

MESSAGE ART STUDY – MODULE FOURTEEN

STEP THREE - Transcriptions for the video The Artist's Reflections on GLOBAL AWAKENING

Hello, and welcome once again to my reflections on the messages for the painting GLOBAL AWAKENING.

For months now, I've thought a lot about how my old beliefs affected my life's experiences in the past. They surely had prevented me from developing the kind of personal relationship I now have with God and my angel Sandra. My old beliefs, had not only made me afraid of God and discouraged me from trusting my intuition, they had convinced me that I wasn't good enough to talk to God directly. I now realize that most of my previous beliefs were formed by unknowingly accepting other people's truth as my own. Come to think of it, even though these beliefs hadn't felt right for me, I'd never really taken the time to find out why I felt the way that I did.

Learning to communicate with the spirit world and trusting that I have the power to exercise my divine connection anytime and anywhere, has opened a whole new world for me. I've discovered that whenever I need to gain clarity and insight, I need only sit down in a quiet place and write in my journal that I'm ready to receive it. Anytime I ask for God's thoughts to replace my own, a whole new perspective reveals itself in mere moments. It's taken me years to replace my old beliefs by trusting the teachings of the Message Art and I will be forever grateful for receiving this special gift. My concerns, fears, doubts and insecurities have been handled with the wisdom, love, patience and compassion only my divine guidance could give me. Not one of my questions has been left unanswered and no topic has been taboo. It's my conversations with God and Sandra that continue to lead me back to Oneness time and time again.

As part of my reflections for this painting, I'd like to share a few of my experiences while working with the Message Art. The first one is the explanation I gave my friend when she asked what it was like to talk with God. First, I begin by writing in my journal; God, may your light, love and wisdom fill my being today and every day. Before I can receive God's wisdom, I have to make sure to clear my mind of my own thoughts. I do this by imagining myself walking to a special ocean with a large dry-erase board between my hands. I'm always barefoot and wearing a long white dress that's light and very comfortable. The breeze coming from the ocean is always warm and blows through my long wavy hair making me feel as light as a feather. I don't know why I see myself with long hair because it's always been very short. Every time I arrive at this ocean's ever soft and sandy beach, there's no one else there; just me and the waves splashing against the big rocks to my left.

As I make my way to the water, I can see all the thoughts in my head, flowing outwards until they settle on the board in front of me. The closer I get, the lighter I feel and the more relaxed and peaceful I become. Soon the board is filled with what looks like hundreds of jumbled up words and sentences. Once there's no more thoughts flowing out of me, I start walking into the water.

Because I don't know how to swim, I make sure not to go too far, usually until the water reaches just above my knees. I then lower the whole board in the water and with a swishing motion from left to right, I continue until all the words on it are washed away. When my board appears like a blank canvas, I make my way back to the beach with the sun warming me from the inside out. I sit down on the large rock that's carved out just right for my body. I then call out to God that my mind is cleared.

Sometimes while I'm waiting, I leave the rock and find myself floating on top of the ocean until God starts talking to me. No matter if I'm sitting with my journal on my living room sofa or typing on my computer during this peaceful time, my mind stays at the ocean while I write whatever comes to me. I actually don't hear a voice. It's more like God's thoughts temporarily replace my own and I remain preoccupied by the words or visions that God sends me until our session ends.

I guess you could say I simply transcribe everything that comes through my thoughts during that time. Often when I read over what I wrote a few hours, days or even months earlier, I'm in total awe of the information I received. I also immediately reconnect with the session I'm reading about as if I never left it. Once I get information from God, I never forget it. Many people ask me how it is that I can remember everything I receive. I tell them it's like God's information, and even my angel Sandra's information, somehow gets stamped on my brain and nothing can take it away from me.

The second experience I would like to share with you is one of my favorites and I call it The Balloon Story. It happened when I was about halfway through receiving the messages for this unique art collection. I woke up early one morning with the strong feeling that I needed to go visit my friend Emily (not her real name). I could tell this was a divine request but I tried to ignore it. I got up, washed my face and had my breakfast but the nudging feeling only got stronger. I'd learned by then that if I didn't acknowledge this feeling, it would only persist. I'd also learned that the divine messages that come in the quiet moments between sleep and wakefulness are especially important. Even though I knew this, I stubbornly tried to go on with my day because deep down I knew what I had to do wouldn't be easy.

Emily had told me that the upcoming week would be busy and difficult for her since she was organizing a memorial service for four of her loved ones who had passed away. We had first met when she came to my office after reading an article about me in the local paper and I had immediately recognized the look on her face. The loss of so many loved ones had become too much for her to bear so she had lost herself in slot machines in the same way that I had. It was the same look of sadness and despair that I had seen in the mirror many times some years earlier. I invited her to sit down and asked if she wanted to talk. She looked down at her hands and as her tears fell, she said, "I just don't know what to do anymore...I hate myself so much!"

After reaching for a tissue, she said that if she kept playing slot machines the way that she's been, she'd soon be broke and then surely, she'd want to do away with herself.

The fact that Emily had become my friend didn't make the divine request I received that morning any easier. She may have known that I sometimes received messages from the spirit world but I still had the fear of rejection. Of course, I eventually called her but not without a major knot in

my stomach. We agreed to meet for coffee at her house and as I was driving into the city, the knot tightened when I realized I actually had no idea what Emily's message was - I just knew I was supposed to see her.

When I arrived, Emily met me at the door and invited me into her kitchen where we spoke of the memorial service and she showed me pictures of the four loved ones she was commemorating. We talked until it felt time for me to leave but I felt confused because I hadn't even received her message. After zipping up my coat, I reached for the door and as I did my guidance told me not to leave because there was still something I was meant to tell my friend. I turned to Emily and explained the awkward situation. I then took a couple deep breaths and silently told my angel Sandra that unless I received something at that moment, I was leaving. "Tell her about the balloon story" was all I heard. Still confused, I told Emily how some people bring a bundle of balloons to a funeral to be released during or after the service. Releasing the balloons symbolizes that family and friends are releasing their departed loved one so they are free to move on to their next journey. (As a side note here, many environmentally concerned people have since switched this practice from balloons to butterflies.)

Emily loved the idea and planned to ask her minister as soon as I left if she could bring balloons to the cemetery. A week later, Emily called and apologized for not getting back to me sooner. She sounded much happier than the last time we met. She went on to tell me that her minister had welcomed the idea of the balloons. After the service, she had gathered the thirty or so friends and family and asked them all to send her the energy that she would need to release her loved ones, especially her son whom she was having such a difficult time letting go of. She then released the two large bundles of balloons and everyone watched as they floated well above the city skyline.

Emily said she had actually felt the loving energy everyone had sent her that day and she thanked me for telling her about the idea. The symbolic gesture not only helped her release her loved ones, it had lifted a heavy weight of profound sadness from her heart. After the service, she treated everyone for lunch at a nearby restaurant and since it was such a beautiful day, she invited all of them back to her place for a late afternoon barbecue. Later that day, as Emily was in the kitchen preparing dinner, she heard her brother yelling from the backyard but couldn't make out what he was saying. She continued what she was doing until the back door opened wide. Her brother was frantically telling her to quickly go through her front door to see what was passing on top of her house at the very moment. As soon as she opened the door, she saw a single white balloon floating just above where she was standing. Emily stared at the balloon and immediately said goodbye knowing it was her son's way of getting in touch with her. As soon as she said goodbye, the balloon floated straight up and disappeared.

She had over thirty witnesses to this miraculous event. Everyone's astonishment deepened when Emily told them that the balloon had made its way over her house at precisely the same time of the day that her son had died. To this day her friends and family are still in awe. How was it possible that only one of the many bundled up balloons released over five hours earlier, and several miles away, had found its way on top of her house at that exact time of day? Emily knows it was her son's way of telling her that he'll always be a very real part of her life. I've since often shared this uplifting story to encourage others to share their own of connecting with the spirit

world. I truly believe that by sharing, we assist the global awakening unfolding on our planet while reminding us that we're never alone.

I hope this painting's messages and my reflections have in some way helped you to become more aware of the vital role your divine helpers can have in your life once you invite them in. You may be pleasantly surprised at the impact they can have on your daily experiences.

Also, may the divine symbol for Oneness introduced in this painting, which is the same as the one I have on today, be your constant reminder of your Oneness with God. The more you experience your Oneness, the more you influence others to do the same and the sooner humanity's Illusion of Separation dissipates.

Thank you.