contemplating what happened when Scott put his hand on me. I thought that when someone gets a healing they would feel better. What happened to me didn't make any sense.

Eventually it came to me. Sixteen years prior I had been on

a similar stressed out path and I had developed ill health. The only difference was that then the stress was about money, and now it involved the caring, protecting, and raising of children. Then, I had kept myself awake at night running numbers through my head, adding up the bills and comparing them to our income. They never matched, as there were always more bills than money. I was also going through a life-changing time with my family, working six or seven days a week, ten to twelve hours a day, and had been on this track for years.

Many times I had a nagging feeling, a wee, small inner voice saying, "Stop, stop or you'll regret it." I never did listen to that voice. I just kept on going. One Wednesday night I went to bed with the intention of getting up the next morning as usual. Except on that Thursday, I woke up coughing and gagging, fevered, and unable to get out of bed. I had an infection like none I had ever experienced before.

I was eventually diagnosed with the Epstein-Barr virus. It attacks the autoimmune system and would take months or even years to run its course. The symptoms then go into remission but stress can bring it on and the whole thing starts over again. It is a lifetime diagnosis of ill health that I was told would cripple my life in many ways. The two medical doctors to whom I went told me I would have it for the rest of my life, that my life as I knew it was over, and that I should take antibiotics and antidepressants to get

me through it. I was not prepared to have this be true.

Quite frankly, I didn't accept the doctors' prognosis and was determined to find some other way back to health once again. For the next six months I spent almost every day in bed with a fever and an overwhelming infection. Needless to say, I became depressed.

Finally, I could get out of bed for two days but then would be in for one. A year after this had begun I was out of bed completely but only functioning at twenty to thirty percent. During that year, Carol researched many of the vitamin companies and gathered the best information that could be found. She had me taking 80 vitamins a day. It was quite intense. I thought I would gag just swallowing them. But slowly I began to feel myself getting stronger, a little bit at a time.

Eventually, due to the chiropractic care I received, together with the vitamin protocols and exercise, I dragged myself back to good health. I had a low grade fever for eight years but one day it finally went away. There were many healthy choices I made along the way, and they all helped. The most important one was listening to my heart and not accepting the protocol and prognosis that the medical doctor gave me. I believed that I could get well, so I chose to ignore what the doctors advised, determined to get back my life.

I relate this story to you because I believe I was headed for another difficult health catastrophe due to allowing myself to be over-

stressed. Carol and I had become foster parents, and when a child is placed into foster care, it's never a good scenario. They have usually had horrible, unimaginable lives up to that point, and have learned to yell and scream for what they want. They often shout profanities at the slightest inkling that they won't be getting what they want. They may bite, spit, kick, harm, or any other conceivable negative action; acting out as a response to what has previously been done to them by adults and older children with whom they have lived. They don't trust people and believe that everything coming out of an adult's mouth is a lie strictly designed to hurt them.

Our philosophy was to take one child at a time into our home. Turning a life around from a negative to a positive direction takes an extreme amount of patience, talent, empathy, setting of boundaries, love, and plenty of prayers. To me it felt as impossible as reversing the flow of the Mississippi River. It has been extremely difficult and we were very unprepared for the broken hearts with which we were presented. We utilized all of the resources we could find. We asked other parents what they did, read books written by experts on the subject, confided in therapists looking for insights into the situations we were facing, and watched every TV show that even remotely had anything to do with parenting. We loved watching the 'nanny shows.' Most importantly, we said our prayers and asked for help.

A couple of years earlier, Carol's mother had been diagnosed

with cancer, and was told she had only three to six weeks to live without chemical intervention. Chemotherapy would give her eighteen to twenty-four months, but filled with discomfort and pain, reducing her quality of life drastically. We brought her to our home and supported her health and possible recovery in a natural way. We changed our daily eating habits and housecleaning practices completely. We disposed of every chemical in the house³ and replaced them with non-toxic cleaners. I mean everything. We followed an eating protocol that has had many successes with cancer. We consumed only living foods, i.e., non-cooked vegetables, sprouted beans and fermented drinks. We exercised, utilized ozone treatments, and a lot more. She lived a fantastic, vital, painfree life for two years, then passed in our home surrounded by a lot of love and prayers.

For those of you who have taken care of someone while they were recovering and/or dying, you know what I mean when I say it was one of the best things I have done, while being one of the most difficult. All of this is pertinent because by the time Scott gave me the healing, I was at the end of an intense five to six years.

My body had been telling me that I was doing too much and I needed to stop. Did I listen? NO! I kept going. I felt as though I

³ I was surprised when I had gathered the many cleaners from the bathrooms, kitchen, and laundry room how many different and dangerous chemicals we were living with. It was a relief to get rid of them and replace them with earth friendly products. It was freeing to live without the myriad chemicals. I recommend the change as a wonderful experience. You know what? I lost none of the feeling of cleanliness. I used to think that pungent smell signaled a clean environment. I was wrong; "clean" doesn't smell. Think about a breath of fresh air.

were dragging through cement, merely putting one foot in front of the other. My body was just mildly hurting. On a scale from one to ten, with ten being the most extreme pain, I was a three, not so bad. As a result, on and on I went. My energy had become quite dense, and I felt that I was functioning in slow motion.

I continued in much this same way until Scott walked into my office, looked at me and asked, "What's wrong with you?" The healing allowed me to stop and examine what was really going on, so that I could suppress or prevent another ill health event. It stopped me in my tracks. I was able to take a break, write this book, rest, and regain my health.

In hindsight, I now understand. I would not have learned what I needed to learn if the healing had fixed everything. I had to stop and reassess. One of the greatest opportunities that resulted from my hiatus was with Gabriel, our youngest child. He was brought to us when he was only two days old. I was able to stay home and take care of him in lieu of placing him in day care. I would not exchange any moment that I have been able to spend with him for the ability to work. I don't know if I would have allowed myself the thought that I could stay home with Gabriel if I had been feeling well. Thank you God.



MY EARLY MORNING AWAKENINGS WITH GOD

I am awakened with a light. 'They' call me and give me their message. I sit and visit as if I were with my best buddy in the world. It's just so grand. It feels like second nature to me now when I go to Them. My dogs know when They come. They lift their heads, wag their tails a little bit, and then go back to sleep. Everything is quiet in the house when it happens. I don't question much anymore, I just enjoy it. There are things I want to know that they don't let me know. This is part of being human.

Nothing else matters. I listen to the Word, I ask my questions,

and I feel renewed. Some of the messages are unclear until I am with the person who is to receive the message, then the words just pour out of me. I can now foresee and it gets clearer and clearer. I understand things better. I see that people are afraid of God. They are afraid of God because they don't understand God. The ideas they have been taught their entire lives are different from what they are feeling inside. This causes them to experience fear and self-doubt. I know that sometimes when I start talking to people, they construct a wall because of this fear. I only hope this book will help to open the doors to peoples' hearts for God.

When it first started to happen, I thought I was crazy. I used to be afraid of these meetings. Now I feel grateful. Wherever I am staying, I still am awakened around the same time and I sit with Them for about thirty minutes. All of what They have told me has come true. Now I know I'm okay. It has made me a person more aware of my surroundings. It has opened a part of my mind that wasn't active before.

With great power comes a great responsibility. I have to fight to control what I know. If I don't share my knowledge properly it can destroy things, and I don't want to destroy anything that people believe. I don't want to destroy their belief in their Bible or other religious Book. I do wish to open the hearts of people who want to know God.

After I have given a message to someone I've been working with, I feel drained. However, I am recharged during the early morning times. That time with Them is very personal, so it's difficult to describe. I pray for all my friends and family for fulfilled lives, wealth, and happiness. I don't have to pray for myself, for I am already wealthier than I ever imagined. Wealth, you see, is measured by the amount of time and love we give to others doing God's work. God's work is sacrificing ourselves for the sake of others.

EPILOGUE



SCOTT'S

y experience was, and is, real for me. Whether or not anyone wants to believe me is irrelevant. The people who have been around me and the ones whom They have touched through my being with them, are a testimonial to how true this experience has been.

I asked my cardiologist how much of my heart was not working when the attack first happened. He told me that half of my heart was completely dead and that he had expected that only half of my heart would return to some kind of functioning. This meant, mathematically, that I would have a heart output of twenty to thirty percent. He then remarked that I was different, my heart had recovered beyond what was normal. My heart now physically has an ability to output forty to forty-five percent of the blood that it receives.

The doctors expect the next test results to show my heart's output to be above fifty percent. They believe there is just a small piece that is still dead and not able to function. I believe the purpose of the dead tissue is to illustrate the power of the new medical protocol the medical community will test using me. My

cardiologist has never seen this happen before. As I have stated, the heart usually does not regenerate when the muscle dies; it stays dead.

As for you, the reader of this book, I hope you get something out of it and the messages from God. I hope it touches you as it has touched others I have met. I hope this enhances your beliefs rather than changes them. This can bring you closer to your own heart. If this happens, then I know everything is as it is supposed to be.

For all of you who have had losses, don't be discouraged if you can no longer feel the essence of the people who have died. You just want the connection too much. Let go and at some point you will feel them. Grieving is a necessary part of healing. Just know that where they are now is a wonderful place that your loved ones do not want to leave. They do not want to come back. I'm telling you, I sure didn't want to come back! It's more glorious than anything I could possibly explain or compare it to here on earth. A great gift you can give to both of you is to let them go.

Some people have questioned why we can't have peace on earth, why we all can't get along and why God doesn't do something about these things? Well, They have done something. It is called Heaven! This life is just a training ground for us to get there. We are learning about ourselves just as They learned when

They created us and the world we are in. Peace, love, and all the rest that follows will never happen here on earth as long as we have freewill. There will always be someone who will disagree. That is the good thing about life; we learn because we have our own beliefs and don't have to be led by others. All of the religions are basically one religion. It doesn't matter in whom or what you believe. It doesn't matter what religion you are. We were given the ability to think for ourselves. The peace, love, getting along — God created it all. Again, it's called Heaven. The time here is making us worthy of Heaven. As long as you believe and you can forgive yourself, you will go to Heaven and be there forever. Once you get there, you surely don't want to come back. This is the complete truth.

Trust in yourself and your heart. When you have people around you who make you angry, remember this: You have something that they don't. Share with them so they can see the sorrow they cause others. They are suffering themselves. It's important to realize that the main thing, when someone wants to hurt you, is that they have been wounded themselves. They want people to feel the pain they are experiencing. Coming from that perspective, remember the adage, "misery loves company." Overcoming the negativity, you can then share the love you have with them.

God bless everybody. I hope you have enjoyed our book. I am

going to continue doing what I am doing, talking, and helping the people who are put in front of me. I will give God what They want. I enjoy it and will keep taking pleasure in this life until it is my time to leave it. God bless you.



have spent many hours with Scott over the past year and a half and have observed how these experiences have changed him. I have watched as he works with the people whom Carol or I have brought to him. It is truly incredible. I get to see the doors to their hearts open. I see them fill with a radiant, giddy joy that sparkles out of their eyes. I know that my own time spent with Scott has brought me closer to God than I was before.

There have been a couple of times when I was privileged to feel the gift of experiencing a healing take place within someone. Once I was even able to see what Scott sees: The essence of a person, their transformation into a light, sparkling, beautiful, three dimensional, personal, divine aspect of God. Her physical appearance disappeared and her soul sparkled with a beauty that I had not before seen. I witnessed this person make the decision to take responsibility for a difficult part of her past. When she made that decision, everything changed for her. I was able to foresee her

future filled with all that she wanted. It was thrilling. Two months later she was engaged to a man whom she dearly loves. Her life has been bright and victorious ever since.

One other time, I felt the stream of God flow through me. Scott was helping a patient of mine, who was mourning the loss of her mom. She had not felt complete since her mother died. I was seated between them as he was working with her. A river of love began to flow through Scott and into her. Because I was seated in the middle, I felt the river flow also through me. All I could do was sit back with a big smile on my face, relishing every aspect of the blissful feeling of God flowing through my cells. After a few moments, her mom's soul was also present in the stream of bliss. In my mind's eye I could see the mother rise out of the light and materialize. She was absolutely beautiful and perfect. She was joined with God, and yet completely remained familiar as herself. Through love, she had come to help her daughter heal from grief. Even though her mom was visible to me and to Scott, and had prepared to be with her daughter, the daughter could not feel her mother's presence. I told her to feel the experience instead of thinking about it, for I could feel God working on this very fortunate person, and I didn't want her to miss the meeting with her mom. I could also tell that while it was happening, she was not able to feel what God was doing. It struck me that most of us miss it. God is there with us, supporting, and loving us. We just don't notice.

This patient's experience though, was able to mature over time and did begin to change the course of her life toward joy. The next time she was in the office, it was apparent that her heart was happy, something I had not seen in her before.

From this experience of union with God I am able to realize that when someone dies and they allow themselves to go to God without regrets, they can then join God, together with all of the other souls who have joined before them. In this way, we all become one, yet at the same time remain ourselves. I know that many of you are missing your loved ones. Let me give you a hint to being able to feel them. Love God. That is where they are living. Open your hearts to allow their love to enter you. There is only joy awaiting you in your reunion with them. The hardest part is that because we want this connection so much, we try too hard. If we try too hard, than we are closed to the flow of God.

A great teacher once told me to examine any new idea completely and thoroughly; to never take someone else's experience as the truth, and to trust my own inner experiences regarding what is being taught. Then and only then, could I trust what someone was saying. This is not only true for me, it is also true for my experience with Scott. As I write this book, I am filled with love and the inspiration to keep sharing, so I am determined that new insights and experiences will be forthcoming in the next book.

I wish for you, all the best. I hope that you will one day be able

to meet Scott. Write and tell us about how the book has helped you, what messages struck your heart, what you want to hear more about, and how it has changed your life. My email address is doc@ananswerfromheaven.com. Scott's email address is scott@ ananswerfromheaven.com. There is also a chat room on the website, www.ananswerfromheaven.com, in which you are invited to participate. We are asking that the information shared in the chat room be about your book related experiences. If you have any questions, you can send a direct email to either Scott or myself. We will be monitoring the chat room to maintain the integrity of its purpose and will say hello and offer insights to some of your discussions. The password that opens the chat room is "forthem," the name of our company. A portion of the book's proceeds, will be given to our foundation called, "For Them." The Foundation's mandate is to uplift the hearts of the people in our communities.

In time, Scott and I believe we will be talking to thousands of people from all over the world. Let us know if you have a group that would like to have us come and visit. I cannot promise anything, except that we will always try.

With all of my love,
Mary Ann Luckett or Dr. Mary Ann or Mama,
however you want to address me.

Answer Answer Erom Leaven

Journey to the Seventh Door

This book can be purchased online at: www.ananswerfromheaven.com

Or by calling:

1-770-760-1396

An Answer From Heaven is a book about a man, Scott Sutton, who had an extensive communication with God when he had a near death experience.



cott was in the woods hunting, when a massive heart attack started. He knew he had to get home right away so he began his long car ride. On the way, he felt death

approaching quickly. He pulled over and heard a voice tell him he was going to be okay. After he pulled over, he felt a celestial hand go through his heart and into every cell of his being. His heart healed.

God took him to Heaven where he stayed for some time and talked with Him. They talked about the Bible, and all religious Books. They talked about freewill and the soul's journey back to God. He bathed in the true essence of love and saw that some souls who could not forgive themselves turned away from God. While he was in Heaven, God filled him with knowledge. The messages he received from God are relevant, freeing, and inside these pages.

The book describes in detail his experience. His goal is to share with you what he has learned in hopes of helping you in your vital walk of unification. God is real and self-forgiveness is paramount. Peace comes from the comfort that God is ALIVE within each of us. Our soul's only true desire is union with God and the billions of other souls connected to every one of us.



The author, Mary Ann Luckett, was born close to Toronto, Ontario, Canada in 1955. She now resides in Covington, Georgia, where she operates a Chiropractic Health Clinic.