

# HOMESICK FOR HEAVEN

## Connecting to the Divine Through a New Definition of Faith

by  
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As a spiritual counselor, channeler and devoted seeker, I'm passionate about my quest to locate a clear, common core at the heart of the world's major religions. I've sampled bits and pieces of them all, cobbling together a patchwork of oddly-shaped scraps that fit into what could best be described as my own unique relationship with the Divine. The quest took me through Judaism and Christianity to Buddhism, Scientology, Atheism, Mormonism and beyond, and now, with my spiritual suitcase covered in travel stickers from ports of call throughout the universe, I'm tired and I want to go home.

Who knew it could be so simple? Like Dorothy in the Wizard of Oz clicking her ruby slippers together, it turns out that "home" was following me around the whole time. Guides, angels, loved ones on the other side and all the energy of love and creation that ever existed have been beside me all along, trying to get my attention. Sometimes they screamed loudly, smacking me over the head with the proverbial 2 x4 on a regular basis, and at other times they spoke softly and lovingly in dreams or through music that opened my heart and brought me to me knees in a flood of tears. But these days they simply hover nearby, relieved that I've finally found them and that I now, at last, know my way *home*.

We have, without question, the ability to telepathically connect to the vibrational frequency that I call "home," and I believe it is the true definition of "Heaven." It's not a remote location in physical space, and it has very little to do with death as most of us understand death. It is not separate from us, but is *interior*, and is made from the same vibrational substance that creates all energy in the universe and includes physical and non-physical living things, all thought forms and all possibilities. These energies are vibrant, alive and broadcasting to us constantly, and it's as easy as clicking those ruby slippers together to hear them once we learn how to trust, surrender and receive. And that is the true meaning of *faith*.

This place called Home, or Heaven, refers to a vibrational *frequency*, much higher than the one we're operating on here on earth. It is in fact, our natural frequency, and we sense fleeting glimpses of it through various channels available to us on earth. Sometimes it happens when we experience a sense of perfection and balance in nature. Sometimes when music touches us a certain way, or when coincidences are just too perfect to be accidents. It happens when we have a Déjà vu or a psychic dream, or when we're touched deeply by love or grief. All of these flashes are hints at our constant connection to this source, our home. And there are guides and invisible helpers around us at all times, eager to assist us in making this connection. In fact, they're so eager that I often imagine them jumping up and down waving their arms frantically trying to get us to notice them. This is particularly true for our loved ones who have died. It's always baffled me that so many people on earth believe in a soul or essence that travels to a "spirit world" after death, yet they draw the line at believing we can communicate with that world.

So travel with me for a moment and imagine that this connection is available and open to you. In fact, it's broadcasting energy and information to you all the time, like a television or radio frequency. When you're not watching the television, the channels are still broadcasting, are they not? And if you are watching, you're tuned into one channel, but the others continue to broadcast. I call this system "The Interdimensional Postal Service," or the "IPS." Messages, energy and information are delivered between dimensions via the IPS the same way people send physical packages to each other via the UPS (United Parcel Service). They are care packages from home.

## HOW TO GET THERE

The way to tune in and receive this information and assistance is through meditation, which lightens and ventilates our dense physical forms so that the boundaries between us and Home/Heaven begin to fade.

One of my favorite meditations begins with a visualization in which you imagine your body as a pencil outline, and then slowly imagine a giant eraser removing the outline until you dissolve into oneness. When you dissolve like that, you touch Heaven. The mystics, sages and teachers throughout human history, from every religious tradition, have described this, and if you remove the dogma, politics, judgment, separation and "them and us" mentality from religious teachings, you will be looking at that beautiful, pure core where we are one with our source, our home... the exposed face of the energy known as "God."

So if the way to "call home" is through meditation and prayer, then why does a direct connection seem so difficult for so many who meditate and pray? Probably because they're trying too hard. Heaven is so close that if you think too hard about it, work too hard, focus too hard, bring in too much expectation, form and structure, you'll miss what's right in front of you.

First, it's important to understand what mediation is and is not...it is *not* sitting up straight, emptying your mind and becoming blank. If you want to hear God and your own soul talking, it's about allowing all the cosmic debris to flush through rather than trying to shut it out. When you sit down to meditate and attempt to quiet your mind (you can also lie down... fetal position works as well as lotus position), your mind is anything but quiet. It's usually reciting a laundry list of earthly concerns ("*I need to change the oil in my car. I don't have my rent this month. My back hurts. Do I look fat in this?*"). Instead of trying to silence those thoughts, look at each one and embrace it, follow it to wherever it leads, and remain conscious of its path. It's like turning on the faucet in a house that hasn't been lived in for a while. The water comes out brown, full of rust and gunk, but eventually it runs clear. Each thought will lead you on a remarkable journey to a thousand new thoughts, seemingly disconnected, that will eventually give birth to an image, an idea or a phrase that delivers a potent message. I recommend to my students that they keep paper and pen handy, or better yet, a digital voice recorder, to keep track of these impressions. They're being sent via the IPS.

One thing that throws us off when we're trying to make this connection is the imagery we've been taught to expect from mystical experiences. Religious scriptures, paintings, literature and Hollywood movies have convinced us that when communicating with other realms, we should see angels or apparitions, or perhaps the furniture should fly across the room or the lights should flicker on and off. While all these things are possible, they are not *necessary*. Communication with Heaven doesn't always come with special effects.

The best way I can illustrate this is by sharing a revelation I had while working in my garden recently. An old song from the 1940s got stuck in my mind, as songs often do. It was a song called *Scarlet Ribbons*, which my mother used to sing to me when I was a child. It came out of nowhere (though I now know that it was sent to me via the IPS as a teaching tool). In the song, a man peeks in to his daughter's bedroom to say goodnight, and finds her praying, asking God for some scarlet ribbons for her hair. The man goes to bed and frets all night because he's too poor to buy ribbons, but miraculously, the next morning, the child wakes to find the ribbons on her bed, and the man has no idea how they got there.

It's a sweet little song, but it perpetrates one of the deepest misconceptions in the spiritual world... that prayers are answered with magic tricks. Yes, prayer is answered... *always*. But the answers don't come in the forms we expect. The little girl might pray for scarlet ribbons and the next week her Aunt Zelda comes to visit bearing scarlet ribbons as a gift (with no prompting from the girl's father). Or maybe the girl goes to play at a friend's house and the friend decides to give the girl her own scarlet ribbons as a token of their friendship (as little girls often do). Some people might look at these events as coincidences. But there are no coincidences, only *creations*, manufactured by our higher selves in tandem with the energy of all creation. You can see how this

works in your own life. You pray for a new career and a week later you get fired from your miserable job, which you've hated for years. Now you're free to pursue your new career. *That's* an answered prayer.

There are guides, teachers, angels and others who are waiting to direct us to the answers to our prayers and they serve us in hundreds of unimaginable ways. They're talking to us all the time, broadcasting constantly, but most of us aren't listening because we have this crazy idea that God stopped talking to people 2,000 years ago and then, for some reason, never said another word again, to anybody. That's a sad, lonely idea, because it implies that we're alone in the universe with no support or guidance. But the ancient mystics knew better. There's a reason why phrases like "Mother," "Father," and "Creator" are so prevalent in religious texts. Because there is a mother, a father and a creator. There is a *home*.

Think of it this using the analogy of taking your child to preschool for the first time. We were brought here by our mother and father and left here to educate ourselves, just like that terrifying first day of school for a young child. As a parent, you would not leave your child at school without making sure the teachers had your phone number and that they were capable of teaching and caring for your child. You would not just abandon your child and leave him or her there with no support.

That's what our mother/father/creator did when we decided to come to earth school. And they're watching over us all the time, sending signs, symbols, practices, teachings, teachers and experiences to help us learn and grow. Imagine how much more comfortable we would be here on earth if we knew we could just dial our psychic cell phones and call home?

This is what the deepest, more pure religious teachings have been trying to tell us. We CAN call home. And when we call, we can ask for guidance about any issue at all, and we will receive answers. Nobody in the cosmos would expect us to deal with these things alone. Our cosmic "parents" are always nearby, lovingly helping us to learn the ropes, heal our wounds and expand our awareness. We come to earth school for 8 seconds or 80 years, and when we're done we go home, like coming home after a hard day at the office, whether we go home as a stillborn infant or an old man who's lived a long, productive life.

Home is truly where the heart is. Or maybe that axiom works better in reverse: *The heart is where Home is.*

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