

THE JOURNEY HOME

— A Kryon Parable —

The Story of Michael Thoman and the Seven Angels



Kryon

KRYON

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THE JOURNEY HOME

THE STORY OF MICHAEL THOMAS AND THE SEVEN ANGELS

Lee Carroll

Dedicated to all those who have understood that a human being has the power to change your life, and that things are not always son they look!

Who is Kryon?

Kryon is a loving and benevolent entity that is currently on Earth to help us get into the high energy of what we call our "new era".

Kryon's words have changed lives and brought love and light to some of the darkest places of our inner being. The argument *"The Journey Home"* was inspired by Kryon, and written by Lee Carroll.

INTRODUCTION

In December 1996, Kryon was told more than five hundred people in Laguna Hill, California, at the close of a willevening seminar. In a session that counted Auditorscough lasting more than an hour, was presented the journey of Michael Thomas, a journey born of the desire of a man, tired of the mundane, to meet with his spiritual familyritual and return to "home."

The name of Michael Thomas, in itself, represents the attributes incredibly sacred and holy of the Archangel Michael, and also the ancestral energy properties of St. Thomas *the doubter*. This combination we represent-sents many of those who perceive that we are spiritual beingsconceptual, but often we doubt our ability to move towards a new millennium which has increased its demandinggency or spiritual challenges based on fear.

Mike's trip home to gradually reveals an adventure through the colorful seven houses, each occupied by a Great Angel. Each house represents an attribute of the New Age and holds wisdom, education, humanmor and disclosure andn terms of what God wants us to know about ourselves. We also glimpse the way how things work as we enter the new paradigm of our New Era.

Evolving into a rousing finale and surpriseyou, the journey of Michael Thomas reveals human beings love a package of instructions from a sourcespiritual you constantly want to "wash our feet."

If you have ever made to God the question, "What do you want to know? " THIS IS POSSIBLE! Acompaining Michael Thomas in their exciting journey. It is likely that you will remember yours.

1. MICHAEL THOMAS

The black plastic pieces flew in all directionstions while Mike "encasing", jostling with basimportant force against the cubicle wall in his office are-TAS. This was another example in which an inanimate object suffering from the growing anger of Mike as a result of whethersituation.

Suddenly a head appeared unexpectedly between dusty leaves of the plant is plasticba on your left.

- Is something wrong? Asked John from the neighboring cubicle. The walls of each cubicle had the right height to create you, the relevant employee, the illusion of having an office. Mike had several tall objects on your desktop, and so managed to clarify the fact that their coworkers were located just a couple of meters throughout the journey distance, all of whom sharetian in the illusiondependency and "privacy" in both their respective spaces as in conversation. The radiancedor of fluorescent white light that came from the myriad of facilities that were on the bare cubicles bathed both Mike and their peers. It was that kind of false enlightenment found only in the institutionstions and industry, it seems as if they absorb all the visual spectrum red, becoming pale to light everyone, even those who live andn the sunny California. The years had passed without taking the direct sunlight made the pallor of Mike doubled.

"Nothing that a trip to the Bahamas will not cure-resMike sponded without looking plastic plant that John poked his head, he shrugged and resumed his conversation.

As the words left his mouth, Mike knew he could never afford to be in the Bahamas with the salary of the clerk who takes orders at the "coal mine"(So called employees at the sales office where they worked). Began to pick up the pieces of plastic tray that had broken, and sighed, action carriedZaba very often lately.

What was there? Why had no power or incentive to improve their lives? His eye fell on the stupid-looking plush bear that had been purchased and thatCIA: "Hold me." Beside him was his favorite comic strip titleddda *Opposite Side*, that was the 'blue bird of happiness "that was running away from Ned, the hero of the strip Commissionsca, but to Mike, the strip was the 'chicken of depression. "

No matter how many smiley faces or how many strips edmicas stick on the walls of the cubicle. Mike was stilltiëndose blocked. Was attached to an existence seemedgives back an office copier, every day was a duplicate of the old, one after another without any purpose. The frustration and helplessness he experienced

made him feel deshappy and depressed, and began to show outward signs of it. Even he had said his supervisor.

Michael Thomas was thirty-odd years, and like so many others in your office, "did just enough to survive." In that job is not afraid to put great care in what he did. Just could disconnect for eight hours a day, went home, slept, and weekends trying to pay their outstanding invoices, and Monday, again the same routine. Mike realized that the treinta individuals working in that office in Los Angeles, he knew unicamerallyou the names of four people, but it did not matter, and had been for over a year after the breakup that destroyed her life forever. Never share your memories with anyone, although they accumulatedtarget to her mind almost every night.

Mike lived alone, not counting his one fish. Wanted a cat, but the landlord would not allow it. I knew I was interpreted as a victim, but his careestimates foundba in the lowest point, and was rubbing his wound he had in his life intentionally kept it open, sangral and painful, to dip into it at will. Thought it could not do anything, and I was not sure you have the energy to change things, even if humanBiera wanted to. Jokingly, I put the fish's name "cat" and used to talk when he came home from work or when went to work.

Upon leaving, Mike used to tell your friend cale onTAS: "Have faith, Jack." Obviously, the fish never responded.

Mike was over six feet tall and five and this imposes a much, until he smiled. That smile CIRCLEba a spell that melted all the prejudices that one might have had to see his height. It was not a coincidence that serve customers over the phone, so that they could not see him, because his intention was to deny himself his best attribute, it was almost like self-imposed prison, which allowed sumergirs in the melodrama of their current situation. Mike excelled in skills to others, but rarely allowed to use those skills, unless it was necessary for work. Mike did not like to cultivate friendships and their current mental parameters were also women for him, although many of them he might have liked them.

Their male colleagues told him: "Mike, when was the last time you had a girlfriend?". "You need to go out and find a goodna girl. Change that mindset! "

Then they all return home with their families, their dogs and their adorable children (and some other, also have a fish). But Mike could not be clear how to begin the process of rebuilding the love life had perDido. Decided that it was not worth worrying about, and often said, "I already met my partner when I was young, even-she did not know. "

Michael was deeply in love, and experimentalto any illusions that that implies. She For its part, did not take seriously the relationship. When it finally deterioratedro, Mike felt as if her future will wither, volatilizationzándose. He loved her with that special passion that he thought socould come to regret it feel once in a lifetime. I had put everything in it, but she did not appreciate.

Mike grew up on a farm in the small town of Blue Earth, Minnesota, and fled to a life situation that felt like a dead end, or grow crops to sell in the extranjero or store indefinitely in majordes silos due to excessive grain. From a very young age he understood that the farm was not for him. Apparently, this idea was not too popular in his homeland. What was wrong with it? Also, can not stand the smell all around him, and wanted to work with people rather than animals and tractors. Doing well in school and was off the charts in all activities that involved interaction with others. End up being vendor was something natural for Mike, and he never had any trouble finding work, seeDiender a huge variety of products and services, which represented honestly. People liked to buy things when they are sold Michael Thomas.

When he made a retrospective assessment of what hasbian made his parents deceased, he realized that one of the things that had been "attached" to him was his faith in God. Often, he thought bitterly that just ahora, that I was contributing much well. Mike was an only child and his parents, his beloved mother and father, had died in a car accident because of someone else, just before his twenty-first birthday. He continued to complaindo much for your death, and was always surrounded by Buddhaplans showing that we remember the lives of their parents, and his unfortunate death. Yet, even now Mike was attending church and at least followed the cult, although mere formality. When the pastor asksba about of your spiritual health, Mike openly admitted their faith and belief in its spiritual nature. I was sure God was just and loving, but at that moment, as for some years, did not express truemind. Often, Mike prayed that their situation improvesse, although it was not very optimistic that if things podrian really change.

Mike was not exactly handsome, although it was strongattractive mind, having inherited the complexion of his father proud. L womenor were irresistible: they captivated his beaming smile, her blond hair, his height, his square jaw and blue eyes intense. AqueTthe who had good intuition also a sense that Mike was a man of integrity, and trusted him almost instantlymind. He had had plenty of opportunities to derive benefits in many inappropriate situations, both in business and in love, but never did. Mike was the result of good self-awareness of people's campo, and that was one of the valuable attributes that remained in him when he arrived from the cold ground where he was educated.

I could not lie. Intuitively understood when the other needed help. Opened the door for people whendo entering or leaving the supermarket, respected seniors and chatted with them and always gave the beggargos homeless, whether male or female, the currency they asked when I dealt with in the street, but knew that they would use to buy alcohol. Firm believedement that each personperson should work with others to make things better, and never understood why in his adopted hometown people avoided speaking to each other, and rarely

even knew who their neighbors. Maybe it was because the weather was so good that people never needed anybody's help. "How ironic," he thought to himself.

The only model of female behavior that Mike had, was his mother. Therefore, all women treated with the same kind and respect with which he treated sensitive and wonderful woman who missed him. Part of their current unhappiness is due to what seemed a betrayal of that connection in the affair only "see Dade" had had. In fact, the experience that Mike had been merely the result of a culture shock: what each expected the other was not what had finally obtained, and vice versa. The California girl who had broken her heart had only acted according to what cultural his mind was really about love, and Mike had a focus very differently about it. He had received other education, and was not tolerant of the ideas about love were different.

And this is where our story really begins. We have Michael Thomas, who was very weak and volw home on a Friday night to be collected on your dresserment studio (just made up of two inhabitantstions, including bathroom!). Previously, Mike had gone to the store to cuy the few groceries she needed to survive during the next two days. Since long ago he discovered he could stretch your money much more if buying generic brands and spent their vouchers wisely¹. But what was the real key to frugity? Mike almost did not eat!

Buy canned food that needed no cooking. So I had to use the kitchen or pay for electricity. This practice left him unsatisfied, almost hungry and also never took prostratedis, which fit perfectly with the role of victim self-imposed. He had also discovered that if he ate straight from the bottle on the sink did not have to wash dishes!, Which he hated. A menudo bragged to John, his only friend, who was also a co-worker, about the way how he had solved the problem. John, who knew the habits of Mike, saysba joking that soon find a way to do everything, including having no apartment-living in a homeless shelter. Mike told him, laughing and patting on the back. However, that was something that Mike really had considered.

When Mike left the store it was dark. During most of the day, a heavy fog had been threatening to become rain, and was still giving everything a bright diffuse appearance under artificial lightning yellowthem of the streetlights which were reflected in the steps of the apartment. Living in Southern Cania was very grati-traffickers. Often, Mike recalled the difficulties involved winters in Minnesota, where appropriate.

During his teenage years, had experienced a great passion for everything related to California. He swore to himself that he should escape the inclement weather that others took for something natural. Mike would ask his mother: "Why do some choose to live in a place where you can moRIR cold if you're ten minutes to the weather?". She smiled and, lookingDole replied: "You know that families remainedcentral where their roots are. Furthermore, this is a safe placero. " That was his invariable lecture on how dangerous was the city of Los Angeles and how nice it was Minnesota. Which only made sense if they added the phrase "death by freezing!" Mike could not convince her that there was danger of earthquakes in Los Angeles was like a lotestuary. It could happen that in a lifetime happen only one, or several, or perhaps never arrivedara to live one. OwHowever, the painful Minnesota winters were a constantyou year after year. A cyclical event that you could certainly tell!

It goes without saying that as soon as its finished babaccalauréat, Mike left the family home and went to California to pursue their higher education. He had used his skillsself-finance activities as a vendor for all their undertakings. Now wished she had stayed in the parental home longer, to live with his motherey his father during the years preceding the accident. In their urgency to escape the cold, had wasted precious time that could be enjoyed with their parents, or at least thought so. Considering the past, I felt I had been selfish.

Under the dim light, Mike came up with difficulty the front steps leading to his apartment in the planta low, and lost time playing with the strings of your callseen. Keeping the balance with a shopping bag, slidingZó the key in the lock, it opened as usual, but lo and behold, on that Friday night, the 'normal' is defined overnitely to Michael Thomas. On the other side of the door was a gift, potentially one of the fate of Mike-something that would change his life forever.

Because the gate structure was deformed, Mike had learned to use his weight and power to help and reluctant to open the entrance to your home. The invariable result was that the door is abwould suddenly, with great force. Mike had come to perfect a method for maintaining balanced with the grocery bag on one hip, slipping the key into the lock and turning while pushing the door with his foot. This maneuver required a complicated motion of the hip, and even funtioned, his friend John had commented that it looked basimportant rare.

With the impact of the hip of Mike, the stubborn door opened suddenly, this action startled the thief that we foundto hard at work inside the room, which was dark. With the speed of a frightened cat, coupled with years of experience I had regarding the unexpecteddo, the intruder, who was almost a foot shorter than Mike, instantly launched forward, took his arm and put it in the room at a stretch. Since then Mike kept a precarious balance caused by his "funny" way to open the stubborn door, and was almost ready to move hasCIA front. In so doing, the thief knocked him inside the apartment, slamming his long body against the floor, the food came out dis-stand against the far wall with such force that romPieron wrappers of the packages. Just before hitting the ground, Mike, shocked, with all their body alarms triggered simultaneously, he heard the door close behind him with the thief inside! Mike briefly glimpsed the broken glass that was heading towards its rostration; was the

¹ In most American companies are giving employees a part of wages, usually for the extras-in coupons redeemable at grocery stores. (N. of T.)

result of the smashed window that had allowed the entry of the man of smaller stature.

This is the kind of situation in which people, remembering the event, note that the images passed through his mind capitaslow motion. But this was not the case of Michael Thomas. The latter screamed at a time fuzzy, compressed, Provoting a overwhelming panic! The man who had broken into the apartment had the determination to seekdo your TV and stereo to take them and, of course, could not be aware of what was happening to his victim. Mike was soon on the ground, the man lunged at him and his sweaty hands formed a screw that gripped the throat. The thief's eyes were large and just a few inches away from Mike. I could feel the hot, fetid breath on his face, and their weight, because the man was located astride his stomach. Instinctively, as would any person in punt to die, he reacted like a movie of itrie B. Despite their confusion, Mike threw his head quickly forward, hitting the burglar. It worked, as the assailant, surprised by the strength of the movement, hands relaxed long enough for Mike rolled sharply to one side and try poabstain from foot. However, before he could join, the thief returned to the attack, this time giving him a blow on the chest. The impact was such that, literally, youvant soil and then dropped him back and left, crashing brutally against a large object that Mike recognized as the aquarium. With a thunderous noise, the dresser, the aquarium and the fish were to meet alone with the food, hitting the back wall of the small room.

Mike was in pain and was breathless. Gaspd, feltdo your lungs burned from lack of oxygen when, with wide eyes, she saw a boot, que seemed as large as the entire state of Montana, rushed upon him. Now his assailant smiled. Everything happened too fastdo! The boot was on target: Mike felt and heard the creaking of a horrible way the bones in his neck and throat. HorrORIZADO issued a muffled sound, with absolute certainty that the airways would be shattered, and possiblyprobably also cervical vertebrae. All his body reacted to the outbreak of his broken neck crunch. The shock worn offRRO consciousness as the reality of the situation began to kill it. It was the end, the death! came! She tried to scream, but his vocal cords do not reactNaron. It was over the air to Mike, and soon, everything began to darken. There was total silence, and thethief rushed to complete its work at night without the slightest attention to the man who was lying on the ground. Subidirectly, the attacker was again startled by the noise of the damaged apartment door.

-What happens there? Is everything OK?

A neighbor frantically banging on the door resistant wood.

The burglar cursed his luck and went unwillingly into the broken window, took a few strokes to remove fragmentsments of glass left in it, in order slidingZarse find out.

Mike's neighbor, who had never actually crossZado with him, heard the noise over broken glass inside the apartment and decided to try pulling the knob open. At constanttatar that puStay alert had not bolted, came and foundTro completely destroyed one apartment and saw a man escaping through the broken window. He moved stealthilymind in the dark, dodging instinctively televisionsor and the stereo, which, strangely, were piled in the middle of the room. Mechanically pressed the light switch and a lightbulb went on without a screen hanging from the ceiling.

'God', was heard to exclaim with the voice itself altebay with shock.

In a split second, the neighbor was already dialing the phone for help. Lying on the floor, unconscious and severely injured, Michael Thomas. The room was quiet and the only sound came from the splash of fish gasping for two spans of Mike's head. Jack was kicking from the lettuce, and noodles cooked inmore groceries scattered, a nasty mixture that gradually gradually dyed red with blood flowingMike ba.

2. VISION

Mike woke up in a place not was familiar. At that motion, making an instant hindsight recently regained his consciousness, he remembered everything. Glanced their entire environment, and concluded that there was in her apartment nor in a local hospital. All was silent. In fact, the silence was so absolute that puzzled him. There was no more sound than your own breath! No one could hear the noise of cars circulating, or the hum of air conditioning. Absolutemind nothing! Mike sat up a little on the bed.

When she looked at his feet discovered that he foundlocked in a strange white bed, small as a crib. Not wearing pajamas, but he was dressed exactly like when he suffered the attack. He raised his hand and touched the cuement. His last conscious thought was that it had been destroyed, but relieved, did not locate any sign of damage. Mike felt really good! Gently, he felt his whole body and, strangely, there was no pain or any injury. But that silence! I was going crazy on them not being able ninstimulus gun to his ears. The lighting was also extraNa. There seemed to come from any particular place and at the same time, it was like it came from all directions. It was a bright white, a white color so lacking that hurt your eyes. He decided to investigate their surroundings in more detail.

It was something mysterious. It was not in a room, but not out of it! They were just him, the cradle and a white floor that extendedreached as far as day to receive his sight. Mike was lying face up. Knew what was his-transferred. He was dead. It was not necessary to be a rocket scientist to understand that what I was seeing and feeling it was not logical or normal in the real world. But why was stillmeat in your body?

Decided to do something absurd pinched to check if he felt pain, and contracted as he gave a strong "Ah."

- How do you feel, Mike? Asked a gentle male voice.

Instantly, he looked direction of the voice and saw a picture would not forget for the rest of his life. An angelic presence felt and experienced a strong feeling of love. Mike always used to ask first how FELT and then what

was SAW. Was accustomed to describe their experiences in this mode when questioned, and in that moment I saw a figure dressed in white who was in some way, menacing and magnificent at the same time. 'Are the wings that I see?' He asked. "What a topic!" Mike smiled at the vision that was in front of him, but he could not believe it was real.

- Am I dead? Asked stoically but with respect wahoo to be in front of him.

"No way" replied the figure, and was acered. It is only a dream, Michael Thomas.

The appearance went further, apparently camining. Mike looked at his face blurred, blur, the 'man' gigantesco standing beside his bed was something that made him feel comfortable, safe and secure. All I could do was to keep talking. It was a great feeling!

The figure was dressed in white, but could not sayis to take what could be defined as clothing. The pledge appeared to be wearing their own life and the man moved like a second skin. The face of being was indefinite. Mike saw that there was no pleats, buttons or wrinkles where the skin had started the laundry, but the strange indumentary was not tied to the body, but it was subtle, fluid and sometimes seemed to really shine in a vague and confusing.

Apart from the vision itself, Mike's eyes tend to rund the white dress with the white man's unusual atmosphere of their surroundings. It was truly difficult to distinguishdistinguish where the figure and really just started seaco of events.

- Where am I? It may seem a very silly question, but I guess I have a right to ask the question, "said Mike in softly.

"You're in a sacred place," replied the figure. Is a site that you yourself have created andtá filled with an immense love, which is what you are perceiving right now.

The angelic figure leaned Mike and seemed to add even more light you had in that place.

- Who are you? Mike asked, respectfully, with barely a whisper.

"As you may have guessed, I'm an angel. Mike did not even blink. I knew that the vision that was before he spoke the truth. The situation, however strange it may seem, was very real. Mike did not doubt it for a single moment.

- Are all angels are male? Mike regretted asking that question as soon as it left his lips. Go nonsense he could think of asking! Obviously it was a very special moment. If it was a dream, it was something very real, as he had never experienced.

"But I'm what you want to be, Michael Thomas. I have no human form, so what you see before you is a representation so that you feel comfortable. However, the answer is no: not all angels are male. Realmind, we do not have sex, and not all have wings.

Mike smiled back, realizing that maybe he was watching a result of his own mental creation.

- What do you look like in reality? Mike asked, beginning to feel a greater freedom to speak naturally to be that loving. Why perceive your face blurred?

It was a totally valid question given the circumstancesences.

"My appearance will embarrass and, at the same time, I feltstrangely reminiscent laugh to see it because it is the aspect that you tlso have when you're not on Earth. Simplemind, is beyond description, so I will continue to take this picture for now. As for my face, soon you'll see.

- When I'm not on Earth? -Mike asked.

"The existence on Earth is temporary. And it already sabes, right? Be who you are, Michael Thomas. You are a manber understand the spiritual and eternal nature of human beings. You thanked many times have a naTURE spiritual, and ours have listeneded each and every one of your words.

Mike was silent. In fact, he had prayed in church at home, but think it was allspoon was clearly too much exaggeration. And being that starred his dream said that I knew him?

- Where are you from? "Asked Mike.

-Home.

Now, the loving being seemed to shine right in front of the small home of Mike. The figure shook his head and waited patiently for him to consider what is said. Mike felt a shiver ran through top spine abajo. Had a strong feeling that what was Frenyou it was totally true and a great wealth of knowledge will be granted for the asking.

- You're right! "Said the angel answering the cavityMike domestic relations. What you do now will change your future. Do you see that it is, right?

- Do you read my thoughts? Mike asked somewhat timidly.

-No. We can feel them because, you know, your heart is connected to everything and so we go when we need.

- Do you speak in plural? "The situation was becoming more mysterious. I can only see you.

The angel laughed heartily, and the sound was spectacular. How much energy did that laugh! Mike felt that every cell of your body resonate with a sense of humor expressed the angel. Everything he did was cool, larger than life and, in some ways reminiscent of how wonderful it was something deep in the subconsciousM cientichael, who was stunned with the sound of laughter, but said nothing.

"I'm speaking with one voice, but I represent the voices of many others," said the angel as extenday arms, leaving the odd-skin robe floated and undulated with the movement. There are many of us in the service of every man, Michael. This will be evident to you, if you choose to do so.

-CHOOSE THAT OPTION! "Confirmed Michael shouted. How could he ignored an invitation like that? At that time, Michael is whetherntió a little embarrassed, as if acting like a child in front of a movie star. He was silent for a while, noting that the Angel was moving slightly up and down as if on a kind of small hydraulic lift. Again, he reflected to what extent it was winddo was a product of the desire to perceive things in certainto thus came from both films he had seen as attending church or to meet some great obras art. And again, all was quiet. What silence! It was evident that the angel would not give information unless Mike began to ask questions.

- I can ask about my situation? Mike inquired respectfully. Am I dreaming? It seems so real ...

- What is a human dream, Michael Thomas? "The Angel was moved a little closer. It is a visit to your mind biological and spiritual, that enables you to receive information from my perspective, sometimes metaphorically. Did you know? Possibl life statue will not be like a dream your reality but, in truth is closer to the reality of God than anything else that you experience regularly! The times that your father and your mother have visited in a dream, how do you feel? Do they look real? Deceptive. Remember when I visited the week after the accident? LloRaste for days as a result. It was their reality: the messages you sent were real, because even today ifGuen giving her love, Michael, and que, the same as you, they are also eternal. As for your situation, why you think you're having this dream? It is the sole purpose of this visit, and is timely and appropriate.

Mike was delighted with the long conversation of that beautiful to be that every moment seemed to him more familiar.

- Will go free in this situation? I rather think that I am terribly hurt and I have lain unconsciouspercent in some part, perhaps dying ...

"That depends," replied the angel.

- What? -Unbreakablelrio Michael.

- What do you really want, Michael? Le preGunter angel in a charming manner. Tell us what TRULY want. Meditate your resfantastic, Michael Thomas, since God's energy is almost always literal. Furthermore, we know that you know. You can not fool your own nature.

Michael wanted to give an honest answer. The situation was becoming more real as they went on TIMEpo. He could remember the dreams he had and so trueexperiamented, in which parents appeared immediately after the accident they had. Appeared together with him the few times I could sleep during that awful weekna. Embraced him, caressed him and told him that that was the right time to leave (whatever the meaning of that word in this case). Mike had not been able to accept.

Their parents had told him with a part oftreatment of his death was giving Mike a gift. Always prequestion that Don could be that. But now, again, was it a dream or reality? The angel told him it was real. While it was true that the experience was vinow watching it seemed, perhaps the appearances of their parents were also similar to what was an angel, a dream or vision he perceived as confusing. He thought that with frustration-tration.

"What I really want?" Asked Michael. He thought about his life and everything that had happened during dthe previous year. I knew what thatlaugh, but he was not strong enough to ask.

"It fits in your glory you deny your innermost desires," said the angel to reflect.

"Wow," said Michael to himself. "Again, the angel knows what I'm thinking. I can not hide anything. "

"If you know what I want, then why am I prequestions? "Asked Mike. What is it that I am splendorDoros?

For the first time, an angel showed more than just smiledsa. It was a feeling of honor and reswahoo!

"You have no idea of who and what you are, Michael Thomas, the angel told him seriously. Do I look like her-mous? You should see the look that you have. And someday you'll see. And as far as I know your thoughts and senfeelings because yes! I am here as part of the support they receive and, therefore, I am with you in many ways very personal. Appear before you is an honor for me, but it's your own purpose which produce the change now. Puedes choose to tell me what tor greatest wish at this momentttion as a human being, or not tell me. The answer must come from your own heart, which manifested with sufficientcient strength to hear that all (even YOU same.) What you do in this time represent a diConference for many things.

Mike fully assimilated. I had to express their viewDad, even though it was not the angel that wanted to hear. Reflexed a moment, then spoke.

- I want to go HOME! I'm tired of my life as a human.

Well,to was that! I wanted to leave.

"But I do not want to escape something that is important in the plan of God, Mike spoke with passion. Life seems meaningless, but I was taught that I was created in the image and likeness of God with a purpose. What cando you do?

The angel moved to the side of the crib so that Michael could see better. It was amazing that vision, dream or whatever. I could have sworn that at that moment perceived a smell of violets (or was it lilac?). Why flowers? The angelsl really smelled! It looked even more beautiful the closer. Michael also knew that the angel enjoyed the dialogue. I could feel it, but did not distinguish expression on his face.

"Tell me, Michael Thomas. Is it pure your purpose? Real "minds want what God wants? Want to return home, but you are also aware, one way or another, of a grander plan. So also do not want to disappoint andsome want to engage in a spiritual act that is inappropriateyouralmente, right?

"Yes," replied Mike. It is exactly as you say. I leave my situation, but I fear that this desire is a contradiction, or is selfish.

- What if I told you that you have both? Asked the angel with a smile. And your desire to go home is not selfish, but natural, and is not in conflict with the desire to honor your purpose as a human being.

"Please tell me how I can do it," said anxious Mike.

The angel had been the heart of Mike and for the first time, I was honored spiritually.

-Michael Thomas of pure purpose, to determine whether this could be your quest, I ask you another question before I tell you more about "The Angel moved away. What do you hope to get to go home?

Mike pondered thoroughly. His silence may have been uncomfortable in a normal human conversation, but fully understood the angel because I knew that this was a sacred moment for the soul of Michael Thomas. According to the measurement of time here in IGround, Michael Thomas was cavildo for ten minutes or more, but the angel remained unchanged and quiet, without showing any sense of impatience or boredom. Mike began to realize that this being was eternal and did not experience the feelings of impatience they used to humans, whose only reality was linear time.

"I want to be loved and be surrounded by love," was the answer Mike's fantastic. I want to feel peace in my life, "he paused, and continued:" I do not want to be subject to the concerns and difficulties in interacting with people I rodean. I do not want to worry about money. I feel RELEASED! I'm tired of being alone! I mean something for other beings in the universe. I know that if there is any reason, and to comply with my part, be a correct and proper part of God's plan. In reality Dad, do not want to be the man I've been. I want to be like you! "Again, he paused. This is what accounts for I go home.

Once again, the angel stood at the foot of the crib.

"Then, Michael Thomas of Purpose Pure, you'll get what you want!

The angel seemed to shine even more brightly, if that was possible! His brilliance was all white, even at that time began to acquire a golden hue.

"But you must follow a path that is predetermined and must do so voluntarily with the intention and your choice. Then you will be rewarded with a trip home. Will you?

"Yes," replied Mike.

It was beginning to manifest in him a feeling that could only be described as a love bath. The air was beginning to be dense. The radiance of the angel began to invade and surround and cradle the feet of Mike, who felt a cold that swept through the spine. Involuntarily, he began to shake with a quick vibration, something that had never before experienced. It was so fast it looked like a buzz. He climbed up his body to the head. His vision began to change: flashes of blue light purple contrasted with bright white who had been watching from the price of experience.

- What happens? Mike asked with fear.

"Your intention is to change your reality.

"I do not understand. Mike was terrified.

"I know," replied the angel in a very compassionate. Do not be afraid to integrate God into your being. It is a merger you have asked, and that will be appropriate for your trip home.

The angel moved away from the narrow bed where he lay Mike, to make room.

- Do not go yet, please! "Exclaimed Mike, who was scared and overwhelmed.

"I'm just adjusting to adapt to your new hand the angel said, somewhat amused. I'll be gone when we finished.

I still do not understand but I have no fear, "Mike lied.

The angel laughed again, filling the space with a resonance that shocked Mike for their wonderful joy and the intensity of his love. Mike realized that there were no secrets, so she kept talking. I had to know what was this feeling. Then the angel laughed again.

- What happens when I laugh? Somehow affected me inside, and something that had never felt before. The angel was glad to hear the question.

"What you hear and feel is an attribute that comes purely from the power of God," replied the angel. The humor is one of the few qualities that pass unchanged from us yours. Have you ever wondered why humans are the only biological entities on Earth able to laugh? You might think that animals do, but they are only responding to a stimulus. You are the only one who has the true spark of spiritual wisdom that supports this unique property, the only ones who can create humor from a thought or an abstract idea. Therefore, the key is your awareness. Believe me, is sacred. And that is very healing, Michael Thomas of Purpose Pure.

This was the longest explanation the angel had given him so far. Mike felt he could get to the truth like that before the end of the meeting. And he tried with genuine enthusiasm.

- What is your name?

"I have no name.

All was again silent and there was a long pause. "Ah," thought Mike. «Back to her responses. "And he kept trying:

- How do you know? ²

- I SOY known to all, Michael Thomas. And I known for all, therefore I exist.

² While the phrase may sound strange, it has its *raison d'être*. The author does not use in English the verb "call" to link the question with the explanation. (*N. of T.*)

I do not understand what you mean," said Michael.

"I know," replied the angel, who laughed again, but not of it. His smile was a tribute to the ingenuity of Mike in a situation which was not expected to obtain more information, the same way that a parent would consent to a child who made insightful questions about life. There was love in everything he did or said the angel. Mike knew he had to stop pushing, and got down to business.

- What is the path of which you speak, dear angel? Mike was embarrassed for a moment, having employee the word "dear", but somehow it was appropriate to address the person standing before him. The angel was paternal, as a brother, a sister and at the same time, transmitting the personal feeling of being a lover, all at once. It was a feeling that Mike does not forget easily. I wanted to stay with that energy, and I was horrified to think it would come to an end.

"When you return to your reality, Michael, prepare for an adventure lasting several days. When ready, it will show the beginning of the trip. You will be asked to travel to the seven houses the Spirit, and discover each an entity similar to me, each with a different purpose. The trip may hold surprises and even dangerous things, but you can leave whenever you want, and not judge you die. During the trip will change and learn how many things. It will ask you to study the attributes of God. If you go through the seven houses, the door to return home will appear before you. And, Michael Thomas of Purpose-Pure angel paused and smiled, "will a great place as soon as you open that door."

Mike had no idea what to say. Felt a sense of liberation, but also a great nervousness by the fact of traveling into the unknown. What would show? Should it? Perhaps this was just an absurd dream! However, what was real?

"What is before you now, Michael Thomas of pure purpose is real," said the angel, who once again had captured emotions. The place that is a real temporal stability built with the sole purpose of human beings hands carried out an apprenticeship.

It was enough that Michael had a doubt that the angel's knowledge. Mike came to feel that somehow his mind was being violated by this new form of communication but on the other hand, was being honored! "In a dream, you're in touch with your own brain," said Michael. "Therefore, you can not keep secrets about yourself. And perhaps because it seems normal to have a conversation with this being that always knows what I'm thinking. "In addition, Mike was experiencing exactly what the angel said and began to feel quite comfortable in this" dream reality "and had no desire to return to anything that was less than that."

- What now? Mike asked hesitantly.

- And express your intention to make the trip. So now return to your human conscious state. However there are some points to remember: things are not always what they seem, Michael. As you progress, you'll be closer to reality now than experiments are with me. Therefore, you may need to develop a new way of being, perhaps a little more ... "The angel paused more in this of what you used to be, as you approach the door of the home."

Mike did not understand what I was talking to an angel but, nevertheless, listened intently.

The angel continued:

"I must ask you another question, Michael Thomas of PropPure site."

"I'm ready," said Mike, feeling less confident, although honestly ready to move forward. What is the question?

The angel went to the foot of the crib.

- Michael Thomas of pure purpose, do you love God? Mike was surprised by the question. "Sure, he thought. Why you ask?

"As you can see my heart and know my feelings, know that love God," answered on the spot.

There was silence and Mike was able to ensure that the angel was happy.

- Why, yes!

It was the last phrase that Mike heard of the life of the beautiful creature, who clearly loved him very much. The angel reached out to Mike and moved so that through his throat. How could I go that far? Immediately, Mike felt like thousands of fireflies ran down his neck and at the same time, adjusted him. He felt no pain but suddenly threw up.

3. PREPARATION

(BEGIN THE TRIP)

- Tilt your head left, into the drain! Le gritó the nurse to nurse. Vomiting.

That night, as usually happened every Friday, the emergency room was crowded. This time the full moon had come at things. Although they had no knowledge of astrology or metaphysics, hospitals tended to put more staff in the emergency room during this lunar phase, because apparently there are things that do not occur in any other period. The nurses rushed from the room to meet other urgent cases.

- Are you aware? Is asked who had accompanied Mike to the ER.

The nurse bent down to white coat examine Mike's eyes close.

"Yes. Already awake," he said. When can you speak to him, do not let him join. It has a very bad blow to the head that have saturated with several points, and jaw will hurt a lot for a while. The radiographs show that is almost broken. Fortunately, we were able to correct the dislocation when he was still unconscious.

The nurse's cubicle rolled, a space bounded by a curtain sliding down a semicircular guide. Al salir, drew the curtain so that Mike and his neighbor were left alone again. The many sounds of the emergency room were almost imperceptible, but the neighbor could hear both people and what was happening on both sides of the place where he was. In the cubicle on the left was a woman who had been stabbed and the right an older man who had a insufficient respiratory and arm numb. They had arrived about the same time as Mike, was about an hour or so.

Mike opened his eyes and felt a sharp pain in the lower jaw. He immediately realized he was awake. "No more dreaming about angels, he thought when the evidence of pain and the situation is in contrast slowly began to become reality. Fluorescent lighting that bathed the emergency area with a bright light, sterile, was that Mike was twitching his face and closed eyes. It was cold in the room, and instantly, Mike felt the need to bundle up with a blanket, but nobody offered it.

"He's been unconscious for a while, my friend," said the neighbor, a little uncomfortable not knowing even how to call Mike Maba. Have given a few stitches in the head and jaw have put in place. It is best not to talk.

Mike looked full of gratitude to the man who was bending over him. Despite further stunned analyzed risks that face, recognizing in them the tenant saw Vienda next to his. The man sat next to Mike, he slept soundly.

When he awoke, he realized that he was in another place, peaceful and quiet, lying on a bed. As he opened his eyes and trying to clear the mind, was taking to realize that was still in the hospital, but was now in a private room. "What elegance hospital thought. His eyes apathetic noticed the paintings that decorated the walls and the ornate chair placed next to the bed. A sophisticated sound insulation material covering the roof, crossing the room with a small grid and elegant Mike blurred vision perceived slightly oblong. Remained fluorescent lighting, but was turned off and concealed by the fine design deep purple. Most of the light coming from a window overlooking the bay and a pair of incandescent lamp shades who were in the room. Instead of the TV stand with most hospitals usually have on the opposite wall was a cabinet tops. The cupboard doors were cut refining. The lamps had different tones as a luxury hotel and combination tones with the wallpaper! What place was that? A resident Private CIA? However, it suffices to consider the environment a little more awareness to realize that, placed at various points in the room, were the air conditioning ducts, gas and electricity standard in all hospitals. Mike guessed that, on his back, there were several diagnostic devices. One of them was subject to his arm in plaster and emitting a flashing signal and periodically.

Apparently no one was around, and Mike began to analyze what had happened. Do you have operated your throat? Could he talk? Slowly he put his hand to the neck, especially found full of dressings, or inclusion so, cast. But instead, he found the softness of her skin! He felt his fingers around the neck, to make sure everything was in place.

He made a gradual attempt to clarify the throat and Sister immediately turned on to hear his own voice. However, when you open your mouth what the problem was detected. A sharp pain and unsettling, which caused nausea, prodded him in the back of the mouth and below the ears. "I know cotton hurt me," thought Mike as he was the intention not to re-open mouth so quickly.

"I see that we have already awakened. I can give what is necessary to remove the pain you, Mr. Thomas," he said from the door of the room a female voice with a plaintive but gently. But will recover sooner if you take painkillers to know your own tolerance level. You have no fractures, and to recover it just needs to exercise the jaw.

The nurse, dressed in what could be defined as a uniform and design, went to bed. In addition to its attitude, so neat and perfect, you could tell he had much experience. On various badges hanging pocket available capacity. Mike spoke with his mouth ajar to avoid injury, barely moving his jaw to pronounce each word.

- Where am I? "He muttered through clenched teeth.

"He's in a private hospital in Beverly Hills, Mr. Thomas. "The nurse came over and stood beside him. Spent the night here, after he brought the recovery room there in emergencies. And soon you will be discharged.

Mike opened his eyes in surprise, and his face reflected a great concern. I had heard cases in which patients two to three thousand dollars a day for being admitted to a place like that. His heart beat rapidly to consider how to pay the bill.

"Do not worry, Mr Thomas said the nurse tried to capture the expression of Mike. Everything is so revolutionizing. His father did all the steps that had to do, and of course, paid the bill.

Mike was silent for a moment, thinking how it was that his father, now deceased, which might have made any management. Maybe she *assumed* it was his padre, and indeed it was his neighbor? Mike regained the strength to speak as little as possible trying to move the mouth.

- Did you see? Mike growled.

- Of course I have ever seen! It is very handsome, his father! Tall and blond like you, and has the voice of a saint. Did you know? Was very successful between nurses.

As I listened, Mike acknowledged that he had an accent of Minnesota, where he was coming. There seem to get a tanto convoluted, putting the subject at the end of the sentence: a strange manner of speaking that he had had to change shortly after arriving in California. The Minnesota way of speaking made it look like Yoda, one of the characters *The Star Wars*.

"He paid cash," he continued explaining the nurse. Do not worry, Mr. Thomas. By the way, has left a message for you.

Mike felt her heart skipped a beat, but resources as the alleged father was none other than his neighbor,

but the description of the nurse did not fit either. She left the room to fetch the message. They did not spend even five minutes after he had returned with a piece of paper that clearly contained a typed message.

"He has made," said the nurse as she took a piece of letterhead paper with the name of hospital-. Said he had good handwriting, so we are typed. Indeed, it is still difficult to understand. Have you called Pepe as a child?

The nurse gave him paper and Mike read it. Read as follows:

Dear Michael Pepe

Not everything is as it seems. Your search begins now. Sana soon and prepare your things for the trip. I have prepared the way home. Accept this gift and move on. It will show you the path.

Mike felt a chill down her back. He looked at the nurse with a Gradec, and pressing the paperwork your chest, closed his eyes hinting that he wanted to be alone. The nurse got the message and left the room.

Mike's mind was considering various possibilities. The note said: "Not everything is as it seems." It was an insufficient explanation! Knew that the night before a criminal throat had been trampled, crushed, and left him half dead on the floor of his apartment. He had felt, every second, how to creak tod bones during the horrible incident! However, he had had no injury other than a dislocated jaw but placesgives back in place, plus some scratches and a few slight bruise to his face and head, it would hurt for a while but, by no means let him incapacitated. Was that the gift was received?

The idea that the vision of the angel was an event seenridic did not integrate into the reality of Mike until after read the note. If it was the angel whose was it then? Simply do not know anyone who had enough money or know enough to give you anything, let alone to pay his considerable medical spending account. Who else, besides Angel, knew about the trip he had promised to do? His body vibrated with questions and he still had doubts about the letter and its meaning when I finally received the confirmation he needed, and smiled.

The nurse had asked if they called him Pepe. The note was clearly written "Pepe", like a name (indeed, was the "angel" who had dictateddo letter by letter, and who had paid the bill.) But it was not a diminutive or a nickname, but the letters were initials! Pe-Pe 'Pure Purpose! " Therefore, the greeting meant: "Dear Michael, of propositionsto Pure. " Mike's smile turned into laughter. He was badly wounded, but still laughing, and his whole body EstremeCIO for the joy of the moment, until finally stopped andeffusion tears of happiness. I would go home!

The following days were special. Mike was discharged and left the hospital carrying a few analpainkillers that will help alleviate the pain, but found that did not need. His jaw seemed to recover at an incredible speed, allowing him to exercise it with care. He could speak well. After two days he got to eat normally, although at first cost is a littleeffort. And throughout this process, just felt pain. I was a little stiff, but it was bearable because of the circumstances. Mike did not want to take painkillers to avoid losing the euphoria he felt in thinking that would make his spiritual quest. Before long, cuts and bruises were developinggradually appearing, but Mike was surprised that it happened so quickly.

Quit his job by telephone. In his mind had practiced many times do, and realmtasted body moment to give up his attachment to this horrible worklow. Then he called his friend John explaining his best he was going to take a long vacation and might not return. John wished him luck, but expressed concern about the reservation of Mike about his plans.

- Come on, man, I can tell me! "I said John in a persuasive tone. I will not say or do anything. What's occupiedriendo?

Mike knew that John would not understand the explanationtion that uNo angel had appeared and had instructed him, so he stuck to his guns.

"I have to make a very personal journey," he told John. It means a lot to me. "And gave no further explanations.

Mike packed his things and said goodbye to her apartment. Carefully separated their most personal belongings from clothing and appliances. Did not have much, but kept in two suitcases specific things that are most appreciatedba: the pictures and some books. Mike was aware that LLE could notvar a lot of clothes, so I just put that required for a very brief trip, keeping it together with photos and books.

Mike invited her to his house to the neighbor who had saved him and gave him clothes, television, the bike he used to go to workjar and most of the few possessions they had accumulatedside during the past year.

"If you do not want them, donate them to charity," suggested Mike neighbor.

Apparently, he was touched by the gesture, and constipationcho Mike's hand warmly whileor showing him a big smile. Mike had the impression that the man needed a lot of things that had given him. Desafter having called the ambulance, the neighbor had also saved a cat, fish, so it was logical that it will take, after all, was already in your aquarium.

- Farewell, Jack, be good! "Said Mike with a arelaughter to say goodbye to him in the apartment next door. Jack did not even deign to look at him because he was busy with his new friends in the aquarium.

When quint days after leaving the hospital, Mike realized he was nearing the end of their preparations. I did not know exactly what to do or where to go. It was night and everything was quiet. I was sure that the angel would know that he was ready and the next day would be the beginning of something new. Mike felt that the trip was something absolutereal mind. He was convinced he would know what to do. All that had happened during that week justifying the logicca of their faith. Mike decided to review the prized possessions they had gathered their bags for your spiritual journey.

The opened and examined thoroughly the things I thought necessary take with them. The first group consisted of photos. The photo album was in shreds by the passage of time, and many of the old photos were glued with corner stickers that were used in the fifties. He opened the album with care not to remove the old is-quineros and, once again, felt a familiar sadness to see the Buddhato his parents' wedding, the first album. After the accident, was found along with other personal photostions of them and barely had the courage to look at them again.

In the photo, his parents smiled at the camera and they looked very much in love, began their life together. Mike seemed very amused by the clothes they wore and was the only time he remembered seeing his father to tie. Later, Mike found the old wedding dress of her mother in the attic and asked a neighbor lor wrap and keep it, because to him it was very painful. When they had done the photo, Mike was just a glimmer of hope in his eyes, and saw the future with hope for the good things of life. Mike looked at the picture for a long time and finalmind, he spoke softly:

"Dad, Mom, I'm your only son. I hope that what I do not disappoint you. I love you both, and I want to see you soon.

Precious minutes passed, in which Mike flipped through the pages of the album containing the story of his childhood. It tore more than a smile. There were la vieja farm and casual photos of their various friends. He loved the picture I had mounted on the tractor when I was six. That album was a treasure! Mike felt that God could be happy because he honored his parents and their training by choosing pictures to take with him on that special trip. I did not know what would happen with the album eventually, but for now, Mike felt he could not leaver AqueTthe things.

Then, there were his books. I had much appreciation! His Bible was worn by both read it and had reconfor-Tado on many occasions. Although not understand all of its contents, felt his spiritual energy. He had carefully guarded and was something they would never relinquish. Luego were the books he had read in his childhood, which sigvery quick explanation for it (for example, *The Hardy Boys* or *Charlotte's Web*). Were only a few paperbacks that he was leyendo periodically, each time he did, he recalled the things he had done to discover the age at whichvered for the first time these wonderful stories and characters. Finally, there was the great adventure *Moby Dick* he read when he was somewhat higher, and the library *Sherlock Holmes* and their favorite poems, written by authors almost unknown.

Both these books as the photos were carefully packed in two bags, to carry with comfort. This allowed him to carry also a bag tamedium coat that could contain a couple of sandwiches as a snack. Mike felt that he was ready, so I sat on the floor of his apartment, now empty. He had a pillow, and that was enough to sleep. He was prepared to face the next day. The anxiety caused by the idea of starting his spiritual search nearly did not allow him tociliary sleep, because in his mind the images succeededitions of all that had happened so far, and there was a positivebility to follow him more things happening. Was prolikely that the next day began their journey home.

4. THE FIRST HOUSE

The next day was a little gray, but Mike was animado. With limited funds will allow the reservedtió a good breakfast on the terrace of a local cafe. It felt strange to be on the street at that hour, as usualmind was in the office, used to working hard all day and a snack lunch sitting at his writerio. When the sun went down, he used to be toDavies in the interior of the building.

Once outside, with the portfolios in the hands and the bag hanging from one shoulder, Mike was asked what road shouldwould take exactly. I knew I could not go to the west, and immediately reach the ocean. Then decided to go east until you indicate a different route. Appropriatefortunately, Mike was very good to start a journey based on faith, but still wanted to have a clear destination.

"If only Tuviawas some indication of what direction to take, perhaps a map or an indication of my current position, he told Mike as he walked slowly to the east throughslowly do the suburbs of Los Angeles to stretch marksbacione of a seemingly endless neighborhoods. "I will take weeks to get out of here, he thought.

Truly, I knew where I was going, but continued to advance eastward. A lunch time sat in a ditch and swallowed the remains that had kept the breakfast. Once more, wondered if he was on the right track.

"If you're here, I need you now! Mike cried aloud, turning to the sky. Where is the door way?

- You will need a current map!

Mike heard a familiar voice spoke in his ear. He got up and looked around but saw no one. He recognized the voice of the angel who had met before.

- I've heard that or I have felt? Mike murmured with a sense of relief. Communication had finally! -. Why did you wait so long? "Mike continued with a touch of humor.

"Just have asked for help just now," remarked the voice.

- But I've been hanging around for hours!

"That was your choice," said the voice. Why have targiven so much to verbalize YOUR petition?

It was obvious that the voice had a certain funny tone, turning to criticism of Mike.

- Are you saying that you only get help when do you ask for?

"Yes. What a concept! "Said the voice. You are a spyfree spirit, honest and powerful and able to make your own way if ast you choose. It's what you've been doing duduring your lifetime. We have always been here, but

only act when you ask. Does it seem so strange?

Mike was momentarily annoyed by the logic absoluta which enclosed the words of the angel.

"Well, tell me where do I go? It's past meNoon, and all morning I've been guessing where DIRIGirma.

- You guessed right! "Said the voice, ironically implicitly. The door to the road is just ahead.

- Does that mean going well?

"Do not be too surprised to go in the direction corect. You're part of everything, Michael Thomas of Purpose Puro. With practice, your intuition will be very effective. Today I am here only to give a little guidance, entitled VoiceBeaba. Look before you! If you're on the doorstep!

Mike was faced with a great driving hedge into a ravine bordered by rows of houses.

"I see nothing.

"Look again, Michael Thomas.

Mike looked at the bush and slowly it was realizing that there was the outline of a door. Spent developing-perceived because it was fully integrated into the inaround and appeared to be part of the overall structure of the plant. Mike thought it was impossible NO see the door, evenlaughing. It was so obvious! He turned his face a moment, then turned to her with a new perception. Was there even more evident than before.

- What is happening? Mike asked, aware that their perception was changing.

"When things occupiedLTAs are becoming obvious, "said the sweet voice you can not go back to ignorance. Now you'll see clearly all the doors, because you have indicated your intention to it.

Although Mike could not understand the full meaning of what he was getting, it was fully ready to take the main road of your journey. The hedge no longer seemed a door and actually became one! Right before their eyes, was changing and defined.

- This is a miracle! Mike whispered as he continued observhow high hedge'm transformed into a tangible door. Stepped back to allow the phenomenon was going to have enough space.

"Actually, it's not," replied the voice. What happens is that your spiritual purpose I has changed a bit, and things that vibrate at your new level simply have entered your field of vision, that is not a miracle. Simply put, this is how it works.

- Are you telling me that my conscience can transformTues reality? Asked Mike.

Semantic-resp-ondi voice. The reality is the essenceence of God and is constant. Your human consciousness reveals only the new parts you wish to experience. As you change, more of it becomes evident, then candes experience the new and used numerous revelationszarlas as you want. However, you can not turn back.

Mike began to understand, but before starting caminority through the door that had just revealed to him, he had to do one more question. I had always Tenido the layout of analyzing everything in terms of truth, and this included the sweet voice that was now listening in his mind. Mike pondered the question and made:

"You said I am a creature of free will. So why I can not turn back if I choose? What if I ignore the new reality and return to a more simple? Is not that free will?

"It's the physics of spirituality that creates an axiom that states that you can never return to a state of me-Awareness normalreplied a voice. However, if you choose activetively try, then you are denying the lighting that has given you and throwing you off balance. Certainly, you intentar back. It's your free will. But it is sad that human has to try to ignore what they know to be true, it will not last long having a dual vibratory rate.

Mike did not understand all the new spiritual information he was giving voice. However, the response receivedput your question. Knew I could turn around and restoneware to the city. The choice was hers. But while studentssaw there, continue watching the door. And if you chose to ignore it despite knowing that there was likely to be unbalanceddra and, indeed, fall ill. Somehow, all this made sense, and his desire was to go forward, not backwards. So Michael took the bags and the bag, and walked through the door the way it represented the beginning of your journey. This road was a simple dirt path, similar to thatany way whichany ravine. Mike was excited and started at seacha, leaving the door quickly.

As did, a green figure, sinister, and indefinitelyda, slid after him, as well as through the door. That stepped part of the shrub that faded immediately, and if Michael had not advanced, he would have noticed him, alerted by the stench given off. Quickly. That took position and started following Michael Thomas, staying out of sight, iero going to mymo had this rash step. As a spectrum astuto, fast, That followed Mike overshadowing their energy and joy with the same amount of hatred and dark purposes. Mike could not even imagine that this existed.

Shortly after getting underway, the landscape, includingso the perception of the land, ostensibly to Michael Thomas changed. I could not see the sprawling city of Los Angeles, or the multitude of suburban houses. Of I-fact, there was no sign of civilizationization, as for exampleFor example, telephone poles, aircraft or highways. There entrepreneursdo look forward to the dirt road that was before him, going through the same without thinking, like a child opening his Christmas gifts. Then he realized that, step by step, went deeply into another world. The journey was taking him to a reality that was still far from borrar which had just experienced. Mike asked if she was in a place between Earth and Heaven, Donto begin his spiritual teaching. Had assumeddo that soon the process would take place that prepare you for the honor of coming home. The road, similar to a trail gradually widened, and now was almost the width of a road. She presented no trace of footsteps and was very easy to follow.

Suddenly, Michael looked around. What was that? His eye caught a dark green color image that moved

rapidly and darted left, ocultándose behind a large round rock.

"It must be the local fauna," thought Mike.

The way you have come so far was an accurate reflection of where we are headed now: a long path that twisted and turned to appear and disappear in the distance hill after hill.

The whole tour is conducted in a lush countryside and beautiful, full of trees, green lawns and blooms on the rocks. The flowers dotting the landscape as luminescent color infinite points located exactly in the workplace-dards of the perfect canvas of nature.

Mike stopped to rest. He wore no watch, but when looking at the sun's position would be assumed that about two-noon, lunch. He sat next to caminority and ate the remains of a large breakfast, which was guargiven for his last two snacks. He looked around and saw the peace.

"No birds, he thought. He noted the ground more closely. "Nor are insects. This site is really strange. "Ob Mikeserved throughout. He felt a sudden breeze on your bement. "At least, no air!" He looked to the sky and contemporaryPló crisp blue and renovating a gorgeous day.

He realized that he had no more food, but I knew I was not alone and that, in one way or another, God would give him support. He recalled the story of Moses in the desert, who ran for forty years with the tribes of Israel. Recalled that these nomads were aliRegulation of the sky, and reflected on the historicaltory, wonderingDose if it was true. He thought: "All those families who followed Moses were stubborn teenagers, such as teneWe at present. " I could see them complaining to their parentsrespective parents: "Hey! What we have already been eight times in the same rock since I was a kid! Why confide in that type, as Moses? We are doing walking in circles! The desert can be so great! Can not you see? ".

Mike laughed as he imagined the scene, then preguE if soon see that rock that would indicate who was also walking in circles! I had no idea where he went, like the Israelites in the desert and had no food! This made him more eager to laugh because of the similarities.

Perhaps the laughter was honored, or simply it was the right time, the case is that the next bend in the wide dirt road, he saw Mike. It was the first house, bright blue. "God, she thought," If Frank Lloyd Wright Pudiwas to see this, give a yell! ". Mike laughed in his inteve. "I hope I have been disrespectful," but never beforeBia seen a blue house. The road led directlymind at the door, so you knew or assumed he was at his first stop. It was also clear that there was no other building nearby.

As Mike approached the small house campo he saw that his color was blue, cobalt, and their inteprevious emitted a diffuse light. While touring the road leading to the door, saw a small sign that identifiedcaba home as "HOUSE OF THE MAPS." Mike noted that this was exactly what he asked! Now he had managed to reach a particular location. Maybe the rest of the trip would not be so full of uncertainty. Current local map could be a valuable tool in this strange land.

The front door suddenly opened and she left a large and beautiful creature, a blue color harmonizationZaba perfectly with that of lhome! Obviously, it was an angelic entity, as the angel of vision overflowsba reality and was bigger than a human. His prepresence filled the air with a sense of grandeur and a floral scent. Once again, Michael could hear the fragancia emanating from the body! The great being blue was placed in front of him.

- Welcome, Michael Thomas of Purpose Pure! I had hoped.

Unlike the angel of the vision, it was per sideperfectly visible, and Michael could see it an expression of comfort and joy that seemed to be continuous, whatever he said. Mike was grateful for his company and weTro respectful of the situation. He saluted the angel.

- Welcome to you too, great to be blue!

Mike swallowed. What if the angel did not like to call itmaran blue? What if blue color was only a product of the human mind and not really blue? "Maybe not even like that color!". Mike sighed at the list of what if ...? I was going through his mind humana.

"I'm blue for all people, Michael Thomas ProPure-granary mused the angel, and I accept your welned with joy. Please enter the House of Maps and get ready for the night.

This time, Mike was pleased that the angel read his thoughtsments. Or was that, rather than read them, could feel, as the angel had told him of the vision? In any case, Mike was glad to not have offended the guardian of the first house.

Mike and the angel, two different entities together inworkwere in the blue house. Even as the door closed behind them, two huge eyes, piercing, angry and cobeet red lor the spying crouching among the thick undergrowth, a little to the left of the driveway. They were very alert. There were hard and were very patient and silent. Not move or parpadearían to see Michael Thomas was ready to resume their journey.

Upon entering the house, Mike was amazed at what he saw. The interior of the structure was immediatelynso! Seemed endless, though his exterior was modest and humble. He recalled that the angel of the vision he had said that things might not be what they seemed, and it was evident that this was part of the new and strange reality of his conscience. Mike did Conjestructures on this new perception: Did you have a larger meaning?

Following the angel, Mike toured the spacious halls of the House of Maps. Evoked the inside of a libraryTeak class, similar to that of some illustrious biEuropean braries, where are rated important historical books of all kinds. However, are rathereries with books, the walls were tens of thousands of holes and each of them contained what Mike thought identify as a scroll. The walls seemed to be endless, and there were holes in both

sides of each of the vestibulethose through which they passed, they had several storeys. I still could not see up close the holes, but it was possible to contain maps, as the name of the house so indicated. But why so many? The tour of the huge room seemed endless, and the process did not find any other living creature.

- Are we alone? Asked Mike.

The angel turned to him and laughed.

"I suppose it depends on what you mean by" alone "he replied. You're looking at the contracts that every human being has with the planet.

That said, he walked naturally.

Mike stopped and looked around, reactionando in awe at what the angel had just said. The distance-difference between them increased, as the angel walked on without waiting. Mike is not feeling that followed him, stopped, voll waited patiently watched and said nothing.

Mike saw the ladder leaning against the big stopdes several stories high, filled with endless cubícutimber containing the parchment after parchment. The angel had called contracts. What does that mean?

- I do not understand what you told me! Mike exclaimed as he reached the angel.

"Before the end of your trip, you'll understand," said the angel with comforting voice. There's nothing here that is frightening, Michael. Everything is in order, and your visit was expectedda and honor. Your purpose is pure, and all of us podemos confirm that. Relax and enjoy our love.

The words of the blue body truly impressed Mike. Nobody in the universe could tell me one thingJordan that he had just said. "Mike was beginning to bentir with greater intensity? The viewing angel had given them some love vibrations, but is nowtobacco feeling an emotional reaction which exceededany he had ever experienced.

"Being loved is a wonderful feeling is not it, myMichael?

The Blue Angel was walking again with Mike and was mucho taller than him.

- What is this feeling? Mike asked quedamenyou. I'm almost on the verge of tears.

"You're moving to another vibration, Michael.

Q I do not understandthat does it mean. Eh ... Do you nomber, sir?

Michael was asked again if he had offended the body. What if a female angel? Mike had no idea about this sort of thing, but the size and appearance of the angel could well be female.

"Call me Blue simply replied the angel guiproviding them with one eye. I have no gender, but for my size and my voice, your mind follows that I am male. And me and me it's okay to treat me as such, "he paused pairto allow Mike to capture what he had said, then continued speaking, "Your human cell structure canexist in various vibratory rates, Michael. The vibratory rate you're used to it, so to speak, the level number one. You're familiar with him and has served you dignamente. However, this trip will need to go further, you pass a value vibratory rate six or seven, so you can move towards your goal. It is nowchanging what you coming podwe would call the index two, since we have no better name to give. Like I said, each vibrational rate implies a greater awareness of the true reality of God. What you feel now is the awareness of love. Love is tangible, Michael. Has prophysical properties and is powerful. Your new vibrational rate allows you to feel more like I have never beforecho. It is the essence of this house, and will intensify as you visit each of the houses.

Michael wassung to listen to Blue. This was the explanation, and also the clearest, who had receiveddo so far.

- Are you a teacher? Asked Mike.

"Yes. Each of the angels of the houses there for that purpose, except the last. I have to make several disclosures that are part of my house, and the other angels,RAN same. When you finish the trip, your overall view on how things work in the universe is much greater than now. My mission is to provide algo of what you've earned for expressing your purpose. You're here in my home, to receive the map of your contract. Early morning, before continuing your journey, I will show and answer some questions. It is very importantportant that this house is the first because it will help you on your journey. At the moment, I urge you to enjoy our gifts, which consist of sustenance and rest.

Again, Mike followed the angel, who was beginning to feel like a friend who knew him well, aunthat very blue. They came in a beautiful indoor garden where all fruit and vegetables, row after row, were grown using a meticulous farming. Light, like all other inhabitantstions, streamed in through the portholes of the roof, filleddo each zone of a foreign substance natural. Mike could also smell the bread baking that came from another area of the building.

- Who is responsible for maintenance of all this home? Mike asked. The only one I see here is you. Do you comonth?

"Every house has a space like this, Michael, and no, I do not eat. This garden exists only for humans who, like you, are following this path and spend a timpo suspended this learning experience, and pass through here. The garden has many caregivers, but now can not see them. While navigating your way of knowledge, you will not lack support, health and housing. This is our way to honor you and honor your purpose.

Mike began to feel the overwhelming sensación to be protected while the two were walking through other rooms; the human beings always following the huge blue.

They finally reached a unique rest area, integrated by private agencies provided with a Fantapolicy-poster bed and pristine white lace sheets, inviting Mike to drop into them your tired body. The fluffy pillows called attention offering comfort and security of a deep sleep. Mike was stunned by d levelor organization that was in that house.

- Is all this for me? "Mike was impressed.

"For you and others, Michael. This has been prepared for anyone who has the same type of purpose as you.

In the next room had such a meal, that He might have finished Michael not much in attempted! Was composed of the most succulent meal I had ever seen, and it was too much for one person.

"Eat whatever you want, Michael," said Blue, "that nothing will be left untapped. Pero not keep superfluous, resist the temptation to take it. It is part of a proof of your progress, and it's something you'll understand later.

Blue left him and left the room. Mike put down their luggage, sat down and began to eat as they rarely had. He was careful not to fall into gluttony, but ate the delicious food to be more than satisfied. His eyelids began to close, and the environment a degree of comfort that Mike had not returned to experimental tar from que was a child in the care of their loving parents.

"If I could keep this feeling," thought Mike. Has CIA that the human being worthwhile. Mike is vant to the table thinking they would be responsible for washing dirty dishes next day morning. He was so tired! He barely got off their clothes, which hung on racks on the wall. Fell on the bed and rendered quickly mind was enveloped by the warm envelope of a peaceful sleep.

In the stillness of the morning, Mike lEvant feeling incredibly refreshed. He washed and went to the dining room, where he confirmed that they had picked up the table. Instead of the dirty dishes from the dinner had a great breakfast!

In part, he had woken up to smell the fresh French fries and fried eggs, and a delicious aroma of freshly baked bread. Mike had breakfast alone, and solitude is pregunt again if your request to go home had been approved, and asked himself:

"Is it a mistake to leave the experimentence on earth? What happens to those left behind? "They do not have the capacity to experience vibrational levels of achievement to which he could go. Was it fair? Began to invade a sense of melancholy at the thought of his friends and coworkers. Even he was worried about her ex-lover!

"What is happening?" He asked. "I'm starting to empathize with everyone. And this does not happen often. It is really painful! I'm starting to regretpo choseer something others do not. Does this mean I'm wrong? Should I turn back? "

Suddenly, Blue appeared in the doorway and said:

"It's inevitable that you get that question, Michael. Once again, the angel was in tune with feelings Mike cough. While a start, Michael was lovedo to see Blue and welcomed him with a nod.

"Tell me about these things, Blue said. With all honestidad, need guidance. I begin to question whether hand done the right thing.

"The Spirit's work is wonderful, Michael Thomas of Purpose Pure Blue said," and the postulate of lighting-human nation is this: first, take care of yourself, and honor of your trip will be transmitted to those around you in a synchronous manner, since the intent of a person always Pre affect many others.

"Once again, I find it difficult to fully comprehend what you tell me," said Mike Blue, confused.

"Even if you do not understand at this time, Michael, your actionss affect the others, giving them opportunities to make their own decisions. They would not have these optionss if you had not decided to stay right here and now. Withtrust in the truth of these things, and do not play blame.

Mike felt his spirit was released from a heavy weight. Although Blue was unable to make him understand why things work spiritually, said he was satisfied with thetion of the angel, and this made him feel much better for poder forward.

Mike picked up his belongingss private and left the roomdo and the bedroom area. He entered the huge hall that opened into the door that had happened the day before coming outside. Blue walked slowly behind him, while Mike was amazed at the immensity of his surroundings. The angel said nothing when he noticed that his bag had a few bumps: I knew they were bread and buns.

- Where do we go? Mike asked. Am I in that didirection?

I knew I had to get your own map and wanted Azul it led to where I was.

"Stop here," said Blue.

The two stood in the middle of a huge blue lobby, richly adorned. Blue walked in silence price to a far wall next to a ladder and said,

"Come here, Michael.

Mike obeyed, and in a flash. Azul him climbing a high staircase to find the specific cubicleco where was your map. As he was climbing sodo the rail, he noticed there was a name written in each cubicle bored in lwall. In fact, there were two namesmen in each compartment, one of them seemed written in Arabic characters and the other in Roman. Instead of being arranged alphabetically, the boxes were arranged TAS as a stranger to Mike, but certainly familiar to Blue. This told him exactly where to look and now Mike was just a short distance from the place that Blue had indicated.

Finally, she saw him. The box was written "Michael Thomore »along with another sign iSanskrit in strange characters that also had the other boxes. "They're probably iscriteria angelic language, thought Michael. He had been given the following instructions: Do not look around him, remove the parchment compartment and back down to examine it. Mike just out of the box and was starting to get down the stairs when his eye fell upon another group of names. He felt his heart stopsba beating. The names of their fathers estabandoned there! The provision of the scrolls were in family groups! In the spiritual system that was used in the huge lobby. Mike knew

he had absolutely forbidden toparchment car of another person, but was delayed a bit to examine some of the names that were meaningless to him. "Why are those other names alongside those of my family?" He asked

- Michael? Blue-called from below.

"I'm coming, sir," replied a shy Mike. Blue knew what I was thinking! walk, but Mike did not want to make a kind of question that might break the protoplaced in this sacred place. Thoughtfully, lowered the long runCalera blue and taught him the parchment to Blue. He looked at Mike for a long time, and in his steady gaze had no secrets. Rather, conveyed the gratitude of Blue to Mike, because he had honored the ways of anointing of the system. Mike felt the love of God flooded his whole being, both smilingwere largely at the non-verbal communication. Mike empEzab to feel that words were no longer needed. It was as if I could communicate to all that Blue wanted without making any sound! "This is strange," he thought.

"Not as strange as what you're about to see-resBlue sponded to their thoughts.

"Wow," thought Mike. "We do not book me." Azul ignored this last thought and put the Pergaminot on a table, then turned to Mike.

-Michael Thomas of Purpose Pure formally said, "this is the map of your life. In one form or another, leads-separate you from now. You are given with much love and be one of the most valuable things you possess it.

Suddenly, Mike recalled the words of the angel of vision of the hospital regarding the new energy would be much more active than before. Mike was the inevitable question:

- Is an updated map?

"More updated you could want," was the fanhigh-tastic response be blue. Mike believed listenchar that Blue was laughing openly.

She handed him the map and, without a word invited him to discuss it. Mike took it and pressed it against his chest for a moment, enjoying the gift as if it were a child. He felt the sacredness of the moment, and opened the map with such ceremony smiled at Azul, who knew what was coming.

A reaction of surprise or excitement disappeared while Mike unrolled the little scroll. It was blank! Or not? Right in the center of the parchment, and visible only by careful examination, there was a group of symbols and letters. Mike leaned over and looked closely at the characters grouped. An arrow pointed to a small red dot. Beside the point were the words "YOU ARE HERE." On one side of it was a small symbol that represented the country house, where I could read "House of Maps." Around this was a richly detailed small areada, about three centimeters, containing caMike minority tour so far and there is just no more! The map only shows whereand was at that moment, and detailed only a small area to be extended more or less one hundred meters in each direction.

- What is this? "Asked Mike, without much respectedto-. Are you kidding angelic. Blue? I've come all this way to the House Maps to receive a wonderfulsacred scroll so I said ... I am in the House of Maps!

"Things are not always what they seem, Michael Thomore pure purpose. Take this gift and take it with you.

In fact, Blue was not respondingby going to the question. Mike knew intuitively that it was not a good idea to ask it, so I rolled up the seemingly useless map and put it in his backpack. He was clearly disappointed. Blue, followed by Mike, went back on the road leading to the front door and went outside. The angel went to Mike:

-Michael Thomas of pure purpose, I ask you a question before you continue the journey home.

"Tell me, my blue friend, what is the question? "Asked Mike.

-Michael Thomas Pure Purpose, do you love God? Blue was very serious. Mike found it very strange that the angel of the vision of the hospital would also have asked the same question, and almost the same tone. He wondered what the significance of this occurrence.

"My dear and glorious blue master, because you can see in my heart, you know I love God without a doubt.

Mike looked straight at Angel as he gave his honest answer.

"So be it," said Blue and entered the small house campo cobalt blue, closing the door firmly.

Michael had a sudden feeling of disconnection, and asked: "Did you ever say goodbye to these guys?".

The weather was nice and balmy. Mike picked up his luggage and bag of food, among which were the buns and bread that had taken the blue house and walked down the dirt road along a direction that I knew what condu-candle to another house of learning. Began to roll all the humorous elements belonging to the events that had ocurrido in the House of Maps, and thought, "Imaginate, a map that only tells you where you are at that moment! Go futility! It is clear that I know where it istoy. What a strange place this is! "

Echoes of laughter echoed in the hills while Michael Thomas of pure purpose was to participate in the joy of his situation to the rocks and trees, while continuing his journey home. His laughter also reached the green ears of the body covered with dark warts who followed him only two hundredents meters away. Mike had no idea that this dark cloud had waited patiently for him to resumera his way and, once again, was following in his footsteps. The agency planned no joy, only a determination that Michael Thomas never reached the last house. And had tocompleted their strategy, was to reduce the distance between him and Michael Thomas of Purpose Puro.

5. THE SECOND HOUSE

It was not long before Mike had noticed that produced a change what had been accustomeddo until then. Easily moved by the way, and never thought that could occur any choice as to which direction to take. Also, I was puzzled because I had an intuitive feeling of being watched.

He could see clearly that the distance was presented a situation problem: there was a fork in the road forcing you to choose between two paths to follow to reach the next house. He shrugged and stood, observing what lay ahead.

"What is this?" He thought. "How am I supposed to know the way in this strange land of angels and colorful houses?" Mike did not expect to get answers because the questions were rhetorical and had made only for himself, however, worried. In that moment, he remembered the map.

He sat at the roadside. Had put the map on the same bag that carried the bread, and was about to remove when almost fainted because the odor that it appeared from inside the bag. "What is what is rotting in there?" She asked.

It smelled so bad that Mike was on the verge of not wanting to figure out what was the cause of this pestilence. Indubitably, it was an organic odor, so he deduced that it was the bread, and he was right.

With care, Mike took the map of the bag, giving the proper treatment, because it was a precious gift, and the special expectancy that the odor had not damaged the sacred object, but seemingly useless. The map was over, but the bread and buns, no. Michael emptied the contents of the backpack on the ground and winced at what he saw.

There were, rotten, leftover bread and buns, as if they had been hung outside on a rainy day in a rainforest. The putrid remains were covered with mold, and Mike found the first and only insects in that very strange land, and had thousands. It looked like a worm farm! Mike dropped the bag and stood up a jump. "The bread does not rot," he thought. "And there are no dead meat!" How is that possible? Furthermore, only a few hours ago I left the blue house. Even the meat could decompose so quickly. What is passing here? "

Holding their noses, Mike came to watch more closely. On the ground, the black mass swarmed with worms and we continued to deteriorate before their eyes. He noted how small and nasty creatures devoured the remains of the disgusting mass exploded up. And so it happened with the total remains! Before this show, Mike was sick to my stomach and turned his head to prevent such a nasty sight. At that time, was struck by something that was behind him.

"Yes, there's something there!". I knew that had previously been confused somewhat green and out of sight and a flask in the bush. Mike felt the chills that ran up and down his back. Intuitively, it was a sign of the danger they risked if he backed to go see what it was, so I did not move. Any split in the way? "An animal or creature or whatever it was that perhaps he was following? What was happening in that dark sacred? What was it that had happened to the bread?"

Mike turned to look again at the abominable asquerosity that was piled on the road, and then realized that I was seeing a lot of dust! Since there were no worms, no bread, no stench. Everything had gone back to his roots. Basic years, and the soft wind blowing was beginning to disperse.

What does it all mean? Mike recalled that the angel had warned not to keep any food. But he had not thought that this was also applicable to any snack for the road! Could it be that what was in the casas was different somehow, and could not be maintained during the trip? Looked at the map with concern, holding it carefully so as not to touch any worms that might be. The map was absolutely clean as he had placed in the stock market. Mike could not understand that was not contaminated despite having been stored with food. He decided to do another test: he took the bag and sniffed, not without some hesitation. No trace of the horrible pestilence that had assaulted his nose was just a few minutes. Mike had no idea what had happened, but learned a valuable lesson during his trip, he would never take any food from home.

Nuevo, saw something moving on his back! Alarms began to soar in your head. Get going! Mike felt desperate, and instinctively rolled out the map in the hope of finding in him a hint to decide which path to follow fork. The map appeared again with registration red dot "YOU ARE HERE" showing simply Mike's current position and nothing else. The fork was not even on the useless item!

- Damn! Mike cried aloud. Evidently, the expletive was completely out of place in this land, but reflected the frustration that Mike felt.

- Scroll map you gave me, Blue!

Once again, Mike detected movement behind her. That thing, or whatever it was, was coming? Why could not see it? How could move so fast? What was it? At that time, the alarm sensors in the brain of Mike pointed PANIC ALARM, so it jumped up and began walking toward the fork, watching me over his shoulder. But the fleeting shadow showed no signs of life. How could she know so exactly the right time when Mike would look forward? Each time he did, Mike quicken the pace and moving at high speed. The presence that haunted him always suited to ritmo. The three hundred yards that separated him from the covered branch at a faster rate than it had developed from the beginning of his journey through this mysterious land. She was terrified.

This modo, it quickly came to the fork, but both because of the effort to maintain a fast pace as their fear. Came to a crossroads with no indication of what direction to take, feeling very disturbed by the independent Decision. She froze at the crossroads, he panicked, and cried desperately into the clouds:

- Blue! Which path to take?

Actually, Mike did not expect Blue to respond, so I was shocked when the soft voice reciprocally emanated from his head replied:

- Fast, Michael, use the map!

Mike was in no mood to question whether the request was unusual or illogical, and he repeated exactly the

same action as before: unrolled the map as fast as he could and found that the red with the inscription "YOU ARE HERE» indicated the same place at the center of the map. But ... Wait! What was that thing there? Mike went over the map to examine it in more detail, and several drops of sweat fell on his parchment.

The bifurcation point now showing! Given that precisely when Mike was at the crossroads, the map was updated. Mike's mind did not stop to capture the humor that was in the meaning that the angel had given the word. He went on to examine further map and saw that now, beside the crossroads, clearly had an arrow pointing to the right!

Mike did not hesitate; started off rolling up the map and took the road to the right, which amounted to a small hill. Continued to monitor, looking back with frequency. I perceived, knew that his pursuer was hiding somewhere nearby. The green figure jumped indefinitely fast through shrubbery, rocks, and adjusted his pace to Mike, accelerating when it accelerated. Mike was relieved when he got to the top of the hill, because he saw a house in the distance. He felt that salvation was close at hand. While watching what was on his back, sped up and ran down the path that led him to where he knew that contrary security, shelter and food.

The vile and sinister entity that Mike was pursuing furious! If Mike had been hesitating a little longer, That would have met! He was angry because he had wasted a good opportunity, and was ranked among the tops of the trees that were outside the house that Mike had just entered, which was bright orange. As sitting there, the nasty be prepared to wait patiently. It would be a long wait, but That does not import.

Mike waited for the angel inside the house, just opposite the entrance. Mike almost got excited when "Orange" and decided to call it, spoke for the first time.

- Welcome, Michael Thomas of Purpose Pure! I had hoped.

- I will also welcome! Turn, "said Michael in the hope of not showing relief and shortness of breath I was experiencing, though his voice was tremulous. He checked himself for not embracing the huge orange being in front of him, and was very happy to be again protected.

"Come with me orange asked his host as he led into the "PUT THE HOUSE AND INSTRUMENTS. " Mike made sure the door is closed and followed him. He was still panting and trembling by experience they had just experienced moments earlier. Still felt fear and many questions about the land of startling contrasts.

The angel was resplendent as their predecessors. Again, Mike was impressed by his height and for the kindness that radiated. This body made him feel loved and accepted, the same way as had happened to all that he had found so far. "I question if they are all made of the same," he reflected.

"Actually, we're all the same family," he coaxed the angel.

Mike was mortified to have forgotten so quickly how communication worked with such spiritual creatures. He could only say, "Sorry." Naranja is slow, he stopped and cocked his head in a mocking way while Mike after watching his face.

- Sorry? "He paused. Why? Why honor me in my magnificence? Why feel loved? Why question about Us "The angel smiled. We usually have many rights, Michael Thomas. Of all who have visited the second house are, so far, that has made the least number of questions.

"The day is young," said Mike sighed. I wanted to interrogate the angel on fear and panic that sent moments before. What was following? The Angel knew that it would make that question.

"I can not tell you what I want to know, Michael," responded the angel.

- Can not or will not? Mike asked friendly. Knew the question was rhetorical and went on: "I know you know. "Mike hesitated and then tried to bombard with questions will be. Why do not you tell me about it? He asked.

"You know more about me," replied the angel.

- How is that?

"Here, the Things are not always what they seem.

- Will there be when I leave?

"Yes.

- "It" belongs here? Seems out of place in this spiritual environment.

"He has the same right as you to be here.

- Can it hurt me?

"Yes.

- I can defend myself?

"Yes.

- Will you help me?

"That's why I'm here. "The angel was silent when Michael suddenly stopped questioning.

Orange responses confirmed that the angel he knew everything. Began to relax. "If he knows what it's all about, then Potentially there is more that I can know. I will be patient, because I'm sure I will be revealed as you progress. It seems that is how fun things here. "Suddenly, Michael recalled that not even an hour had passed since he had thought the map was a useless, and how he had saved at the moment to precise it was needed.

"God is very present, you know? "I said almost laughing angel. Again, had tuned in to the thoughts of Michael Thomas.

Being turned orange and began to lead him by the inland areas of the house. Mike followed.

"I'm starting to get used to it," said Mike as he was. Is it about getting what you need some just when you need it?

"Something like that," replied the angel. The time frame huchild labor is linear vibration, Michael, but the time of the angels is not. "Obviously, the angel was another teacher.

"So, how you perceive time?

As they converSand, the angel was driving through a store. A warehouse? As in the house ansubsequently, the area within it was huge. Mike was boquiabierto to observe dozens of rows of boxes stacked in a room whose ceiling must have been about fifty feet.

- We have no past or future, "said the angel. Your concept of time develops in a straight line, and ours is a turntable that moves in the senseTido of clockwise with motor at rest. We can always see the full extent of our time, as it always is below us, so unchangingmind we are in the "now" of our time. Whenever we move around a center known. Since I develop your time is right, and invariably I i are moving forward, never you come to fully experience the present. You look back and see where have you been, you look forward and see where you go. Dog not you to experience a kind of existence BE. Instead, you experience a life of DO. Part of your lower vibration, and is appropriate for your dimensionssion.

"That might explain your map," said Mike, recallinggiving the red dot with the phrase "YOU ARE HERE" was alwayspre in the center, and that the events of his new existence seemed to enter and exit a specific point. Mike thought to himself: "It is exactly the opposite of how a human maphand. "

- Exactly! Orange said over his shoulder whileafter kept walking. In your time structure, the map is known and the human being is moving. This is because they perceive the time and reality as a constantyou, and the human as the variable. When you approach ourtemporal structure work and our vibration, the human being is the constant and the map (or reality) is the variable.

Indeed, Mike had to think about it. It was difficulteasy to understand but, somehow, he was familiar. The formerperience lived at the junction close to the orange house had shown the exact value of the spiritual map, albeit different from anything he could have expected. Saknew I the next time you have before it a choice of the same type do not worry about it until it was truly off the fork, then, the map functionservants.

Like Blue, Orange Mike led through many areas of beauty and ornamentación, following the path to the area of housing, feeding and dischargeso. However, this splendid house of soul boxes containingcentral letterhead instead of the boxes letterhead of the House of Maps. Also here is the names werecriteria in the same Arab-looking characters strange, unintelligible to Mike, but he guessed, correctly, that somewhere in that room had a crate with your name, and that soon would be.

"These are your rooms," said Orange. Empezaremos morning. You serve your meals in the room that is on the left, and you can asearte in the right room. Now I expected a meal prepared.

That said, Orange Mike left the room ceRRAND the door behind him. Mike found the door closed, and thought to himself: "You can be an angel, but your manners leave much to be desired." The angel had not even had a farewell gesture. "I guess I can not wait for them to coml fully igniteto human nature. "

As in the other house, Mike ate like a prince. Practically devoured the delicious food, and stayed nozzleered to see the beautiful handmade utensils madera. It felt strange to leave dirty dishes for others to wash, but recalled how much he hated the job. Saknew I, but could not see them, must have other things to take charge of such things. "What a strange combination!" He noted. "A place angelic, but alsoalso has que to serve those who are in a human vibration lower than yours. "

Mike began to wonder about the systemsewerage, and then was stunned to discover something surprising: He had several days without going to the toilet! Not evenwant HAD sink! The houses had toilet areas damaged, but nothing more. He realized that from the moment that passed through the doorway that began the road, had not experienced human "nature's call!" Something andStaba happening to your body in this land full of surprises. Not worried delete ... but it was certainly a strange feeling.

The next morning, Mike was full of energy. DesaYuno fresh fruit and various breads, savoring the incredible taste of great food. Angé food examinedlica and realized I was a little different, so they thought they should question about Orange.

"It's in our term structure," said Orange alegrementand from the door of the room. The angel justba arrived and had captured the thoughts of Mike, who went on to explain: "This food can not exist in a lower vibration and contains attributes that are interdimensional spiritual. This is the reason that leaves no residualresidues on the human body, Michael, and is also the formerexplanation that can not be stored. For her there is no future or the past. It was created just before the you ate, and not retained if you try to get her out of here.

"I discovered this peculiarity," said Mike, recalling the mass disgusting rotting on the ground the way that-Orange Ducie's house, had been about to cause problems.

The angel led him to stay off campus and inwalked into a large well-lit circular arena, where there were several open crates and a few benches orange, distributed with the purpose of humans to sit down and rest. There were other things:

una sort of altar, a little incense and some odd-looking packages.

"Welcome to the Home of Gifts and Instruments, Pure Purpose Michael Thomas said the angel beheldle. Please sit down, because we spend a good time here.

That was the beginning of a long series of teaching sessions. It would be followed by an even longer period devoted to practice sessions and evaluation regarding the use of the gifts and tools in a new spiritual vibration. Thus, Mike spent over three weeks in the orange house.

"Little by little you are raising your vibration, Michael. The orange more," he said repeatedly throughout the learning process. These are the gifts and instruments that promise to help you make that area. Belong to you because of your purpose. You can not enter in the following houses without knowing how, let me get home if you're not an expert in its use.

Mike paid much attention. I knew it in preparation for returning home and recalled that he had said he would train for it. Orange unwrapped the gifts while Michael watched him. Some of them seemed to be made of special glass and through the ceremony and purpose were magically placed Mike's body to supplement your spiritual power. He gave a very comprehensive explanation on the role of each and every one of them, and Mike took some time for it and understood its meaning. Then he gave him to explain to Orange what they did. This was not easy, since much of the evidence needed to discuss concepts and use words that were totally new for Mike.

Orange spoke of human beings come to the planet bringing with it certain qualities that correspond to different planes of existence: the past lives. Mike has heard about that, but was not prepared to listen. The face of an angel! For him, normal had been a long-haired Indian guru discuss the issue, but what an angel? Orange said that past lives were an element of the human condition and that the instructions from a past life brought to life to life as lessons at birth. These lessons were called as 'karma' or they are also called 'reminiscences' or 'experiences'. Learning allowed human learning outcomes and, in some ways, also helped the planet.

So things worked for humans, life after life. Orange told Mike that to reach a new vibration, had to get rid of some of its old characteristics, among which were the karmic lessons with which he was born. On the way home there was no place for them, just as he had not for the rotting food that had been discovered on the road.

At the moment, Mike was visualized as a pile of rotting flesh lying in the road: one that did not pay attention to the teacher. Mike intensified interest to not create that situation. Yuck!

Orange captured the thoughts of Mike and laugh out loud, transmitting his joy. Mike was astonished at how close he was to Orange. It was a wonderful teacher and a great companion (though I did not know that for education, it should say hello or goodbye).

Mike learned to shape real thoughts created mind energy.

"That's how you control your reality," he said Naranja. Use your understanding and your spiritual feelings to propel you into situations that deserve and have planned.

Mike had no idea what that meant, but followed all the instructions and apparently passed all tests. The gift of spiritual power of the co-creation was introduced in being, as well as the gift to get rid of all their powers karmic from past incarnations. Each gift was celebrated with ceremony and verbalization, and each one seemed to transmute the physical to the spiritual while was absorbed after the body of Mike, under the direction and the careful tutelage of the great angel orange.

Mike felt like he was studying for a holy priesthood! Every time I verbalized what Orange taught, noted that the angel could really see it in his heart. Orange could be very intense, and during those times when Mike made promises and verbalized their intention to get this gift now, now that other, that you were implanted in the center of spiritual power, Naranja seemed to read her soul. At first, the situation was awkward Mike fashion, but then realized that Orange was only doing a comprehensive review of what he expressed aloud. If Mike had pretended, Orange would have immediately reported and would not have made it later.

Finally, after a period of two weeks, all the small packages were initiated, discussed and integrated into the spiritual of Mike. Meanwhile, there were passed all prudent tests, among which was a particularly difficult: Mike was afraid of closed spaces and two, do not know why, but a child always realized that you pre-ensuing panic attack when he was in a confined space such. One of the gifts that Orange was granted the power to overcome this phobia. Mike expressed intention and performed the ceremony. Orange explained that the sense of panic that comes when you are indoors was nothing that unremnant karmic and get rid of it meant getting rid of many of his past life experiences that Mike had brought to its current incarnation.

Several days later, during the training period, opened a big box. Rather than something out of it, Orange Mike asked, in a very loving, him to get on it! When Mike was in the angel closed the lid and he was huddled in the darkness of the container. He heard the pounding of each nail disturbing my Naranja secured the lid. And there he stood, in silence and darkness.

Mike could clearly hear her breathing, being very conspicuous was in an extremely uncomfortable. Even I could hear the beating of his heart. Orange even gave an explanation: it was another test in which Mike could not pretend.

For about ten seconds, the heart of Mike accelerated recalling his problem. Then, at the precise moment that his body should have begun to tremble in panic, claustrophobia vanished completely. Mike directly and relaxed. He realized, with great satisfaction, that the gift had worked, and at first his body reacted as it had always done before, but the new spirit had stopped. Peace came over him, and Mike himself sang several songs. Finally, he fell asleep. An hour later, the angel Orange, enchantment, opened the box and let out to Mike.

"You're special, Michael Thomas of Prophecy bear," said the angel to be smiling from ear to ear. Mike could see the pride reflected in the eyes of Orange. Not everybody gets this far.

It was the first time that Mike was aware that was part of a group of people who also sought the way back home. This fact had been demonstrated several times before, but until now, Mike had not seen what it implied. More than one night reflections on it, while still incorporating done Oranges and began to make great tools.

During the terweek of training wax, Orange took the big box.

"There are three tools that you need for your trip, stressed Orange. That said, was to where it was a special box and opened it. Whenever Orange opened a package or box, Mike waited expectantly, sitting on the bench, preask ourselves what the next magical item that will helpwould increase their wisdom, knowledge or spiritual power. But was not prepared to see what Naranja was going to give.

The angel had his back to Mike, so that it was impossible to distinguish what was out of the box. When the angel turned to him to show the first tool, the only thing Mike could see was a flash of silver. No! It was incredible! Orange holding a huge sword!

- This is the sword of truth! Orange said the angel as he showed the gun to Michael Thomas.

When the angel said looked great, but when it happened to Michael's hands seemed to be huge

It was extremely heavy and unwieldy. Mike could not believe what was happening and went to the angel, exclamationmod admired:

- This sword is real!

"As real as the other gifts," said Orange. And it is only one of three external elements to take with you when resuming the journey to the four homes iffollowing.

Michael held his sword a little while examining, admiring its beauty. Yes, his name was written on it, such comor had expected. The gun was widely adoranything with elaborate designs in relief, and they all contained-nian great spiritual significance. The handle was long, and the Grip was a stone brilliant cobalt blue. It was a great object ... and very sharp.

"Try to wield" I asked the angel.

Michael did it and moved the sword almost alone! The unexpectedRado power of the gun caused stumbled and Mike gave caYear ahead. She felt stupid and awkward while beingVantas for realhoist another attempt. Orange took her hand to make him desist.

"See if this helps you.

The angel went back to the box and pulled out an object from its interior. In doing so, the object also give off atello silver. It was a great shield! Mike shook his head in disbelief. "What does this mean? It is truestrange mind. Spiritual Gifts "weapons of war? Am I being prepared for a life spent in Camelot? ".

"Nothing is as it seems, Michael Thomas of Purpose Puro. -Orange stood before him wearing the coat in his hands, and responding to the confused student. Try this.

Orange showed Mike how to put the shield on the arm using a sling, and gave some guidance on how to balance the weight of the sword and shield, since the weight of each was complementary to the weight of the other. And it made it possible to wield the sword without falling, so it was very necessary to learn.

"Michael," said the angel, the coat represents the coneofoundation of Spirit. If it together with the truth, the balance is all powerful! Darkness can not exist where there is knowledge. The secrets can not survive in the light, and it will be created when the truth is revealed by examination of knowledge. There is no bigger than this combination. And both must be used together.

- Is there anything else in the box? Mike jokingly asked, staggering under the weight of the shield and sword.

- It's strange that you asked! "Said Orange, and went back to the box, while Mike watched an unbeliever. The angel took an object that was even larger than the other two, and silver.

- This is the armor! Orange said the angel, very funny and almost laughing at the look incredulous Mike.

- I do not understand! Mike said as he sat down suddenly on the bench. How do you expect to carry all this at once?

-Based Practice, "replied the angel. Look, givejame you demonstrate.

Orange took the sword and escudo, and helped Mike to poNERS armor, which was heavy and ornate, a kind of ceremonial dress that covered her torso adaptedtándose so perfectly to your body as if it had been molded into it. His clothing was perfect! Orange snaps closed and placed in a sling Mike with a special sheath for the sword of truth. He then taught how to carry the heavy shield back subject to a support, in order to transport while traveling. When all studentsvo ready the angel again placed at a distance.

-Michael Thomas of Purpose Pure, now you have the triad of tools that allow you to move to a newis vibration. You get the sword of truth, the shield of knowledge and, finally, the armor of the Spirit, denotedmined 'mantle of God, "which represents the wisdom that is needed to properly use the other two insments. Morning embark on your journey become a warrior of light. In the triad lies a great power. Never use your items separately!

Orange Mike helped to remove the arms and led him back to his room. Once there, Mike was washed, ate and went to sleep though, already in bed, he spent a while wondering all the inconsistencies detected in this great land. He fell asleep with many thoughtstradictorios in his mind.

In the morning, Mike was already back in the room instion. For several days, Orange trained him, taughtyou how to use weapons certainly skill. The first practicalAC discussed the balance. The angel made Mike go up and come down the stairs, dressed as if to fight a battle with sword and brandishing itescudo. It also taught him how to fall and how fast risemately, using the shield as a counterweight. Throughout the training, Mike noted that, despite being used, the instruments are not soiled or never showed marks or signs.

In armor and carrying weapons, he ran anduvo, practiced turns, and conducted all kinds of actions and movements, except practice fighting. Gradually, Mike took on a sense of balance, and measuresda time passed, he repeated a strange situation: At night, when he removed the dress of battle, Mike no senaunt logic sense of relief to shed the heavy weight of the weapons. On the contrary, he felt small, helpless, and too light!

Several days later. Orange began offering the betweenNamieto end, which was to learn to use the sword of truth. Mike had the expectation that trans Naranjaformed a sort of samurai master and teach him to fight. But he had a workout that had nothing to do with what I had imagined.

"Now you're ready to learn to use weapons, Michael Thomas," said Orange. Draws his sword.

Mike drew his large and very long sword, and what made with the skill and vigor of a proud knight medieval. The angel looked at him with approval, and asked:

"Now, raise him to God.

Michael did.

"Feel the sword before expressing your truth, Michael Thomas.

Mike Orange did not understand what he meant. Sen "tir the sword? Because in his hands, how would not feel it?

Purpose-Michael Thomas called it the Pure-intensiveso be Orange-, grab the sword, lift it up as high as possible and express your truth. Do you love God?

Michael already imagined the scene that came next. Again andsa question! Only this time it was Empu-Nando voluminous spiritual weapon pointed toward the sky. Did you expect to do some kind of speech? Michael began to verbalize their already stereotyped response.

"Yes, Orange, love it. Since you can read in my heartszon ... "But at that moment, was perplexed and unable to finish the sentence. The sword had begun to viBrar! It was as if the weapon sang, and Mike felt an intensesa vibrational warmth down her arm and down towardsto his chest. In response to the situation, the shield began zumbiar, and armor also began to heat up!

He had been trained to carry easily these utensilios, and now they somehow had come to life duedo your purpose. He felt a sense of power invaded containing these elements had been placed and managed. Then he remembered that he was speaking. I

- Of course I love God! -Mike wielded the sword and lifted into the sky, then could SENSERLA vibrating with its purpose full of truth. He felt powerful. He was enlightened. He was able to stay there an hour, carrying the heavy weapon and maintaining vibrant and it aimedreturn to site HOME where it belonged. FELT three elements vibrate and sing the musical note "fa" which resonated in his heart. Tears started running down his cheeks as he was feeling and seeing the property of the ceremony. The instruments were accepting to the organismMike and mo were being integrated into its spirit. And his purpose, so true, was the catalyst for the ceremony! So this was the reason for the sword, shield and armor? It was a metaphor. What else could be, but why? This was a very valid explanation for Michael Thomore, because he was taken to a new level of commitmentand social consciousness.

That night, the angel Michael Thomas exchanged Orangebiaron warm feelings. Mike knew the time was about to leave. Naranja never taught him to ropetir, and he knew it was because the weapons were only sym-bowling. Mike questioned him about the home and road. It preasked why in this land is sacred and spiritual taught to handle weapons of war of the Earth. Orange cleverly evaded all questions put to him Mike, except AqueTthe whose response was allowed to know, however, their responses were inaccurate.

-Orange, on Earth would have been a great politician, "said Mike kidding.

- What I have done to insult me that way?

-Orange returned the joke.

"I feel that I am bound to you a very real link ... "Began Mike. Suddenly he realized that he was speechless. I really do not want to leave this great teacherORT angelic.

"Do not say anything else, Michael Thomas of Purpose Puro. Share with you a secret of the angels. "Orange hasBia devised a unique revelation to Mike, he bent towards him until their eyes were at the same height, ffuio speaking:

"You and I are of the same family. We can not saygoodbye because we actually will not leave one another never. I am always with you and at your disposal. You'll see ... and now it's time you return to your quarters.

Mike was shocked by the frank nature of the communication had been established with Orange. So you were of the same family? How was that possible? At that time, Mike felt silly to understand that Orange had heard him complain that ángLs never desasked. What answer had been given! What a revelation! What a thought! So they never cease?

Mike recalled, for the first time since he had arrived at the house orange three weeks earlier than in the fork in the road Azul had indicated how to use the map. VerdadeRamento had heard the voice of Blue in his head.

- Do you know Blue? Mike asked the angel Orange.

"As much as to myself," was the reply of the latter. Mike stopped and went to the room each Once you gustobacco more, the place where he ate and slept. Although it had not been told anything concrete about his departure, he kept his things in the portfolios and the stock (had almost forgotten about them) and was prepared to continue their journey in the morning. He glanced at the books and photos, and sighed again by his experiences on Earth and how valuable you were their few belongings. Although, somehow, started to be out of place.

That morning, after breakfast, a thoughtful MiMichael Thomas appeared at the door of the house Orange, Donof the same color angel had led him in silence. However, this time Mike was more charged, had, in addition- portfolios over the books and photos, the bag with your map and the new instruments, moving emitting a metallic sound when he walked.

"Michael, are you sure you want to keep all those things on your trip? Asked Orange-being. Perhaps it would be better than not get them to you.

They represent all my belong-terrestrial-respon NenciaMike gave. Need them.

- Why?

Mike considered the question, but leave your luggage was not an option.

"To remember and honor my former life.

- To be connected to the previous lifestyle, Michael?

Mike began to feel irritated by the turn of the prequestions. The angel insisted

- Why do not you let me portfolios, Michael? You know I love you, and you keep the cows well if you ever come back here.

- No! "Mike did not want to hear a single comment more on their portfolios. Were their belongings and wanted maintenanceNerl with him as long as he could. In the formertran place needed something to remind him who he was realmind.

The angel gave a nod. Mike had always received such treatment. He realized that all the angels who had known honoring the decisions he took and never questioned their final decisions.

That morning, Michael Thomas did not leave Angel Orange. Standing on the steps, compared to that being con who had lived for several weeks, he recalled his explanation resrespect to the subject.

"See you soon," Michael said, not believing what he was saying.

Orange just went inside and closed the door. "I do not know how they can do that," Mike thought to himself. "Never fired, only doors that close."

Mike started walking down the road in a direction had not taken before. Did everything he could to keep things together that I had, given the overwhelming load. WasLoading too: adeover portfolios and the backpack with the map, was carrying the sword, shield and armor. He regretted having to physically carry the symbols of the New Era! They weighed so much! "Go dumbest business," thought Mike secretly. "I look very ridiculous. You really will need these weapons? Never used to fight in any battle. In fact, I could not utiperches! Orange has taught me not. Are only part of the ceremony and give a look. Would it not have been suficient to recognize them away? "

As he was too busy trying to balance whileafter walking, loaded with his new team and their portfolios, had completely forgotten about the problem that lurked in the road. No one remembered that there was something waiting for him. While I was on the road making noise involuntarily with metal utensils that were with him, trying to balance them, and carrying the bag and wallets, the sinister force, dark green, watching him from thebehind the trees. Mike examined the thing with an interest reindeerford. It was no longer the old Mike. It had been replaceddo with one that had weapons and power! Would not be easy, had to devise a new strategy that could cope with a Michael Thomas with great power and directness. Time would do the rest ... but until then, being youMike would continue to heal following distance, waiting for the opportunity to attack. Man perpetrated pursuit-taking no hidden be detected, according to the traveledMichael Thomas do Puro Purpose. That was with-convicted that this man would never reach the final door, which held a sign with the word "home."

6. THE GREAT STORM

Not yet two hours had passed since Mike had emlit the way, when he noticed that the wind blew more strongly, and the sky began to darken. "Oh, man! Phenomenal! "Thought Mike. "Storm in paradise."

During the last hour or so, had est.ESFOR adozándose to carry his load, stopping to rest at intervalsthe increasingly frequent. Besides being heavy, its cosas were uncomfortable to wear! This deeply angered Mike and made him feel unbalanced. And over, there tormint!

I needed to take shelter as soon as possible, since it would rain and did not want their bags to get wet, and tampoco know if his new team was steel.

He stopped again and I first looked at his back. I WAS THERE! The vague formdark green shoots leftgives the speed of light and hid behind some big rocks. This time, Mike had seen. It was broad and substantial! A feeling of apprehension invaded the tired body of Mike, as he realized that there was the appearance ofJado following him since he left the last house. Orange recalled that the angel told him that this was dangerous and could hurt. As he rested, stood facing the road that had traveled in order to monitor all morment. I knew I should stay alert and had no idea how.

The wind, making it difficult to walk. A person without charge in its path would have had no problem, but in his case, the new battle shield acted almost like a sail, as it was hung at the back of Mike. If I had not brought along all their baggage, simply would have taken the position of equilibrium is soces practiced, and probably would have moved much faster, placing the shield against the wind to stabilize. But this was not possible while carrying their portfolios. Mike knew he must soon find a place to go, to cease the unusual changesclimate change and were restored calm weather conditions that had prevailed until then.

Mike had never seen anything like it. Weather changesba dramatically in minutes! On constant alert because of his pursuer, Mike was shocked that the thing got closer to him despite the wind and rain. She was quick! How could move with such speed that *wind*?

Time, worsening of relentlessly, forced Mike to take action on the matter. Everything was changing too fast! He walked with difficulty, and in crouchingtempting to present the least possible resistance to wind. Fially, was forced to stop and sleep curled up on theso, as it was quite impossible to advance.

The storm had begun to collect its own personality while hooting because of increased wind velocityto. The rain that fell in parts of Mike's body not protected by armor, made him feel drilldo hundreds of needles. The rain was horizontal spreadmind with hurricane force. He knew he was facing a serious problem. He threw a glance at the rear of the road, which was almost obscured by rainvia torrent and fog. Nevertheless, he could see clearlyramenyou that the sinister figure stood green, and his eyes glowed like red embers. At that time. That began to move towards it! The storm did not affect him. What was posible? Mike was scared.

Once again, Mike inside, the unmistakable voice of Blue encouraged him to place him in the action: USE THE MAP!

"The voice is so clear! Indeed, it is within me ", penSó Mike. The fury of the storm was beginning to exceed

that of any other man from Minnesota that could have been seen before. Felt like I was inside the funnel of a tornado. Now he was flat on the floor, trying hard not to be swept away by the incredible force of the storm. The more close to the ground was better for him. Had increased sonorous bombing of the elements. It was deafening! He will Mike's sake of him could have been destabilized and converted into terror, but something about the situation seemed to make sense. If only I could catch and map!

Unfortunately, at that time Mike was inhaled program enables to access the map: I was too busy panted in survival. The fury of the elements looked like a tie that a personal gift with one hand was literally hanging from the soil resistant plants close to him, while the other held his burden of photos and books. The bag with the map around his neck, but was crushed under Mike: a safe place, but completely mind away from your many years. At one point felt over the howling gale you Levantobacco soil, enriched with the sailing properties barco shield he carried in his back. The furious storm which tyrannical personality, led him to action. Mike forced his body touches the ground as much as possible, and by sheer force of will, was anchored to the ground sinking your toes in the mud, while a hand was pinned to a mat of weeds especially resistant TENTE.

Now everything was completely dark. The banks of dark clouds covered the sky had fallen to the area where Mike was preventing it from view. Trying to look around, eyes half-closed to protect Attack the rain and wind, but could see nothing. Inklus had trouble seeing the ground beneath him! Where was something sinister? Is it coming now to catch him? Dare him to move, or the storm will drag towards death? Each and cad to a cell which vibrated Mike alarms in a fire drill, experimentalmenting a state of alert more intense than ever. Mie "do? No! Dominated his will to survive and fight the situation. I was in a compromising situation. I had to find a way to grab the map!

Orange's voice echoed inside Mike's head, and was an incredibly welcome sound. "How is it possible that a subtle sound is heard in the midst of so much noise?" Thought Mike.

- Michael Thomas, get rid of baggage! Mike knew that he had no alternative other than that, or did, or die. His clothes were soaked, even under the gunhard, and was beginning to shiver. Through aggressive howling wind, Mike heard and felt a blow tremendously do and percussive. What was that noise? I could feel the vibration in the ground. Does he approached? Orange was to do what you had indicated. I knew it was coming!

One by one, Mike dropped slowly but methodically carteras in the quand had carefully guarded his precious store of memories. First it was the tumor to books. Mike just stretched out two fingers to release the handle of the first portfolio, which was swallowed by the storm as if it were a ruthless, powerful instrument that was specificrand to crushing. On release, Mike felt the force that was ripped from his hand and asked if it would have broken a finger. He could hear clearly how it tore the seams of the portfolio, and the sound exasperante, which squeezesba his heart-of the hundreds of pages now converted into pieces of paper, which only remained rooted in his mind. It was the most horrible sound ever heard. Your precious books!

Without stopping to think too much about it, stretched the thumb of the same hand and got rid of the remaining portfolio. This was even worse! The storm was the violence of an insane wrestler to get a trophy, and thumping against the ground, grabbed the briefcase was dropping. In this moment, Mike wondered if something sinister had already overtaken and was beginning to thrash and tear. The raging tormint on him like a rain of holes that pierced all over his back!

Unlike books, the pictures have disappeared withoutcer noise. Simply vanished instantly, and that made Michael was angry. All your family tree, plus the cherished memories of his dead parents were being isPARC by a crude natural forceeza, while he was beaten by the same force angry.

The chaos around Mike was virulent. He tried to incorpoered a bit and attempt to slide his hand, now free, under his body, grab the map. The wind rose again slightly, and was about to break loose because of its strength, boosted by the shield that was hung behind him. But reacted at the right time and was finally able to grab the scroll that was under him. Using the index and thumb, was manipulando unrolling the mapit gradually until he could see the place where was the red dot. Acting solely on instinct, was rising slowly toward your chest parchment, dragging with it the damp earth and mud that had accumulated between the resilient metal armor and soggy soil. HasBia able to establish an interesting balance to the press, with all his strength, his body from the mud and allowing at the same time, the hand with the map go up by sor torso. Holding onto a small rock with the other hand, tried to bring the map to the eye level. But how could look at the map once got close at heightsra necessary? Everything was very dark, could not see anything! Even if I could see ... "Would not have erased what was written? The hand that was desperately clinging to the hierba began to lose strength by the incessant bombardment of rain and wind had increasingly stiff arm and his ability to grasp we startedin a waver.

The storm did not affect it. As a visitor to a low vibration in a land of high vibration, the unhappy broodture did not touch the wind, nor rain, nor the confusion that reigned around. He stood up without problem, and slowmind sinister and despicable his way into the centralTRO trail, addressing long strides toward where he lay crouched Michael Thomas, who could hardly aguantar, clinging to the weeds, the attack of the elements.

That's not even faltered despite the strong Arremehowling wind heading. Nothing seemed to affect the climate sinister figure, except the lack of visibility. While she came to Michael, with the ease of one who takes a walk in the park. That began to feel that fate had offered a gift that day. But the darkness of the storm began to affect him, and soon was unable to distinguish nothing, not even his prey. Nevertheless. That was closer to Michael Thomas, and was ready to conclude what the freak storm had started. Thisba prepared to spread the pieces of the body of Mike and the farthest reaches of the absurd dreamland, that it so despised.

Mike's intuition was correct, because that was close. Darkness had spread quickly, as if the various entities of the land had asked them pusiran each a blindfold on. That move instinctive, detecting through the site soil where Mike lay stretched. Suddenly, they attack with great power and arreBeat, but found that it was destroying the ground near where Mike was. He had heard, but that he had heard the noise made web pages and books that Mike had to release the break. That quickly turned her face toward the sound he had heard. Now I knew for sure where it was Michael! That felt great satisfaction.

He went further, and finally, amid the turbulence; of the massive and violent storm that could not participate-pair could barely make out the silhouette of the defenseless Michael Thomas, who was lying on the ground with one hand under his body and the other clutching a small but firm tuft of grass. If that had been able to smile, hasbria made at that time.

It was launched with a vengeance on the back of Michael Thomas, rushing violently with the force of a dozen muscular men. At the moment, It felt as if myda llonFin.results non pierced his body covered with warts. With a blinding flash of pure white light and brightness plateade, was repelled by a tremendous force. As if he had been fired from a cannon, went a long way and landed without further almost at the point of attack. With its smoldering exterior coating due to contact with extremely hot, he tried to take stock of what had happened. Was, at least, stunned and momentarily weakened by forcethat he had rerejection so strongly.

The shield had remained steadfast Michael Thomasmind subject to his back, covering most of his body. The object that Mike thought it would be his undoing had suddenly become his protection, and had acted even without the intervention of Mike: it was part of it. The interplay between the low vibration of the sinister creature and high vibratory rate of the shield had caused a physical reaction immediate and powerful. As two powerful forces polaritydes opposite the shield of knowledge had repelled the attack.

Michael Thomas had managed to upload the map to the height of her throat. Peered into the darkness of the small bag hoping to see something. Suddenly, there was light! Michael gave the impression that a particularly violent gust of wind had been beaten, but in fact implicitly brought a miracle: a light so brilliant that filtered through his eyes almost closed because of ululante wind and rain. It was a light so intense it lit up the whole environment long enough so that Mike could see clearly despite having the eyelids closed. The section of the map was unrolled caredadosamente while the storm was raging there! Her eyes scanned the map and quickly found the spot with the usual "YOU ARE HERE." Michael ignored the sudden smell of burning around him. The map showed the road, and just around the bend there was a cave. If you walked around howcough meters to the east, would be safe!

Analyzing the recent past, Michael Thomas thought God had given him a flash in the momentto where I needed it. Never understood that it isba a negative force that was determined to be canceled, and was responsible for the miracle synchronously Lightington just at the time of greatest need. Michael Thomasmore pure purpose, had experienced their first co-creation without knowing it. Orange you were instructed on the use of the gift that could help you stay "in the right place at the right time," but Michael never imagined that one day, that place was the right place.

It was indisputably an act of strength and will that perMITI Mike advance to a crawl, going from bush to bush and from rock to rock, firmly locking the toes at every step to maintain stability and direction. It took almost twenty minutes to complete the journey afeEMPA land rrándosesword, because the fury of the storm had smashed into the ground. All that effort to advance only a few meters to the east! But Michael had to. Despite being in almost complete darkness, was able to find the entrance to the small cave that represented a truce and he fought to avoid certain deathfollowed by acetylene exposed to the fury of the elements. In each painful step forward, crawling on the ground, thanked God that the dark entity that was pursuing him not hubiwas closer. As he drove to work through the mouth of the cave, he heard the storm raged. Stunned by what was happening around him, he thought, "This magical place is not immune to problems."

Inside the cave everything seemed calm, but Mike was a mess. His hand was bleeding have been clinging to the rocks, his clothes soaked, covered in mud and dirt, but it was too cold in the cuegoing to take it off. He stood slowlyentity and assessed the situation.

One would think that at that time Michael Thomas was full of gratitude for having escaped much of the sector-mint as the mysterious enemy who alerted their prey by its proximity. But it was not. Mike was furious! Tem-Blaber, but not cold, but by the sudden anger and rage he felt about the situation. They had started their prized possessions. He knew who controlled the elements and vented their anger impulsively, turning to anyone who can hear:

- I have cheated! "He turned towards the entrance of the cave and began to shout in the wind still howled. Can you hear me?

With face contorted with anger, indignation occupied a primary place in his mind. He had been forced to leave their valuable things. He had been treated unfairly by those who controlled this place seems sacred.

- Now I know how it works! -Kept shouting angrymind who would listen. If not I stick to theirmanagement made by any of the angels MAKE THEM BE MADE IN ANY WAY!

Mike shaking uncontrollably because of the anger and cold while still at the entrance of the cave. He prodded the grief felt by the loss of pictures of her paparents. Unable to contain himself, he began to sob racked with emotional pain, and cried until he ran out látears. She felt she had respected her and had stolen.

Suddenly, he sensed a feeling of warmth on his back, then saw the sudden flash of aa small fire that was

reflected in the walls of the cave. He turned to the place from which came the gentle voice he began to speak.

"I gave you good advice, Michael Thomas of Purpose Puro.

Orange was sitting in the back of the cave, and before he burned a small fire that invited Mike to heatse. This calmed somewhat, and slowly walked toward the fire and sat before him, bowing his head to determination. After a while, and Mike, still with tears in her eyes, looked at Orange and asked him some questions.

- Was all that necessary?

"No," said Orange. That is the question.

- Why have stripped me of my stuff?

"This land is still a place of free will, IMichael Thomas. Despite what you might think, human beingsis not the focal point of this place, and here he is honored above all other creatures.

- Free will! "Exclaimed Mike. If I dispose of my bags, had died!

"Yes," said Orange. Chose not to give up your portfolio chen you had the chance. If hubier heeded my suggestion, you would have learned more sober of these issues. The carteras would have been well keepsdas. You can not understand the big picture of this place. That's why you're here, and is also the reason why you gave new gifts and tools.

I still do not understand, "said Mike. Why I can not keep the few things I hold dear? Were harmless fquick explanation for myself!

"They were not appropriate to carry on your journey, Michael. -Orange sat on a rock on the other side of the fire, and said: "These things represent your earthly part. You instigatesban to your old self, and kept you in a place incompatible with the new vibration that you are currently studyingdo and accepting. Everything about you is changing, Michael, and knowsso what we perceive.

- Why does not he just gave me this explanationtonka? I would have avoided many problems. "Mike put his views in his hand, bleeding, and panues in tattered clothes.

-Turned down the opportunity, Michael Thomas, and therefore your choice should be personal.

Mike caught the wisdom implicit in what he said Orange.

- What would have happened if I get rid of them?

"You would not have gone ahead if they kept the items loaded with the old energy," he said Orange. The wind would have taken you back to a place belonging to your conscience before. Although he eventually would have been safe, would have lost everything you learnedo and gotdo in this sacred journey. That would mean the death of the new Michael Thomas, therefore, would have had to leave this place, "Orange paused to emphasize what he said, and then went on to explain:" This is important, Michael Thomas of Purpose Puro. You can not cling to anything that is part of the old energy, not even things seemingly irreplaceable, and move towards the new energy. Both are incompatible. VerdadeRamento, you're moviedo to a new dimension, and the physics of the old energy can not be mixed with the new physics. Let me ask you something ... "Orange Mike approached. Still loving and remembering your parents despite having lost their physical objects? Or do you have also lost that with the storm?

"I still love and remember," said Mike knewdo Orange where he was going with the conversation.

"So where's the loss? Orange inquired. Mike was silent. He realized that he hadn a lesson. Orange went on like a father who taught the most elementary knowledge to a curious child.

The memory of loved ones reside in the energy of your life experience. Not from any old object. Howdo want to remind you, use the loving consciousness and dotions of the new Michael Thomas. When it does, you will discover that even your perceptions of the past are differentTAS than you thought. You're getting a new wisdom about who eran your parents ... and also about who you are. The new gifts and tools will enhance the memories you have of those things. Old objects of interest only drag you into the past, a period during which you were unable to understand the big picture.

Mike still did not understand the new language and conversation of the Spiritual. Orange knew their thoughts and spoke as follows:

"When you've finished your stay in the seventh house ... -And in saying this, you will have smiled a full understanding.

Mike only understand a part of what is OrangeTaba said, but was beginning to grasp the crux of the matter. The situation was similar to the interpretation of the occurrence of rotten food, she realized she could not wear anything that belonged to Mike before the place called "home." Lamented the loss, and somehow still not-tiéndose angels betrayed by his friends because he has notreports had already been more specific. But began to feel the goalmorphosis that had predicted, and also realized that until that point in the trip, we had made two suggestionsences: first it was blue, that does not take food, and the second Orange, he left the luggage. In both cases the recommendation was ignored, and both times had problems.

Mike promised to start listening carefully to what the angels told him during the trip. He was in a strange place that had multi-dimensional facets, and realized that HE possessed biological information and ANGELS possessed spiritual information. Therefore, ifspoon more and implied less, your trip could be more tranchyle. Although it was unable to fully understand the lengourds and many of the concepts, had to continue to rely on the point of view of angels, as it was in a land they knew well and was still ahead for the company to tour the journey itself.

- Orange! "Michael demanded the attention of angel. Why hasand storms here?

-Michael Thomas of pure purpose, I'll give you another resSince it is a truth, but do not understand.

Orange was at the mouth of the cave, and when he got there, he turned to Michael and gave this response:

"When man is not here, there tormentors."

Orange was right. Mike did not have the foggiest idea why that happened. When he stood up to ask about something sinister had been chasing ... Realized that he had Orange!

"Goodbye again, bright orange comrade," said Mike, speaking to the empty space where the Spirit had just been Orange. And for the first time, got an answer making his farewell. In his mind, clearly heard her voice, quiet, loving and wise:

"When you're aware of why we never say goodbye, you know that you are part of our dimension."

"This is a more confusing still," thought Mike, but somehow it's comforting."

Orange took advantage of the fire is not known now, "he had provided, for heating and drying clothes, which was removed and spread on the rocks near the warm fire. While carefully leaving the pieces of his outfit combat near the boulder, noted that neither the armor or the shield had been damaged. It was falling asleep peacefully, not knowing if it was outside at night or day, and slept several hours. The storm continued for a while, but when Mike awoke, and rain had stopped completely.

Michael looked to take a look at the environment of the cave, and saw that it was time the twilight of that day. He had slept all afternoon, it was time that lasted the remainder of the storm, and now he felt energized. Cautiously, he gathered his team rope, put it as he was told, was hung around his neck the bag with the map, and started back on the road. Everything seemed so quiet! He looked back but did not detect any danger, nor was any trace of the sinister form pursuing him, and always ran to hide behind a tree or a rock. Mike felt great!

Although it was almost night, she felt suddenly sighted the next house, and he was right. Traveled on long strides and found the house, well hidden from view, on a hill. It felt so light! Subject the matter to us, and as he had no holdings, his team could not bat an annoying clunk of before, so I had almost forgotten that I have in tow. His pace was swift. Michael Thomas had accepted the loss of his stuff materials as made it convenient for your trip, and had been able to assimilate the experience. He practiced the mental visualization of the photos of his parents, and could remember clearly. Still feel your love and all the sensations experienced that used to have when looking at those photos. Orange you know reason. What was yours truly was in his mind. In the end, that was all he needed.

Variety of hundreds of feet away, a hideous dark green figure was recovering from a painful experience. Each time he moved, he felt a prick. Reminder you know he had suffered. Not in Colombia, but the wound never healed. Despite being thawing certain, that was determined to frustrate the journey of Michael Thomas. He was convinced that it would soon come when Michael Thomas see those red eyes like embers, feel the hot breath and finally, would know the meaning before you can do one step closer to home. As if his life depended on it. That he was willing to consume it true, even if it meant the sacrifice of himself in combat.

7. THE THIRD HOUSE

Before going into the third house, Mike was stopped in the sense he needed to read a sign that was on the lawn was my color as the house and had an inscription: "HOUSE OF BIOLOGY." The house belonged to a single color, as above. Style structure was setting, and the color was a beautiful yellow green hue so bright, it seemed natural tones blend with the lush grass and trees. The entire range was qualified by the dim light of dusk. Mike knew he was about to meet another angel, certainly, would his friend. Took stock of what had happened in the two previous homes and involved, undoubtedly that both had been directed to preparation. In this way he had helped train a stop lizard travel. It was the start of training and substance. "After everything I've been through, this has to be easier, he thought.

When he approached the house, a huge angel green sauntered onto the porch to greet him as he approached and looked invariably greeted him with the phrase:

- Welcome, Michael Thomas of Purpose Pure! This angel, which automatically called Michael Green, seemed very happy and especially kind. Mike sensed that all the angels had a grand humorous vein, that really seemed to be particularly enhanced, as they are laughing constantly. The angel looked at Mike and winked as he said:

- Nice sword!

"Good evening. Mike waved green ignoring comment about the sword, thinking: "I bet you said to make me feel better, because it carried something I think is out of place in this spiritual quest."

- Nanay! "Said the angel, reading the thoughts Mike cough. Not all swords are so splendid as you wear. I know what I'm talking about, because I have seen many such.

- And what makes it different? Asked Mike.

"We gave you a nickname for a reason, Michael. Your purpose is really pure and your heart literally re-creates rhythmic sounds with your search. Therefore, your instruments reflect something that all those like me can see. Come in, please.

Mike Green followed and entered the house, where he continued the conversation.

- Does that make me different ... Special ... better?

- Makes Your potential is enormous, Michael! Remember that, as humans, have a choice. We never clarified to humans and divided them into categories. What we do is to see every one of you as a potential energy level.

- Potential for what?
- To change! "Said Green.
- Why?

Green paused and turned to Mike. They had just passed by several small rooms, green, and at that time were at the entrance of what appeared to be the rooms temporary. The angel spoke softly, with a great sense of patience and honor towards the human being in front of him.

- Why are you here, Michael Thomas?

"To make it possible for me to return home immediately," said Mike, frankly.

- What should you do to make this possible? The angel was promoting an opportunity for Mike to define its current situation.

- Walking the way of the seven houses?

- Yes...? Green said, pressing further.

- Becoming a dimensional differently? With that answer, Mike was repeating, shyly, like a parrot, he remembered that he had explained Orangedo. Green smiled broadly and said:

"In the end, Michael, that of the pure purpose, truly understand some of the words and concepts that now echo. Orange has told you that you just said me, right?

Mike knew that he had discovered.

"Yes, that's what I said and to be honest, I still do not know what it means.

"I know" said the huge green one, thoughtfully. And flew to ask ... What will you do to get home?

- Change! "Said Mike triumphantly.

- Why? Green asked.

Now, the question was closing a circle, and found that Mike had to answer his own question.

- Why I can not go there unless you change? -Responded Mike shyly.

- Exactly! The trip home involves several stages, my husband friend. First is the desire to go. Then comes the preparation. This always involves finding oneself and understanding the changes that you experience - experiments are needed to achieve to reach your goal. You are already feeling this. And finally, you must study how things work for you to be able to feel comfortable with the overall perspective. Open the final door, which has the inscription "home" is like a graduation, Michael. There is no such thing!

This really was the first time an angel speaks on completion of the journey and the final door. Mike was thrilled.

"Tell me more about what I can expect. Green. That was what was most interested to Mike: the ultimate goal, and what to expect when he opened that door.

"You also defines those things to make your request at the beginning," said Green.

- When did this happen? "Mike could not remember.

"When first asked to do this trip, green tests.

Suddenly, Mike recalled the conversation he'd unplugged the process chain, with that huge figure, white and faceless asked for a description of the place called home.

- Did you know? Mike asked, shocked.

"All of us are part of a family, Michael. -Green slid into the room where Mike was going to stay, and said: "All this must result in a family.

Mike looked around. The atmosphere was very similar to other houses as well as being extremely favorable to sleep and rest. Could smell the food and it was ready in the next room.

The angel said calmly and said:

"This time you can have clothes for you, Michael. Suddenly, Mike was aware that his appearance must have been horrible: his clothes were torn and bloody dry sludge, resulting from the storm had passed and had threatened his life. He looked toward the area noted Green. Indeed, the clothes were there! He looked more in detail and found it was traveling clothes of good quality, exactly your size. There was also a splendid green. Green turned to ask him how he had learned of the size you use, but did not see it anywhere. Mike smiled to himself and spoke aloud, knowing that Green could hear:

"Goodnight, my angel and green friend. See you in the morning.

Mike dined and slept soundly that night, until five o'clock. At that time was a nightmare: in dreams, he turned to see the horrible and sinister thing, she approached him during the period of helplessness when it was exposed to causes of the storm, and again felt the warning that it threatened his life. This terrified him. He woke up and bathed in sweat. And Green was there, next to your bed!

- Are you ready? He asked.

- Do you ever sleep? Mike asked by scrubbing his eyes.

- Of course not!

- But if it's still dark outside! "Mike still felt tired because of the terrifying nightmare and because, perhaps, lacked sleep.

"In the House of biology have this custom, my Michael Thomas. -Green smiled again and stood there, I'll be here every morning at five and a half to explain lessons. Before we have finished instantly, you've understood everything about sleep patterns and biological energy ... and nightmares.

- Do you know my dreams? "Mike asked, amazed.

"Michael, you still do not realize our connection with you. We know everything about you, and greatly honored your process!

Green retreated a few steps away from the bed and gestured for Mike to put an offshoresha. It felt a little uncomfortable.

-Green, I'm naked.

"That's how you start your lessons, Michael. Do not be shy. Wear the green tunic is in the closet.

Mike did what was asked and then went to the living room adjacent to enjoy your breakfast. Com Greenobsequious behaved like a dog! He sat down with Mike and observed everything he was eating, but said nothing. It was the first time a teacher angelic had for him this kind of attention. There was something that was different than previous houses.

After lunch, Mike Green led to a specific area for teaching. The other houses that had been were huge, with large rooms and high ceilings, whereas in the latter, all the rooms were small. The greater part of the teaching took place in one of them. Green began offering instruction in that particular call. Asked Mike to take off the robe.

"My Michael Thomas of Purpose Pure, point your light station.

"I do not understand," said Mike.

- Where is your Purpose Pure? Where is your love? Where is that part of you that know God? "Green had a goal and went on:" Go ahead a bit, and now says that part of your body where such attributes reside.

Mike did not have to rack your brains. Now he understood that Green, who was not human, I wanted to show him where those values lived.

"Some are here ... Mike said pointing your brackets or centers are here, "he said, putting the palm of his hand on his chest. Those are the places where I feel that you're asking me.

- Wrong! "Green said aloud Mike startling. Want to try again?

Slowly, Mike began a tour of his body, asking Green if he was looking for could be in this or that part, while he was pointing. Each time, Green gave a negative response.

-Green, I give up, "said Mike exasperated after having identified almost everyone as part of your body. Where?

"Let me tell you a joke, Michael Thomas. Deso otherwise you will try.

Mike thought the situation was very unique. Was there wearing only a robe with a green angel, in a land that does not really exist in its previous life, and over, the angel would tell a joke! Who knew? Is it that this was not a serious site, or what happened?

"There once was a man who was very bright," he began Verde, enjoying every moment with the former experience to tell a funny story. When he felt he had reached a good level for continuous lighting to continue his journey, stopped a taxi.

Green smiled from ear to ear and paused, looking at Michael's reaction to the fact that an angel knew the word "taxi". Mike Green did not give the satisfaction of expressing surprise that he was seeking, repressed their spontaneous desire to laugh. In contrast, gave a slight smirk. However, Green continued his narrative:

"When man stopped the taxi, stuck his head out the window and told the driver: "I'm ready, go!". The driver, reacting to the order was given, then started taking only the man's head!

Green had much fun with his story, and looked back at Mike to see how he reacted. He showed no expression; looked Verde, cocked his head and winced at that read: "Well, y. ...?"

- Blessed be the men who planted his body in the taxi before announcing when is ready to go!

Green was very satisfied with his story, despite Michael's reaction, obviously contained, and rejoiced pleased with the silence that followed his story.

"Do not let your job," said Mike, containing the desire to laugh out loud by the occurrences of the grain angel services. What do you want to convey accurately with your story, right?

-Michael Thomas of pure purpose, every cell in your body contains an awareness who knows God. Therefore, each cell has the potential for enlightenment, love and the pursuit of change vibethorium. Let me show it here.

And in saying this. Green did something that shocked Mike in dismay. Approached him quickly, and with an agile movement, gave a tremendous stamp on his toe!

- Ay! Mike yelled, indignant at such an abuse of trust. What is this?

Mike felt the throbbing finger. Grabbed him and tried to relieve it, as any other human being in their situation, jumping as she did.

- That I was sorry! "He cried to Green, as he watched his finger became red, then purple. It has pained me much! I think you've broken me!

- What hurts you, Michael? Green asked casually as I watched him move around the room, wincing with each step he took.

- The finger! You are a sadist lime green! "Mike did not know what he was saying, but I was furious.

Green did not take the hint before the start of cholera Mike and approached him.

- Do not come near me! Shouted Mike, extending the arms defensively. I do not want another demonstration of foot massage angelic style, or want to hear about the concept you have about reflexology therapy! You are not occupied closer!

- What have I done wrong, Michael? Green asked again, and added: "It's not your finger.

- What do you mean? Mike exclaimed incredulously, as he sat on the floor in the position of the lotus, trying not to fall while blowing his finger. So tell me, Your Grace Verdosa Majesty, what has hurt? "Mike was scathing, but Angel ignored him.

-A WE Michael Green said. Every cell in your body is feeling at this moment, your discomfort. Say it, Michael. Say: "We have done damage"

Mike repeated without much enthusiasm:

"We have been hurt.

- Can I have permission to make a cure? Green asked.

"Yes." Mike showed real interest.

"So declares the permit-pGreen languages.

"I give permission for me to heal the finger," said Mike.

- Wrong! "Green said aloud.

This time, Mike did not need a map to avoid error, and tried again.

"I give permission for ... "He paused. US cures. Green was not satisfied with the answer and asked again:

"Michael, give your permission to perform the action, I give permission for me to do so.

Mike thought about this and restated the phrase:

-Give my permission to this healing. We have hecho damage and we all benefit from this healing.

- That's right! Green shouted gleefully clapped enthusiastically while. I've corrected, Michael Thomas ProPure granary! You just heal your finger!

Mike stopped almost instantly prick your finger. The color changed from red to a healthy pink, and her whole body was relieved of pain. Green approached him, and this time Mike did not tell him not to.

"Michael, you know what just happened? Green's voice was soft and gentle.

- Crear so, but I need to explain it to me. He was tired because of the lesson, the pain had left him exhausted. Green continued:

"Never again shall cause you pain, dear friend. I'll point out. From now on, learn from other experiences and not pain. What we just learned is that the pain of one part affects all others. It is a community experience. Is not that now you feel tired? If this experience would involve only your finger, how is that reflected all over your face? Why the anger expressed in it? Has your finger who me scream? No! It was all your body that has me screaming! Your finger has felt the pain, but all parts of your "I have participated. The finger has been the source of the problem, but I assure you all knew what happened cells. The same applies to the aleHungary, pleasure, passion, pride and inner truth. Every cell feels everything and has the knowledge of the totality-Green paused to give realce to their exposure. This is also true enlightenment and the search gives spiritual.

"Then tell me exactly where you are my lighting Green? "This time, Mike sought a direct response, without jokes or stomping on the fingers.

-Resides equally in each and every one of the cells those of your body, Michael Thomas. Each cell has a consciousness of the whole. Each cell knows absolutely everything about the others. Each of them participates in the vibration of the human being. Green was silent for a full-moParliament and sat in front of Mike, emphasizing, "The time spent here will be aimed at learning the characteristics of increased vibration. Before you begin, you must acceptarte yourself as a cluster of cells that they know everything, and not as a set of parts.

I think I can do," said Mike with a firm intention.

"I think so. -Green smiled broadly and stood up. Are you ready?

Still bitter about the experience of the finger, Mike felt that he stood by while involuntarily replicationcaba:

"Yes, sir.

The hours spent teaching human anatomy and health. It was a kind of medicine, but recommended recommendations for a natural lifestyle, as well as practical application for good health. It seemed a steady stream of deep information about each item! What to eat, how to have energy when you exercise and why. And also, how to know what is the right time to do so. Along today's lessons. Green put special interest in Mike's understanding of the concept of "WE" be. It began to feel as if it were not allowed to have parties, and Green agreed with him.

Mike slept extremely well that night and had no more nightmares. Morning. Green was back beside his bed, and then accompanied him to breakfast, while observed Varlan. This time, the angel began to explain each of the types of food he was eating. A Green did not seem to care what Mike ate the wonderful food selections, but each group reviewed them, while trying to save Mike chewed everything that was diFinance.

In days, Mike began an exercise program. On certain days, Green asked to be wearing combat attire, lest you forget how it felt to ride. Those were the days when Mike dismore fruit. Up to that time had not been aware of how much he missed his sword, shield and armadura. They were hugged and wondered again how well it fit to ban him.

Green instructed on nutrition, plants, medicinal herbs CINAL and how the body naturally balanced. Mike was amazed to learn how cells work together, as if "they knew" something he did not know. Everything was so fascinating! Green also explained that there was a subtle polarity magnetic. Give each organ and for each cell. All cells "knew" what was it, and worked on their own to achieve the perfect balance. To be balanced, each cell could rejuvenate itself perfectly, and Mike learned how the body is renewed constantly. Finally, made him a strange question to Green.

"Apparently, my cell ... I mean WE we are very smart when it comes to balancing biology. How does seem to know absolutely nothing about this process? "I can contribute somehow to the situation? My mind does not possess the knowledge possessed by res cellsrespect of this. Where do I come in, like Mike?

- It's strange to ask me that, Michael Thomas Pure Purpose!

Green emphasized the last part of the sentence, and Mike knew what was coming next.

"Your body only needs to be honored with a foodfeeds properly and with a good knowledge of the environment," continued Green explained. It also requires that you provide maintenance. He will do the rest. So far, you learned how to make them feel comfortable, how to feedit properly and exercising physically. Your sis-issues are satisfied and occupied without you hascer nothing else. Now is the time to understand proof of the spirit, because you have to give your body something that could never achieve on its own. You know what I mean?

Mike thought he knew.

"Yes, I know, Green.

Mike felt healthier than ever. And not ashamed of their nakedness, especially when he was with Green, whom he admired the gradual changes that were resulting in the appearance of Mike, so let him know. Green was like a loving father and, at the time as a coach categoryinternational river.

"It's time to make a choice," cried Mike.

Green almost explodes with joy:

- Never before have humans had realized that in so little time!

Mike realized he had finally said something that was successful, and was amazed by the reaction of Green. The angelic presence and darted around the room, showing their room firstity to defy gravity and change form. Mike could have been scared if I had not seen the exhibition was exclusively in his honor. HowGreen do calmed down, he approached Mike and stood before him. Green had taken back his angelic appearance, evenwho kept his eyes wide with joy. He smiled and said:

-Michael Thomas of pure purpose, what is your choicetion?

"I decided to use the new gifts of the Spirit and aulie my vibration.

Again, Mike knew he had spoken correctly. Green stepped back as if to make room for the growing wisdom of Mike, for it increases, surroundseeing. The angel was visibly impressed.

- It is on this day, Michael Thomas! "Cried Viewde-. You're right. Whatever your cells can not do is use the part of God that you carry with you, which has the power to choose to illuminate itself. Only your mind can do this, and if only your mind can make the choice, each cell knows that have given permission. Just like when you hurt your finger, your spirit knew, when you apply for a vihighest calibration, your finger so you know. At this pricesso now it is manifesting in you the awareness of NOSOTRES, Michael. All cells know what you mean. Time to relax.

It had been a great day, and Mike began to feel I was understanding more about spiritual matters. Clearmind, what he did was very special. On the way to the bedroom. Mike Green told que had expressed the intention to reach a sacred purpose: the first of many that would have to ask. Each time it was appropriate to move to another level, the biology would have to be balancedda, and should also have permission to do so. Green was proud of Mike and treated him with more respect than usual. When he reached the bedroom door, the angel asked him to return back to him.

-Michael Thomas of Purpose Puro. Typically, disappear now and then por the morning. You know the rutub. I'm here to say I love you very much. The attributes of a vibrational shift have consequences that you know and you have to get used to. I told you to never hurt you, and will comply. All that successionda from now will be held at the pace that you control. Any pain you feel will come from you. Nothing will ever be the same for you. Tonight I will get into the bed as a human being of a particular class, but tomorrow will be another, with all evidence and property that carries a vibrational shift.

Green looked at Mike for a long time, and he felt the formertraordinary sense of honor that the angel professed. Mike knew this was different. Green longed to ask him to explain. What is different? Did you know tomorrow? What will tomorrow's lesson? Explain now!

Mike not verbalized any of these questions, and so Greengio had not heard from Mike. He turned and walked slowly out of the room willing. This was an unusual way of proceeding in it. You could tell something was changing, and Mike it perceived a threat. He spoke loudly speaking to the walls:

"I guess I have to expect something pretty drastic to get through the veil that leads home.

Mike sat on the bed. "You may have to become an angel before you get there. It could become a special color! ". Mike almost laughed at the thought of this, and as others seeces, waited to hear a replica of one of the angels who were listening. But there was only silence. Something in her indeterioration was beginning to change. He felt a vibration in his stomach, and chills. I knew I should go to bed.

Mike did not sleep well that night. He spent almost sailing, SeanD were already five-thirty, then realized he needed to green and he missed. Soon he was plagued by insecurity. Each time he fell asleepdo, had the same dream: That was there, looking fiercemind. And each time, the horrible thing he plundered and destroyed him! When It already was cutting up, wake up drenched in sweat and filled with anxiety, listening to their own Alaritwo, waking abruptly ceased. Then absolute silence reigned. When I returned to sleep, had mymo dream. How many times could kill him? Five? "Six? The situation seemed endless. His death was repeated again and again, each

with a slight variation. On each occasion, the dream was real. Finally, could not bear most and began to sob. He did it for a while, being aware that he was pouring all his soul on the pillow. Do not remember having experienced in his life a misery so deep! Even the death of his parents had caused him such emotional cleansing. Lloró loud, and her crying became wailing. Mike had lost control.

He wept for himself and his parents, and wept for a lost love and lost opportunities. Felt that they had killed him, so I finally cried for his own death. Was disrupted by grief and was unable to controlling the tremors of his body, which tried to identify new areas of pain to deepen them and react.

Was finally able to sleep a few hours and had to been extremely exhausted. Something was wrong, almost no light. Where was Green? Why had left him to sleep so much? Mike got up and immediately felt pain in the muscles the abdominal due to the contraction of the intestines to cause convulsive crying last night. He clutched at his side.

- Why, yes it WE going wrong! "She heard him telling his own body.

Mike went to the room that was designated as the coMedora. There was no sign of food. He put on his green robe and began looking for the angel. He noted that the rooms were familiar to him and had begun to acquire a brownish green color. Or was it simply an effect of light? Y speaking of light, seemed to be a failure in the supply tro. Where was Green? What was happening?

- Green! Where are you?

There was no response.

Mike toured the house, but found the angel for his hand gun. Finally, hungry and tired, went to a living room where Green had taught many times, and sat down. He was perplexed and felt that began to invade a darkness that was unheard of in this journey. Recognized: it was the same depression I had experienced for so much time ago in Los Angeles, before all this started to happen.

- What is happening? Mike asked himself aloud. There was only silence.

- Where is everybody? "Blue? "Orange? Right? Eh, chicos, I need you! Silence. Mike realized that her depression had begun to control his personality. It was not long before he fell into the same hole where he did not care anything or anyone. But he refused to let that happen.

- Okay, guys, if you will not help, then I will do it the hard way! "Whatever it is what it implicated a cab.

Mike clung desperately to the hope of obtain some response from someone! He went back to the door and saw what was around him. Then he went to the closet. When opened, it was as if he had the map! Perhaps this would make any disclosure. I had always done when things had gone wrong in this strange spiritual land of "eternal not present. " Mike easily found and unrolled the parchment.

But was not prepared for what was going to see. Stared at him in disbelief, then save it parsimoniously. Again go to bed without taking off the robe, and covered with a blanket. It was only one o'clock, but Mike did not care. He stood there, staring at the wall.

Regarding the map, where there was always an indicator "YOU ARE HERE" there was only one black spot: ninguna word. There were no signs on the map. Had stopped working. He had lost his magic.

Would that's likely to have broken into the house during the night and would have killed him? What was it that he had experienced while sleeping? Dreams or reality? Hasbia It also killed the angels? How could it be? Mike was battling depression and gloom. Intentó understand everything and forced his mind trying to recall anything that Green had said that might explain the situation. Between the dark haze that was invading his consciousness, Mike reminded the angel when it land said: "Any pain you feel come from yourself. Nothing will ever be the same. I love you very much. " Was it a farewell? Mike recalled that the great being white hasbia said at the outset: "Nothing is what it seems ..." Mike was, resist, believing in God, and all this was a ruse. Proof!

Mike did the only thing that occurred to him: he got up and put on his armor. Not feel comfortable, heavier than before, and the sword seemed stupid. Did not care. Took it with pride and spoke aloud.

- Nothing will overcome my spirit! So proclaim victory over my depression!

There was no response. Only silence. Empty words ... There was no expression of love or honor. He felt that nothing and no one cared about Michael Thomas. That land was completely empty. He was the only one who was there.

Mike was fighting for his sanity. Do not give up! He went to the training room and took his place on the desk, fully dressed for battle. He stayed there until sunset, waiting and watching, in the midst of absolute silence of a land devoid of sound. Nevertheless, he continued sitting there, alert. I did not know what I expected, but refused to surrender to the darkness of depression that hasbia won so complete a form before entering this beautiful land.

Finally, he fell asleep in the darkened room. But this time his dream was not irregular. Began to create peace where there was none before. His power to do this would have transcends obvious. While sleeping, gently swung his sword and "sing" for itself, responding to new vibrations of valuable human being to which he belonged. But my Michael Thomas was not aware of that. His coat resplandecía slightly, reacting to new instructions from a transformed biology. But Michael Thomas was not aware of that. His armor kept him at a temperature pleasant temperature in response to a new set of instructions from a spiritual source of wisdom. Our company has just awakened in the DNA of Michael. But Michael Thomas was not aware of that. Every cell of his body were undergoing transformation, and that metamorphosed kyphosis was almost complete. He slept really well.

The next morning when he awoke, the situation had changed. He was still sitting on the desk where he had passed out at night but the room was brighter and more cheerful. He got up and tested his mind. It was strange, but the first thing he thought it was if sEguia being alone, but if you find work well. The depression was gone! Mike realized he was wearing his battle dress, but somehow did not notice. As I walked into the dining room vigorously to see if I was going to starve another day, saw the delicious aroma of a good breakfast. He knew that all was well again.

Mike ate like he had never done. Since I was hungry, almost starving, there was a binge with the food she had prepared. Enjoyed intensely of the sensation of welfare. Suddenly, he realized he was singing in full voice, with your mouth full!

- I wish mom could see me now! Mike said verbalizing their thoughts aloud as he chewed happily. Had the corners of his mouth full of egg yolk. Also ashamed of my fashionless ...

"Why is so proud of you," said Mike Green, appearing in the doorway. We all are.

Mike got up to show respect to his green friend. He was delighted to see the angel.

- Green! He shouted with joy. Do not know if he would see. Please come and sit here with me! "Mike sat back and continued eating.

The angel was huge to the table and sat across from Mike. He waited until he started the conversation. Green knew his human friend had dozens of questions about what had happened the day before, but wanted to know how long it takes to start making them. There was a silence as humming and eating at Mike while watching Green with sparkling eyes and smiling like a fool. The angel watching their behavior and examined his body with his eyes, repairs RAND combat outfit. The green body was without others more, and said smiling:

"Nice sword.

Mike laughed out loud at the remark, noting that this had been the first comment that Green had done to get there. The food was chewing shot out of his mouth, like shrapnel, spreading everywhere. Seeing this, The great being green also began to laugh. Then they embraced warmly. It was the first time it is perMIT! Mike playing an angel of the land, and knew intuitively that it was now appropriate. None of us could stop laughing. At that time, Mike realized he was dancing with the great angel green to the music of his spirit, treading the delicious bread that has fallen from the table with the racket. Suddenly, Mike perceived that had pieces of cake ARANDAN between the toes. The room was a mess, but he did not care. He sat back and felt a tightness in the chest from the hustle and the euphoria had to make an effort to recover from the effect of jubilation. Finally he told Green, who was Frenyou to it:

- You know something? I was sure you'd come back.

- How were you so sure?

"Because you told me you loved me.

"And I love you, smiling again reiterated Green. Mike gave one bite at one of the many pieces of food that was now scattered everywhere. He paused.

-Green, you really can see me my mother and father? This was the most important question for him. Green recalled the comments she had made to enter the dwelling a few minutes earlier.

"That this is the first thing you ask is a samplework in your new consciousness, Michael Thomas of Purpose Puro. Sometimes, the angels of this earth do bet on what will be the first pregunta be made by the person des- therefore face the challenge of change. But you still have not done that often made regularly. Although a long time ago we met again this habitation, you have not made such a question, and instead, you asked by your parents. Truly, I stand before a special human being!

Mike could not say for sure, but believed Viewfor it was getting a little emotional, whether it is possible that this can happen to an angel. There paused, then spoke again Green:

"Yes, Michael Thomas, your parents can see you, and are very proud of you. "The angel waited for Michael to do more questions.

Mike reflected on what Green had said, and then said:

"I think I know exactly what happened yesterday. Green shook his head and said:

- Really? Then, explain.

The angel was all ears. Normally, at this stage of the process of education that is imparted to a human in HOUSE OF BIOLOGY, We spent the angel all their time to work to explain to the perplexed disciple where everyone was gone during the day before and the reason for the horrible and lonely journey in apparent spiritual darkness.

"I've changed. Green, as I predicted. I am different. I feel ... "Mike paused momentarily, and then continued: "We are endowed with power. I have a knowledge of you, Green did not have before. Somehow, you've gone from being my teacher to take on the role of ... -Mike Look for the right word, but the alarm pause goes too.

The angel intervened.

- Family?

- Yes! Mike nodded quickly. It was getting introspective, but continued: "I thought that what happened yesterday was a test, but it was not.

Green was still listening and allowing Mike express their ideas about what happened.

"I know eventually I'll find the details of what success gave, and I think I know WHY happened, "Mike spoke

slowly mind and intention, as would an instructor. Green, each of these cells in my body felt abandonment. It was like I was off and died. There was no comfort anywhere. Even my own mind could give me one reason to exist. Somehow, I was a human being neutral. When I looked at the map was when I knew what was happening. It was a sign to my mind, and I realized what was happening.

Green was impressed. Never before has a student of the green house had been so precise and aware of the characteristics of vibrational change. Usually taken much time to explain. The angel knew this with a very special: Michael Thomas. He felt proud of his student and he wanted more. Mike continued:

"The map also was dead. I was in limbo. Then I knew what was happening. To receive the spiritual gift of purpose, had to go through a special cycle of rebirth. It was as if the power had been off for a day, to be reestablished after a new circuit. I knew that if she is able to preserve the sanity in this trance, I finally find it. To achieve this I used a display in which I stood you telling me you loved me. It was the only thing that worked. When I thought of you, managed to concentrate on why he was here, "Mike looked at Green and smiled. He tried to hide that his eyes filled with tears. "Tengo right?"

"Practically I have very little to add, Michael Thomas of PropPure-Green Teddy stood up to emphasize what he said. "I tell you this: when you were present on my love for you, it was only me who think. I am part of a group, Michael. When I speak, you're talking to the whole. You also are part of it, but as I perceive it. As vibration your way up, you will understand all this stuff. When you felt the love of him who were also flames Verde feeling the love of Blue, Orange, even your parents, as well as all those that you are getting along the road. Still do not know them, but they to you, yes. We are all one, Michael, and you perceive you in times of need. Your intuition is input! What a gift you already have!

Mike knew there was more even, so he remained silent, waiting to order their thoughts Verde cough. This went on.

"Everything you said is correct, my human friend wise. To be able to pass a level superior there is a period of challenge. It is a period of time in which two of us in the group must move away to allow you to change. We can not do anything for you during this period, as our energy would interfere with the process. You are spiritually qualified to carry it out. Sent the loss of your family, Michael. Also a sense of sorrow and emptiness during the brief period when you had to be alone. The only thing that kept you focused was love, and I, as instructor of this house, could never give you the solution you found yourself in the dark. Congratulations for the perception and maturity you have shown on this site, Green again made a break to let Mike likened the compliment. Do you have another question to ask?

"Yes. Will he return to happen?

"Yes, will occur every time you go to a new status vibrating.

- And what I can do solve it better next time?

Green looked ahead and spoke seriously.

"I'll have to recognize that this is happening and procure keep busy with other things. There must be involved-are in the situation, and we must remember that it is temporary. It is necessary to give a ceremonial! You have to honor the process, but in that moment you are immersed in uncertainty! Do exactly as you did, Michael Thomas of Purpose Puro. Feel the love that is implicit in the gift!

Mike knew all this and assimilated it.

The lessons continued to slow, the days following entities. Had more teaching to impart because of the new vibrational rate of Mike. Subtle skills were transmitted to the body and shown different ways to know whether there was any imbalance. Mike Green explained to what they were new sleep patterns, and new food choices that could accompany each vibrational shift. He had to memorize so many things!

They were approaching the last days in the green house, and angel took up a new subject, never an TES had tried.

- Are you ready to talk about sex? He asked. Mike almost fell for printing. He looked huge and Green go to see if he was playing another joke.

- You must be joking! She felt embarrassed.

"I'm not," said Green.

Mike then spoke softly, as if someone else could hear:

-Green, this is not a subject of angels. This is something that humans do in the dark. It has to do with lust. Moreover, I am surprised that you use that shovel! Mike turned the corner, and spoke to a corner of Habitación. I do not think we should address this issue in a sacred place like this.

Green was adamant.

"It's not what you think, Michael. Your reaction to the issue is only that human perception you have about him. It is a matter of biology, and why you're here.

The angel was silent, allowing Mike to take time to think about what he had to say.

He was resigned. Knew he could not avoid anything that Green had said. Came to mind images of the sex education class in high school, where a hapless teacher had the difficult task of explaining to a group of kids what they actually knew. The long exposition of the subject, students became so choked laugh, the style of the girls, looking at each other knowingly. Most would rather be elsewhere. It was a subject too personal.

-Green, do we have to deal with this issue?

Yes

What happened then change forever the vision of Michael Thomas about the physical relationships between humans. Green spoke eloquently, as if it were based on personal experience despite being asexual! Mike explained that sex was one of the spirituality them more relevant to biology. A stunned Mike described what the real purpose, which women and men should get from this experience, apart from children. He talked about the elegance that involved raising simultaneously awareness by reaching two individuals with board of an emotion in a certain way. Green gave examples of how things work in the spiritual plane of the body, when passion was controlled and channeled as specific wild beasts. Sex was a real catalyst for the enlightenment!

During the explanation, Mike remained silent.

- I can not believe it! He said, supporting his face in his hands. I always thought it was a dirt track, something you can not ventilate. No matter slaughterhouse to drag the chain evolutionary. And now you come and tell me that is spiritual? Wow, what a concept! Wait until you hear about this, the clergy

Mike was trying to be funny, but in reality, the concept overflowed the young farmer who had learned about this issue only through the observation of animal behavior as a child and, years later, to work fragments instead of the misinformation that received from friends, teens like him. Suddenly, fully grasped the issue, and raised his head, exclaiming:

- Green, how I missed! He could have had that experience with woman he loved. Now it's too late.

"Do not be harsh with your behavior, Michael. Not everything is as it seems. This information, though it has given tarof, have their purpose as you go. The important this is important information, even though their application might seem out of place in your journey. The key is to change your attitude and approach the process as something sacred. This will help you honor your biology even more than that and honor.

Green was right. Mike was a human being of male gender they still had their culinary fantasies and dreams, even in a place like that. It was time you start in Tsar to honor them instead of perceiving them as evil or SOR-Dido. This meant a lot to him. He understood how to catch all in the overall perspective, and felt more complete. Now, those parts of your body considered intimate more, could be integrated into the "WE" with more respect! Mike laughed to think of it. Green noted the process and smiled in response.

The next day, it was time to leave. Mike got his new clothes, which had provided magically in the green house. The experience of their stay there had been the deepest of his life. Do not know what to say when was in the doorway of the house, receiving the warm sun and accompanied by the angel. It felt good. His team wearing combat do splendidly on their new clothes, the materials had been selected to provide an agreeable sense. Both the clothes and the team matched perfectly to your body, and Mike was amazed because those who had made his clothes had known his new size (acquired by exercise that was practiced during the weeks he had spent there.)

Green looked carefully and laid it a moment the gun to Mike. He was about to decide something when Mike interrupted:

"You know, I know: Nice sword!

This time it was the angel who laughed.

"I've taken the exact words of my mouth angelic green.

It was an awkward silence as the two remained under the warm rays of the sun. Mike was the first to break again.

"Promise me you will come back to see.

"I promise," said Green instantly and without reservation.

- Do I have to ask something? "Mike spoke these words recalling the protocol of the two cases before. Before leaving, each of them had been asked whether they loved God.

"Yes, I have to ask you something, and you know what it is. - View by Michael Thomas stared intently. Want to respond or not you ask the question?

"Yes," said Michael Thomas, ceremonious. I love God with all my heart. My purpose is pure and my body is one with your Spirit. I'm more close to your vibration than before, and that closeness has a sense of program, sacred and belonging. I encounter on the way home.

There was nothing I could really add. Unlike the two previous times, in which the angel had just entered the house without saying a word, this time it was Mike who got up without saying goodbye. Filled with joy, took the road and headed north towards the hills, where he was the next house.

Green stood in the porch until Mike was outside his field of vision and hearing. Then she spoke aloud, seemingly for herself:

- Michael Thomas of pure purpose, if you survive to the next home, you'll be the warrior I think you are.

And he stayed on the porch, waiting.

It was not long before the nasty, ugly dark green creature passed quietly before the house, carrying out their sinister search after Mike. Spent looking directly at Green, but the angel did not say anything or given any recognition or response. Green knew all about that and knew that in short, Mike also knew. The angel smiled to think of it.

- Will be a great meeting! He exclaimed.

Then he turned and went into the green house.

8. THE FOURTH HOUSE

Mike was walking casually along the road, without tiring better than ever. Their new clothes, made to measure, and its combat equipment in a manner complementary perfect, forming a set that seemed intrinsic to this great Earth Goddess. Mike had a strange sense of familiarity to the environment. Although there passed over most of the time of his journey into the various houses, the way he was, somehow, familiar. Had begun to

recognize the smell and look of things around him. It was as if the memories of Mike's previous life were beginning to fade, and unusual characteristics of this new land were becoming his home. I had the feeling of "remember" all those things, although I knew that I had never been there.

Mike also experienced an intense feeling of new power. Felt like I really belonged to that territory. I knew that much of this perception was due to recent events he had lived in the house of Biology. Every time I remembered to Green grinning from ear to ear. As he walked, reflecting the fact that Green had moved to a new level during his stay in the green house. What else would I find? Had only been in three of the seven houses, and wondered what else he shared were waiting.

Suddenly, he heard a noise behind her. Mike is automatically returned to the speed of lightning, taking a defensive position warning. He is surprised by what had been his instinctive reaction. He was leaning forward, his hand tightly clutched the ornate hilt of his great sword of truth. Was it his imagination, or was it true that the grip was vibrating? All his attention was focused on his ears while he is still as statues, waiting to go fast-proximally one unknown, although perfect, action.

But there was nothing.

Could have been the wind, but noted that they did not move the leaves on the trees near him. Moving unilaterally your eyes, but otherwise full body mind still, Michael discussed in detail in the area. What precisely had acquired his view there! Since starting the trip, could not remember ever having this marvelous loss visual acuity. It was as if someone had ignited bright light where there was none before.

Mike moved the focus of attention from ears to eyes, and carefully noted each and every large rock cliff was in his field of vision.

But there was nothing.

Began to realize that while he felt comfortable in their newfound land of homes covalues, there also lurked danger. It was possible that the sinister appearance, which had been so present in his dreams while in the House of Biology, to continue there. Should be careful. And while it may seem strange, Mike was not afraid. He remained motionless, alert, straining his senses to the limit.

In this state of heightened awareness, Mike was discovered by something new about her abilities. Although neither saw nor heard anything that was abnormal FELT there was something. Experienced deep concern at the bottom of his soul, was a sense of danger and warning to all his being, though ...

There was nothing.

Slowly, he turned and walked by the camino sunny, turning his head slightly to one side to the other, trying to hear any noise that occurred on his back in an effort to detect any abnormalities early. As he walked, guessed the riddle. *"What could it be? How was it possible that existing Tierra an entity in a land as dark as dripping to love and spiritual discovery? Why are you chasing? Why none of the angels had wanted to talk about it?"* It was all a mystery, but Mike felt like I was precome, and not allow this thing is despicable and evil suddenly pull him over, as he did last time. Remained alert, with a constant sense of danger.

Mike walked late into the evening. Started making was at night and the next house was not yet in sight. Mike stopped his strong running and turned to look at the stretch of road that had traveled. He took the map, while slowly and carefully monitor the area that was behind him, if he heard anything or any movement detected. Check reassured him that his precious map was working again and showed him the "present moment." It was, as before, with the entry point "YOU ARE HERE" and just on the edge of the small area around him was the next house, just at the end of the curve. Mike is He laughed to himself, saved the map and resumed the road.

Walking the way to the next house had carried most of the day. He realized that the houses were located in places far enough apart so that anyone who wanted to reach them had to make an effort, but without having to spend a night outdoors. Mike was glad of it, it felt a bit tired and I knew that not all the fatigue he felt was physical. The state of alert as he had been for hours had taken its quota of energy.

During the mysterious period of time when the decline occurs, it appears to acquire a warm tone, at that very moment, while going around the curve of the road, saw the next house. Although the atmosphere reflected the orange and red tones of the day waning, home, country style, seemed to refulge with a pure violet, but shades of the environment affect the least. Mike stopped boquiabierto, stunned. I've never seen a color so beautiful! Violet was intense, serene and powerful at the same time. He felt that the whole structure to translucent, of the sun way, was lit from within. Continued to walk to remember that it was prudent to stop a long time even that was a relatively short distance of the target.

The view of the beautiful building was only a prelude to what came after, because when the angel appeared at the door to welcome him, Mike was speechless. I've never seen such a beautiful creature! He felt perhaps should kneel out of respect for the vision before him. What was happening? Has anyone had increased the perception of colors in your eyes? He did not remember visto never color like that! Kept a respectful silence at the sight, like a child which includes a sunset for the first time in his life, wondering if there was magic in it. And then he heard the voice. What a voice!

It was soft, caressing, and seemed to come from the bowels of the tranquility, serenity, even the air carrying the vibration, and the voice was unmistakably feminine!

- Welcome, Michael Thomas of Purpose Pure! "Said the calm voice. You expected.

Mike was stunned and said nothing. I could not even think coherently for the angel read his thoughts! I was dumbfounded. He realized that to have been stopped breathing. She smiled and continued:

"I am as feminine as Green, Michael. Angels do not have sex, but we have all the attributes of your two biological sexes. My voice and my looks are meant to make you feel more comfortable andT his home.

Mike did not understand almost nothing of what Violet was explaining. Now breathe normally again, but did not know what to say. He tried, troubled by the croaking sound that accompanied his words.

- How beautiful you are! He knew his greeting, as well as heard as a series of squawks, was incredibly stupid. Look nonsense to say that an entity so beautiful! It felt awkward as when as a child, was first to a situation in which it was necessary to tellSmart go to an adultto, and was not able to. The amazement of Mike was due in part to the inconsistency that was contemplated. Opposite him was a huge angel appeared to be an entire compendium of feminine delicacy. But he also realized that in fact there was no difference in bodybetween Violet and any of the other angels. All were hugemonth, and wore robes and waving fuzzy-exact colorto their respective houses to hide or disguise all condición. But this face! Violet's face was clearprobably female. Had the same delicacy that had the faces of the mother and grandmother of Mike, and the beauty of a saint. Mike sighed and tried again.

"Please forgive me ... eh ... Violet.

At that time, he thought he was breaking the rulesmore complimentary to address her with the name of his color, as was also a female name. He tried to explainCarse:

"I expected ... I mean ... did not know that angels sex female.

Again, Mike regretted having opened his mouth. How stupid just said! Of course there were female angels! In almost all the paintings he had seen angels, the angel was female protagonist.

Violet was there, and he tried again:

"What I mean is that ... none of the other angelsles ... what I mean is ... guys seemed ... that is, men ... male.

Mike would have liked to rewind the episode and EMPETsar again. There has momentarily lost both their possibilities for communicating and his eloquence. There were fail-sado miserably in its attempt to properly greet this creature. She sighed again and simply shrugged menbros. Violet smiled.

"I understand perfectly, Michael Thomas. The look he threw to Mike would have melted his armor. It was not erotic. The feeling was an incredible love, whose essence was pure and motherly. That was what Mike was caught by surprise. It was as si, suddenmind, had again found his mother had sensation that he was meeting with the family missing quite a few years ago, and all accompanied by an impresseure of joy and disbelief.

Had been so long since the last time that hasbian looked like that! She wanted to embrace him affectionately, but soon I felt flushed byner such thoughts, because I knew that Violet could capinsert them. She continued:

"Soon you will get used, Michael. There are reasons that I appear before you with this. Not that I usually adoptedtar at all in this path, but this time my appearance has changed for you.

Mike got the idea. The appearance and behavior of Violeta were for their benefit. Accepted the fact, although prequestion that need was to "see" a maternal angel.

- Because you've earned it! "Said Violet. No everything is a lesson here, Michael. Much of this is provided to you as gifts for your evolución. Even've only gone through three houses, and has emerged as one of the most special human beings who have venido a visit.

Mike assimilated all this, and before he could think what to say to respond to the compliment, Violeta asked something he would never forget.

-Michael Thomas of pure purpose, please take off your shoes, "she said softly.

Mike did what he asked. He saw that the door had a space to place a pair of shoes, and rolled hisselves there. Fits perfectcatkins.

"Michael, do you want to know why I asked you IIflush it? Violet asked.

Michael thought about it.

- Why is the floor inside the house is sacred? He remembered Moses and the burning bush and the dialogo of that history.

"If that were the case, then why do not the other angels asked the same?

Mike continued reflecting on the subject, and made another temptationtive.

- Is it because you're an Angel? Violet had fun with the game and began issuing giggles stifled. Mike was puzzled. He knew that his response was not correct.

"Come, please," Violet said turning around and entering the house. He followed, but annoying because it hasbian left half the conversation. Therefore, whileLock, said:

-Violet, explain why you asked me to remove my shoes?

-Will you explain to me who ME Before leaving from here, "said Violet, and continued guiding him.

Michael did not like when the Angels made itperarid are found to giverle answers, especially when they pe-dian tacitly that found itself. "Toodo work, "Michael thought.

"That's why you're here," said Violeta while further into the interior of the house purple. Again, Mike felt stupid for having those thoughts.

The purple house was very simple, unlike its host. Mike realized that due to the shock that had caused the appearance of new angel, had been confused and had not read the rótulo defining home.

"Violet, what do you call this house? He asked. She stopped and turned to him.

"This is the House of Responsibility, Michael Thomas. Violet waited for the reaction of Michael with a

beautiful expression of expectation. He knew instantly that would have problems.

"Oh," almost blankly, not reacting as Violet wanted.

She turned and continued the journey.

Mike began to worry from the moment he found out the name of the house. Mentally, imagine several guided-tions about what would happen during their stay. The word responsibility has always been distasteful to him, largely because their parents insisted much on the subject, for one thing or another. Above all, use the word in a critical tone. Years later, Mike heard the same refrain from the mouths of the women coming out, usually accompanied mind to make a complaint about the actions of Mike. "Why is it that women always try to" correct-me "?" he thought. In that time had a thought horrible. Maybe Violet looked like a woman with the same purpose. "Does God send another woman to make me change? What if God were a woman? That would be a joke very perverse. " Mike smiled at the thought of the thought processes that created human masculinity, knew with certainty that what I was speculating was not the view Dad. God was neither male nor female. However, Mike was amused by the creation of such mental complications. What is the House of Responsibility?

Violet was driving through a maze of living things rather small as they headed to where Mike was going to dinner.

- What is in there? He asked it to pass before a large double doors.

"The theater," said Violeta not slow down. "A theater?" Mike's thoughts raced as he quickly following Violeta. "What makes a theater in an angel? Will take place representation? "Had another idea, even stranger: "Maybe they will project a picture! ". Mike thought it would be fun to Violet and him were together to film the next day. "They would see perhaps one of the many popular films about angels exist? To the idea, almost gets a laugh out loud. Violeta, who knew exactly what Mike was thinking, also diverted much the occurrence, but for other reasons.

They finally reached their destination. The dining room and living quarters looked very similar to that of other houses. In the closet Mike had shoes, beautiful clothes and purple that had obviously been prepared to take her during her stay there.

Mike could smell the food. Again, with him dujeron to a dining room where a tasty selection of food. How could they know, so precisely, how do was to come? And speaking of that ... Mike had never seen anyone prepare food or clean. Disaster recalled between that green and he had left after that episode so funny, and that blueberries had stained the skin of the fingers and the spots had taken days to clear. Elves as if it were, someone came, prepared food and left, all this without anyone detected. Go anywhere!

Mike turned his head thinking Violeta had Tuesday, such as had the angels of the other houses. But she was still there.

- Is everything to your liking, Michael? He asked. Violet was a truly beautiful creature Mike and I comforted her maternal qualities.

"Yeah, thanks. "Mike felt like you with a reverence.

"We start the morning. Good night, Michael Thomas of Purpose Pure-and once he had said. Violeta left the room.

This was different. Green had modified the protocol by staying on the porch while Mike was leaving the House of biology. And now. Violet also had changed information exchanged. Were the angels becoming more educated? Is it Taban adopting labeling rules of humans? Although he noticed the difference, Mike decided not to ask questions about it. Ate, got into bed and fell asleep instantly. She felt safe, clothed and loved. The next day would start another adventure, and I knew that would make many discoveries on the lessons that Violet would impart. He dreamed of his childhood and his parents, and felt good.

Outside the house, the sinister, vile and sneaky way and had established a checkpoint. Was observed and while indignantly. When Michael had left the green house and embarked on the path to follow home, That had been astonished to observe the changes that had occurred there. His power had augmented and wearing those damn guns! Suddenly, Michael was as alert as a true warrior! And, in addition more, not afraid! What had happened in that house that had become that way? That was furious because she had the opportunity to face Michael during the storm had ended in a fiasco.

ESO began to devise a better plan to catch the human. He surmised that if Michael wanted to be a skilled warrior, must have chosen a lesser known route instead of going down a path so well known. Thus, the conclusion reached conclusion that Michael always follow the path. Should have SLORC, because he did not know where was the next house. Therefore concluded that, the solution was ahead of his prey and wait for it to fall in a trap. If that had been able to smile, I would have done in this moment. No sleep, but I had visions of imminent death Michael Thomas nent Pure Purpose.

The next morning was like all of them. Superb! The breakfast was excellent, and Michael finished with a blueberry pie, which was his favorite, shaking his head in disbelief at the freshness and wonderful taste of the measured.

"The food tasted so good when I took her between the toes of my foots. "Mike chuckled as he remembered the situation, anarchic and fun in which he and Green had been locked in the dining room of the last house.

Just at the time that you just wear the new clothes they had provided a knock at the door. "Is anyone knocking on

the door? Since when do angels knocking on the door? "

"Come, please," said Mike politely. Violet seemed to be floating. Mike smiled.

"Please thank him from me to whoever is responsible for dThis delicious breakfast and human.

"Nothing," said Violet.

- Have you been?

"All of us," he replied. We do not exist separately.

"I've heard that before. Someday you'll understand what you mean. Until then, thanks to you, "said Michael.

- Are you ready? Asked Violet.

"Yes.

Violeta guided him along the same route the day before, but in reverse. This time the double doors was open and through it, came in a color film violatesta, elegantly furnished! Mike stopped in the middle of the room not believing what I was seeing. Was stunned, and Violet chuckled.

Before them was a giant movie screen cloth° panoram ic. Mike noticed that there was a modern film projector in the back of the room and a large number of rolls of film stored in large metal boxes. There were hundreds of them! Apparently, everything was about to begin a screening at any time.

- You'll never guess what, Michael Thomas? -QuestionsVioleta tó. Let's watch movies together!

- It's amazing! "Exclaimed Mike. This is a bromo, right?

Upon hearing this comment. Violet stopped smiling and looked itMike necessarily.

"None of that, Michael. Not so. Please sit in the front row.

Violet went to the back of the room and began to maniPular appliances. Mike was still puzzled by the dichotomy that was watching. "The angels do not handle cinema projectors, he thought," no theaters or cinemas are places sadegrees. How strange this is! ". However, he did as he asked and sat in the center of the front row. Unlike the cinema halls where it came from, the first row of the theater was right in the middle of the room. Mike also noticed another strange thing: the seat thatba precisely in the middle of the first row was brushed and was padded, unlike the others. It was as if someone had put there to impress. Mike sat in the chair velvety violetpeeled, looking at the giant white screen.

Violet-what movie will we see? He asked, a tanto restless.

"Let's see home movies, Michael," she said, and continued putting the first roll without looking up. Mike did not like at all how that response sounded. He felt his stomach stuck to the ribs. Experiment wasTando that feeling again! His intuition was new wastranscends overtime, giving know what was coming could be unpleasant. Thought should try to take it with humor. Ask, for example, if there was popcorn. Not had the opportunity to do so, the lights dwindled to a very professional manner, and Mike was the sound of the projector. The screen lit up. Mike's eyes were caught by what he saw. His heart went up to the throat from the first image.

The initial film of that day, as if allfollowing had the most perfect reproduction quality that he had ever seen. Had not the smallest pairpadeo, and the image was projected in three dimensions without requiring special glasses to get ridiculous! The sound was natural and came from the appropriate place on the big screen, even when the characters moved from one place to another. At the moment, Mike wanted the film were not so real. Was too close, and you im widescreenpllicated in every scene. He wanted to move to a seat postprevious, but could not.

Reflected in the screen, with Michael Thomas was myMichael Thomas! If I had to give a title to the pefollicle home, it had been "All the bad things that have happened in life."

The film began with the boy Michael, and it was so real! Her mother looked very young and his father, very handsome. He was deeply moved by the memory of those loved so dear. The forecast was taking place at the teaTRO made violet come to life in the loving heart of Mike. It was as if I were really living again! Each Event occupied an entire roll, and was presentedTado, unedited, in real time, as had happened in Michael's life, just jumping from a strong negative experience to another.

The first rolls were actually funny. In the movies she saw Mike at the age of three years, blond and handsome, discovering her mother's makeup. Mike had left the bathroom a mess. His mother, who had caught him, was very upset, and for the first time, gave him a spanking.

Mike, the adultSitting in the chair, was shocked to see that again was experiencing at that moment, the painful sensation of damage he caused that first spanking. We were forced to live again the emotions of each event! What home movies or eight rooms! The projection was on his way to becoming a movieCula of terror, as Mike was growing in it. It felt as if he had tied to the track and train high-veilcapacity was being approached at full speed.

Project many events of his childhood, and each of them implicated Mike in a reality that she had not thought for quite some years. For example, in one episode he looked locked in the bathroom at age six. He remembered well how she felt. It hasBia was trapped, but it was not his fault! Who knows how the shooter had turned and was stuck. His father was forced to come from farmland to remove the hinges of the door, fourl made him very angry, so Mike got another beating. Again, he felt violatedtion of their confidence in that event, and remote. He had not done anything wrong! His father was very angry and hit him with the leather belt that was wider. The influencel had lost her father a day in the field, thereby interrupting the harvest. Mike, the adult, he started feeling depressed.

The rolls were projected one after another. In another episode, Mike was ten and went andl the way to school

bus, which was in the city. Henry recalled the face, the school bully who tormented him year after year. All the children seemed to hate the big guy, but has notcyan anything against him because they were afraid. Since Mike was a farmer who came from a town that bore the curious name of Blue Earth, the other boys made fun of him. But the bully was relentless. The school had studentswe are coming from all types of families, but in those days modernity was in place, farmers were a minority. Mike clothes betrayed him, because it is withbeen impregnated his mother. I had the same appearance as the other children, and the bully was always there to remindit. He and the other kids made fun of Mike's clothes, his smell and even the lifestyle of their parents.

The projector was running and saw Mike in the film to a group of children who called him to play with them. He felt happy. I wanted so its cOMPANY! Then he realized, distressed that the order was a truco: for incorporation into the game, HE became the game. At one point, several children was reducedrum, while another was placed on all fours behind him. Then, at the right moment, pushed him. Mike fell back on the guy who was on all fours. All the others laughed uproariously at his own expense. Mike laughed too, intempting to integrate into the joke, but he refused and, when they had acabbot departed, leaving him alone.

That was painful. Mike did not like him. What's goodcould not have it? Began to get angry to see that it is-Taban displaying his private life and presenting it that way. In addition, there was the fact of having to relive those events and distant. Was not it enough if any livedwhen do ya?

More movies were screened. Now Mike was fourteen, and the scene was reliving the fateful day when he was accused of copying, when he had not. A student hasBia papers caught the teacher's desk, and had put back in place, but so badly drawn that the teacher had noticed the fact. Responsible for the lack told Mike, claiming to have seen him take the papeel. The teacher thought, after all, Mike was onemind a poor farmer, who was wearing strange clothes, eventheir notes were excellent. He was sent home with a reprimand and was expelled for the day. On his way home, in transport and easy parkings special, Mike was thinking about how I would explain the whole matter to his mother and father. She relaxed a little, thinking that they believe him. But it was not, and again, he felt he was alone in life. He knew his parents loved him, but wished to have been awarded benefitsprice of the doubt when they are most needed. She felt very alone.

Mike took hours sitting, but the Mike of the films had not yet reached adulthood. He wondered how much longer should support that punishment. He was far from sentir spirituality before. What I was experiencing was similar to a beating! The films were convincingly accurate, and Mike could not take them or eye or mind. Every detail, every person, every voice, were exactly as they had been. The process was amazing, but the subject matter was grim!

There was much to see! Now the movie was reproducing the time that Mike began to go out with girls. Although by this time land buying clothes in shopsdas, his mother did not understand at all about fashion, and acquired the colorful garments made in materials, with disastrous combinations. The girls, both school and church, were handsome to Mike, but one day, casualmind making fun of his attire heard. He was shot! From this experience, Mike, who was then sixteensix years, started saving his allowance and bought his own clothing. This meant an increase in autoestimated, because Mike knew who chose the clothes fit him very well. He devoted himself conscientiously to take advantage of their appearance, and whenever I went to buy clothes he was accompanied by a girl known, or two, to help him choose. The girls love these things! Imagine, a guy who likes to go shopping! That was the beginning of his great goalmorphosis: went from being a carnival costume teen become a young, handsome and attractive. This implied a change in personality, and Mike adquirió greater self-confidence. He still had good grades and participated in manytivities school.

But then it happened: one, jealous of the success of Mike, orchestrated against a smear campaign that cost him the election of the school during his year preuniversiverty. Spread the rumor that he had been caught in the girls doing service obscenities. Everyone wanted to believe the calumny was too sensational, but totalmenyou wrong. Had won the electiontions with ease, since he had been president of the students in elementary and secondary schools, but the rumor was devastating and Mike lost miserably. This also cost him the love of Carol, the first girl I had idolized in his life. She did not speak to him again.

Mike regretted the incident for weeks, and was removed from all school activities. He had been treated unfair-directly once again!

All this was being planned, with details and details on the p-Antall. Like those who had precededdo, the event is unfolding in real time, showing each of the terrible aspects of that part of his life. This incident had changed then and I still weighdo even now that he sat before the screen, reviewlooking back the past.

Projecting films followed one after another. Time to eat but they did not do any offers bythat, somehow, the great angel who was at the back of the room knew that Mike have no appetite. And he was right. Every time I had a movie, listen for a whilechaba flapping sound while the room was a darkras. Then there was an uncomfortable silence, broken only by the sound projection equipment, when powering the levers and push the switches. Neither Michael nor Violeta speak. Then the screen came to life again, restrapping the worst situations in the life of Mike. As they were casting the movie, he knew qEU moves towards the "pivotal event." And finally there appeared before him: the day when their parents died.

Mike knew he had no reason to stay if you really do not want to. All the angels had told him he could choose. In that moment, wanted to run. Mentally, said a plea sufficiently "high" so that the angels could hear: "My God, please ... I do not want to relive it! I've had enough! "

Anyway, the movie started, and Mike felt like a truck ran over him. Sitting in the chair, it lost control and began

to mourn; expect to do so later in the evening. He sat stoically, watching movieCula of his life moving in real time. Relived the moment he received the phone call, the shock, the funeral, the grief and sadness, the auction house, barn and land, and the sale of equipment for his father's farm, including the old tractor. He lived again reviewision of the belongings of his father and mother, photos of better times, portraits of your wedding, and even discoververed some letters that they exchanged when enaabode.

Mike remained very still, trying to avoid his feelingsments. He had disciplined his mind to erect a wall between himself and his emotions, but as he sat in the butaca, he felt victimized. He felt the involuntary convulsions of pain trying to manifest itself in waves, traveling around the cuerpo. Anxious that his sentence was expressed by a burst of tears and grief. The presentation was impeccable, and realism, a real pain. This was the hardest thing I had asked in her life. He had been the target of a hoax, through everything I had been watching for hours. In that room were harassing and punishing him! It was not fair. What was inintention?

When he finished the story of the death of his parents, Mike sighed with relief, I could not haber nothing worse than that. He felt dwarfed, fatigued, and was drenched in sweat. Nevertheless, the issue was required, and continued there, watching. I could not stop. It was so real!

When he saw "Coon (was the nickname that had made Shirley) Mike knew he was going to grief again. The following story that started their projects was the lastma affair in Los Angeles, and its rapid deteriorationro. Mike had turned completely into the relationship, however. Grillo had vivbeen very lightly. The situation did not involve any deaths, although in reality it could inbe said that yes, it meant the death of his heart. Once again, tried to harden his heart as he watched the images on the screen. What did she look good! How memorable was your voice! The event was still very young, after all, had been the cause of their depression, lack of self-worth and, consequently, to finishmance crummy job. Mike saw it all and again sawvir the details of the second incident of-primente of his life. Episodes advanced to reach the place where Mike had worked when he lived in Los Angeleshem. One of the most negative roles highlights what youNla the office manager, who liked to offend verbalmind to his subordinates. Also leaving the claustrophobic cubicle where Mike had worked so willingly.

The movie pass ended at four o'clock, the lastmore scenes dealt with the raid dwelling and robbery in his apartment. The film ended up on the scene in which she wore to the hospital. When the screen went whiteco, Mike heard the intermittent sound, caused by a piece of leather that struck loudly against the coil, indicating that the roll was finished. The noise continued, but the lights stayed off. Mike got up and put a hand as a visor to protect your eyes from the intensitysa projector light bulb, trying to see if Violet was in the background of the room. But was not there. The end of the filmThe report also indicated that, for the day, the lesson was justdo. Mike was alone, just as it had been in the movieparticles.

The spotlight continued to make noise when Mike left the room. He made the journey to get to their rooms. Felt no need for dinner. Was depressed. He had been beaten and emotionally, and fell on the bed, without disadvantageTirse even. Violet did not appear to give no goodches. Mike knew that the ANGHe left, wisely, that night alone. He was in no mood to chat.

While sleeping, Michael continued to see movies in a dream. Episode was repeated the bully, your parents and the Cricket. Do not leave them alone. Finally, we gave up and sobbed uncontrollably on the pillow. The images of their parents, so alive and vibrant, only made to increase his sentence. That was the second time in this sacred land, Angelica and anointed, Michael was all alone and disconsolatedo: I sawSTEM life. Now the film has hadTarlo!

In the morning he felt better, but thoughtful. As I was hungry, ate breakfast a lot. Still felt victimized by the situation the day before, but somehow Manera was convinced that the worst was over. He was strong and, despite not understanding the need to experience something, had made a firm resolution not to fall back into darkness and depression. Whatever it was what studentssee happen in the day of hoy, must be better.

After breakfast, Mike got dressed. He had been proCONDITIONER new clothes, purple, to replace that with which he had slept. Soon he was ready. Violeta appeared in the doorway, which was open, and remainedCIO there in silence, and giving time to react Mikenara and express whatever I needed to say, or to the rebuke by the painful experience of the day beforeve. Michael knew he was there. She looked for a while and finalmind said:

Purpose-Michael Thomas of Pure, is there anything thatSees something you want to say or ask?

"Yes," Michael took a stoic attitude. Are there pefollicle to see?

"Yes," Violet said gently.

"In that case, the sooner we do it better. "Michael stood and waited for her to start walking.

Violeta was surprised. The experiences that the angel had with other humans in that house will not standcyan anything like that. Green was right, this man was special. Was likely quand expect to get. It was possible that he was among the few who manage to go the whole way. She had never seen such determination, or a changebio vibrating so fast. That made her feel that the training that corresponded to impart was special, and that is why I wanted very much to Mike. Violet turned and led him back to the theater.

Mike knew what he had to do. He sat in the big armchair upholstered in purple who was in the front row as prisionero sitting in the electric chair waiting for the electricity began to flow. In this case, which was expected to dwindle lights and start the movie. Mike was determined, and had purpose and determination. Nothing could prevent him get home. NOTHING!

Again, his life unfolded before him in the form of film, the beginning with his childhood. This time the subject was different, and he quickly realized. Titled it "All the bad things I've done in my life." In episodes of infancy were funny, and Mike laughed heartily at many of them. Laugh made him feel good, but you still had a sore ribs from time to time to mourn the night before.

As he became older in the movies, some of the things he had done, which were displayed in great detail, began to be embarrassing. Surely Violeta knew the facts, but he did not want to live them again. She slid down in his chair as he represented. He shrugged and felt awkward.

In the film he was ten and was in the church, mocking the pastor and passing notes containing obscene pictures and stupid about private body parts. He and his Sunday School classmates thought it was very fun to draw these things, then got into the envelopes for the notes, once this is done, deposited in the basket for the brush. They laughed and laughed imagining how they would face "the blue hair," older women who opened these envelopes and counted the money that had been collected that day.

In another movie, Mike was twelve. It was Sunday morning and his parents had gone to church. Sneaked out and started the tractor for his father. Had pretended to be sick and so was allowed to stay at home. The tractor was launched, but Mike did not know how to make it move, it tried to operate all the levers and was hot on the pedals, but to no avail. The problem was that he could drive to transmission manual; had thought the tractor had automatic transmission, as the coach family, which only had two pedals: one for speeding and one for braking. Suddenly he heard a noise, a cough, which lasted a long time. Mike had completed his adventure, spoiling the tractor transmission.

When his father discovered the damage, went to talk to him and asked him to tell the truth:

-Mike, have you tried to start the tractor and drive it?

"No, Father," he lied.

Mike never thought why then and now. Somehow, his father knew, and Mike caught it in his sight. That was one of the occasions that Mike taught him how it felt to break the integrity of the family. It was a nice feeling, and remember the fact for the rest of your life. The repair bill was substantial, and Mike was conscious, first, of what his recklessness had cost their parents. After the event, during weeks you eat only beans and canned pork, trying to recover from unforeseen expenses. Every time I sat at the table, Mike saw the results of their folly, and for a time "tasted" is literally a lie. Now I felt again, in full color and three-dimensional format. He sank deeper into the chair. It seemed so real!

As Mike grew in age and height, was becoming stronger. In the school system then, many students were transferred from one school to another, which was attended during the time the family lived in the same district. That's how Henry, the "bully" of Mike's elementary school, he moved with everyone else. Although primary school was a panorama, the "bully" ceased to be important when it came to high school. The bodies of the majority of the other guys had already reached the level of development of the bully, and the field of adolescents was more level. Henry, the bully, not doing well in school and as soon as he managed to finish. Michael took every advantage that was impossible to make school life. He used his stature and popularity as an instrument of intimidation, often taunting him personally or threatening to hurt.

In the last year of high school, Mike used the power he had as chairman of the course to exclude the former bouncer of all activities and entertainment the school could offer. Drove his influence as a professional would, and this. Thus, the old ruffian was deprived of all events and rewarding, fun activities were carried out (from refusing entry to dances organized in school, to boycott their access to assigned optional for those who have skills). Mike never said to anyone what he was doing, but she loved to spoil used to fund the high school years. Although Henry knew what was happening, I could not have seen anything about it. Later could vengarse, but Mike did not know until the moment when, sitting in his chair, looked in the movie how the events unfolded. It was Henry who had orchestrated defamation against Mike in the final year of school! He successfully launched the harmful rumors that Michael canceled the possibilities of being president of his class.

Subsequently, in real life, Mike found out that Henry, as an adult, had become a real bully and he was in jail. He often wondered if his things have evolved differently if you had left in peace to Henry in his high school years. Mike felt ashamed by what he had done, as I was seeing again how events unfolded.

Mike was starting to feel like an idiot. This was a long movie about the bad things he had done in puberty and adolescence and had been unethical in that period of his life. Maybe even had ruined the life chances of him! Mike really felt dwarfed mind. Continued to see the movie.

During the last year of high school, Mike had made a trap on a test. His grades were high on average, but you had problems with history. He blamed the teacher, because it was boring. What he did was copy the test in advance, using the copy of a key to the previous year had access as the class president. Mike thought that, somehow, it was a case of poetic justice, and remember strongly was that it had "castigated" by the offense was committed now. He was referring to that time in elementary school accused him of copying, was innocent. So in his mind, the act was justified.

It got uglier. Fate had it that the teacher suspected of Mike's sudden improvement, and accused him of doing exactly what he had done. Mike, using his charismatic personality and appeal to the good marks obtained in other classes, as well as the reputation that preceded it, questioned the teacher before the school administration. This teacher got penalized, a penalty that kept marked on your record and possibly be an obstacle to gain promotion. Mike did not know this last until that very moment, sitting in the big armchair

ACOLChad.

"Damn! This hurts. If being treated unfairly by life is already bad enough, worse is to see oneself lying and cheating. "Mike did not want to see more episodic on the subject, and hoped that the projection had just at that moment.

It was. In reality, there was very little, almost nothing, for Mike to look like an adult. His whole life had changed with the death of their parents. He had grown rapidly and awakened in him the solid integrity that now, as an adult, claimed. It was as if the family name written on their foreheads, and with it the hard work of their parents. Mike gave a deep sigh of relief to listen to the intermittent knocking guide roll on the spool. The projector stopped and the lights came on gradually. Violet went to meet him from the back of the room.

"Michael, come with me, please," he said gently.

Without saying anything, Mike did as he asked, and when standing, she felt fatigued. He had spent many hours there! Esperanza not having to do that anymore, and he hated the place where they had spent the movies about his life. Mike, after being led out of the swing, then turned to look back on it, where was the projector. Expect to see dozens of rolls stacked everywhere, because the reports had already been two full days of screening. But there was nothing: the room was clean and uncluttered.

Violet was the most good that Mike had known. Not that it was better than Blue, Orange, or even that Green, his sidekick angel. She was different. Each of the angels had endearing qualities Michael adored. This angel, with specific love and interest. Mike wanted to stay there and live under the umbrella of peace and maternal love! It was a wonderful feeling to sit in front of her and hear her speak. Everything was great when she was there. Mike had not forgotten that feeling, he realized it was the one he had as a child and had no responsibilities. It was therefore fitting that Violet he had been assigned to the House of liability, because there she represented the parent, and Mike was new to children. I felt a release from life.

Violet led Mike to a large room. In another situation, she had said that it was a conference room, but in this case there were only two chairs. On one wall was a kind of board, and the other walls were full of symbols and graphics.

In the other houses, angels do not usually sit too long. Unlike humans, never tired and needed sleep, and need not sit. So he did only to that man who was with them at his ease, as in this case. With elegance, Violet sat in front of Michael and said:

-Michael Thomas of Purpose Pure how do you feel?

Initiated the conversation with a question that might give Mike an outlet for feelings that he had awakened the recent passing of the films. He did, and appropriately. Moreover, he said something I had been thinking about this last night.

"Dear Violet. -Mike knew that great angel, so considerate. "I know that cause pain, suffering, doubt or fear does not agree with your angelic consciousness, but by projecting these films has brought all those feelings in me. I know you must have a good reason for doing so. Ask me how I feel ... "Mike paused and pondered for a while, trying to be completely honest about the emotions he had experienced during those last days. I feel violated ... -Back to make a pause, fatal, victimized, distressed by my own mistakes, guilty for what I did and angry about what others did to me. I am sunk in sorrow for the grief he caused me beyond my circumstances with control, and also beaten, introspective.

Mike continued venting his heart with Violet. A catharsis that contained almost no emotion, because he was exhausted last night. Trying to explain to Violet, the best I could, which was feeling its human side. The words began to flow, and soon Mike began to repeat himself, but the angel left him go. His catharsis began to reduce their stress. He had expressed himself, he had complained about everything, and then had gone to complain. At no time asked why it was necessary to look at the movies. Intuitively, knew that Violet would let you know the reason. And this was right.

At the end, felt the need to drink water, and then found that it had provided, but did not know how. He took a sip and nodded to her silent companion, by making it know about this so that he had finished his speech. Violet stood up and gently began to give an explanation.

"Michael," he said, and looked into the depths of the soul of Mike, with a loving intensity that he knew came from the mind of God. As a human being in training to return home, this is the last time you experienced any of these feelings.

Reflect a moment left him as he rose and went towards a wall apparently smooth and unadorned. He threw down the kind of piece of paper that was rolled into the wall near the ceiling, to be extended. Mike reminded the classroom maps, which are down and when not needed, rolled to clear the board. The sheet of paper had a picture with some writing with the same Arabic-looking characters Mike had seen in the labels of the House of Maps. He could not decipher.

"I'm here to tell you and others appear in your life planned carefully the potential of all that you see at the Theatre of Life for the past two days.

Mike let the words sink in it. In fact, I could not understand how could such a thing.

- Planned? He asked.

"Yes.

"No way. There were accidents, coincidences, things that just happened, thousands of factors that created the chance. Mike paused.

"You do what you planned together with the other, Michael.

- How?

-Michael Thomas, you know you are an eternal being. You are here seeking permission and training to return home, a sacred place where you sense that there will be respect, peace and purpose, according to your own definition. Until now it was a secret for you, but now you know you have this do on Earth many times, and you have manifested through the body of many human beings, of different types and sizes. This time you are Michael Thomas.

Mike knew the theory of past lives, but now it was someone confirming enjoyed full with bond, so he accepted and marveled at the idea.

"When you're on Earth," Violet continued lessons for your next incarnation of plans for you the only person who knows what you need: You! Establish you and the other for your learning potential. Some of these people agreed and propel prick. Other agreed in cordiality for years! Some made a pact to give your company and, yes, Michael, others agreed prematurely for facilitate both your needs as yours.

Mike was overwhelmed by the information that was receiving, and asked:

-Violet, then, my parents ... Do they know that ...?

"Besides that YOU ALL you knew it, has thus beige had the greatest gift of your life.

Violet's eyes were more compassionate than Michael had ever seen. He knew many things! She was willing to explain it, waited for his emotions and was ready to answer any questions. It was amazing.

"This is complex," continued Michael Violeta. Each incarnation of a human being is linked to all others, and keep a relationship with them. There are written contracts even before arriving, which establish the potential learning and evolution. You can be the spine of another person, and a pearl of great price. Situations that call accidents and coincidences are planned with care.

"That sounds like predestination" said Mike.

"Not at all. In all options and have hoosing. It has paved the way, but you can choose to traverse it or not, or create a new one if you wish-the angel paused to give effect to his words. That's exactly what you have now transcends smiled and continued: "When you expressed your intention to go down this road, you get rid of the contract you made with others. You went beyond what mundane that you planned it could happen to facilitate regular lessons, and instead decided to go for the gold, Michael Thomas. Hours you get to see and understand general perspective.

- What has been the reason d'être of the films. Violet?

Mike had to ask.

-Allow you to see every aspect apparently have negative effects on your life, Michael, and make you understand that you help Daste to create them and plan them, and that takes place just as planned. In other words, you are responsible for it.

Mike was stunned to think about it. Com was still no dynamic lighting.

- What if you wanted to change it, Violet? "How you may have chosen to have so many problems and tragedies? Violeta was ready to respond.

"When you're here, Michael, you have the mind of God. For now, this is something that is hidden from you, but it is. Death and the emotional circumstances are energy for God. You are eternal, and the comings and goings of human beings We are for a higher purpose than you can imagine, and you will understand again someday, when you adopt the way I have. For now, become that garments that what you call tragedy, even horrible to you in your current mindset can be the catalyst for global change and increased vibration, and is a priceless gift. What matters is the overall perspective and not the event itself. I know it sounds confusing, but it is well-Violet paused to let Mike reflections nara about it all. He continued, "As for wanting to change, always had that option and opportunity, but that fact is also ensured for most humans. It's all part of the examination of life, my Michael. Look at it this way: when you leave this place, you have natural tendency is to follow the path. The road is the most natural. It's easy, and not have to think much to cotton of you are going. Already exists, showing the way, so there is no reason not to follow. The truth is that in this land of the seven houses, the road is always in the same direction, but meanders a bit. Therefore, Could arrive sooner at every house if you were just in that direction, without going down the road. If you do, you will probably find new and wonderful things along the route. In human life is the same. The road represents your plan potential with others. Although winds, you always LLE is in the same direction, towards the future. Most human beings are on the road and never realize they have the option not to follow, if they so wish. When a hum year left to go on the road, things change for him or her, especially its future. As soon as former dam in order to stay on track, it really starts to write a new future. Find peace in being able to better control their life experience what it is to have intensification. Some of these human beings we welcome them here, Michael.

Violet smiled with intent, and Michael made the following asks:

- What about the House of Responsibility?

"It's where you learn that YOU, Michael Thomas of pure purpose, are directly responsible for everything that happens in your life: sadness, grief, which apparently are accidents, loss, pain, what others do, and yes, even, death. You knew when you came, you helped plan it all together with others, and has starred in so far.

- And what is the purpose of such a thing?

"Love, Michael. Love in its highest level. The plan is something sublime that you will know in due time. For

now, tends only that this is the right thing and is part of an overall vision of love that you know and where you're participating in right now. Things are not always what they seem.

The words echoed in the ears of Michael. "The cosas is not always what they seem ... "Those were the words he said the first angel, who appeared before him in the rear view to robbery. Throughout the trip, I had heard the same phrase from the lips of the other angels. Mike devanabthe brains thinking of these new concepts. Proneto, recalled the words of Blue in the House of Maps, 'You see the contracts of all human beings are on the planet. " Within those small cavities, which controlled Azul (there were millions of them) were the platons potential of all humanity, planned for each individual and ready to be modified if they so wished humans.

Suddenly, the real message of all this hit the mind of Mike as a martiment. If I had known howdo was young! Have understood much more about life. Could have changed his future. Could have foundTrado peace to have that picture. The deaths, lost love, depression. How much hope and wisdom could have provided this information! He was surprised penSAR had the option to change your life. Violeta was right. Mike had followed the path of his life as if it were a way, letting things develop on ACUErdo to *that ... planned?* It was a difficult concept to grasp. Meant that he was responsible for everything that had happened. This gave a whole new perspective to everything. I could have used that information! His life would have been very different. But nobody in the church had explained this. He loved God and had always felt the sacredness of this place, but had always said he was a sheep who was a pastor. No spiritual master had told him that he haveed this power.

"Listen, Violet, if this is as you say, Why the church did not teach me anything about it?

"The church will not explain everything, Michael. Sometimes it teaches you many things about human beings and their conceptstion of God.

Violet was not criticizing or judging any human beinghand. Simply, it was objective and truthful.

"So the church was wrong?

"Michael, the truth remains the truth, and there are fragmentsments and parts of it in all your spiritual systems. All vosotros are honest and seek the truth of God. Love, Miracles and the mechanisms of how things work are represented, to some degree, in vuesplaces of worship centers. That is the reason I felt the spirit of God when you were there, Michael. The spirit to honor the search, even when all the facts are known. Remember that your very existence is veiled you, even now, while listening to the truth. Your church and all that is in spiritual pursuits vuestrus planet, are honoreddas because they represent the search for God and spiritual truth. The only sad thing is that when human beings control and limit the search to avoid potencialcies and beyond their control, isolated by the fear of those under his authority. The honor lies in finding, not what you have assembled around him. Therefore, the sanctity of your planet lies within and not those who live in buildings full of spire-Violeta approached had unrolled graph above and went on: "Do you think that your scriptures are sa-stands? Watch this," he said, pointing to the cryptic writing that looked at the sheet of paper. This is the record *akashic* of humanity. Contains the records of your lives and vuesters potential contracts reverential "He paused. Michael, this is the most sacred writing that exists in the Unitedverse, and was written and performed by those who decidedthe voyage were como HUMANS!

For the first time in a while, looked straight at Michael, who had not gone unnoticed mensaje. Suddenly, he realized that the attitude of the angelnoticed a respect for him. A spiritual respect! The papers were investing in was surprising andcomfortable for Mike. He wanted to know more about it, and she gave him the information.

Mike subsequent days spent in the House of Beefresponsibility were appalling in the depth of mensaje of life and humanity they contained. Not only learninggave more about who he was, but about who it was. Everything was fitting together like a puzzle of enormous proportions. Violet showed him the records and contracts of their parents and those of others who were part of what had been his life so far. Had not receivedBido anything that was not appropriate and could not see anything that would change what would happen, but a broad perspective of their own existence empEzab to take shape.

What was the most amazing? That humanWe were, in fact, parts of God, who inhabited the planet without having knowledge of this fact to carry out a learning process that somehow changed the spiritual and the vibration of the earth itself!

Violeta continually referred to humans as "high." Human beings were entities that changewould change the structure of reality will change everything that happened on a large scale and all that was focused on lessons learnedsons learned on Earth, lessons they had plannededo together!

Finally, it was time to leave. Mike felt transformedmado a new creature. Its knowledge of how things actually had a hundredfold. He had retained all and felt as if the truth would have given more power. While putting on the garb of combatyou to undertake the journey to the next house, the words rang in his ears Orange. "The sword of truth ... the shield of knowledge ... Armor of consciousness ... "Things were starting to fit in a way that, spiritually, it made perfect sense. Recognized that arwere more ceremonial and had a purpose. Much of the language had been repeated, explained and, finally, was being understood.

Violeta led Michael to the front door the house and said:

-Michael Thomas of pure purpose, I shall miss youus.

-Violet, I feel as if we werewas leaving my own hogar, and not addressing him!

Mike had been well treated there, and Violet had become a member of your family. First, he had met three good brothers of angels, and now a madre angelic. "What comes next?" He asked.

"More family, Michael," said Violet's thoughtsMike procedures.

At the door, Mike saw that his shoes were accurately where I had left. This reminded him that he had a lingering question about them. Shoes and then looked at Violet.

"Still not finished," said Mike Violeta. He wanted clarification on why he had called quitara shoes.

"Yes, Michael, I remember. Now, you will YOU who give me the answer," he said smiling angel, and waited patiently. Mike knew it, but was uncomfortable answering. It seemed too presumptuous, too pretentious. Say, MyMichael "I called Violet, again playing the role of teacher.

"Because human beings are sacred. .. "I was told. He continued, "And because humans in this house passed to a higher vibration.

Violet sighed, visibly shaken.

"I could not expect less from your answer, Michael Thomas pure purpose," he said. It is, in fact, the presence of human beings, and not the angel, what makes this place is sacred. Michael, actually you are a human being too iscial. I honor the God that is within you! And now, I have to ask you another question. "Mike knew what it was, but still decided to formulate Violet. "Michael, do you love God?

"Yes, Violet, Mike was beginning to mourn. I was not afraid that Violet knew the emotional state he was. Sorry to leave this place of purple, where he had rediscovered a lost thought energy desof long standing, since their parents died. He walked away a few steps and then turned to the angel. I miss you too. Violeta, "he said, but alwayspre'll be in my heart.

Mike started off by the road leading to the ifollows home. Again, he turned to say something else the Angel, watching him.

- Purple! Look!

With a theatrical style and making moves childish, Michael Thomas left the lane with great determination, and began walking resolutely through the lush grassy plain. He looked back and shouted:

- Look, I've decided to create my own way! Mike laughed with the metaphor that was created. He jumped over the unexplored topography, and the moment came when he no longer saw the house purple.

Violet continued watching Mike until he was out of reach of sight. She was proud as a mother, that great being named Michael Thomas. Then came the newvo in the house and closed the door. Returned to its original shape, it was not as humans but, nevertheless, was magnificent. And he spoke to others:

"If this is an example of the new breed of human beingsus, we really are in a frenzied spiritual journey!

Just under five hundred meters, a repugnant creature had placed in his position as expected. HasBia carefully prepared ambush, and thought that Michael Thomas would not perceive the trap awaiting him. I knew that Mike had already left home and was back on track. I could feel it. That was thrilled! "You do not have much time, he thought. "When Michael Thomas is looking behind him, I will attack in front. Neither will know why he has beaten! ". River choked the filthy be ready so that was driving since I was in the fairyland. Anytime ...

The wait was long. Michael Thomas and did not follow the caminot that I expected.

9. THE FIFTH HOUSE

It did not take long for Mike to realize that failure to follow the path also represents challenges. Was constantly test the sun's position to rectify the direction to follow. In addition, we continuously revise the map to avoid not see the house and go long. He was also a slow trip due to uncertaintyuncertainties about the position.

Despite these challenges, Michael realized that, at least this time, the trip was fun. Was realizing the hope that Violet felt proud of him, and he was doing for him to prove he could rebel against any manifestation of the ordinary, includingso in a spiritual land. But I was beginning to feel that once was enough, and that as soon as they found the next house, probably in the gooseother pressures on the trail again. It was easier and not compromised any of their decisions. In fact, he now felt more than ever that the decision to follow the path on a future occasion was supported by the fact that I knew it was not! Now she had both experiencesstances, I felt I could conveniently choose which of them would carry out, rather than being compelled by coscustom, to follow the course that was offered.

Mike also realized that there wasis gone the feeling I was being watched. Had he done with the punishment of relentless harassment he was receiving? Had he gone, just the thing sinister threatdora apparently followed him during the trip? No. Mike was wise. He guessed, correctly, that changing the routine of going down the path, had simply baffled that vile creature who had followed him from the start tenaciouslylpio. That certainly hurts finally realized what had happened and IRIto get him. That meant that Mike had to be cautious and be alert for surprises that could haveber both in the rear as the front.

After four hours on the plain, the sky began to darken. Mike knew clearly what that sigquick explanation. Approaching another strange weather anomaly, terrifying and violent, they used to break into that place. The best I could do was to explore the place to find shelter immediately. He recalled the previous time when, Ten minutes after the storm unleashed the terrible howling wind had forced him to kneel face down while praying to stay alive.

Mike pulled back and looked at the map to know precisely their immediate environment. As usual, the map was the red dot showing exactly what was at that time about Mike. Indicated that just passed a mound with a shelter like a cave. Mike remembered, but had gone through the side without MOSTraba that there was a cave.

Quickly saved the map in the bag and made the journey in the opposite direction until sighting the rocks that marked the place.

As he retreated to the refuge potential, which took him only a few minutes, the storm was evolving menacingly. The sky was turning black and the winds began to howl. The rain isobacco making an appearance when Mike saw the opening and quickened his pace. Just as I was entering the cave, Wild nature was unleashed. Mike had to stay at the bottom of the cave to avoid getting wet or being engulfed by violence rumbling outside. Is aboutcaught, once again, by the intensity of the event, and whispered her thanks to Blue for giving him the map that screened him from any harm, but apapparently at the last minute. Again, the character "current" map was aligned with your needs.

From inside the cave, Mike continued watching the show, while monitoring the process of constant changebio of the roaring chaos. It was incredible! He was glad not to be outdoors, at their mercy.

"Why there are storms and will allow a sacred place like this?" He asked aloud. Blue's voice echoed ... In your head?:

-Michael Thomas, no storms on earth to meus that a human being is making the journey of learninglearning outcomes.

- Do you mean that if I were not here, there would be storm?

"Yes, RespoBlue NDIO voice.

"But I'm not immersed in it. Does not affect me.

- Exactly! Blue laughed. You have learned to use the map! Believe it or not, there have been human beings, like you, make the trip, which rejected the map prematurely, thinking it was a joke. You know what it represents, and its present character has become your way of life. You have one foot in the spiritual structure of the 'now', but also are learning to measure the linear time that he is opposed to myyou go on this trip. Therefore, when it manifests the lesson of the storm, escape it altogether and wait in peace to amaine. Michael, you want both!

Mike smiled at the idea. All this was for his sake! All that energy. All that planning! Looked out and shouted to the wind:

- You can stop! I'm safe! "And he laughed a lot. The storm lasted a couple of hours, and began to scalespair to reach the twilight. Mike did not know if I had time to get to the next house without sunlight do not know if I could find. Nevertheless, she felt safe and fully capable to defend itself if necessary. So he left the cave and watched for the last time that day, where the sun was setting. Once done, he went back to where he knew he was the north.

Would slow and, meanwhile, was getting dark. Mike realized that since I was in that land had never been outdoors at night. Will there be crashedace or a moon? Soon found out: none of these things. Howdo the last vestiges of twilight disappeared into the horizon, Mike was completely dark. And go dark! Without any illumination, Mike could not even look at the map. Then he knew that he should have stayed in the cave. I was not prepared for that kind of dark! He sat down, he did not want to trip over something invisible on the road.

Sitting in the dark, it took about an hournow realize that their eyes were operating in a formertran, or anything unusual was happening. Before the sun hasBia hidden unequivocally to the west, to where Mike was waiting for me to. On this basis, stood cottonof the north and was also identified the top of a hill with the intention of which was an indicator of which served even in the moonlight ... When neither the moonlight or starlight showed up, the indicator had quedado invalidated ... until that moment. Withfusamente, heading north, Mike saw the thin profile of the indicator had been identified earlier. The same red glow of the sunset was spreading to the north, so that illuminated that particular item. There was something that emitted light!

Mike got up with great caution and alertness. Gradually, the dim red glow from the north was allowing his eye caught the ground around him. Sand moved slowly and silently toward refulpeople red light. Moved carefully treading the grass to avoid being surprised by a change in the shape of the land, or a boulder. Moving at a snail's pace, stooping and straining his eyes to be recognizing the thin profile of the land that was directly under his feet.

Although his method, which was crouching forward and step by step, Mike was about to stumble and fall to meet with a sudden change in consistency land, which is smoothed. It was the path! Mike chuckled dienTES metaphor, but had opted to leave the road, he had gone to meet him when he needed. Go anywhere!

Mike saw that the trail ran at an oblique angle of the north indicator, but believed that this would lead to the next house and had not yet happened. In addition, he noticed that the red glow coming from the area to which the trail led. Mike was at what he perceived was the center of camino and slowly began to recover the pace of the march. Still, was walking very slowly. Trying to stay in the middle of the trail, but occasionally deviated toward one or the other edge. He laughed.

"This is worse than the fog on the coast of Santa Monica in June," he thought. He recalled that when riding a bicycle at night, in a fog, I could only see the white line from the center of the road. Now have given anything for that path tuviese a cell linewhite line in the center.

Mike noticed that as he approached the glowing area could see more clearly. Gradually, the road was almost completely illuminated, allowing him to walk upright and in a normal way. However, still haddo care. Do not know what it was that light and wanted to be preparedRado for any eventuality.

When he took the curve, he could see where it came from the resplendor. I could not believe what I was seeing. There in the forestwhich was as follows house and it was bright red! He was surprised that, while the

other houses stand cyan glow from the inside, it really did.

While we waited at the red house, Mike was allowed to pick up the pace to reach a near-normal pace. The light desk wrapped the house lit with red glow. Revised the road and laid his eyes on the red signal on the path bet was based on the way home, had registered "HOUSE OF RELATIONSHIPS." Mike stopped.

- Oh, my God! He said with a sigh. This is a topic that I've failed! Are we going to see more movies?

- Why, yes! The young man emerged red angel nothing on the steps leading to the door. Welcome, Michael Thomas of Purpose Puro. I thought we'd lost you!

"I have not had such luck, my friend red-le resMike sponded. I just took time. Guess not havego no hurry to see your new movies. Are they like that was Violet?

"No, Michael. Are not equal.

The red angel was really cute. Michael reminded him a movie star, an action hero with a great guy. The red angel was huge! His personality was extroverted and nice, so that their size did not cause concern (not more than the other angels). Their red robes seemed to provide it with an air of sacredness. Mike recalled seeing that color on the clothes of church leaders.

- Are you hungry, Michael? "Asked the vast ALL OTHERSred gel.

"Yes, sir.

Mike led the Red Inside the house, but not without anTES tell by hand to remove her shoes. He winked, as if reminding him why the land was sacred. Mike came to feel shy to be honored in this way, and said nothing. He removed his shoes and laid quietly next to the door.

As in all previous homes, the external appearance of the latter did not indicate what was inside. The house was large, had stairs and arches, and windows are opened to countriesjes could not be Viewed from the outside. Mike never get used to these apparent inconsistencies between physics and reality. He recalled the history of *Alice in Wonderland*, and wondered if Lewis Carroll would have been theOnce there guna dreams. What a fun idea! Should I start looking for the white rabbit?

"The target is next, Michael, "said Red arelaughing. Although no rabbit.

Mike laughed. So the next house was white? "The White House," thought Mike fun. A Red also hizo graence, and Mike had a good feeling about the lessons, the kind they were, they were going to teach there. Red felt it was his family. Like Green, Red was like a brother, perhaps a celebrity. Blue and Orange were like his uncles, and Violet, of course, was Mother. She could not wait to meet Santa!

- Do you feel that we are your family, Michael? "Red isBia arrested in an area that was obviously food and lodging. Mike could smell the food she had prepared.

"Yes," replied Red.

"How appropriate. That's what this house. Red walked and Mike went with the dining room. As usual, I was waiting for a great meal.

"See you in the morning, Michael Thomas. Sleep well and take in peace education you receive here.

Red turned to leave, but came back to say goodbye just before closing the door.

Mike laughed to himself thinking about what had become educated than the angels throughout the trip. Actually, he was tranquil. I knew Red was aware of the lessons learned in the house purple and intense emotions and the excitement they created in the depths of his soul. The Angel also had the courtesy to let you know that these lessons would be different.

Mike ate like a lion! Had not had lunch when he was in the plain, and also traveling in the darkDad had consumed a large amount of energy, more than you could imagine. I was tired, and after dinner, fell asleep immediately. He was calm and was surrounded by the comfort and safety of the magred house quick explanation. He slept deeply and peacefully, almost as if you were already at home.

That night, later, while Michael Thomas was duramendment, a wet, upset, smelly and greenish breeding-structure moved toward the Red House, trying to hide. He glanced at the house and knew that Michael Thomas was there. He had grown weary of waiting for Mike to appear on the camino, but he had not pleased.

That he was consumed with rage and anger. Thawing wascerta! How was Michael Thomas realized that he was waiting? There must have been given a detour off the road! Michael was able to reach the Red House without following the way! How had he done? It knew that angels were not allowed to intervene, so they had not told Michael that he hoped That there. Now I had to rethink their plans because the advanceis Michael had lost. So, should I keep it again? At least she would know where it was Mike. What strategiesstrategy should continue?

As it had done in the past, stood among the trees, watching while waiting for Mike left the Red House. Was satisfied that while he knew cottonof was Michael. He spent his time enjoying Antemnot with the idea of the final confrontation with him. Again and again, we analyze various plans, devising strategies and discardingstrategies. Should employ a lot of energy and a bit of trickery, but that was well acquainted with Michael Thomas. He knew how to react and how he thought. That began to practicar techniques that may be necessary to make the plan work. The confrontation would take place in the road that led to the last house that would be the time that Michael iswould be more vulnerable. That wait again. "Deception is the key, thought. Would have to pretend and take another form: a look that could keep for a few minutescough. Those few minutes would be more than sufficient.

As it had done in the other houses, Mike got up and dressed in the clothes he had left in the closet. The clothes were cool, clean ... and red. Mike recalled the words againbras of Orange, who had said it would not eliminateproduct designations meals. She also noticed that there was growing a beard since the beginning of the trip. It was as if all that happened was somehow suspended in the time, stopping your physical self grow old or funtions as before we get there. Go site!

In an adjacent room, Mike enjoyed a delicious breakfast prepared for him. He sat thinking about his trip when he heard a knock at the door, and then came Red.

"I see you well rested and you're ready, Michael Thomas.

"Yes, Red. "Michael felt good and seemed concernedMalfunctioning. Again he was impressed by how handsome he was the angel. Thank you for your hospitality.

"I'll deserve, Michael Thomas of Purpose Puro. Red smiled and waved his hand to stand up and accompany him to visit the areas of learninglearning of the House of Relationships. Red led Mike to some areas in which there had been the night before. The house was very different from the others. All that red made Mike feel alive and energized. It felt exnary. Finally, they reached a large theater and entered it. The widescreen was equal to the teaatro previous house, and the padded seat was there too, except now it was red. And, like last time, was locatedgiven too close to the screen. Red knew that the site could cause distress to Mike, after the experience he had in the previous house.

"It's not what you think, Michael," said Red, tranquilityzándole.

"Thanks, my friend Mike said, gratefully. "Quieres to take my seat?

"Yes.

Like Violet, Red went to the back of the room and began to manipulate the projection equipment. Mike sat in the seat of honor ... and started the function.

This time there was no sound attached to the image. Instead, Red went out and explain to Mike what he was seeing on the screen before him. The angel was right. The projection was invigorating, educational, illustrative and amazing! No retrospective or feelings caused him sad. Looked more like a slide show than a film.

"Mike, this is the family-started Red explain while some still images appear on the displaycall. You've seen on the old home that you can play several roles in your planet, and those you do too. Also have learned that all human beings agree and plan the potential direact, their lives before arriving. It is time to comclothes relationships between participants. Empecemos with the identification of the family.

Mike in disbelief remainedCIO seated while pre Rojosit on the screen beautiful faces twenty-seven menciondo the respective names, which were long and Mike nunca heard. The angelic-sounding names, and Mike thought it must be difficult to spell. Were names such as Angenon, Aleeilu, Beauriffee, Vereeifon, Kooigre and the like. Then Red presented a synoptic tabletico the lineage of each of them. The painting began at the top, which was composed of names terretions and Mike recognized faces, and as he was branchingdown would be showing other names and other faces that Mike did not know. At the top were her parents, her friends from church and school, some of the people out of work, and many people he barely knew. There were also some strangers. Mike quickly identified each of them recognized the teachers who had toJado mark on him. In addition, Henry saw the bully, and Carol, his first love Verdadero! He also acknowledged his friend John. And there was the robber that almost sends you to another neighborhood in your apartment! Then he saw Shirley, the woman he had loved and lost in Los Angeles.

There were other pictures of people without coneco. One in particular caught his attention: it isba of a beautiful woman with a wonderful smile. Was a redhead and had green eyes, a happy combinationra. I felt an energy I take this picture, but did not know why. The following image to put the willies. It was the woman who, driving drunk, struck the car of your parents on that fateful day! She also died in the accident, and Mike thought he had well deserved. Why was he there? And now, his image was also there!

Below the top row of photographs and linked by lines, as in a chart, there were more imageslion people other horizontal rows forming directmind under the photos that Mike had higher reconomyacid.

"Each horizontal line corresponds to a life," said Michael Thomas Mike Red while examining the jointto-. Are the same players over and over again. The nommen change, and gender varies, but they are the same beings ... and are your real family. As a group, you travel freely through time, some come and go, but all you form a family. And it's time for you to know its history.

What happened next was one of the most amazing events and RevolutionMike Aryans who had experienced-Tado ever. I was unprepared for what happened in that theater red with red seats and those wonderful red angel. It was completely petrified and speechless, sitting in the big red chair and dressed in red.

Suddenly, the first image in the top leftgives the scheme increased to purchase a normal size, and came to life! At the same time there was sound, and the call Shirlaw, the love of Mike's life, came to life on screen! Not only that, but quand left the big screen and into the reality of Mike, standing in front of him. It was real, and not part of a movie or a performance! Mike called his name and began to tell his story while he was literally next to him as a subject perfectly tangible.

-Michael Thomas, I'm Reenuel, Quadrant Five. I'm from your family, and I love you so much! I'm Shirley, as I know in this life. And before this life, pa centurysado, I was Fred, you brother. And before dand be Fred, the life before that, was Cynthia, your wife. Pro Michael ThomasPure granary, we have a contract, and this energy is called karma. Together, we plan to meet again in this life, and we did. You and I have completed something that startsWe for centuries, and we did well. We agreed to generate feelings in you that lead you to this crossroads-xed life. That is the gift I give you and what you gave me. We did it together!

Mike gasped. She did not was an image of the screen. It was real! I was listening to a being that he was very familiar, I was saying she was Shirley ... and before that, she was another person he knew ... and before that ... etc. What a lovely presentation! Each word istobacco filled with truth and purpose, each per explanationceived accurate and complete. Go history! Go site! Shirley did not know if Mike could hear him while he was there but

undeniably strong image that was before he asked que to speak.

- Thanks, dear Shirley!

Mike bowed to those who had known and loved. This gave a whole new perspective on their relationship, now looked more like a best friend than as a woman who had ruined her life. Shirley gradually disappeared from the spot it had occupied before him.

The next picture also appeared on the screen and told a story of love, intrigue and complex relationships. It is Mr. Burroughs, Professor Mike Favorite high school. He explained that he had been in the lives of Mike many times, playing to many people. This time it was only to meet with Mike during his education, which he did. The party was up to Mike was also evident. They had helped each other in many ways, of which Mike was not aware. Tamalso had a contract, and learning energy called karma, but was very light. Mike expressed his gratitude oral treatment, and image Mr. Burroughs I desvaneció, like the previous one.

Suddenly, as great as in real life, Mike was the image of his father. It did not feel sad: His father was alive! The figure dropped from the screen, in a casual, stood as a living, compared to Mike. He began to tell his story, and Mike listened with great joy.

-Michael Thomas, I am not who you think I am. "The body was friendly and did not exactly have the countenance of the father of Mike. Anneehu I continued, "SquareFive and I am your real family. The face you see now is your father, and I assume my role in human lifena exactly as planned with your mother and you before they go to Earth. All that happened was appropriate, and we leave early to carry out more contracts in other spiritual areas. When we leave for our ORT work, while facilitating the greatest gift given to you, Michael. Our death was the catalyst for your enlightenment. Entramos in your life with a difficult karmic lesson of death, and interpret it perfectly. If you are sitting here is because of that, and we love you very much for your trip, and the fact that we now recognize the gift.

Mike felt strongly that this entity was alive and talking to him in person. Memorized the name: Anneehu. I wanted that from that moment on, the name resonated in his life. How could I have sadness about the death of his father when the truth was there? The words "the greatest gift" rang in his ears, while the being who had been his father went on. He spoke of the GUElands where they had fought together, and that they were brothers, and of course, had many sisterschísimo time when the continents did not exist on Earth.

Finally, Mike's father concluded his explanation. He smiled and vanished like the others. Mike was with-moved, but not sad or worried. I was excited! Spoke to the image of his father, while it vanishfoolish.

"Father, I am very grateful for the gift. Mike knew what he was saying was absolutely true, and as I said, head bowed as a sign of respect.

The following was his mother, and Mike stayed glued to his seat with his mouth open, listening to history lessonstion karmic she explained, referring to him and others who were part of his life.

"My name Eleeuin and come from the Quadrant Five. I love you very much and I've had much different faces-ent over your past lives.

He continued explaining that he had starring roles in life after life, even Mike had killed once, when both were women, and sisters! He spoke of the energy that was created with the actions of one life to another, and how it is used in planning lessons for the next life interaction. She did not result in Mike emotions or created any kind of melancholy in his soul. He devoted himself to give information, and presentation fuand very beautiful. She was real. She was alive!

When his mother began to fade, Mike also spoke:

"Thank you for your gift, Eleeuin.

Mike felt it was appropriate to remember the real names of their parents. Remember all the names went beyond its capacity, but promised to keep these two in your memory forever.

One after another, the faces were taking their place as individuals of flesh and blood in front of Mike. They presented themselves and I communicated the great Michael Thomas love they felt for him. Almost always talked about the family-totwo were in a strange place called the Five-Quadrant, whatever that meant.

There was only time that day for nine of the twenty-seven beings explained his story. When finished, the lights. Mike sat in silence, and realized that I had spent the lunch hour and had not even wholedo. From the back of the room, red wine to him and stood before him.

- Are you tired?

-No. Lleno of joy! "Said Mike. "We already have we let it?

Red laughed heartily and made Mike a signal the hand to get up and follow him into the dining room.

"We still have two more days in this plan, Michael Thomas. There is time to talk most of the familia.

A million questions came to mind while Mikeafter his way of dining.

-Red, will you stay for dinner? What I mean is ... I know you do not eat, but I would like to ask you some questions.

- Of courseor!

Red is fun. Mike thought it would probably have other things to do, without realizing that Red was only for him and others who were on the road at that time.

They entered the dining room, where two seats had already preunemployed. Mike looked inquiringly at the table.

- Who else will be with us?

"If I remember correctly, I have invited," said Red in a sarcastic tone.

- But if you do not eat!

- Who said that?

Red amused when she sat to the table in site Mike was in front, and poured refreshing fruit drink. Mike was puzzled.

"But I never ... I mean ... none of the other angels eat. I just thought ...

"Michael," Red-interrupted, angels do not needsitamos eat, but I join you in this human need because it's nice for you to have a partner who is also eating. Is not that right?

"It's true.

Mike could not discuss it. For weeks he ate alone. The last time I lived the closest thing to eat accompanitodo was when Green was with him, watching him while comine, at least, had company. What fun it was red! Perhaps it was the most human of all.

"I'm honored you think so," replied Red, munching bread and reading the thoughts of Mike by complete.

He ate at intervals, for continuous made him questions of the angel.

"Red," what just happened was real? I mean when these things spoke to me. Is this a new projection technique that has not yet Conozco?

Red laughed again as he wiped his chin with a napkin.

- Why humans are desperate assignedNAR reality to the illusion? And although the truth is present at times, human beings deny it, believing that this is a hoax. I'll never understand this.

- What is the answer? "Asked Mike.

"Everything was absolutely real," said Red. More real than your own reality on Earth, Michael. They are here in person, in this house for you.

Mike did not understand at all, but ifguided by prequestions.

-Red, all those names that sounds so weird ... I've noticed that my picture was not one, just that strange handwriting I've seen before.

"Of course you have a name, Michael, but for now it is hidden. If appropriate, someday you will know or at least the part that you can pronounce, but that has nothing to do with your lighting. After all, they know my name and that is not prevented you enjoy your stay here. -Red took another bite.

Michael never had topoint considered the fact that he knew the names of the angels who had been found in varioussas home. Simply referred to them according to the color they had, was the easiest thing for everyone, and they encouraged.

-Red, what is your real name? "Mike was seentruly interested. While waiting for the reply, took another bite of salad.

"Das assume that a name is a sound, Michael. Mike noticed that Red was a diner inept. One could say that was the first time I ate. Each time, the food fell from his mouth to the plate. And the fourth was on the napkin and tried to emulate a human being as best he could in the gestures and behavior when it comes to eating refinedre. Indeed, it was pretty fun, but Mike was too engrossed in their questions as to react to this. Later he would laugh out loud, but not at the expense of Red. He continued his explanation, after wiping his mouth again.

"All the names of the entities of the universe are energy, including yours and mine. They have color, vibration, sound ... And even the way! Total can not ruleas a sound mind in the air, as can be done with the names of the Earth. Even the names you've heard and seen today writings are only a portion of the actual power of the full name of each entity. Have pronounceddo my best just for you. As spiritual beings they greet each other, can "see" their names. Each entityDad carries all sor lineage and qualities in the colors and vibrations within the *Merkabah* which is the name that is called an angelic body. It is far more comcomplex than you are able to understand at this time, Michael, since it is interdimensional.

"Red" continued Michael, wanting know more, "today, in film, why were some pictures in the upper row-previous that were overlooked when the tumors reached them to explain their stories?

Mike was particularly interested in the image the mujer redhead whose energy had captivated from the outsetprinciple. He was in the top row, but was omitted.

"Those are human beings who do not know, Michael. Red took a sip and tried, unsuccessfully, that the liquid does not escape him from the corners of the mouth, so he had to use back the napkin ... for the seventh time.

"So those who do not know, do not count.

"Normally, this does not show contracts unfulfilled, Michael. You could not establish a relationship with them, becauseator you have not met in your life. Those who presit just the family members you've met so far.

Mike sat back a moment and re-reflexed on an idea he had long thought notba. Questioned the appropriateness of their journey to this land of the seven houses. Had he stayed in Los Angeles, poDria have interacted with more people who had plans to meet him spiritual. Was interrupted whensome type of plan cosmic? What could be the consequencesences?

Red "listening" and addressed the unspoken question.

"Listen, Michael. Not everything you think is Entienfrom within the three dimensions. Your mind here is not the mind of God. Still can not find out what we already know. You're still a human being, and loves you just for being one. Here are more things happening that you know. Opted to leave the track, and is an honor that you did. Nothing we do is inappropriate choicepriate. We could not help as we are doing, if not anointed you were here at this time.

Mike had never thought his choice to be on that road was anointed. Still considering it as an escape. Was training to return home and for some reason, those angelic beings honored him and blessed him. Red was right. I could not see the perspective withtogether.

- Did you ever get to see it?

"When you're at the door of the home and open it, it comglow.

Red stood up and excused herself gracefully. As the door closed, Mike stood up and observed the area around the table and the chair where he had been sitting Rojo. StopCo. that a child had been there three years! There were crumbs, fruit juice and bits of food everywhere. Mike laughed.

- I love you, Red! He exclaimed.

He realized that Red had a detail to offerCERs to dinner with him. He had tried. "I wonder if there are things

that angels do not pueden do, "he said. Then measurementstó and asked: "If there are things that angels can not do, and the angels are part of the whole, I wonder if there are things that God can not do." Immediately, Mike heard the answer in his head. It was the voice of Violet!

"Yes. God can not lie, nor hate, nor impartial decisions outside the realm of love. This is the essence of why you have the lessons of the Earth, so that God can have a fair test.

Go! Mike knew that has just conducted some profarm, but did not understand anything. "Perhaps, over time, even this will make sense, he thought. Glad to hear again the voice of Violet! Go anywhere!

Mike fell asleep, but the two angelic names Eleeuin Anneehu and continued to appear before him in bright colors and geometric designs. It was wonderful! Mike slept well, despite the recurrent light show.

The next day, Mike was eager to start. Practicemind ate breakfast and then went to Red to cine. Ran, literally, to the large padded seat and waited to begin the presentations and illustrative words of his newfound family. This time it was the tumor to some characters that were not very friendly. However, everything seemed very appropriate.

Henry, Hector, left of the screen and stepped in front of Mike. He spoke of the contract that both had been established and the burden of their origin. Mike and Henry had been shipmates on a boat, in the past remoto, and the interaction of their lives at that time had concluded that both had lessons to learn together this time. All this was fascinating and somehow made sense. He and Mike were partners in a dance of energy that was still running. Then faded, and Mike thanked him for playing his role so well.

The next person to speak was the woman who had killed his parents with the car. She enjoyed giving his ex-complication. It called itself the "catalystsprays for termination, "a spiritual language, which even Mike could not understand. It was as if she had had an appointment with his parents that night, on that fateful county road, and had come on time. He spoke of the planning sessiontion, and said that all entities had applauded with joy when it was over. The death brought with it the same energy to those on the other side. It was almost like a play!

The woman never apologized for what hada fact. I had to do it, as it was in perfect agreementdo with the stipulations. Mike left to judge. In fact, just let him know.

"Thank you for your gift, a precious being.

Mike said seriously.

The parade of members of the family came to an end for the day. Mike got up and went to dinner. Nine beings had explained their histories and lineages. This time, Mike did not ask Red to dine with him, but that company didma while dining. Formularl track questionse, and did not want to be distracted by the food that was thrown here and there and spilled drinks.

Rouge, many of these beings are now living on Earth. How also can be in front of me, telling their stories?

-Michael Thomas, you are reusing your human experience to understand the reality of home. The "real Michael Thomas' can be in several places. Your "piece of God," which is the highest part of your soul, not quite present whens on Earth, but is somewhere else doing something else, such as making other planstions for the potential energy with the family, now you've changed your way.

Red smiled as he let Mike pondered what you just said.

- Any new plans?

"Yes," replied Red.

Mike was stunned. Everything began to fit. The sessionstions of planning not only held the mainprinciple, before he was there, but other new product initiatives ilumlnada, were taking place even now, using a piece of himself of which was not even aware!

- Does that make me have a kind of personality multiple?

"Close your eyes, Michael Red was teaching him a lesson. Concentrate and remember the events of this day. Imagine you're back in the cinema.

Mike did.

Red continued:

"Tell me where you are now.

"In the film," said Mike.

"But I thought you were here with me, eating. Mike opened his eyes and threw a red onea look of disgust.

"Wait a minute, this is only my imagination. No more value than they have my dreams. My real body is here, and my thoughts on the film.

"Well. So tell me, what is the real thing: your body or your thoughts? Red asked.

"My body ... I think Mike replied hesitantly. Rojo said nothing. He leaned forward and gave Mike something to think about.

-Mike, last night ... -Red paused to give effect to his words you know that you have returned to find con yourselves. This time you showed your true energy, and you shall callmaste by their real names. Traveled with them to govarious locations and you spent it well.

Mike stopped eating.

- Do you mean that was real?

"Yes.

"But I was asleep ... Dreaming!

"Your human side does not let you understand the reality of the Spirit, Michael. Your conscience is the true reality. The physical is only temporary. Your cell structure, but is itself a sacred vessel, is just a place where resides Espíspirit of your consciousness, and you can bring that spirityou wherever you want. So, where are your thoughtsments, is your reality. Believe me, it is. "Red smiled.

- I can leave my body? "Mike was confused.
- If you do all the time, Michael! "Red was having fun. This allows you to be in two places at once, as you say. It is not as unusual as you think! It is appropriate, provided pre-and when you remember back to your human receptacle. You promised to take your consciousness in that container while after you are on Earth, but that does not restrict you from traveling.

- Do you mean that there is a part of me that is not here?

"Yes. -Red knew what would be the next question.

- Where is? Asked Mike.

The Angel rose from his seat and walked to the door to let Mike retire to rest. He turned to honor the last question.

"It's in the holiest of all. Is with everyone else in the temple of physics. He is with God, and said this, he left.

Mike was agreed to new information of all kinds, and could not decipher any. "Is the Temple of physics? What is that? Sounds like a science project of a church, or dangerous Cula starring Harrison Ford. What can signify? "It was as if every answer to a question raises more questions.

Mike retired to rest. Just before falling asleep, recalled that Red had told him that his dreams were his true reality. You really had traveled with his family somewhere last night? If so, Why could not remember clearly? Everything was so new ... and so surprising President ... Mike kept thinking about it while he stayed in that state that left her thinking murky about what was actually happening. He then traveled, once again, to his favorite spot one that had been there many times while he slept, where love meets reality, and the family gets together to talk about things past, present and future and where it seems which violate the laws of physics, but in reality are created. He would later be unable to remember everything that had happened.

It was the last day in the Red House. In the movies were presented just a few astral, as they had missed at least five of them, which were not at all Michael's experience so far. Met again with the professor who had complained to the school administration, and the robber, who had apparently tried the whole adventure with its action in the apartment of Mike. It seemed as if all that had happened long ago.

Mike listened to them all, and honored the fact that they were his family and all were linked to multiple Manifestations in their current and past lives. When finished, Mike had acquired an overall theme that almost no human had. Now your idea of what was life was much broader. He returned to regret not being able to be in this place to Los Angeles, and also did not have access to this knowledge earlier.

If he had understood the karmic energy consciousness, had had a much more serene, inclusion of the most emotional! This would have helped him become the best human beings on the planet. It was possible that human beings on Earth never acquiesce to this knowledge. Perhaps that was the lesson that had spoken so often. It was almost as if in the dark and see if you could discover the light, despite everything. Although it was a giant puzzle, Mike was grateful for this educational journey and enlightenment.

Spent some time tonight to do a ceremony with his body as he had taught Verde. He felt that another change was coming and tried just as Green had shown him. It took a few hours, and Mike knew with absolute certainty that he had graduated to another level, in which, somehow, your body had merged with its spirit. It seemed as if the acceptance of what he had learned in the various homes have caused a psychological reaction within their cells. Then he remembered that Green had told him that his true spirit was contained in each cell. Sense.

He went back to sleep without being aware of your astral travel and family gatherings, and awoke refreshed. After breakfast, wearing his sword, his shield and armor, and went looking for Red. The Angel and was waiting, ready to accompany you to the door of the house. Was evident mind touched to see that Mike was coming.

-Michael Thomas of Purpose Pure. You've changed.

"You know, Mike was reserved about the brain matter and the change that had experienced the night before previous. How did you know. Red? How do you know an angel if a man has changed your vibration?

Red Mike was watching with an expression of respect.

"Your colors will reveal," he said softly. Never a human being has not changed much and so fast, Michael. In this place are unique. You've absorbed everything and you understand as quickly as you had. Actually, you are a very special human being!

Red turned around and drove Mike back through the maze of hallways to the small front door of the house. Red. Mike came to light from the sun and began to put on his shoes, he found as he had left. Has not Mike understood that the colors, but no matter.

"Never forget this place, my red friend," said Mike. This is where I met my family for the first time.

Red smiled. He knew the truth. Mike had known his real family for the first time as Michael Thomas, a human being. But in fact they knew well.

-Michael Thomas, still many surprises await you in both houses that you are missing. Your new vibration that all these experiences will be even more intense. Are you ready to face them?

Mike thought that sounded ominous.

- Is there a possibility of is presented with a problem, Red? "Mike asked, worried.

"You'll find some physical challenges, spiritual and emotional, you will have to face before reaching the door of the home," said Red seriously. Maybe they are the biggest challenges that you have faced since you're on this earth. Some will question this tour and reality. Some will leave you stunned by its size. Still others fear could give.

Mike stood up to hear this. I knew that awaited a type of test. As before, was full of resolution. He had not come this far to falter now.

"I understand, he said, and I'm ready.

"Sure you are, my friend took my human-RedMike Rando as if seeing him for the first time. I have to ask you a question. You will hear later this morning and, although only two more times. The last will be the most importantimportant.

Finally, "thought Mike, glad that an angel studysee giving some information about why I hadcho that last question in each of the houses. Must be related to the seventh house and you'd find there.

"I'm ready to answer your question. Red. Mike knew what the question, but wanted your Rojoformulaic see the honor. The angel knew what Mike was giving at that time, and valued.

-Michael Thomas of pure purpose, do you love God?

"Like you and everyone else. Yes, I love God, Mike approached the angel and did something I had notmuch earlier. ARed arm! The huge creature was like a packageyou huge and Mike's arms around him as far as possible. Red fired immediately accepted physicalca and bent to allow Mike could hug him and have him to eye level. The full wrapped angelmind Mike, engulfing among its subtle red robes.

"This has a meaning, while Michael," said RedAfter releasing a Mike. As I said, and violet, are the first human to have the vibration that can egrmitirte playing an angel-the red being was thrilled. Never before had embraced a human being physicallyno. Always remember this moment.

Mike readily accepted the compliment, then walked down the path that would house the main road. Was faced with a dilemma: to follow or not follow the path. Yes, this time I would use the road to get to the next house, I knew that was white. He turned again and waved to say goodbye to Red. He remained on the porch obMike served until he was out of reach visual. I was amazed at the progress of Mike, and proud of the gifts of the human being, and also weapons that harmonized with him. Never before this one so perfectly.

It was only a matter of minutes the nasty and menacing creature that carried with it the stench of deathte-emerge from the trees and began to follow the man to the next house. That left no traces of piSadas as he moved fromclash within the margins of the road, walked over to Red and glared at him with burning eyes. For the first time, the angel spoke to the apparition:

-Spectrum, you have no chance. That said, the red being turned and disappeared into the house of the same color.

10. THE SIXTH HOUSE

The journey to the sixth house passed almost without incident. Mike was more aware than ever that we were followingdo. However, instead of fear, but experienced prudence. Truthstively, could feel his back, not too far, the energy given off by sinister That was following him. Before that he was unable to feel the energyogy of the creature. It was as if he had received a new gift of clairvoyance. Was it perhaps a sixth sense? Insured couldrar with all certainty that this power existed! What was that? What or who was that ... thing? What did you want? Why simply not made known? Why was it all the time?

Mike recalled the episode the storm, in which ifcidents green figure had come out of hiding and attacked him while he was vulnerable. Apparently, had simply vanished when the beam fell. Perhaps it was mieMichael do? If it was the case, Mike had nothing to concernparse, and just keep the ghost at bay for the rest of the way to the last two houses.

However, Mike sensed that it was likely that the time came to settle accounts with the sinister thing which had becomeor in its shadow on the routes between a house and another. Red had given him to understand quite well, and the newMike vo intuitive sense was saying the same thing. "Be careful, Mike!" Were the words heard over and over again on the case. Was his mind when he talked ... or who? I was beginning to realize that the voices of angels, somehow, were fused with it and gave information about the trip. It was all so new!

He walked on, and looking back could see for a moment, on two occasions, to the thing. At least, I was behind him. Mike felt that if that was smart, poDria run ahead on the way from sixth to the seventh house. An intuitive voice spoke in her mind clear: "It is best to keep an eye on." Mike pulled out the map to see if somElan spectrum had some kind of energy to appear in it. However, the map was normal and showed, as usual, all that was around the red dot insdescription "YOU ARE HERE» within a radius of about two hundred meters. Mike turned and examined with an eye don placeof seen movement, and realized that something was hidden just outside the range of the map. It was asked whether he knew he could appear on the map and therefore remained at a safe distance. Mike tenDria be taken into account at all times, because he felt that in some ways it was valuable information.

Found the White House early in the tburns. It was small and modest, a country house just like the others. He approached her and sought that would signal a breakthrough resrespect of the lessons we learn there. His curiosity does not disappoint and in fact the signal was there, with the inscription:

"HOUSE OF LOVE." Mike instantly became curious. What was it? He had been wanted in each of her previous homes. I had been in the House of relationstions, and still lacked completely dedicated to visit this houselove each.

Mike left the road and headed for the door. There was no angel to greet him. Sought ifguy destined to leave their shoes, and found him. Mike questionstó if I had to wait for the white angel and finally decided against it. He removed his shoes, put them in the right place, opened the door and entered.

She felt overwhelmed by the smell of flowers! He recalled that sensation. Now he was in a hallway leading to one o'clockPlia white area indefinitely. He traveled the slow receiverInt up to a white space, huge and open. I remembered that place. It was where he had his first vision! Suddenly, the huge white angel had starsdo the vision appeared before him.

- Welcome, Michael Thomas of Purpose Pure! Volsee to find.

The angel had a stunning smile. And what a voice ...! Mike was very happy to see this wonderfalsa entity. Again,

I was amazed at the quality of their garments steaming. The angel seemed to melt into the house. Intuitive-mind, Mike White noted that, as we call it, was different from others. Floated! The other went. White had an air that, somehow, gave him more Leadinter of divinity, if such a thing could be possible. The other angels had made the trip are his friends, had become his family. This angel was like a priestdowry. Shone! Mike sensed that White should not be touched and that carried a lot of energy. Once again, Mike's new powersTaban running smoothly.

"This time you will face," Mike said with a wink. He recalled that in the previous meeting, all referenceent the angel had been diffused.

"Sure, and you're able to see it because you've got here. You have done very well, Michael. Your vibration is higher than any other human being who has traveleddo on this earth. Already there are colors that show your name, colors that will last forever regardless of your success here, whether withtinue your journey to the next house, as if you do not.

Again came up the subject. Was this an advertencia that was not going to do? Was it a question? Red had given him the same feeling: that it may fail at the last moment of this sacred journey. "What will happen that so hard?"

"This house will test your resolve to continue," said Blanco, reading back Mike energy. Not everything is as it seems. Use this observation as a guide, and you'll do well in what is to come.

Mike remembered that he was with the angel had said that phrase first. And what was right! It was a fra-advicing you not to make assumptions. It was a warning to be taken into account, which will help in one way or another. Mike wanted to know more about White.

-White, are you different?

"Yes, Michael. The AM. This is the house of love. Practicemind is the cleanest house in which ever enter. Not a house like the previous lessons. Home is home. Is the center.

- But is number six of the seven houses of the series! "Exclaimed Mike.

"Again I say that not everything is as it seems. "The Angel smiled. Believe me, this house is the center. The order of the houses are established only for your lesson, Michael. The distributionyou only see tion is a human attribute.

Mike was immediately curious to know more sober's home.

- What will happen here?

"The revelation.

The angel went floating. He had a beautiful face, thrustBrosen quiet! If u have lovena face, would that be. White continued his answers.

"And a trip to the election. A rethinking of what it is. And another vibrational shift, if you want.

- Who are you really? Mike asked. Not only the angel of the sixth house. I know.

-I I known to all, Michael Thomas. And I AM known for all, therefore I exist.

This response was identical to that White had given him the first time he had been asked that question. For him it was pointless.

I do not understand bien your answer. Blanco, but no doubt some day I will understand. Of all the angels who have known until now, no doubt, you are the greatestgod.

Mike was telling the truth, because he had begun to understand that whoever was before him at that time was a entity of great spiritual significance, and powerful energy.

"It probably is, Michael Thomas, but come one who is grander than all of us.

White Mike waited patiently for so reflectber that assertion. Then, Turned, began advancedTsar floating and beckoned him to follow him. He led them through a confusing maze of indescribable pseudovestíbulos. Mike could not see the details there! The rooms and hallways, if they were, they could have had thatany way, since he could not distinguish.

"I think I failed the hearing, White. Everything blends into everything else.

"Much of what you perceive is in higher dimensions, Michael Thomas, and your mind is not able to dand discernNirlo at this time. For this reason I came out to greet you at the door. I can not easily get out of this place, because the physicalca not accept outside my dimension.

Mike knew he was in an area of knowledge not yet understood, and did not attempt to do so. White with him-duced to a familiar-looking door, he could see in detail. Then the angel spoke:

"Your rooms and dining rooms are in your dimension. Ofbes go in alone. I will come looking for you here in the morning, desbecause of breakfast.

White was very elegant. Mike smiled broadly, making it feel really good. There was something in his voice that caused at Mike's desire to hear him talk incessantly. What was most beautiful voice! Mike remembered how he reacted when he first heard the laughter of the Angel. I wanted to continue enjoying their company.

- Got to go now?

"Yes, but nothing happens. I'll be here in the morning.

"I'll miss you.

Mike felt like he was saying goodbye to a pariahyou lost long ago. I really do not want Blanco leave. The energy between them had caused her addiction! Recognized that this was unusual. He put in a few words, asking a question. The angel knew that was about it.

Blanco, what do I feel? Can you explain it so you can understand?

"No," White was honest and smiled at Mike. But I'll tell you anyway.

The magnificent angel was always willing to try all sorts of issues, including those who were very advanced spirituallytualmente for Mike. So I continued:

"I represent the source of all matter. I am, therefore I am, and I'm the reason why the universe exists. I live in

the highest scientific paradox imaginable, but I am responsible for the emotions of a single human heart. I'm the smallest part of physics and the largest part of the universe. Represent all the light. I am the space between the nucleus of the atom and the electron haze. I am the force more abundant in the universe and more powerful energy agency. Strength come from more distant but more powerful in the universe. I'm the hourglass sand, but I am also the center where there is no time. I am the creative force that can respond to the physical consciousness. Therefore, I am a miracle YO SOY love.

Mike does not understand anything of all that, but still felt in awe of the message. White had sanctity. Mike was at a part of God who was holy and anointed. This time there was a teacher, but with a personality, a celebrity, who had a voice like a never heard before. Mike felt the same thing the first time he had been with the angel.

"Thanks," said White grateful, thanks. The angel looked to Michael Thomas for a while before proceeding. His silky voice glided through the ears of Mike as the morning dew on the petals of a flower wet.

"I do not spend much time here, Michael Thomas. Mañana will explain the four attributes of love and then you present someone.

By the way how he looked White, Mike sensed it was about to happen something powerful. Angel felt love and compassion.

White came out and left with a desire to have more of everything: more of that wonderful voice, more information, more peace! That was it! The angel was carrying when he was about peace, but peace remained even though he was gone. What a feeling!

Mike had forgotten how hungry he was until he smelled the food he was waiting in the room. Mike knew the routine, and quickly packed up his belongings in the closet, washed and prepared for dinner and bed temperature.

After dinner, Mike slept like he had never done in his life. This surpassed any other experience similar in the other houses. The feeling of peace was so thick he could taste it and smell it. The serenity was impossible, and resulted in total relaxation and deep.

When the nasty and vile red-eye body arrived at the White House, did not stop to take refuge in a tree or a cave behind a rock. Michael had entered the house, and he knew that there was no danger, and could pass unnoticed. So moved by the incident motivated pursuit that prompted him to move forward. For about an hour, walked quickly down the road leading to the next house, and found a perfect place to lay an ambush. Explored the field and thought of all possible contingencies that Michael Thomas could try. It then settled and began the process of waiting, practicing what they would do, and convinced that deception was perfect. Michael had no chance to do anything. Would have lowered their guard.

If you had been a traveler passing through this camino in the shadow of that deadline he had set the trap, have been under a tree and a lonely man again and again repeating the same words, as if practicing a speech. If that person had approached apparently peaceful, would have noted that had the appearance of an honest farmer, and had heard the voice of a loving father, the father of Michael Thomas.

Mike woke up early and prepared. His apartments were similar to other houses, except this time were all white. He had often considered the "white on white" look like a feminine decoration, but this experience made him change his mind.

Here, all the white transmitting a sense of peace, serenity. Mike found linens to dress, which was supplemented with white sneakers, if he wanted to wear them.

Ate and what food! He was not only tasty, but looked great. He sat at the table, having a white mantel and white china, with white shirts, glasses and even covered with white. The food color contrasted dramatically with whiteness, with it adding to the whole look like in a gallery art. Mike ate slowly, capturing the elegance of its surroundings. White both made him feel like a pastright, as if he were among the royalty.

When finished eating, he breathed deeply. He had the absolute certainty that the great white angel on the other side of the door, waiting. "What will happen here?" If love was the greatest power in the universe, and Mike was increasing its vibration to it, then what could be waiting for him to tempt him to leave his room?

Mike opened the door and walked through the lobby of the delicate white house. He was right: the angel was waiting right where Mike had left the night before.

"Good morning, Michael Thomas, welcomed the huge being.

Immediately, Mike felt greatness of the power surrounding him.

"Good morning, White.

- Are you ready to move forward?

"Yes.

Mike loved the feeling that caused him there, even though he was a little apprehensive. The angel led him to a room that could sit. Once there, he was invited to do so. Mike sat down. There were no materials, no screens or summary tables, just a white room with the chair that Mike was now sitting. The angel stood before him, and began sharing information.

-Michael Thomas of pure purpose, I'm here to present the four attributes of love. When the pure love of God penetrates your being, all your cells vibrate with their integrity. You'll see things differently. Treating them differently. You'll now discernment. It is the essence of all creation but, strangely enough, your language

has only one word to describe this amazing property. "The angel smiled. I wish to show how it works. Please come with me.

Mike was surprised by what followed. I thought he had a great experience in the first five houses and had seen it all but, surprisingly, the angel was doing travel! Sitting there, he was being in haste to do a reality interdimensional. He and White seem real, but everything else was taken as a dream. I had the feeling of movement, but he was not dizzy. The white and fuzzy room became a maze of colors and sounds completely changed before his eyes. Sitting still in the chair, Mike was being taken elsewhere and, although he was surprised he was not afraid. Everything was so marvelous!

After a while, he and White "became" finally to the destination that Angel had in mind. Dimensional change confusion began to fade, and Mike saw that he and Blanco were in the hospital environment. This surprised him, because he thought the angel took him to a heavenly place to see the divine love. Instead, what was instead was a hospital room like so many others. In bed a patient was connected to several tubes and wires. Mike identified the place as the area in hospitals is called *intensive care*.

It was so real! I could hear everything that was happening and even could smell the antiseptic used in hospitals for cleaning floors and walls. After this so long making a sacred journey in a spiritual land, sounds and smells assaulted the senses of Mike and made him shudder. It was so different, although he was familiar. The two passengers were placed on a site where they could watch what was happening in the room. Located in a skingna, seemed to float in a static way. The atmosphere was calm and Mike remained in silence. The only thing that was evident were the sound two intermittent, acute, continuous and hissing of the apparatus-Medical cough. Mike looked around. It was undeniable that the man in bed was older. He was pale, gray tone, and seemed very old and very frail. Her eyes were closed.

- What happens? "Mike spoke softly, as if the patient could hear him.

"He's dying" said the white angel. Mike had started to ask another question when a woman, a little over forty years, entered alone in the living room. He stood a moment watching the man lying in bed. Mike realized that she was somehow special. His intuition remained alert, even in this apparent view.

- Who is she? Asked Mike.

"It's the dying man's daughter-pointed Blanco. The story you are witnessing is actually sober it. "Mike was picking information as the angel was speaking. Her name is Mary, and has all the reasons regions of the world to despise the man lying in bed.

- Why should hate his father?

"Because he repeatedly abused her when she was just a kid," said White. This marked her physically and emotionally. He ruined his life.

The angel paused and they both looked to Mary as she came to bed.

"Her mother never knew anything about it," continued Blanco-because Mary was too terrified as to let you know. This affected the relationship between mother and daughter and Mary left home when he could, to get away from his lascivious father. The mother thought her daughter did not want, and never were able to enjoy some sort of adult friendship was established between them. Mary never told anything, and she died thinking that her daughter did not want.

- That's terrible!

Mike was truly distressed. I could feel injustice of the situation and felt very sorry for Mary. The angel looked at the irony.

"They are of the same family, Michael. Apparently you have forgotten your lessons in the Red House.

Mike was embarrassed. No, not forgotten at all, but it was the first time I tried to apply in another human being what he had learned about their own family spiritual milia. He realized that White had alluded to the fact that the father and daughter were together a karmic contract, just as he had with his own spiritual family.

"It gets worse-continued White speaking. How she was trying to do to have a normal relationship and found-chances of finding a husband, the experiences of his childhood with his father always defeating their initiatives. Never was able to happily have children.

Mike sighed and then spoke.

"Well established agreement.

She felt overwhelmed by the harshness of what Mary had been forced to live. The angel looked at Mike with admiration. I had to say anything. It was the way White theme to compliment Mike for for that he had learned so far on their journey.

- Do you understand, Michael Thomas, that what happened between Mary and her father was an incredible love contract?

"Yes, White. But as a human being, I'm finding it a difficult concept to understand and accept.

"Because your duality is working," said Michael White. You may never completely accept gunas of these things as you have human form, and it is quite understandable.

Mike continued to monitor the situation room hospital. Mary stood silently beside his father, perhaps hoping to have him wake up. Put some of their stuff on the nightstand.

"You must hate a lot," said Mike White quietly and sadly.

"No, Mike. She loves him very much. Mike was stunned with the statement.

- After all he has done? He asked. White turned and looked straight.

"Mary has something in common with you, Michael Thomas, and also some that do not share" the angel stopped and looked into Mike's eyes to see their reaction. He listens. Unlike you, she is now on Earth, but like you, bought a full understanding of the information you received in the first five houses.

Mike was stunned! He had believed that his spiritual journey was something a man received only when making the trip in which he was engaged now. Do not know what to say. "How was that possible?" The angel saw the anguish and confusion of Mike and went on to explain:

"Mary made their changes vibrational itself, Michael, and it took almost nine years of his life. You have Icho yours in just a few weeks! You're really special. However, the information you have collected in the first five houses, plus the information you find on this and the last house has been on Earth for eons³. For a human being can access it, just realize the duality and try to find the truth of their existence. Much has been written about the way in things work, and there are many human teachers can help achieve this understanding.

Mike was very quiet. This was a real information new mind for him, and had to assimilate slowly and understand what he meant. I was beginning to feel instill. Had he made a mistake in view of the hospital to ask White to let him leave the Earth and regressions at Home? Now he realized that everything I had learned it was also possible to do if he had that given.

-White, why it took nine years?

"Because it was at their own pace, Michael, and honored her for that. She did not have the privilege you've had to have angels who will explain and advise. There was honored to have had you, to find your family face to face. Unlike you, she does not know the names of angels of the members of his family. He has taken a long time, as still in the vibration of the three⁴, And lives in an energy that is lower. Therefore, so duality is strongest- You and your awareness and enlightenment will take longer because of this.

Mike sat down and looked at Mary. There she was, vibrating to a very high level, but appeared to be small and fragile.

"Do not let looks fool you, Michael. Not everything is as it seems. "The white angel had read again Mike Power. She is a warrior of light. It made the giant and powerful!

Mike was starting to feel really uncomfortable. What did that mean exactly? Began to prespread about this when White spoke again.

-Michael Thomas of pure purpose, we are here to see how this seemingly insignificant woman teaches you the four attributes of love.

Mike was very quiet. I knew intuitively that he still had much to learn. Just when you thought I was getting at home, things were more complicated. The angel continued:

"Pay attention, because it carries the same power. She understands the love, Michael, and part of me I reside in it because of this. There is no greater power than this. She also has agreed to be gold.

Mike knew it was time to do more questions. Watched the scene while White went on to explain what was happening.

-Michael Thomas, the first attribute of love is this: LOVE IS SILENT. You may have noticed that she has not entered the room with great fanfare. His abusive father is very ill. You can not defend and is weak. This would be his big chance for revenge. She could have been entered transcends noise, announcing to scare him. He knows what he's done, Michael, and feels guilty and ashamed. This has also affected her life and has struggled badly with this during year. Spiritually, he does not know what she knows, or has the new power she has. Look how calm she is, Michael Thomas.

White Mike and Mary watched in silence as arranged bath sheets from the bed of his father and sat next to the frail man, gently supporting him on his chest. Mike could feel what she was feeling! Somehow. White was taking that into account. There was peace and serenity in the mind as in her attitude, and his heart had no intention of damage. He had forgiven his father so strongly in his mind and his heart was not feelings of victimization and anger. What a woman! Mike felt the compassion she felt for this man who had served his with- deal with such efficiency, leaving a heavy and serious in her life.

He spent a good while, and finally the father opened his eyes and discovered his presence. Seeing that she woke, she was vibrant. He opened his eyes, and they are podian appreciate instant feelings of surprise and fear. She was there! What was he doing there? He had not visto in years! Was I going to rant against ... or to do something worse? He was starting to react. The instruments measuring their constant coughing visual activity began to increase. Intermittent sound, sharp, continuous and accelerated hissing.

"Look, Michael White's voice was wonderful and sweet. This is the second attribute of pure love: LOVE HAS NO AGENDA. At this time, she could ask what he wanted his father, because he is weak and feels guilty. It is a rich man. She could ask wealth, compensation this legal for what he did, or perhaps only shrinkage of their past conduct aloud, For her would hear him as he went. Could threaten to hurt or to squander his assets ... or both. Observed, Michael.

Mary put her hand on the head of his father and touched her ear. Immediately, the activity of the instruments returned to normal. He sighed, and Mike could see how his eyes filled with tears.

- What did she say. White? "Mike could not hear what Mary had whispered.

"He said: "I love you, father, and I forgive you with all my heart " "Replied the angel.

Mike was impressed that the drama was unfolding before their eyes. He wondered if he had the power and wisdom to do the same if it had been in his situation. He felt a great admiration for Mary.

- She has not asked for anything?

"No, Michael. She is content merely to be. Again, Michael felt what Mary felt. Everything was finalized and developed according to existing karma among them. She was clear and, somehow, I was giving his father with the same clarity and a conclusion as an important aspect of their life together. He had just disarmed something that had consumed her father, with guilt and grief, for over thirty-five! You could see perfect mind in his face. Instead of asking something like compensation, had given him a gift. Now, her tears were abundant and flowed silently down her cheeks. Mary sat down again and wrapped his arms around the man so loved that it

³ It refers to three dimensions. (N. of T.)

⁴ Geologic period that includes two or more eras. Among the Gnostics, intelligence eternal emanated from the supreme deity. (N. del T.)

was his father, and returned to support the head against his chest. There was no more dialogue. It was not necessary.

-Michael Thomas, the third attribute of love is this: LOVE DOES NOT BOAST OF YES SAME. Now that she has shown that maturity is glorious, says nothing. Now he owes much to his divine reconciliation, but she remains silent. She could have been recreated in its power and stand up proud for having been able to forgive, but guarda silence. Would have every right in the world to stand with arrogante pride in the nine years he used to get where he is, but is silent.

Mike was commanded respect that woman. Actually, it was a warrior of light, and understand things that Mike is barely learning. Who could have guessed such a thing! Shephone being on Earth and had all that knowledge! What a life so rich and full of peace must have! Mike was introspective, although fully grasped the development scene opened to him.

There was nothing that the father might say. He had lost swimming around, and in the depths of his being was feeling a peace and a wonderful release. Mary had done nothing for his spiritual father had only been surpassed herself, and that impacted on it. There was still something more to be clarified. Mike knew what he was seeing had a great significance.

The father looked long time for her wonderful daughter and closed her eyes gently. The smile on his face was pure peace. She had given the gift of life, and just in time. The instruments were plugged man began to make noises different in different tones and volumes. The hissing stopped, and Mike knew that the father had just died. The components of health personnel stormed precipitated mind in the room but there was nothing to do. Desbecause of much activity and some final preparations, covered his head and left him with Mary. White spoke again:

-Michael Thomas, the fourth attribute of pure love is: THE LOVE IS THE WISDOM TO USE THE OTHER THREE ATTRIBUTES TO PERFECTION! She calculated everything properly and left time. To know exactly when to come, he used his handy map, Michael Thomas. Now, see what it does.

Mike's attention shifted from white to what was happening in the room. Mary was sobbing incontrol by the loss of his father. Was not full of woe, despite his love for this man was huge. Had asked the medical staff that would allow given all with him. Mike noted that Mary put his hand on the chest of the shrouded figure who had been his father, smile of their existence. He raised his head, and looked on individuals were White and Mike! He seemed to speak directly to them! For the first time were hearing the powerful voice of Mary.

"Let the earth remember this man, whom I love Mary's voice was authoritative. He came and perfectly fulfilled its contract. I accept your gift! Celebrate his progress at home.

Slowly, Mary looked down, gathered his things and sarolled in the room. Mike was speechless so herebaba witnessed. I felt the emotion of the moment and was overwhelmed because of it. Just watch the end and the conclusion of a contract of a lifetime. And what a finale!

"It was the wisdom of love that allowed Mary celebrate his death and not very wisely, 'said Blanco. She looked at Michael Thomas and immediately asked what was his reaction. How do you feel, Michael Thomas Propose site?

Blanco was not impatient and waited for Mike to regain a little composure.

"I'm sorry ... -Mike cleared his throat, "that this woman has taught me as soon as the angels in my journey here" Mike was aware of what was happening, and at once nuanced, "No you have not appreciated ...

White raised his hand and interrupted blurred Mike.

"Your answer is perfect, Michael Thomas. Perfect. He was the man who has been able to make a difference. This is how must be and so will be in the proximity of a test.

Instantly, the scene was blurred and Mike again had the sensation of being transported. In a second he was back in the white room of the White House was his starting point. Mike was very quiet.

- Do you want to ask something, Michael Thomas? "Asked White.

Mike thought what he really wanted. I knew it was not as powerful as Mary and that although he had learned to do and he understood a lot about the functioning of these things, did not have the sweet power of Mary. Had weapons and a magic map, and knowledge. Had a high vibration and had experienced many things, but lacked the love that Mary showed. Made the magic question.

- I can have that powerful love. White?

- Is it your intention to be the case, Michael Thomas?

"Yes.

-Michael Thomas of pure purpose, do you love God? Mike sat up, thinking that was the reason that all the angels had done to that question, how do reach that precise moment and he could be there and respond.

"Yes, White-Michael was very formal.

- Then let your purpose pure thought power! Mike could not remember what happened next. He lost consciousness as a human being. He had dreams ... some manner has been transported to somewhere ... there was a ceremony ... there was a celebration ... had given him something ... a gift today lead in biological cell structure. Here again his parents! Everything was so vague ... so wonderful ...

When he awoke, Mike lay on a white bed in his quarters white. It was night and was exhausted. He felt that he had participated in a ceremonial gymnastic sort of test. Her mind was numb and could not concentrate sign up. What had happened? Could fix it later. Now, forced to sleep. Mike crawled to get under the covers and fell asleep instantly. As before, during very well.

When she woke up the next morning, Mike knew that, once again, there was a change and in your body. He

sat on the edge of the bed for a while, thinking about it all. Had rested and was tranchyle. It felt like new! Although he could not designate that state a particular sensation, also felt that somehow I had more knowledge about being. Mike knew a lot, and this was where the threat lay.

She could not get in the mind the image of Mary and her father. She was on Earth, but it was a wonderful spiritual being. Had succeeded in changes in their vibration, and was powerful in his life. She had been. I had not asked to go 'home', had endured life on Earth and had traveled the route. Instead, he was daunted!

What all this was part of integrity? Mike apenas was beginning to see where your new wisdom was actually creating a kind of introspection and evaluation of integrity, of a sort that had never known before. Mike was honest, perhaps one of the most honest existed. Was worth living on the farm and being raised by wonderful parents and honest, but that had caused feelings like those now experienced. Earthly honesty was not the same spiritual honesty. Appeared in spiritual honesty include the wisdom of various dimensions, before the integrity check was completed.

Mike began to understand what Red and White had wanted to say about their option to continue. With newfound wisdom or his way of thinking was beginning to change. Was it right what I was doing? Was there a spiritual quest more than requested?

Kept thinking about all this as he got up, dressed and breakfasted. As Blanco saw him do some prevery precise questions. The angel could advise on these things, I knew I could help.

White was waiting, as usual, on the other side of the door. Mike went to him without saying nothing. Mike White waited observe their new environment. All the imprecision of the walls, floors and vestibule had become the clear. Mike saw the intricacy of the design, I had not noticed before. It was beautiful! But that was not all.

The feeling of stepping into the light of the angel was Sistersurprising! He and the great white body shared something that communicated association. Mike felt that, somehow, for as part of what White was. Mike wanted. He felt his breath and accelerated because of it.

"This is your new visual perception, Michael Thomas said the angel who spoke out that Mike had to be ordered to-. This is the beginning of a dimensional change and biological. Is equal to that of Mary, and you're experiencing because I've wanted a purity that almost never seen.

-White, I have to make some very important questions.

Mike had tried to be very quiet and very respectful virtuous cycle in a way of expressing this statement, but was shocked to hear the sound of your voice! It was more sound, or maybe stronger? No, was strangely different, and Mike felt uncomfortable with change. It was almost a violation to him. He felt anxious.

"Michael, be quiet for a moment he asked the Angel with a compassionate and reassuring voice. What do you hear when my voice do you speak? There is an addition to the love and peace that you have been affected since the beginning of our association. Re "strings even asked me about him? It seems that your purpose of advancing could steal precious personal things. This is an essential element of your trip. Do you remember what you said blue? You said that your previous vibration was comfortable and that would cost you a little getting used to the new. When you left the house of Orange also learned a bit about this, when you had to get rid of your beloved belongings. Mourn and weep your loss, but was necessary for advanced. After a while I thought no more on them. Yesterday you set out to perform or No personal change upper case, and in response to your request you have made a big change, it will be more personal as you advance, Michael. Your vision, your voice and your thoughts take on a greater purpose. You're becoming a warrior of light, just like Mary.

Mike felt a rush of wisdom and understanding of the words flowed from White, but the information received also enhanced its need to ask the angel about his spiritual quest. He ignored his best voice strange or sound that was now theirs.

"Thank you, Blanco. I understand. I am grateful for the gift and use it as I have done with other things. Please Blanco, need to talk. I need advice.

The angel knew this would happen and spoke:

"It's much I can tell you, Michael, and I will respond to whatever I can. There is also an area intended nothing entirely to your wisdom. Your purpose has given you the power of choice and discernment fundamental sabio. These options are anointed and contain your own essence. They shape your future and create your reality. Affect those around you and, therefore, you should do them.

Mike expecting this. Since the beginning of the trip knew the angels would not make the trip instead. He knew that the lessons were theirs and that what he did was come from his own mind. However, try to extract some knowledge to help him better understand what was actually happening, and what you should do next.

"You're a good teacher, Blanco-his new voice was making him crazy. He recalled the first time he heard her voice on tape, as a child. 'So my voice sounds?' He had asked. "No way!". The current situation was similar.

Quickly, before Mike could ask nothing more, White turned around and went to dinner. Mike followed the huge floating body, and it was as if he had to visit a brand new house. Things looked very different. Beauty was pasmosa and spectacular. It seemed a wonderful gallery of architecture and sculpture at the same time. Everywhere there were amazing things to see! He had lost all this with his previous visual perception, and wondered what he was missing at that time and even what might get to see dimensions higher.

"The colors, Michael," he answered without turning white even.

- Excuse me?

Mike did not understand the phrase, and kept walking.

"What you're missing are the colors.

-Put it is the white house, "said Mike as he advanced.

The angel laughed, which was extended by runnings and smiled at Mike.

"Only human eye, Michael. The real color of Love is far beyond the perceived vibrations, and it is not white, as you see it. For you are white because none of the other vibrations you are accessible. For you, truly, is devoid

of color. In fact, glows with a color overlay of all vibrations universal joints. It is pure, and is in the top of the spectrum. It is the color of a light interdimensional so huge that has substance and depth. It is a billion, billion times brighter than the sun of the system to which the Earth. It is the color of truth. There is much that you can not see the human being.

- I love this place! "Exclaimed Mike.

"We'll see if it lasts that feeling," said Blanco. Again, Michael reacted with curiosity to the insiAngel nuación about a hypotheticalco change. I had more questions to ask. They kept going through the labyrinthine hallways until they finally came to a room with viewwindows, which had a chair.

- Is this another trip? Asked Mike.

"Not exactly," said White. But I will go somewhere.

The angel stood before Mike and told him their disposaltion to pursue the subject.

-Michael Thomas of pure purpose, what is it that Quieres know?

Michael already had in mind all the questions you would ask.

-White,sde depths of your wisdom, and a mamanner that I can understand, can you tell me if my search in this great land is spiritually appropriate?

Mike needed to know the source if I had done was right.

"Sure I can.

White remained silent a moment as if it wasra briefly respond "yes" or "no." Then prosiled before Mike could push more:

"From the beginning I told you that what you were doingdo is appropriate for your life. Moreover, would be impossible for everybody to be supporting something that was not appropriatedo for you.

"But what about Mary? Mike impulsively blurted usedo the new, uncontrollable voice. She has all the gifts and tools, but remains on Earth. Is not that better? Is not is a higher spiritual purpose?

"For her," said White judiciously.

- But I'm training to serve me mymo, White! I'm going to "home" where love resides. I ordered something that is selfish. How will servir it to Earth? I am in a way that seems not to contribute anything except what I want.

- Does it seem? White interrupted him.

"Yes, I think," Mike was exasperated. It was in silence.

- When did you serve Earth matter, Michael? Blanco was having fun with that.

Mike had caught him with the question. Was withouttar immediately.

"I do not know," he said thoughtfully. I guess all this forma part of my new self.

- What I said in the beginning when we met, resrespect to things look? White was testing him.

"That things are not always what they seem-responMike gave.

That was the recurring theme of his trip, and both Blue and Violet had said those words. With Blanco, there were three angels who had said the same.

- Very good! White-approved. What else? Mike was silent. Could not remember.

"The desire to go home," continued the angel, is not selfishta, but natural, and does not conflict with the desire to honor your purpose ashuman-r paused. Having come this far, I will tell you otherwise. "The great angel is moved to one side, as if preparing for something. Currently, your planet is a new energy that vibrates with the potential change and a wonderful purpose. Your request of "home" is honored because of this new energy. Therefore, your trip is something that very few human beings emlitt, and until recently was not accessible. You, Michael Thomas, are a precursor of this process. This is the rAzon why we celebrate both your success and wisdom.

Mike was silent for a while. Finally he spoke:

"Okay, then it is authorized. "Mike was being logical, since assessing the facts as you would know. But, for me, you would have been better to return to Earth and do what he did Mary?

- Why you? White-tipped head. Is not itloans being selfish?

"I do not say in this regard, Mike realized that a logical argument would not work with the master Love. I mean, really, where should I be? How should I act to achieve the greatest good for all and for all? This is my real question.

This approach made White feel proud. Mike smiled broadly and spoke seriously:

"By asking this question, Michael Thomas, prove you're starting to truly understand how funvides things. Your wisdom begins to manifest, MiMichael.

"Thank you, White, but what's the answer? Mike ignored met and shuddered a little as I pressed the angel to give him more information. It was uncomfortable to be so aggressive with an entity that was the personalning of gentleness.

- Is the greater good? Blanco started to walk away. It is your own reality, Michael. And you, as a human being vibrates with a new intensity, will create for you. No one being in the entire universe can do for you.

Blanco came to the door.

Mike realized he had entered into a discussion that would not advance further. Thiss were the kinds of questions that angels did not want, or could not answer. He tried a new tactic.

-White, will I be able to discern what is good suppressionmo for all and for all?

"The next event will be the test to find out. Blanco opened the door and got ready to go. Mike wondered where was the angel who went on to explain:

"I still do not have all the information, Michael. This is the house of love. You still have a lot to see here. Blanco came into the corridor.

"Michael said as he closed the door behind yes, now things will be harder for you.

White came out and closed the door quietly. Mike listencho the click of the latch, and all was silent.

Mike knew something was to happen, something powerful. What else could there be? What could happen to

cause an uneasiness in his soul even more than the convenience of your trip? Mike turned in his chair and stood facing the spot where he had been white. He waited patiently. Was aware of the fact that, whatever it was for that happen, would happen without the participation of the angel. Whatever it was, it was necessary to confront it alone and, obviously, White wanted it that way.

The whole room seemed to be changing paulatinamente, and varied ambient light. The white walls became thin, and facing the chair where Mike was, to about four feet, appeared a glowing haze that lent directly was taking the form of a sort of figure. Mike was very attentive. Going to meet someone. Recordó that Blanco said this would happen. The figure remained defined. Like a brightly lit stage, the area surrounding the emerging shape was becoming more brilliant so that Mike could see the person who was with her. Mike was getting used to that so malogic of presenting things, and continued to sit on the edge of his chair, observing in detail the changing room was before him.

It was a feminine silhouette! Gradually, the figure began to take shape under the watchful eye of Mike, who made a few deep breaths as apprehension grew. His intuition was working like a charm. Every cell in your body vibrates excitedly, informing him that what was before him was extraordinary. His new gifts of discernment told him loudly that he was appearing something unique and powerful. Finally, the image is fully materialized. The visitor was there!

The vision of women when before him left him breathless. It was much more than simple charm. He had an instant feeling of familiarity, connection, and that after turned his inner being. She was spectacular! And he, what were you feeling? Why had triggered the alarm of his heart?

The flaming red hair framing a perfect face of compassion and incredible beauty. She smiled and Mike's heart almost leapt from the breast. Her green eyes sparkled like emeralds in contrast to the ivory perfection of your skin. Mike could have sworn that again smelled of violets. In his mind went all kinds of thoughts. Perhaps she was the goddess of love, as the sirens of ancient legends. Mike was having trouble breathing, until he realized he was holding my breath! What was happening? He looked at her in amazement. What could make him vanish like that? Why act so your heart? Brain felt soft and thick, and could only sigh with longing to the vision of that splendid creature.

Mike had seen many angels in the course of his journey, but this must be the highest of all. Perhaps this was what he meant when he had revealed White had someone even more magnificent. Mike could not utter a word. The connection between the heart of this woman and his was amazing. I felt as if he were in a meeting and was about to welcome a long-lost love. Now, the fog had dissipated completely of you, and she was, in all its magnificence, in the same size as him.

I was amazed. Throughout his life experience, he had never felt this way vibrate. I could not concentrate on the words meant. I did not know what to ask. The knew ... Or had known? How was it possible that their presence will affect that? Why was this sensement of memory? Then he realized that he had known! His face was one of those who were in the scheme of his family, and the Red House. She was one of those who did not appear before him. It was that image of a mujer redhead whose energy had attracted immediate interest mind. Why had not filed then? What. Red was what he had said about people who had not known? What contracts were not yet met? What does this mean?

The revelation was slowly unfolding in the mind of Mike while both were looking at each other in a dense silence. 'Si she is in the scheme of the Red House, "thought Michael, "then it is not an angel, but part of my family karmic!". Mike was beginning to younger a sense of discomfort with that meeting, but his soul was singing a song that was completely new to him. It was a song that spoke of joy, purpose and love. What a feeling and what dichotomy! Part of your ceregrowth, told him he was about to have problems, and the other side was happy. The party was happy couple ECIA a child visiting Disneyland for the first time after it has been counting the days and enduring the agony of special to reach the big payoff. However, his own heart was the restless. It felt like I was in a juicer!

Mike felt like a fool. He realized that once again he was breathing properly. The figure was before it was affecting their physiology. The vision of its magnitude was causing a reaction in your body. "Why my hands are sweating? "She was not an Angel, but being in front of it affecting every cell in your body. Mike did not know if he had the physical strength to speak. He felt his eyes full of tears and was excited, as if he sees a friend who had lost long ago and had given up for dead. This was true mind, a truly memorable experience. Luckily, she was the first to speak.

-Mike, I am.

Familiarity and goodness Mike left his voice practically knocked out. He was glad to be seated, that his knees were weak, and his legs were shaking like pudding. His body reacted to a voice that was unquestionably known! But who was she? Her bright eyes and his expression that begged him recognition. He did, but not the way she wanted. Mike was talking. Secreting adrenaline was like a schoolboy reactions with the beautiful girl across the room to talk to him. The physical body she was splendid, and the clothes fit him like a glove. He could imagine what it would embrace. Oh, God! Mike realized, somewhat uncomfortable and upset, which was in the early stages of physical desire! What Green had told him about it? What physical intimate relations in pure love representing the catalyst for enlightenment?

Mike's humanity was causing his thoughts seem out of place on that site, but the truth is that was happening, and his feelings seemed to be appropriate and spiritually perfect. Suddenly, she could hear the laughter of Green, but ignored it and he summoned up his courage to say in a trembling voice:

"What a most beautiful dress you wear.

My God! What was said? Kind of clumsy, trivial, inappropriate, foolish and dull had! This magnificent creature is in the House of Love, provokes awe "and that was the only thing he could think of that? Mike was mortified by his stupidity. She smiled. He melted.

-Gracias, Michael, "she said, winking. I represent your contract and love and loving.

Somehow, Mike had known. His heart pounded at the sound his voice. He wiped his sweaty hands on his pants and then realized that she had seen him do it. She approached him, accompanied by the light that bathes. Seeing this, Mike cringed in his chair trying to disappear, while making an effort to retreat. In response, she heard the hiss of the pad. Wanted calm but I knew that it was likely to fall, and do not want to risk that she witnessed. He had already made quite a fool. She amused her shyness, but made no comment. He felt overwhelmed by his presence. When she had approached, had visto walk and had recognized his way of moving. Dimon! had a part of him that he knew intimately. Its proximity only fueled their awareness of who she was. She continued:

"If you had been on Earth, Mike, had the energy potential for our meeting. Remember that planning came together?"

Mike did not remember and do not want to know. She was the coning of the painful expression of Mike, and his heart learning to live.

"No problem. I'm here to tell you that honors what we're doing. The family is proud and we're all celebrating. Especially me."

Mike could not pass up what was evident. I had no problem carrying. He did not care that the family was celebrating. She was all that he laughed! He had spent a lifetime looking for love. Verdadero. All life in search of it. I knew the perfect love was possible, he could establish an association that would be predestined and out right before God. He had prayed for it as a child, I love to watch this ban parents and how they treated each other. When growing up I had that expectation, and for that reason had been so depressed after rupture of their relationship. That was the crux of his search for fulfillment in the Earth. It had been his contract! Now he was saying to him, and was allowed to welcome ... and know that was always there. Understanding this was like a mallet to his heart. HE HAD GONE TOO SOON!

Then another thought made him twitch, and was compelled to ask:

-Anolee, what the contract states that would be his?

"They should be three," she said.

This Mike annihilated response. He could not speak. The left to continue telling the spiritual names of his, but listen to every single word was agony. While she was there to honor and love for him was like torture. His heart was breaking bit by bit with each word, realizing what had happened. Children who were not born! The experiences What had I done? Mike began to lose control and her emotions began to emerge. Wanted to know how to tell to was not staying. Although that was not why she was there, he wanted to do anyway. Tears started running down her cheeks and began to tremble. She had finished her story and gave him the information he had to give.

He stood silently in front of Michael Thomas. The energy potential between them was so thick I could cut with a knife. Before him was a beautiful female body, more beautiful than anyone could imagine, and all I could do was sit in the chair, sobbing. It was pathetic. All Mike senses were saturated with the essence of failure.

Electricity was in the air crackled with the energy of spiritual purpose and love, but apparently not performed and lost forever. The smell was pungent irony. The only rose that was in his life would never be admired and loved for her beauty. Its fragrance go unnoticed and the beautiful rose would march alone, without the embrace and worship it for its perfect beauty and natural elegance.

The contract between them was strong, and the fact that he realized he was breaking the spirit and heart of Michael Thomas as he sat in the white chair in the house of Love. The reality of it began to be given, and he reacted instantly, crying

- No! Do not go, please! Please! Mike felt would never see her again. Just ask a few more minutes. The words she spoke as a farewell sounded like gibberish another angel.

-Michael, things are not necessarily what they are.

The glittering magnificence woman representing the power of love in the life of Michael Thomas, vanishes in front of their eyes, saying the words apparently she had already heard before. With it vanished the hopes of human life. He had seen and heard how his dreams of joy crashed against the rocks of the spiritual purpose.

Mike was petrified by grief. I could not move. He stayed for hours like a statue, with the faint hope that the beautiful body would return to the same spot it had occupied, a site that his presence had made sacred. He implored God to grant him only a few minutes to be with the lost partner.

At the end of the day, the room light intensity decreased and changed color. Finally, it became a blackness that imitated the moonless night that was on the outside and inside, it reflected the exhaustion of the heart of Mike. He sat with the dark silence of those who have been firm and decisive defeat. There was no joy in his heart, peace in your spiritual journey had been replaced by the agony of the injury and the sick, dark and torturous sense of loss. His energy was sapped by the intensity of a broken heart and a profound revelation. Finally, Mike was asleep. Followed immobile, while his dreams again and again represented the anguish of the powerful and tragic event.

He was heartbroken.

New day dawned and the light filled the room. Mike woke up in the chair I had been up all night. Sensing as if he'd run a marathon and ached articulations, but not the activity but have been in the same position for many hours. Needed to eat, but had no appetite. However, he made an effort to lift slowly the chair and the tour to its position.

As usual, the food was prepared and ate mechanically, without appreciating the delicate beauty of his surroundings, or the incredible taste of food. When he finished he went to the bedroom where the bed was

freshly made, as no one had slept in it. He opened the cupboard, there, just as he had left were the gifts the angels had made love while on a visit at home, learning.

A feeling of trisand spread knowledge about Michael Thomas. He remembered the question that he made to White: "Will I be able to discern the action is for the greater good of all and for all?"

Now he understood the test. The essence of their existencecried out for assistance to return to Earth at the same time. All I had to do was close the closet, out of the house and take the road to the left instead of right. I knew I could express its intention to interrupt the trip and return. White had told him it would not criticism or blame or, of course, enlightenment.

Mike knew well what was right. Even Anolee had said that they were all proud of him, and he realized that she had possibly hurt the heart. However, had encouraged him to continue. He knew what was the greatest good for all and for all. Turn left meant to serve only themselves and their human desires of love. White had told him that his discernimiento of truth may be acute, and it was. No doubt about what the right path. Just felt the irrepressible urge to not take it. Her heart was crying out to be put to the situation and return to Earth. Nobody would be damaged and he could go on with your life and findtraro to Anolee. So, life on Earth could be right.

He took the map and brought it close, closing his eyes as he recalled the time he lived in the Blue House. Slowlyl was put on the armor and felt power it gave him. He blessed and gave thanks to God for the precious symbol it represented. He took the coat and shook it with both hands against his chest, reveling in what it meant to him, then put it in the transport position, hangingsele back so that I could access the instantously, if needed. Like a warrior preparing for battle, wielded the sword and whitegiven. He heard the whistle of the wind while the sharp blade cut the air. He recalled the ceremony had taken place with Orange, and so that the sword represented. So blessed and deftly slipped into the sheath, was sheathed but ready for use if necessary. Mike kept upright, wearing his clothes nice trip, and then left the room intently.

White was there when Mike left the room. He saw the armor, shield and sword, and immediately knew what was the purpose of Mike. He smiled and made a reveConference put his hands in prayer position, an honor that Mike is completely wasted. Then he spoke.

-Michael Thomas of pure purpose, how do you feel?

"It's hard, White. You were right. I did not know how hard it could be. It's the hardest thing I have been forced-do to do in my life. I still feel good about it ... but I know that this is appropriate and right. Please,seo leave this place. Not that I have very pleasant memories of him to say.

"That will be -White turned around and drove Mike to the entrance. As they were crossing the road, the angel said over his shoulder, "This is not over yet, my human friend.

Blanco floated into the great hall that led to the door.

"I know.

Mike did not know the details, but his intuition was telling him that there was still plenty to see and do on your trip, but has only one home visit. Again, your intuition was right.

As Mike put on his shoes, Blancor stayed right in the doorway, but the inside of the house. On balance, Mike did not like mucho who say the White House. White had predicted acertadamente what Mike might feel about it, and seeDad was that he was pleased to leave. The angel knew, but did not judge the sentiments of Mike. Instead, White was in awe of this man. The others willnian reason. Mike was different. Achieve his goal if he could exceedr the final leg of the trip. His discernment was huge and it was even more resolution.

Mike already had the shoes and took a few steps from the front yard, then stopped and turned toward the door. White spoke from where he was, right in the doorway but inside the house, because he could not venture out.

-Michael Thomas of pure purpose, no greater love than this ... a man willing to sacrifice your heart for the benefit of all.

White smiled and slowly closed the door of the house. His last words were barely audible as the door closed.

"Nothing is as it seems. You'll see. You'll see. It loves you ...

Mike started walking the path of the white house in a slow and tiresome, and walked to the road. This house was not exactly his favorite and was beginning to tire of it to be said so often that particular phrase.

It seemed as if the whole world and it would have said ... several times. I felt that there were former white-brought much of it, but the truth was that he had obtained much of it. He stayed a long time before the white gate of the house, looking left and then to the rightcha. Finally, he opened the gate, stood in the middle of camiand was not very quiet. He looked left and closed his eyes, being careful not to take a step in that directiontion. Was conducting a small ceremony himself, and began in silence, piangels, adding that he had known were present and heard his statementtion. Then he said aloud:

"This does not involve any sacrifice, Anolee because volfind you and we will see face to face, and I will know my children to be born, all in due time, when you reach the door of the home.

Mike was taking to heart the lessons of the angels on the temporary nature of the Earth and the absolute reality of the Spirit. His statement implied the proor tablerna different kind of love in a different place, but, after all, was the promise of a meeting. Had decided that his heart would stick to the reality of a future encounter sacred, which would see the love of his life, his splendid companion. Then he could devote himself to lovela, and she him.

Mike sighed and turned away. With long strides, and to resume its journey to the last house. While ca-undermined under the sunlight, his armor was making a subtle metallic sound. He was aware that he left behind one of the great promises of happiness that you had nevernest. Was going in the opposite direction, although in-out internally hurt having made that decision, was to comfort the promise of incredible love of God and the absolute certainty that he would see Anolee. Was pensativo, determined and serious. Michael Thomas had learned muchisimo of love. This home had taught him as much about himself and about God, and was the only roomed spin mourn his soul until he drops truth and discernment, so that the identified and wear.

This time it did not look back. There was no indecision in his final strides. Although I was a little tired, he felt strengthened and safe. Now, this was their land. It felt as their own. He had paid a price for that right. Deserve it-co. Soon to find out if it really was so, for an hour's drive later, another big test awaited Michael Thomas. That would offer the geeseion wage a battle for his own soul.

11. THE SEVENTH HOUSE

Not that the weather had become threatening, but certainwas not directly what could have been. Mike I was so used to sunny weather, accompanied by temperaturesoft structure, like the attack of the elements, which could proMAY RESULT almost instantly and knocking a watermelon until it is like a raisin in just ten minutes. On that day specialcific, the sky was overcast and was gradually volMetallic gray watchingor, even the appearance of everything was there. The temperature had dropped a little, and somain board manual is a slight breeze, somehow, was seen entertainingZadora, as it was not constant, but intermittent, like a messenger rhythmic prohibited. Clouds no evolutiontion to a disturbing situation, but not stopcyan signal to disperse. Mike had been traveling the road for just over an hour. Not worried about the weather, but was aware of the change.

Mike had been working with the "automatic" duduring much of the way to the next house. Continued surveillanceLante, looking back if there was a problem, but his mind was full of thoughts about the decision taken. When you start the journey to the last house had a strong feeling that I had spent an invisible spiritual indicator, a demarcation point in the journey. ToDavies was not abandoned the vision had to be back on Earth with Anolee and children together and smiling. Howdo their thoughts were to that point, his heart areanimaba and felt relaxed. When I looked back and saw the winding path that led him to an unknown challengenocido, he was lonely and heart was heavy with a deep sense of permanent loss. Nobody died, but there was a part of your heart that afflicted him. Nevertheless, he walked, surrounded by deep musings, without noticing that the ground was changing slowly but dramatically.

Mike spent a special curve and saw that it has closedBia entered a kind of canyon of steep slopes that rose steeply on both sides of the road. ObServer for the first time that instead of rolling hills and lush grass, was in a near-desert landscape, with geological features consisting of huge crags and cliffs, and occasionally a large tree that accentuated the arid environment. He acknowledged that the change in the topography had gone completely unnoticed because thisPreo bacoupage and absorbed in thought. The path led to a gorge with very steep slopes. This, coupled with the gray clouds, further decreasing the level of light, so it looked more like an incipient one morning twilight. Mike was being "fueled" by his intuition. The objects were far unclear. Were rocks o. ...?

Watch more! Mindful of the danger!

Suddenly, Mike was aware that men had beentally stunned during the last hour. He stopped and he willRias deep breaths, and with it cleared his mind. I felt a tingling sensation. What does this mean? He obeyed his instincts and looked around for potential problems. He scanned the road in the rear, looking for the body that had been following him every time he risked being outdoors, but saw nothing. There was no movement. The gray uniform of the last hour had itsalso mado a false sense of security and his aletarga thought. Indeently of the strange weather and the new look of their surroundings, could not detect anything that was abnormal or threatening, but his instincts told him he was being groomed for something. Mike graciously thanked his new vibratory power to fulfill its function. He took the map, perhaps he would reveal something. The examination-mined. There was something odd about him. Showed the narrow canyon where he was and the area immediately surrounding it, but there was something that was different. I looked closer: There! Apapproximately a hundred yards along the road map, was justra visual range of where it was Mike, was a blank. It was not normal. Usually, the strange but useful map had the red with the inscription 'ESYOU COMING HERE. " The plane did not show much about the past or the future but, in general, which showed it was correct, represented with elegant detail. Now, there appeared a spaceprice blank, as if it had been deleted. What was significantquick explanation?

-Blue, what doesica a white spot on the map? He asked aloud.

Blue did not respond, but the intuition of Mike, yes. The answerstart came almost immediately. He recalled that the "thing" that had been following had been kept from the map. Perhaps that was why what appeared as a white! Blue had explained that the map was consistent with the "now." Represented the kind of energyogy of "present" that circled a sacred journey, and reflectsba a certain vibration. There algor later that perTenure at present. That something was right in the corner that was invisible to the high vibratory rate of the map. The lack of map information was because I saw that thing was notbrando at the same level as the surrounding sacred land.

Mike felt that his analysis was accurate. The thing had been set up to meet him. He should have been more alert! What would have made if your new intuitive powers had not woken up? Cursed softly romantic mind, fond-Rentemausageless body and mind focused on the new GUEinterior barrier. It was not long. He felt a peace and power that reflected their purpose. I was waking up toand give each of the cells with the message that something isba to happen, something that was important.

"Come, wake up everyone!" Mike smiled at the idea of talking to your body, and again he thought he heard the laughter of Green. He missed the angel. The humor was a wonderful medicine at this stage of preparation. "Preparation? Why? "For a battle?

Suddenly, Mike was a revelation. Like a huge tidal wave of understanding, thoughts and views on it crashed with the awful weight of Icho to become aware of something. He froze. Verbalized his new fear to anyone who was listening.

"GOD MINE!, WHAT IF I REALLY HAVE TO USE THESE WEAPONS? ".

Mike was puzzled. Recommended that the anxiety felt RIA your body. No, this was not possible.

- These are symbols of the New Age that identify a warrior of light! SYMBOLS! Has cried while watching-ence and was turning the sky as if expecting to see one of their friends angels hidden in the canyon walls sparsely illuminated mind. The Echo gave him his own voice.

- Orange, you never taught me how to fight! So I assumed that would give them no real use ... He stopped in mid-sentence. He realized he was screaming. He heard the echo of his voice bouncing off the canyon walls. Infinite Thoughts turned to Dad his mind, and words of those who had found along the road began ringing in his head. Red recalled that he had warned you to do some tests frighten him, but he had assumed that the angel was referring to the storm that had already faced. Now he realized that Red was referring to things that were to happen and not things of the past. What would happen? He recalled the recent words White tees while describing Mary's room hospital:

"Do not let looks fool you, Michael. She is a warrior of light. He killed the giant and powerful! ".

Kill the giant? Then he remembered the words Blank Mike co had said while leaving the white villa:

"This is not over, my human friend."

All these caveats and nuances. "Is he about to present a battle? A real battle? "One in which I must USE truly the sword? ". Mike sat on the trail. His knees wavered No fear and panic. He was not a warrior, not a real one!

- Los Angeles, I have prepared for this! He said, digoverned by gray skies and threatening walls canNon-. Do not fight! Why would that be? The real battles and real guns are an ancient vibration. They represent an old way of thinking. Here there are appropriate!

There was an eerie calm, the wind ceased. There was a deathly stillness, and then began to hear voices.

'Unless you're about to fight an old energyogy. "Mike clearly heard the voice of Orange and rose instantly, looking around trying to identify Ficar the place where he came from.

"And unless you're about to fight with a body that does not vibrate as high as yours." Recognized the voice of Green! The voices of angels came from inside.

"And unless you're about to find someone who is not really part of your family, Michael." It was the voice of Red!

"And unless there is amor there, Michael. "heard the voice caressing and wonderful White!

- NO YOU KNOW! Michael Thomas shouted distraught. White, I am a true warrior!

"Neither was Mary, Michael. White's voice was comforting.

"The old energy responds to the old paradigm, Michael. That's what she meant.

It was the lovely female voice of Violet!

- Orange, tell me how to fight! "Mike was afflicted.

"I told you.

Heard again the voice of Orange who encouraged him:

"You're ready, Michael Thomas of Purpose or Pure. Ready.

- What should I do? Mike shouted into the canyon walls.

There was only silence in response. Then identified the voice of Blue.

- Remember, Michael Thomas, possible men things You are not what they seem!

The words sounded like never before done. They carried an implicit warning, advice and a recommendation-recommendation that might be needed right then! The entire entourage of angels was there with him. "If you come to my rescue a power like this," thought Mike, "is there must be something really scary up ahead. "

Mike was nervous because I knew I really had no ability to fight a battle, but the angels themselves were saying that had it. Should trust them because, after all, what else could I do? I was there in the front line. Again he looked around and nodded sarcastically. "There is no way out 'penSo. Anything or anyone that was waiting had chosen a good place to carry out his attack: the panetworks were too high to climb, and there were few possibilities to retreat, since the gorge was very narrow. It was an easy prey. Everything had been perfectly calculated. At least I knew where I was That, and nothing would catch him by surprise.

The more I thought about it the more confident thisba to face the ordeal that awaited him. His new vibration was helping him and he knew it. Began to experience a sense of peace I knew it was not logicalca, but spiritual. He began to feel capable, although he did not know exactly what was facing or how they would. "It's appropriate," thought Mike. "After all, this is the style of this place." He made an analysis: "I have no access to the knowledge of the future but, somehow, this has already happened in the mind of God. Therefore, the solution to this situation has already been revealed. What happens is that we still do not know. As before, I'll know when LLEGUE there. I have the knowledge and power, and this is my land. I have the advantage of home! "

Mike spoke aloud:

"Okay. I have been battered by a storm, an Angel gave me a brutal stomp, I lost my beloved belongings-ences, my emotions have been crushed over and over again, my biology has been upgraded and modified, and I have ripped the heart, and I have examined have relocated, but shrunk. What do I expect? I have attachments.

Istoy ready.

Mike thought for a moment, then added:

- Just like to know how to fight! Sighed and looked toward the imminent challenge.

Decided to do something that a few weeks before her husband seemed ridiculous and foolish. He knelt and LLeved out a small ceremony before the imminence of what was to happen. Touched every part of your combat team and named his purpose. Orange reviewed the things that had taught him about balance. He spent almost twenty minutes to acknowledge the election to camberTIR that awaited him in the corner, whatever it was. He honored the land and their own existence. Recognize the place it occupied in the family of the Spirit. Then Michael Thomas stood up, ready for combat, in whichIn any case, everything that could be prepared in these circumstancesstances.

Resumed the march. He took the bend in the road, which revealed the great distance that lay ahead. Bedsorespadas canyon walls became the way in a fatal tunnel, dark and ominous. Mike knew qThat hat was thereLante, the map had shown it clearly. Normalmind, this whole episode had been a claim for the body of Mike into a state of shock. Togive their fear alarms would have sounded and been converin a way a quivering mass. After all, he only was a salesman and not a warrior ready to face a sinister and monstrous demon! Nevertheless, his senses were alert, and was delivered, not filled with feardo. All your podare vibrational and new gifts were beginning to contribute. His intuition was regal and I listened to every step, knowing that they will fail.

Nothing.

And then, detected movement on the left!

Michael turned quickly and found a huge treeme to the side of the road, about thirty yards away. Whence came the movement? That damn dark in broad daylight! Was part of the test? Why not provide more light Spirit?

Again there was movement! Mike saw that localizaba just below the tree branches.

-WHO IS HERE? OUT! Mike's voice was energyand imperative ca-. SI NO SALE, I'LL GO GET IT!

He waited, with each of its cells on alert. A normal looking man came slowly from theunder the tree and stopped just under the outer branches. He was dressed like a farmer, with the exception of the feet which were bare. He raised his hands in a movement of rejection, with the palms turned toward Mike, and said:

- Mike, please do not mand hurt! Already come. The man became gradually visible due to leavejo the tree, and walked toward Mike. As he walked and his image became more clear, Mike thought he knew that gait. No! It was not possible! Now, the man's face was clearly identifiable.

- DAD?

Michael's father slowly walked the path and stopped about six feet away from Mike, who had sworn that he was feeling the familiar smell of the farm that the man loose.

"Yes, son, I am. By favor, do not hurt me. Mike was no fool. I knew that this could be a hoax. After all, things are not always what they seem. The man, who apparently was his father, might actually be another entity, in fact, the odds were that it were so many. Therefore remained vigilant and stayed alert for any misleading as they talked.

"You're exactly where it was supposedsecretariats my enemy. Do not come any closer.

"I know, Mike. That you seek is a little more appropriateLante on the road. You are cheating! The thing is waiting for you to capture your soul. All this is wrong. By favor, you must believe me!

Mike still did not believe him.

- What are you doing here?

"By God, I'm here to stop before it is oftoo late. I have been allowed to return to this place to warn you! I've been waiting here for days, knowing that eventually would come to this place. All that adventureTuren to go beyond will be defeated by the beast! Many have seennest in this way, and they are all dead. This is an evil land. You are cheating!

Mike still did not believe that that was his father. After all, it was too much coincidence.

"Forgive me, Father, but need proof. Tell me what was my childhood nickname.

The man said at the time:

-Mykee-Wyke.

Mike shivered because it was true.

- What happened in the barn of Mr. Connell in 1964?

He held a big party for the birth of the gemelas, which called Sarah and Helen.

Mike analyzing minutestious everything that was ditranscends the man, splitting hairs. The voice and the figure were perfect. Continued its consideration. Asked the man to explain itface their children (schools, friends, dress and Accountantfoundations). So were facing each other for half an hour, his father drone, perfect and just telling each stage of Mike's past. It gradually began to relax, the man knew all the detailslles. Really, was there. No being malignant poDria memorize things that only Mike knew. The intuition of this was on alert, but that was really his father! His father, who was starting to sweat.

"Father, what happens? I still do not understand.

- Michael, I love you so much! At the moment you lie in bed hospital with serious injuries to your neck. Re "- strings? Surely you must remember what happened in your apartment. You have been floated so far, in coma, vulnerablenerable to the actions of the devil. All this ... "Father Michael made a motion path by hand, AbarCando adjacent mountains, is a fairyland. This is a farce! Nothing in here is real. All you have shown and all the

gorgeous fairy houses Coloured mind are just a ruse to despojar te of your soul!

The man's breathing became labored. Mike knew what he was saying his father could not be true. It was all so confusing! Mike knew exactly who he was and what he experienced, pber the words of his father seemed to resonate with authority. And this man knew so much! Why his father was having health problems while he was there? Was not he a ghost? After all, he was dead and came from the other side. It did not have physical problems.

- "Father, are you okay?

"Yes, son, but I can not stay much longer. This place is evil and I come from a heavenly place. You know the two do not mix.

"So I have said," confirmed Mike.

-Mike come with me. Beneath the tree is a ce sitelestial. I can make it back. You can pick up knowledgelies on the ground and out of the coma. Save your life and your soul. Please come with me!

The man was weakening further, and Mike seemed to see that the image began to fade before their eyes.

He was tormented by indecision. I knew I had reason not to trust. All parts of your body you were saying, but there was his father with a history fairria than thoughtble. What if that land was a hoax? No. It was not. The inner self knew Mike. He decided to do one more test. What was the name? I had memorized. And he said it reminded him instantly.

- Anneehu! "Mike looked at his father, and he stared back.

- What, son?

- Anneehu! "Mike said again, while reverseday slowly.

- Is it a magic word you've learned here, boy?

The man was visibly nervous. Sweat EMPEZaba to wet your clothing.

Mike was very quiet. Felt chills recRRIAN his back. His father never called him "boy." Mike was waiting, ready. It was time. Noguy who was wearing armor began to vibrate. The shield hanging on his back began to sway, as if to disengage it. Mike was the appropriate responseSq.

"No, sir. Anneehu is your heavenly name ... and you do not know.

The two figures were seen one another in an impasse that seemed to last an eternity, but really duRó a few seconds. The game had begun. The deception did not work so well That was expected and was not able to perpetuate the power to maintain it. It was ready to fight.

-BASTA! -With a cry that was the size of the voces of ten men, the figure that had a picture of Mike's father began to change completely. In a gradual way, the sweaty farmer became a figure unknownMUNAL, menacing and evil. Mike fell rapidlyyou alert and ready po take action, as It grew. Was at least five meters and had a terrible red eye. His skin was mottled, was covered with seeRruga, and it was a horrible green color. It seemed as if the creature had not been washed in millennia. His hands were huge, with long nails and dirty, and his arms were too long for its symmetry. And, it stank! The legs are short and flat, helped to give a strange appearance, but Mike knew how fast they could be. I had often seen him go back, looking indefinitely. The distance was between Mike and the horrible creature had risen about three feet, and he would keep it so duduring a while, and perhaps even increased more.

Mike felt disgust for the thing that was expandingDiender before him, who was not a beast or a human. It was unnatural and did not belong to any dimension that Mike had been. The stench was unbelievable! The enormous caBald Beza had a face que in a constantly changing to another similar horrible.

When It opened his mouth, Mike could see that was large and with teeth like razors. When It closed the mouth, the dreadful loss cavity disappeared into an ugly mass of skin and warts. It was evident that did not work his bulbous nose, or this could not have lived with himself because of the stench. That creature personified everything nasty and disgusting that a human being could imagine. Was it real or was it an illusion? Mike s notnce. Anything that might be, was a shocking revelation of the energyogy of things and old ways.

That represented the antithesis of peace and love, and reeked of death. The malice and hatred of his consciousness was overwhelmedtransformers. Mike looked at with contempt, as if it were an ant to which she would be crushed ruthlessly and without remorse. The creature was motivated by hatred of sinaunt to the world of Mike and projecting this energy directlydirectly toward it, which was convert the focal point of his anger.

Could hardly bear to look. Averse and repugresonance. I felt the hatred that you cast the creature. But howdo realize that I was reacting the way they wanted me It abolished the waves of nausea. "Not everything is what it seems", he repeated himself Mike. Suddenly he realized that this was bragging to create the illusion that he was a heartless ogre spectral, just to impress.

Mike's body responded institutionsntivamente to the situation. The vibrational level of your new self was fully alert. As an expert warrior, a veteran of many battles, Mike felt he was ready for any movement of awful green-skinned to be standing before him. Although his body was bustling with strength and vitality, he remained motionless. His sword began to vibrate. I could hear her! The zumbido note subtle / a was beginning to sing. But Mike did nothing, his curiosity was too great. Needba learn more. Ahnow, the tumor had come to deceive.

- How great you are! "Exclaimed Mike feigning fear. Terror He shrugged and raised his arms defensively to cover their faces. He made his voice tremble convincingmind. You're a real monster. Are you here to take my soul?

The folds of skin warts green separated when the child opened the cavity of the mouth to speak. For primera

time, Mike heard his real voice.

- How weak! "Boasted the thing licked. I knew it.

His voice was profunda and threatening. Mike gave the impression that it was a character in a bad horror movie.

- Please! I will do everything we want, "cried Mike. Want to go to the tree? "At the portal?

Mike felt his sword began to jump up and down the sleeve. I was hoping that the creature did not receive a metallic noise.

"Do not be ridiculous. I'm here to kill you. The creature seemed to have grown even more, if that was possible! Mike realized that with all probability it had the ability to take any size you want.

- Who are you? Mike shouted.

He hoped that his action was not too awkward, but the thing seemed to believe him completely. What ego That was bigger!

- I am part of you, Mykee-Wyke, who is the real Michael Thomas! Creature, "he boasted. I am the strongest! Watch your own power! I am the essence of your intellect and the basis of your logic. Take the appearance of your padre was only a disguise, but the words were auténticas, boy. Actually, you're lying in a hospital bed, comatose, and I'm here to get you out of this pretentious and crazy land of good witches beings, and go back to real life. To get you out of here I have to give you a goblin spirit of ridicule in which you have become!

Mike realized that somehow, what he had said this thing was accurate demonic. That really was part of Mike, a part he always wanted to throw an old hand recognizing ugly and hoped never to see again. She shivered, shrugging a little. "Do not go overboard," warned a voice inside.

- And you kill me?

At this point, his sword was shaking violently against the case, but Mike saw that the noise was integrated into a grade I was trembling with fear.

"Figuratively, yes. Your death in this country tale of idiocy will kill you and take you directly back to the real world. I heard your insensatez from the time you went out the door, and luckily I was able to slip behind you. Since then I have tried to take you back to reality.

The thing had begun to move toward him.

- So bad I am? "Make It still talking," thought Mike. "Sword, still vibrating!" Mike sent his thoughts to your weapon. "This serves to maintain the deception."

"Because of your physical weakness, you have clung to their nonsense and their ridiculous nonsense. Nothing here is real. Has been so blinded by the illusions that are here, I must completely destroy that part of you to save your mind and your soul. I hate that what you've become!

Mike had to act quickly.

"Before you kill me, can you prove it's true what you're saying? If you are logical and smart, then help me see the logic of it all!

Mike knew that the horrible thing was not going to wait to take action, but thought I could win some time he appealed to Michael's ego of the creature. He shrugged a little and started to shake convincingly. His vibrant sword contributed to cheating.

"Of course I can.

That I knew I had control, and was about to end forever the wonderland of the New Era. I hated this fair land. That represented the real world in which individuals had not pathetic and weak as Michael Thomas. It clung to the logic and pragmatism, a belief system based on previous experiences corroborated by reputable men of science and history.

The creature stood and how high it was declared:

- WHO HERE IS THE REASON IS THE ABSOLUTE POWER. LA LOGIC AND REASON ARE THE TRUTH! THAT IS THE REASON WHY I CAN EXIST IN THIS WORLD circumstantial BY I AM THE TRUTH. NADA HERE HAS POWER OVER ME!

It let out a roar that hurt the ears of Mike, and really seemed to turn the grass that was under his feet, turning brown immediately, linking with the color tone of the horrible creature's skin.

- Really? Mike asked, smirking at the beast. Suddenly, he changed his attitude and straightening up as much as possible. Then let Empiece test! He shouted.

Mike had never realized that he could move so fast. Using the right balance and speed results representatives of their practices in the house of Orange, he climbed a high rock that measured six feet and that was about five-co metres of the beast. Actually, it was ahead of monster! His sword literally jumped off the cover, and while Mike after the firm grasp he had started broadcasting the keynote a harmonic accompaniment, was a strange sound but full of strength and promise. Michael wielded the sword, but not pointed at the creature but to the sky, and realized that he was also holding his shield with his left hand. An undetermined manner, as he went like lightning towards rock, the shield had gone to meet his hand. Now I held aloft, with its colorful inlaid with silver faces the beast. Michael Thomas, the soldier remained on guard.

To say that the creature was taken by surprise would be short. It noted the situation. Suddenly, his astounded and mentally weak dam had become a threat and doing unexpected things. The boy was going to attack? "What madness," he thought. That insolent crush like a No annoying mosquito, and it would be easy.

Mike's proximity made it necessary for the child to use his long arms and monstrous. He did so, closing into a fist his powerful fingers, and prepared to attack.

While the creature was put in a position to attack frenetic was heard Mike's voice saying:

-HE HERE THE SWORD OF TRUTH. LET THEM TO DETERMINE WHO HAS THE POWER.

When he had finished speaking, the beast attacked him. Mike felt like they were watching a transatlantic aircraft should not apply to full speed. All I could do was not close our eyes! At that time, a light seemed to leap incredible intensity. Leaf Mike weapon and struck the beast with incredible force. The blow did not stop his movement, but it served to divert his attack to one side. Although the child lost her balance, was still able to throw a punch in the direction of Mike. It is automatically lifted a cudo for protection, though he was sure that the power was going to make a mashed punch him and the shield.

But the shield and the armor worked as Michael during the first storm, although Michael

Thomas was not aware of it. The armature Michael Thomas instantly surrounded with a protective bubble of light. The shield shot the arm in question a series of intense pulses similar to darts. The light seemed to explode around Michael, flying in all directions! The ionized air and the interaction of meeting matter and antimatter gave off a pungent odor of ozone. Mike thought the blow was about to crash into him but, instead, the monster tip was instantly repelled by the light of protection. So powerful was this force that even had the effect of raising the child hit the ground and throwing it back at a distance. Mike was unscathed and remained where he was.

The light was very nice. Michael Thomas was amazed with the gifts he held in your hands! They work perfectly coordinated, repelling the attack. Mike noted that, while he was pleasing the light created in the fight, the large beast had to cover his eyes to protect them from their intensity. The light was acting for Mike, because the child was usually gives the semi-darkness of the gray day and was having problems but to adapt to the light gradient. Mike smiled in recognition of the gift that he was making. Realmente was treading the soil of their homeland! Spoke to the beast for sure, something that reminded him that Orange said.

- You annoys the shield of knowledge, my horrible green opponent? Darkness can not exist there do no knowledge. There is no secret that can survive in the light, and light is created when the truth is revealed.

At these words, the creature stood up and charged back to Mike, with a resolution threatening. Mike knew that this time could not stop ramming attack that. Stop arm was one thing, but could stop the whole mass? Mike waited until the last possible moment, and then shot out of the rock just when the baby arrives at it. Again, Mike moved in time to step back and once again, created an unexpected situation, which was too close to be captured or handled with ease. Dad. The size and weight of the beast were acting on their behalf.

Mike was found running among the huge and thick giant legs. While passing beneath the creature reached out and pushed his sword so that the blade ripped the crotch of the beast with a splendid decrease of light. In addition, Mike turned his shield to hit a leg, and green skin tip was repelled with great force, as if it were a magnet hitting against a larger element of opposite polarity. A repentine burst of light from the shield knocked to the creature, which fell instantaneously being transported by air. It was attached to itself and twisted in the air, like a pole vault champion who runs a "double shift." He landed on the hard ground and unworthy feeling a sharp pain. It rolled and roared in protest, to develop into a mass curled up smoking. In between their legs, where she had hurt Mike's sword, still brotando sparks.

- There will be small and ugly green-skinned beings in your future! "Said Mike, speaking the plime-WORDS-ma and satisfaction.

He approached the huge and hideous scarecrow walk lenta and cautiously while wielding his sword. The hideous beast lay on the floor, Mike stopped just out of reach of the massive arm.

- Would you give up? Who is the one with the truth here? Exactly where is the power?

-BEFORE, DEAD! Roared the unfortunate creature. His voice was a harsh cry, scarcely audible.

"That will be announced an intrepid Michael Thomas, ignorando the growing stench of wounded animal.

The foul creature was not finished. It was a spiritual being. It was, as Mike, a biological entity in that former-Trana land of angels and swords bright colors. I was hurt and bleeding. Mike could see the severe wound he had inflicted with his magic sword in the latest raid, and his face contorted. A black sticky substance left on edge buttons on the wound, staining the skin, already looking ugly and unhealthy, so that the legs of the giant saw black. Mike thought that the creature must have padeciendo incredible pain but returned to his feet! Once upright, he staggered a bit. Now, your eyes stop cyan narrow slits, as the light that surrounded it was too bright as he could resist. Mike knew he had won.

Killing was not on the idiosyncrasies of Mike. He had never killed anyone or anything on purpose, even on the farm had refused to kill chickens. But now I knew that any mursalibic was born there, and the abominable thing that was before he was to die for real. It would only be defeated in a painful and final.

The scene of the two fighters was loved classic. The light from the early fireworks explosions was fulgurando the sword, shield and armor. The sparks were crackling and popping in the different parts of the body thereof smoking while recovering, will prepare Dose for the final attack. Mike's armor began to sing a song of Victoria. Sharp shadows and added profiled mind created by the light of truth, knowledge growth and wisdom, revealed the dark vision, terrible, a huge creature, vile, reeling and wounded, about to sacrifice himself in despair to the power of the small gun Mike. They were like David and Goliath, and the view was surreal, framed by the walls of the narrow canyon that has not escape. The two warriors disproportionately EMParedados were a few nine-meter separation, Each one firmly situated in their territory. Again, it was Mike who moved first.

He was too fast for the monstrous creature wounddd. Turned his attention to the most vulnerable and, before the huge beast could react, he was leaving acting in light of the sharp sword and polaritywonderful contrast of the shield. In a desperate and irrational to avoid his attacker, the creature saves discussedjemente, and thus became even more damage to golpearsand against the spiritual and invincible weapons of light, truth and knowledge. The show was worth seeing. Not only was the light show of staggering proportions, but the sound was shocking! The spiritual weapons to combat raised their voices merging into one song victory smooth and sound. Orange never said that all weapons were singing!

The final skirmish was completed in less than a minute. The energy discharged the sword and shield fast beatmentand the monster. His body lay on the foul ground, full length, with Mike, like a pile of rotting flesh, decaying trembling. The Idor of the blood that flowed from the many wounds assaulted the nostrils of Mike. Suddenly, the weapons of war ceaseswere his song, and the green-skinned something latent lying on the ground began to lose heart.

"I'm not, Michael Thomas. Again another day, "he growled, as he began to fade.

"I know Mike said, while red eyes looked hideous titan.

I knew that the death of the evil creature was symbolic. But I also knew that the fight was very real. He shuddered at the thought that the outcome could have been reversed. Michael who had been mortally wounded. Had it not been for their weapons spiritualitythey could have been him who fade into obscurity.

I was glad everything was over. Slowlyl, sheathed his wonderful sword of truth, but but first thank you out loud. He did the same with her iscudo while returning to hang on the hook was in the back of his armor. Then it happened!

Mike felt that the three gifts began to evaporate. It were fading as the beast.

- No! He shouted. I need you! Please, no! But the biology of Michael Thomas was absorbing arms. It was on a merger, which was only possiblepossible thanks to the purpose of ceremonial own Mike and the victory weapons had been provided. I was surprisedDido. He called for an explanation.

- What now? Why are leaving me?

-Michael Thomas of pure purpose, your wonderful gifts are still there, but now within you! "Was the crisp voice of Orange. Was Orange who hasBia given the gifts at home. The angel continued: "You gained the right to assimilate. Now they are part of you, Michael Thomas, and reside within your cells.

Mike sat on a nearby rock.

- And followedbody battle ...? He asked Orange.

"It will be won in the same way, Michael, but the tangible presence of weapons. Now, the truth lies denTRO you, as well as the power of knowledge and wisdomestuary. There is a beast that can never arrebatártelos.

Mike pondered the words of Orange, and then invoked another angel.

- Green, I changed again?

"Yes, Michael. By absorbing the gifts you have perfectdo. Only you have left to meet another of us. It was comforting to Green's voice heard.

- And who will? "Michael did not want to wait until the last house.

"The most splendid of all angel, Michael. You'll see, "said Green.

Michael stood up. It felt weird. Everything had happened so fast ... the encounter with the creature transformed into his father to understand I had to fight a real battle, defeat the monster, and now the apparent disappearance of the gifts to those who already had become accustomed. Again he sat down and began to review the events of last twenty minutes.

Blanco, who was really the beast? Asked Mike, as intuitively felt that the response of the angel may be the most illustrative. And he did not disappoint.

It was the part of you lacking love, Michael. It was the human part is always present and always with tenewe deal with. If unchecked, really, love creates humanity without darkness.

White's voice was wonderful and immediately calmedMike mind.

- Will you return?

"While you are human and willn the background, ready to tiecar suddenly, "said White. But love keeps weak!

At that time, Mike was introspective. "Only to megives a lesson here, and then I can get rid of my human form, he thought. Mike was eager to open the door hogar. That magic door was their ultimate goal. He thought about what sigquick explanation: a life full of love and peace, a life with a spiritual purpose. Suddenly, Mike realized that the atmosphere was completely free of clouds. Under the light dthe sun, considered the scene of the fight. He could see the scorch marks where the powerful weapons the enemy had been defeated. He touched his waist where he had been the belt of his sword, and touched his chest was coveredto the armature. Missed them, but knew it was certain to what had been said by the angels. Did not feel that anything wasra different or brighter. Now had the power within himself, and that made him a powerful warrior of love, just as Mary had been in the hoSpital. He smiled at the thought of the strength she had, and thanked him mentally by the vision. Then again, Mike felt his chest and realized that the map had disappeared!

- The map! Mike cried aloud. He was disappointed.

"It is also within you, Michael, who was Blue I spoke again. Your intuition will be equally valuable.

Mike felt naked. "Okay, he thought. "I will not be much longer human. I will not need these gifts, when in the sky and regsure at home. Just need a house more! "

It was not long out of the canyon, but there was a magnificent view waiting for Michael Thomas as he advanced. As he approached the edge of the steep profile. When he came to see the end of the narrow ravine, he saw that he expected far more serene landscape. Mike also has a magnificent rainbow that arched over the ravine. Against the sky glowed more and more clear blue of that magical land, marked the end of the journey and symbolized the end of the trip. Mike moved, amazed by the majesty of the rainbow, looking only occasionally on the ground to see where he was walking.

Then he realized what he had created the rainbow. Six friends huge, burning with color, were in heaven before him. They were so awesome, so proud! Holding hands, forming a rainbow of celebration for the man they called Michael Thomas Pure Purpose.

This slipped under them and excited, she called each one by color, thanking them. There they were: Blue, had given him the map and the direction of travel; Naranja, who had provided the wonderful spiritual gifts; Derwin had killed the giant, green, ate his friend's cow, who had explained biology, had given a strong stamp on his finger and had provided the first hand experience of vibration, Violet, maternal angel, who had exposed the lessons of his life and revealed the responsibility he had in it all, Red, terrible and wonderful guest host of his spiritual family;

and white love, the essence of purity, of whom Mike had learned about true love watching a pure woman of incredible strength, and where he had felt with joy of lost opportunity. Mike knew that this was the form in which they celebrated their victory, because the next house and was the last, and he did not need more in that land. His training was almost complete. He had learned well and had passed a great test, conquering the beast itself. I knew he was saying goodbye.

- I honor you, my friends! "Mike said, and watched the splendid colors are slowly blurred, discovering again a completely blue sky.

Mike did not have to go far to spot the next house, but this was different. In fact, there was a house, but a huge mansion! As he approached, he observed that not only its size was unusual, but realized that what at first had seemed like a brown house is gradually revealed as the Casa de Oro!

As he approached closer to home, your perception of the size of it kept changing. What seemed to be a large one-story structure became gradually in a huge multi-story building and gigantic proportions. And not only was golden, really stop. It was made of gold!

An extensive garden, green grass and well kept, haced to emphasize the building providing it a great style. He was surrounded by numerous sources of sumptuous appearance, as well as multitudes of brooks of splendid sounds. All this was balanced with showy flowers of almost all classes conceivable, arranged in groups of extraordinary colors. Mike saw something else that left him momentarily breathless. The road ended in the driveway. Without doubt, the ultimate goal should be there! That was not just a house, was also a portal, ornate entrance to the sky. It was the door leading into the home!

Mike realized he had anxiety and breathing hard, while carefully leaving the main road and began to travel the long and winding path that led to huge golden palace door. Finally, came to the large door decorated and made entirely of gold. He wondered how he could open it. Really, must have weighed a lot! He bent down and took off her shoes, by placing those in the position at the fin, and waited. I knew he would never see them ever.

No angel came.

He wondered whether it would be appropriate to try to open the door and enter voluminous, then remembered this and had it happened in the sixth house, when White did not want to venture out into the courtyard. Mike finally decided and pushed the huge golden door. It was too big and high for any practical use, but Mike felt that opened easily!

He came in and was completely stunned. Everything was gold! The walls, columns and floors. Everywhere there was a sumptuous decor! It was extraordinary! And again, that smell ... Of flowers! The fragrance of thousands of lilacs burst in his nostrils filled with a wonderful feeling of love. It was a truly sacred and amazing.

Then, Mike immediately understood the joke. While the other houses in this great land seemed small on the outside but inside were huge, it was huge on the outside, but inside, though Esplendor, was reduced. There was a maze of rooms to successively give one after another, as in the other houses, on the contrary, all doors and hallways gave commonplace. You could not choose which direction to go, and it was only possible to take a single direction. The journey through the house was simple: elegant, sumptuous, lavish and exquisite, yet simple. There was no ancillary rooms or apartments for a Mike jar. In no way resembled the other houses, and caused or work feeling. Mike was trying to identify the men that you felt as he walked slowly the few vestibules - those who know where it led. Yes recalled that it was the same feeling I had when I entered a great hall of worship. Reverence felt for him. It was majestic, as a sacred shrine.

Mike did not know what to expect. Had not yet appeared no angel. This was the first and only time he entered a house without being given the welcome. After their big fight and all experienced agitation, Mike should have been hungry, but he was not. He was too emotionally.

Continued to advance until you reach a door that looked a little different. There was a name engraved on it. Its typography was very strange characters, Arabic type, I had seen on the labels of the House of Maps and then back to see Violet graphics. I knew it must be the name of the golden angel, wherever it was. Mike opened the door and entered.

Let welcome Michael Thomas gave was not to be forgotten ever. Was found in a huge hall of majestic

beauty. It was a great hall of worship, or it stopsco. It resembled a cathedral, and walls could seemulticolored stained glass is delicately worked. In each isPlender stained glass, the light filtering from outside became more rainbow that spread over an immense golden ground, forming pools of undulating color. When he looked up, saw a zona golden infinite. The room walls were circular and Mike noted that the door you entered was the only access to the room. A golden mist swirled gently around the room, provocando that the scenario would be a sensation areat dawn, when everything is fresh. The fog light interacts with an extraordinarily colorful. Whenever the fog swirled in the tanks of rainbow light, absorbed a burst of bright colors and turned the moist air in a subtle rainbow painting the area with the tone of the entire color spectrum. Mike realized he was holding his breath and forced herself to breathe.

Slowly, he was aware that all-light, decoration and approach to architecture, was dedicated to honor the oval center of the sanctuary. A grand scalelinat started from the large oval, but only led to a balcony that gave right in the middle of the room. Mike focused on the enoliving rm. His heart was full of golden mist, but there HAD something else. Mike started walking, being aware that he was nearing the end of your trip.

As he walked toward the center of the golden mist, he realized that the sanctuary was much bigger than I had thought at first. All the gold and the deceptive design were to be distorted spatial perception of the human eye. Mike walked to the center and noted that it took rather longer than expected. Finally, uWe focus a few steps, he stopped. What was there? Inside the fog had something solid. Was the other isstructure?

Had almost reached the center when he hit a wonderso burst of energy. Suddenly, Mike was rodiTthe! An incredible sense of sacredness and holiness descended upon it with a power that he was required to kneel. Mike gasped and looked down to avoid violating an unspoken protocol and sacred. His body was EMPEbeginning to shake with a surprising sense of vibrationtion that could only come from God's presence. It was time! It was nearing the final gate of heaven ... What about home? Perhaps there was no angel. And yet, the other angels had told him that he was about to find the greatest of all beings. He sensed that there was faced with a presence that infused a respectedMalfunctioning fear. The anointed and miraculous presence of God himself! Mike had serious difficulties rehxale.

He raised his eyes and saw the mist lifted. He went on his knees, but in a more upright position to see what was happening. The fog, to go clear, exposed a structure that was like a huge block and gold. To fade even more, revealed that the block was carved some steps. A staircase leading to the top. "The door to the home would be the end of the ladder? The energy was becoming more intense, and Mike did not feel worthy of be there. There are times when a man knows his place, and no matter what Mike had been through, I was at the height of the holiness and greatness what was before him. He was at the gate of heaven and felt like a rubber doll. Was immobilized by the power of the mind and the radiancedor of God. He knew that only a few steps discoverba something more powerful than anything else ever could imagine, something so powerfully amgold and spectacularlar in its beauty representing the same building!

Mike felt he was struggling to absorb oxygenno, but head held high. Needed to see. Now I knew that really was a known entity: the greatest of all, he had been told. What wonderful criature could dismiss such energy? He had hoped to survive the intensity of vibration long enough to know it. Although in the next few minutes were atomized in themultidimensional bursting of heavenly light, had to see it! He recalled the stories about what had happened to those who had touched the Ark of the Covenant in Jewish history. Had vanished in a burst of steam from the fact of having touched God. Mike thought that it might happen to him if the energy of the moment aumind too. He felt as if their cells were in thisllar. All of them attempting to hold at the same time! Mike had a feeling of expansion from within. Istobacco beginning to feel afraid, not for his life, but fail to see the entity residing in the latter and amazing home. The fog continued to dissipate.

The block was golden and ornate steps, it became more clear. It was not a single block, was a throne! Brightly decorated and indescribable majesty and arguably built made of gold, seemed resplandecer with their own sacredness. The angel was sitting on it. Who could it be?

Suddenly, Mike realized I was sobbing! Their biology was bursting inside with the greatness of this sacred energy, and Mike could feel waves of gratitude and love flowing from your heart. I just could not controlate their emotions. The energy that was about it was thick, and knew that the golden entity that was waiting for thisbath down stairs. The greatest of all angel was about to emerge from the fog that hides goldenba the top of the throne. Was approaching. Mike I knew it! Maybe he was about to meet the guardian of the door leading to the house, which had wanted to find all the time. The man who knew everything!

Mike was a hopeless case. I did not want to see him like that. I wanted to be strong, but could not even stand up. Thatthat the gold would be known that he had passed the tests and had killed the giant, but not even he could haveBlar. He was childish and unable to control his emotions. His chest was full of gratitude and honor ... and lack of oxygen. Head began to ache. Who was this being who was coming and had such power? What entity in the universe represented the power of God in a way that ispectacular?

"Never fear, Michael Thomas of Purpose Puro. You've been waiting for," said the angel whose torso was huge apreciando diffusely while descending the stairs. The voice was familiar! Who was he?

The voice, despite carrying a sacredness of the highest order, was quiet and peaceful. The entand that this-BA about was perhaps the highest of all, but inencounter began in a peaceful manner, without pretensionstions, with an encouraging message security. Despite mensage, Mike could not adequately use his voice at that time. I was too shocked to speak, and apent shock of his emotional state was not improveddo. He kept watching as she put her hand on his chest, covering his heart that would not fall out of the bodythe expectation q poue was to the golden master of love, now spoke. I did not want to miss what was happening and had hoped to live until the end. His vision began to become blurry.

The splendid heavenly angel floating down the steps carved, gleaming gold, and was slowly approaching Michael Thomas, who was kneeling and trembling. A peDespite their state of ecstasy, Michael raised the apparent doctortomy a few steps for an organization to which he did not need.

What primer saw Michael was the great body fulGurant, the head of gold was still being hidden by the fog of the same color. The angel paused a moment, his face still hidden. Mike saw it was huge, bigger than the other angels he had known. The golden hue of her garment was so bright it seemed electric folds. Now I could see the bottom of the wings. I knew I had wings! Vibrating like ten thousand butterflies, but no sound. Mike was sure or when the head was visible, would have a majestic aura, that was the feelings devoted to this great creature.

Not that Mike was being accustomed to this energy, but realized that something was happening when the angel stopped. We were making a gift and he knew it. A faint white light bubble was forming its already sellers, protecting and creating soothing sensations inside. Mike sighed with relief. Knew I could not absorb much more than that divine energy! Slowly emPezo to breathe normally while sitting in the soil. The bathroom intense emotional love turned into a bath of peace, and slowly regained his normal human balance. Ten minutes passed and the angel remained static. Mike was being strengthened and knew that the angel had created a lugar for him, protected by the bubble of light, where the vibeMike tion could coexist with the divine vibration of the super creature from heaven. Finally, Mike hasBlo, but without rising.

"Thanks, great golden angel said, breathing deeply mind. I have no fear.

"I know exactly what you're feeling, Michael, and truth are not afraid.

The angel was still. Mike was trying to place the voice. Had the same kind of serene energy that of White, and tended to comfort the soul of Mike when he listened.

It was an intense voice that filled the surrounding space, but at the same time it was reassuring. He knew he had heard before, but Where? What else in this great spiritual place he had heard? When she learned she could speak again, he did.

- Do you know, great to be sacred? Peaceful and reverently asked.

"Certainly," replied the giant angel, whom Mike could only see partially. We know well.

The majesty of the voice was powerful, full of glory and splendor. Mike did not understand, but would not force the issue. The situation was full of protocol and ceremony. It was better to sit back and let him speak in this orvel of energy, and Mike honors a vibration difference existed between them. The Angel spoke again.

"The total time that we in this house, Michael Thomas, will not exceed a few minutes. Will be filled with program and disclosure. The vibrational difference between us is so great that we can not keep the game for a long time, but enough.

"Enough for what? "Thought Michael. The angel conued and the beautiful rhythms of his voice calm again all moMichael agency ass fucked while LLE behind their ears and were absorbed in their internal biology.

-Michael Thomas of pure purpose, do you love God? Michael cells buzzed at the question. Again that question! Comprehension Chills swept her back. I had assumed that White would be the last thing I would ask that, but he was wrong. He was prequestions again. This was the moment! His cell volVian to try to talk all at once. Tell him yes, he suplicaron. Maybe the answer that would give the agency significant goldquick explanation passport to go through the door of the home. This was the last time I would that question, the most important important. He wished that he was then deep. He paused, but could not devise a response spoke volumes. His mind was empty and all I could honor it was predominantly the concept of an entity piadoso.

"Yes," his voice was honest, pure, and not tremble.

-Michael Thomas of the Pure-Purpose wonderful voices continued from the face remained invisible in the arremolina fog. Want to see the face of God? Is that being who professed love?

Michael froze to the possibilities that the Nigeria those sacred words. What did it mean? What was the revelation? How could I stop this? Their cells again ask you to say yes. Answered automatically and easily.

"Yes, I want this time his voice shook, and knew that the angel had heard.

"Then, Michael Purpose Thomas Pure-expression Só angel as she started down the steps, referred to planning the face of God, who have assured us that love ... eight times.

The glittering magnificence of the most sacred of all human beings came to Michael Thomas. With all the protective bubble that had given him, Mike felt how aucreases the level of energy while being began to emerge from the thick fog and lower gold golden steps to reach the level it was Mike. The body was taNo high that some of mist clinging to him while he was decession. When it finally came to Mike, spoke as the mist lifted gradually from his face.

"Get up, Michael. You need to stand for this. Michael knew that something momentous was about to happen. Slow mind, sat on his legs trembling, eyes and mind alert, he looked through the fog dissipating, watching the place where he could come face of an angel. Finally appeared, and Michael Thomas of PropPure bear-man who lived intensely everything related sired his trip, which had faced the beast and killed her, he had made the journey better than any other human being in this spiritual place undone by the revelation that took place. The wonder filled his eyes filled with tears. The understanding was between your logical mind and spiritual mind, trying to figure out what he saw and the meaning he could have. Your emotions Daron paralyzed, incapaces to process the information his eyes suddenly revealed to him. Her legs began to falter and inadvertently fell on his knees for the second time in that sacred room paved with gold.

The face of the great spiritual entity that had descended do the stairs carved in the great golden throne was Michael Thomas! It was an illusion, belonged to Angel. WAS the angel. The angel was Michael!

"Therefore, if you love God, love me. Being gold actually knew Michael was not listening. His mind was confused. An overwhelming with motion filled every cell of your body. Continued intensive Tando an explanation. "What does this mean? Is it real? "The angel continued. Mike was standing still, Incapeace to understand anything.

"It's time to make another gift, Michael, the angel's voice was still reassuring reconforever, peace and understanding and conveying the very being of Michael. I make the gift of discernment, Michael, while eScucha my explanation.

Mike's mind began to clear. Again realized that the angel was giving constant aid patient with their own

understanding. This would be to clear your mind of human bias and prejudice. The angelblock again:

"There is something within every human being that dramatically struggles with the last logical synapse of brain matter to prevent believing that is more than a human, Michael, the angel smiled, and he thought Michael was again looking in a mirror and smiling to himself.

The angel's voice was his, but he did not recognize. The only time that humans can hear their own voice with absolute accuracy is on tape what he had done only a few times. I needed to hear what the angel was saying, and now his mind was betrothed to afford. The angel continued:

- I SOY higher your Self, Michael Thomas, the part of God that dwells in you as you live on planet Earth. Esta revelation and is your last lesson before you continue toward your goal. This is the last hurdle final tie informations to absorb. It is the highest truth and powerful for all mankind, which is best kept and most difficult to accept.

Listen to the angel was fascinating to Mike, but looking at it because I had distracted him to his face! However, the information absorbed and left him eager to learn its meaning. Should move forward. Needed to know more. The angel floated lightly to one side, showing just over the top of the site, previously occupied in the scullery chiseled.

"This is the golden age of self-worth House, Michael," he continued. Nothing will stop you faster in your journey of enlightenment than feeling that you're not worth it. Therefore, we decided to reveal who you really are. You are a part of me, Michael. We are an angel of the highest level, just as all human beings. So we who have chosen to visit the planet Earth, go through the trials of life and raise the vibration of the planet through the lessons and experience of our trip. We are the ones who can make a difference for the entire human family and the universe. Believe me, Michael Thomas, who did what on Earth caused large changes in other areas.

- But I did not stay there! -Michael impulsively dropped what was in his mind, upon hearing this information and felt again that he had surrendered too soon. And I did not learn nothing!

"Never mind, Michael," said the angel. We honor you so greatly is the purpose of making the trip and the original agreement to participate in the sacrifice. Your mere presence on the planet and is honorable and right. Do not you realize this? Have you ever heard the story of the prodigal son? All cultures have, you know?

Mike knew the story, but did not know how to apply to this situation. Remembered that the son of the story was well received and loved by his father despite that there was no honor to the customs of the family. The angel moved again as he continued with his explanation.

- Michael, the other angels love you very much! Have not you wondered why you are worthy of such a thing? Now you know. We, you and I are in an elite group. We are among those who are extremely loved and honored - two who have chosen to come to Earth to live in a biology rather than knowing it to have concealed from the cho. You really are a part of God in the planet to learn. His reason is due to a greater purpose, and now you see this part before you.

Michael was overwhelmed by all that is revealed. He thought about what happened during the last weeks. Intriguing contrast on the lessons learned with treatment and family in the house of Violeta. The family that had been presented at the Red House was amazing! But now, was the revelation that human Michael Thomas could be among the angels more elevated. What about other humans, too? You really could be him so great?

- Yes, you are, Michael! Yes, U.S. ! The time has come. The argument that you understand and realize that you are worthy of being on Earth. You plan to come and really spoil. Daste to do so! You honor among all the authorities for what you have done, and now deserve to go to the next phase. As you have said many times to love God along your journey, YOU MUST ALSO LOVE YOURSELF! Think about it Michael Thomas, because its truth has to change. Bear your perspective and your very essence of human purpose.

Now Mike was much more attentive to information, as the angel had given the gift of calm and discernment. Was clear. This information was to be truly difficult to digest. The angel continued:

"Now, the final step, and would have been if you had followed on Earth, will be to absorb this association. You know it's real! Feel the divinity and the merit of your human community. Now you know you're really a sacred entity in the sky. Perceive that belong here and that you are eternal! Make your own badge you are given gold, Michael Thomas.

Mike recalled his time in the White House, when White had shown him a vision of Mary in the hospital. I remembered something that had been hidden in his mind: White had spoken a few words now charged meaning. The angel had told Mary that she had accepted to be gold!

- Mary Did it exist? -Had to ask Mike.

"Mary knew her own higher self, Michael, if that's what I want out. She was accompanied by his higher self for as long as she observed. That's what I felt. She knew who he was and knew that there were the golden room and the golden throne. She knew it was sacred and that it deserved to be on Earth. Had endorsed their own sacredness.

Again, Michael felt in awe of Mary, a small woman who had taught him so much and never knew of the existence of Mike.

"She knows you, Mike," said to be golden.

- Do you know me? How so?

"The same way that we all know," replied the angel. She was very aware that the gift you did that day his father was having far reaching effects on other beings. His intuition told him. Inclusive so I knew that they were watching. Like you, he possessed all the gifts, tools and maps within, and also the golden gift of divine insight that I am relayed. Such is the power of human enlightenment on Earth.

- Wow! "Michael was learning a lot, and respect he felt for Mary was growing, far exceeding the already felt. She therefore knew it! His intuition told him that his actions were observed and used to help give.

"The proof is in the offering, Michael Thomas. The angel was getting to the point. Michael knew he had to undergo a sort of test. Cu "al would be? How could an entity that had his face and his soul, to know whether the

man Michael Thomas had accepted or not the reality of their self-esteem?

There's only one way to find out, has floated the angelence aside. Do not worry, Michael Thomas, but I need your first the gift of vibration protection for the rest of our time together. You have absorbed the truth, or maybe not. This test apparently is not difficult, but it is important can pass unless you're pure and you have accepted the view of the association.

"I know," said Michael restless.

What was it that the body would make gold? The white bubble was starting to fade around, and newtively felt more by the vibration of the holiness of God's strength that surrounded him. There was all that love again. All that energy of purpose and concentration convenient for millions. However, this time Michael felt something else: a slight tremor to be part of it. Was the test?

- Lo andstoy feeling! Michael shouted.

I was hoping that was it. Could the test, whatever it was, had already finished? No luck. Instead, the huge golden angel with the face of Michael Thomas approached him.

-Michael Thomas of Purpose Puro, sit on the third step.

Mike was again beginning to breathe with difficulty. Your cells simply do not understand they were in a vibration too high. Mike told his body in a loud voice, regardless of the factor that the golden angel was still there. Had to control his body at that moment!

-WE well, "said Michael to his cell. Reaccionéis not afraid! We deserve it. U.S. worthy of this!

Mike was screaming and was aware of it. Was has automatically transcends what Green had taught him and was getting immediate results. He sat on the tercer stage of the great golden throne and began to calm down. Suddenly, he realized that he looked golden body fixed mind and saw the golden face outlined a huge smile!

"I really know what to do, my equivalent huhand. These are things that I could not transmit you, but you've learned well from the others. Now, let me see if you've fully absorbed what I've been the same way.

What happened next shocked Michael Thobut much more than the discovery of the angel's face a few minutes earlier. The great being gold, who moments earlier had represented the epitome of fuErza of God, was starting to kneel before Michael Thomas. The magnitudéficente entity separated golden wings and deployed in a regal, like unwinding a layer of gold and extending it to the ground with the movements of the angel. The two appendices admirable fanned enough to allow the huge body go down gracefully without the wings hit the ground.

Mike's body reacted so strongly, but this time not disabled. Rather, was seized with an adorable way while still watching what the angel was doing.

As he knelt, pulled the wonderful angel, who knows where, a golden bowl and gently held it before him in ceremonious attitude. He looked directly at Mike and said these kind words:

"This bowl has, symbolically, the tears of my joy YOU, Michael Thomas. With that, I would anoint and wash your feet, because you are worthy of this honor.

"Oh, no! This divine being is really going to TOCarme!. " Mike now understood what it was testing. A single touch of gold be determined if the cells were in Mike really lay the issue of merit, and if your body was seeing truly aware of his sacred lineage. As expected, the test was faked. Was this! The angel paused a moment, before touching the left foot of Michael Thomas, and responded to questions that he formulated mentally.

"This is not a test of vibrational shift, Michael. Because you and I NoUNCA will have the same vibration until we founded together again at the end. This is a test of your faith human. U.S. we must recognize the fact that WE like God, are worthy of being human. This will check if they really have understood that merces that the very Spirit will wash his feet, and if the love you have for God is reflected in the love you feel for yourself.

Mike relaxed. He knew his own mind and knew that he had accepted both the idea and the lesson of espléndido be. Suddenly, he was aware that the test would serve as finding the angel. Was prepared. Still there, sentado against the greatest of the greats. The angel, despite its enormous proportions had been placed below eye level for Mike. The ceremony that was implicit appointment was not lost on him, and felt their emotions surfaced to what was taking place.

The noble being caught Mike's foot gently, tastedting a tingling throughout s amazingor body, which rose to his heart and his mind. He was full of compassion and tears started running down her cheeks. He said nothing as the angel gently washed his feet. Michael without beloved uncle who was unlimited. Des did not disappear or vaneció in a flash of energy. I felt the pressure of vibrational energy between the two and, although just beginning to digest the situation, was aware that mereCo. the deal. Remained silent, knowing that love is silent. He also knew that the pure love has no agentda, so that the beautiful be gold would not ask anything in return. I knew that love was not arrogant, and that the angel would not be accompanied by a legion of celes sTiAl. This was personal, and he was asking silent angelCIOS Michael to accept the honor and was limited to SER. The feeling I felt Michael Thomas was indescribable. Their eyes were streaming tears of great joy and gratitude, but was not embarrassed. I knew that the angel knew that was his way of saying human graences, although it might seem strange. Finally, the angel spoke again. His voice was full of pride I felt for Michael.

-Michael Thomas of pure purpose, you have actually pasado this great trial, one of the greatest of all. But now I'll show you something that is greater still. Although I knew Raste all tests, and are still prepared to go to the front door, I will wash the other foot. It is an honor for me has ECROS, and exemplifies the love that God professes. It is no longer a test, and there is nothing to gain from it. I do it because you Quiero. Never forget this time.

Mike could not imagine a sacred moment in your life. The tears were flowing from his eyes, and both intees, which belonged to the same spiritual force, continued to share the love, as the huge golden angel lavathe other foot gently ba Mike, who seemed very small flute between the huge hands of the angel. Finally, it was over. The bowl magically disappeared, and the angel stood towering full length, their wings folded back to the body of an appropriate and perfect.

"Now you can get up, Michael Thomas. Your progranary has proven to be truly pure. Ready to go home!

Michael stood up, looked around and then looked at the angel. As if reading his mind, he took her hand and said something that was behind Mike.

"Go up the stairs, Michael.

The angel smiled again.

Mike was swimming and looked up where the golden fog swirled. The steps of the golden throne were called to go to another unknown place of great purpose. He turned and looked at the angel as confirming that he would climb the stairs.

"The door you seek is there, Michael. Oh, and remember this: things are not always what they seem.

Having reached this point, Mike did not stop to inquire on that statement, which was becoming the mantra of that place. Mike was aware that he could not remain much time there. So did the angel, and with delight, Cadeza, stood next to Michael, this time put his huge arm on his shoulder. With a soft voice and encouraging, he uttered his last words:

"I just got out of there, Michael. All is well. Now must go there. The goal is within reach of your hand. I'll meet you soon. We must never say goodbye, because we are one.

Mike knew he had to get out of this powerful energy. He turned and started up the stairs quickly. At that time understood why there were stairs. It was for humans, not the angel, and the steps were perfectly adapted to the size of your foot. Everything started to make sense, but Mike did not want to discuss anything else. It was time to graduate! It was time to enter that place called home. He mounted the steps of the great golden throne adorned. He stopped to look once more at his golden body, the part of God that was it, now it takes on a regal attitude, with hands clasped and smiling at the foot of the stairs. The angel was right. No experience, no sense of farewell. Indeed, part of it! Mike began to realize that on that last day he found two parts of himself. One of them, without love, and the other with love. Somewhere between human consciousness resided, and he meant to choose where to locate. What a concept!

Mike turned around and started up the stairs. The thick fog occupied the space that was immediately above him, and his eyes could only encompass about ten golden steps at a time. I was very aware of your steps, because the last thing I wanted was to fall from the tower at the pinnacle of his sacred journey. Chuckled at the thought of the ignominious fall to the foot of the throne, and how would apologize to his splendid higher self for being so clumsy. Immediately, the light humor I relaxed.

He was aware that had risen at least two floors and that opposite there was a kind of landing. "What most sumptuous throne," thought Mike. It was really huge! And it was yours! Finally, we reached the bottom of the stairs. Was not disappointed. There, next to a golden chair profusely regally decorated and carved, was the door that he had longed to see during all these weeks. Now, his vision of long ago came to him and was finally within reach. The door was well lit and was the core near the chair. Seemed to be suspended in the air, because there were no walls framing, and it was not tangible to the point where their reality converged with the reality of the throne. Mike noticed that the door was not part of the House of self-worth, or structure in which he found work. It was a portal and, therefore, had a dimensionally different. The door had a lot written on its surface, some of which Mike could not play, but I understood the word HOME.

He had waited a long time this. He had done a great ride, learned a lot and altered their own internal structure in preparation for what awaited him across the portal. Now almost seemed out of context. Permanently remained there, thinking about what had happened and Bellisimo gold angel that stood at the foot of the stairs. He thought about what had happened on the third step a little earlier. And this last experience, no doubt, had marked the difference between final as to how he felt. Mike was placed before the door in a ceremonious attitude.

- I deserve it! Michael said a Thomas sure of himself. And I honor the universe for letting me do what I'm about to do. With total love, entered the place in which I asked to be.

The ceremony was performed. Michael Thomas made a huge inspiration and courageous human air and opened the door he had written "HOME."

Mike vomited.

12. ENTERING THE HOME

- Hold your head left, into the drain! "Asked the nurse to auxiliary health. Vomiting.

That night, as usually happened every Friday, the emergency room was full. Again, the full moon had changed everything.

- Are you aware? Asked the neighbor who had accompanied Mike to the ER.

The nurse, dressed white, leaned over to closely examine the eyes of Mike.

"Yes. Already awake," replied the nurse in white gown. When you can you talk to him, do not let incorporate. It has a very bad blow to the head that we suture several points, and does not want it loose.

The nurse left the cubicle, a space bounded by a curtain sliding down a semicircular guide, offering some privacy to the many people that were in the same room.

Mike opened his eyes. Then he realized where it was. He had returned to Earth and was in the hospital where he had started it all. Fluorescent lighting in emergency area with a bright, sterile, forcing Mike to blink and closed his eyes. It was cold in the room and Mike felt the need to bundle up with a blanket. The attendant returned with one, as if hearing his request had mentally silent, and came out right away.

-Have you ever been unconscious for a while," said the neighbor, a little uncomfortable not knowing even how

to call Mike Maba. Have given a few points on the head. Do not try to speak.

The man patted nerve in Mike's chest and left the curtained area to the waiting room.

Mike was left alone. His head hung to the reality of what had happened. It was all a dream! The vile and ugly creature that was defeated in the vision had been razon from the beginning! Mike had been on Earth all the time, lying in hospital in a coma and dazed-and-ninguna of the wonderful things I had experienced were real.

Mike felt like throwing up again, this time because of the harsh reality of this situation. Had returned. The households was just an impossible dream, and the land of the angels was exactly what the monster was said totoo silly about fairies. None of this had actually happened and Mike had been all TIMEpo in the hospital! Nothing I had seen or what he had taught had no strength or validity. He closed his eyes and wished to die.

The nurse entered the cubicle and leaned on Mike.

He could feel its subtle perfume from the smell of various disinfectants que had on the environment. Examination sheundermined the bandage on the forehead and touched him lightly.

"Mr. Thomas, are you awake?"

"Yes, Mike, weak and depressed."

"I can go. We have given some points and We thereforeto some wound dressings. Now you are well. You can go alone."

Mike noticed a change in the situation.

- How is my jaw? And my throat?

"They're well, Mr. Thomas. Was there a proproblem that we have not detected?"

Mike moved his jaw and neck felt bajo myrada intrigued by the nurse. Apparently, everything was in perfect order.

-No. I guess I've only dreamed of. "Mike was back to reality. Briefly pondered the situation. -Enfersimply, how long have you been here?"

"About three hours, Mr. Thomas. The nurse was friendly and smiling."

- What about the hospital bill?

Mike needed to find out the situation.

"The insurance policies cover you have hired the owner of his apartment, sir. You'll have to sign the-UNPACKING papers, but nor to pay anything."

"Thank you, ma'am."

The nurse left the cubicle and Mike went back to being alone. There was something not right. Although I felt that had passed away a couple of months since then Mike remembered clearly that the thief had smashed the throat during the fight. All the wounds had they had done before you have your vision or dream, or whatever. So nothing could have dreamed would have amendedcar injuries. However, neither his throat and his commandíbula show any damage. Was it a dream? No. Mike was feeling overwhelmed by the pressure he was experiencing its looksjig. I had to go to the bathroom! This was a clear manifestation of the "back-to-reality-elemental" of Earth, which used to be as real human beings.

He got up ignoring the pain from the wound in the head. Way of service realized that even wearing the clothes. He found the bathroom right away. He was a typical hospital bathroom, individual, small, extremadamenyou clean and with a strong smell of disinfectant. Mike eased his urgency and lived as an unfamiliar action, as if I had not done for months, and it seemed endless.

She was washing when he saw his reflection in the mirror. Something had changed in his face. He approached the mirror and looked into his eyes for a while, wondering what he was seeing. He stood erect and it felt good! Perhaps three hours of rest in the hospital had been just what srvcitabo.

Mike walked slowly out of the area of healing and her neighbor, who was waiting for him was to meet him. Mike looked at him and shook his hand.

"Thank you, sir ... eh... "Mike did not know the name of your neighbor.

"Please call me Hal, Mr. Thomas. The neighbor was happy to see that Mike had gotten up and was feeling better."

"Hal, have you stayed with me all this time?" Mike was curious.

"It was nothing, sir ..."

"Please, call me Mike," interrupted Michael.

"All right, Mike. My car is aht out. Come home. Mike reacted instantly to call home, withouttend a twinge in my stomach, like a remembering of the sad disappointment that caused him his dream."

"Wow, Hal."

Mike was sincerely grateful. While Hal was going to get the car, Mike signed the necessary papers and then left to wait.

On the way home, Mike asked his neighbor about the incidentdente. Everything seemed to be just like he remembered it, except for injuries. "Do I what I imagined?" He asked Mike.

Once there, he said goodbye and gave Hal again thank you for your friendly solidarity. Then he opened the door of his apartment in the usual way, lit automaticallycally the dim light came in and closed.

She felt overwhelmed by the smell and appearance, which shouldhaving been familiar laugh, but actually were not. Although there was a big mess to fix and reinstall stereo, the bowl was not broken as he remember-was. There was something very inconsistent. I felt comor studysaw on a visit to a very poor and helping themyou

clean your room! Mike stopped to observe everything around him.

That place did not belong! Why ever believed it? Why was so dark and gloomy? Three hours before his home, and now seemed to belong to an individual who came from a completely different world. What was happening?

Mike felt that his conscience did not agree with the man who used to live there. I felt that even thinking dormir there was strange and inappropriate. Mike went to check their cosas in the drawer where he kept them. There, as he had left was his credit card, in effect, that has neverBia deemed necessary to use. He used to say: "Buying creditsto involve spending much money. No need to buy nice things. " Mike slid his credit card in your wallet, and revised if it had at least a few dollars. RecoGió few belongings and some toiletries, and fially, turned off the light and left the apartment. He knew he should return to collect their personal belongings and looking for her fish, but decided to tell right away that he left the apartment. Then he went to Hal's apartment and explained briefly what was going to do, if you later need the copsCIA to write a report.

He took a taxi which took him to a better part of the city, where she immediately checked into a nice hotel. Sighed with relief as he watched the exquisite furniture, bright lighting and decorationng ornamental dressed areahoax. That was better! In the morning look for another paragraphment, after getting a new job as he deserved. While Mike was crossing the hall to go to ascensors, everyone turned to face him. Mike had implied a positive and called our attention. He was someone special, maybe a movie star?

Mike was resting in his room hotel when he began to wonder what had happened. It sentia beautifully! She felt at peace. He was absolutely certain that the next day find a wonderful worklow, and also in just one day, even in a city like Los Angeles, he was very good at what he did. I had a great desire to meet people and to give of himself. Perhaps it could even start a great career.

Then it happened. Shirley thought, his lost love, and felt no sorrow or remorse for having stabbed perDido a relationship so precious. Neither sand felt or felt pathetic the impulse to hide because of it. Grimaced at the thought of the kind of person who had been until recently. "Go! What was I thinking to behaviortarmo that? She only did his contract. I'm as responsible as her what happened. "

Damn! What was I thinking? But it was true! Intonka, did something that would have mortified only hours earlier. He picked up the phone and dialed the number of well known. Rang first, then another, and then a delicious female voice was heard across the line.

- Hello?

- Shirley! "Mike felt elated to hear her voice.

- Mike? "Shirley did not seem very happy to hear yours.

"Listen. Just wanted to make sure you were okay, and tell you I'm really well with everything that happened between us.

- Mike? Really, are you? I hear much changed.

"I just want to make friends, and wish you go well in life. You deserve it, and I think realmenYou are a wonderful girl.

- Mike? You can not be you who you're talking!

"Of course I am.

- Do you have another girlfriend?

"No, Shirley. Really, I'm serious. Just calling to tell you I am well and I wish you luck in everything you do in the future. We have fun, and I hope you have a good memory of me.

- Mike, something happens?

"I can not tell you, but maybe she'll do another day. Goodbye!

- Mike? You're joking, right?

Mike hung up the phone with a wonderful sense of serenityad. Had accomplished that part of his life and was hismamente happy without it. The sound of the voice of Shirley left him absolutely no negative feelings, but rather the quiet end of a stage and sensation to move forward.

It felt strange. Everything had changed. I was doing things that were not characteristic of Mike before. Captured the energyogy of the moment and not worried about being in a hotel, spending a hundred dollars a night. He was absolutely certain quand could cover accommodation costs through incongresses in the new job ... Had not yet! This was not the Mike before. Mike was now a "current" to buyday the meaning of universal self-assessment and operation of things. Felt like I had been born again, and felt every feeling healthy and solid-mately entrenched that accompany a man who is happy with himself. Suddenly, he felt chills running through the back and somehow, he knew what they meant. Was directmind to the bedroom door and opened it. There, with his fist in a position to call, was his friend John!

- Hello, John! -Mike hugged his friend.

- How did you know I was here? John was per-complex.

"Intuition, I suppose. Pasa.

- You are an 'uncle' hard to find! I found out about the theft at home and came to see you ended up directly in the tumor at night. Your neighbor told me you were here. Are you okay? How's your head? What is the problem-ma with your apartment? Why are you in a hotel? What's this all about?

Mike raised his hands as if trying to stop the questionnaireNario seemed to fly off, and smiled at John.

"John, my head is fine, and no longer fit in that slum. Nor do I fit in the job I have. We both know.

John was speechless with astonishment. I was hoping that Mike finally decided to quit that job, but is not expected to find it had become a superman of overnight.

-Michael What has happened? You are much changed!

"I know. I can not explain why, but I know a lot! And I'm perfectly harmonized with all, and calm and energized about life.

John I was absorbing everything, and hardly spoke.

"I would like to invite you to drink something cool, but I just LLEgar. Shall we go down to dinner?

- In the restaurant?

"Yes. I'm inviting.

- Well! "John looked intently at Mike. Boy, how you've changed!

The two men left the small room and wase were theLegante restaurant overlooking the hotel lobby. There, Mike spoke to John of anything except sleep. He explained that he had been alone with Shirley, who had plans to find a new job, and also the new perspectiveperspective that was currently living. Mike spoke eloquence of the fact that the truth always wins, and how forgiveness and integrity create peace in any lifetime. Now, in addition to speaking favorably of what he had previously criticized, also accepted the difference of opinion. He told John that a human being did not have to simply accept what was given, and also that one person could create their own reality.

John said nothing. I was totally flabbergasted! Let Mike continue talking throughout the meal, which was long and very pleasant, and to continue lecturing whileMaban dessert and then coffee. He seemed to be listening to a lecture on "how to feel good", but I was hurting. Everything had a perfect sense. Finally the workand spoke, taking advantage of Mike's mouth was full.

"Mike, did you have one of those near-death experience or something?

John was serious. Only a day earlier, Mike had a self-assessment that he was driving to destitution, and that meant that that was discouraged and recreate in their suffering.

"No, John, I guess I had an experience more true to life.

The two men laughed, and it released the tension of the moment. Although the situation was comical, Mike and also was considering what had happened exactly. It was not yet ready to say that his vision had been real, but it felt so good about life!

John did not want to leave, because he was benefitting from the energy surrounding Mike, and he knew it. He had even convinced of the need to find a new job. Mike had instilled the idea that deserved more, and agreed with him. I felt that Mike's enthusiasm and newfound personality filled him with positive energy. This optimistic attitude was addictive And your altruistic ideas? Well, not quite sure, but did not hear wrong. Mike made him think that he deserved muchas good things.

The two men wished good night and, again, Mike gave him a warm hug to John. He realized that Mike had never done before, and now, in one night, he had done twice. What had happened to this man? What a good friend was! It seemed as if Mike studentssaw you in another world, or that somehow still there, but full of peace and love for humanity in general. Not judge and was happy. What a guy! What a change!

Mike returned to his hotel room and sat on the bed. Dare to believe, at least for a moment that the dream of his trip had been real? And if it was, why had regressionsado-Earth? Nothing seemed to fit. Nothing seemed to be what it was supposed to be. What? "Things are not what they seemcen? Mike began to feel a presence unexplorediCable but familiar. His intuition was pushing him forward, and his body was talking.

He rose and crossed the room speaking to a chair. There was something that seemed completely normal. He closed his eyes, spread his hands and spoke aloud ceremoniously.

"In the name of the Spirit, I ask that I be shown what I need to know about this situation. I welcome, but not understand.

Mike was silent, and kept his eyes closed. Entonces, all exploded in a burst of bright light.

Fastfortunately, Mike was transported through the dimensional portal to a place prepared for him and only him. Inner sanctum was appointed to the Communitymunication between Michael Thomas and the Spirit, a place he would return often in his thoughts. There is floating in thespace, fully aware that he was again in a state of "reverie." What if this statement is not truemind a dream?

"No, it's not, Michael Thomas.

White was the voice! Mike Dare to Apreyes go? I did not want to get away from that place, because it was conscious of being in a dimension in which he was only a visitor. I did not want them to return dramatically his hotel room until it was ready. The voice of the great angel continued listening to:

"This is just another state of reality changesda. What is more real to you at this time, Michael?

- White! Mike cried aloud.

"Yes, Michael.

- It's so comforting to hear your voice! "Mike was very excited. Almost cried. White! It was a dream! I knew it!

"It was a dream, Michael.

- What happened? Why I'm not in heaven? Have inhabitantsdo a mistake?

Mike was very happy to talk again with your spiritual friend!

"Open your eyes, Michael. We got company. Mike did what they asked and gradually opened his eyes. The interdimensional portal remained stable, and Mike was not displaced from their meditative state. He was floating

in the lotus position within an area of incredible white and Mike White reminded where there were initial contrast to the huge angel of love. Down, but all around, there were seven bodies in a circle. Before his eyes began to develop seven clusters nebulous colors. Each group was like a cloud of faint color, which slowly and gradually going to condense into form. Mike knew what was happening, and coreason jumped for joy!

Below it, the seven clouds of subtle tones intensified in color, and finally a body flashed in splendor, discovering his brilliant and genuine personalities. There were Blue, Orange, Green, Purple, Red, White and inclusive GOLD!

Evenly spaced, small clouds grew and gradually became the solid forms. Angélicas apparently had known and with whom he had been the previous day. Mike was glad to see them. His friends were there! He was careful not to break the spiritual bond that still connecting with his Dad in the hotel room. Again, Mike was in two places at once.

The seven angelic beings were kept in the sanctuary of Mike for a moment, hands raised ceremoniously toward him, took the center. Mike held with them. Experienced an incredible feeling came from the sacred circle, and honored him silently. The first has been the golden angel.

- Michael Thomas of pure purpose, we give the well-coming!

"And I, you," said Mike, grateful and thankful.

- What do you want to know, Michael?

The golden body almost laughed. Mike knew what he knew and played so it was full of anxiety because I wanted to understand what had gone wrong. Why was back on Earth? This time it was White who responded to the mental question of Mike.

- Could it be that maybe you want to review your original request, Michael?

Michael did not know what he meant white, but remained silent as the great angel spoke. As in a recording video, will pre-Mike sat at a verbatim reproduction of another point in time, a time that Mike had told White what he thought was the HOME. Mike heard his own voice.

"I want to be loved and be surrounded by love. I wish tranquility in my life. I do not want concerns and difficulties in interactions with those around me. I do not want to worry about money. I feel RELEASED! I'm tired of being alone! I mean something for other beings in the universe. I know that if exist is for some reason, and to comply with my part: a part right and proper in God's plan. Truly, I will not be human have been. I want to be like you! "

That was the description of Mike about their expectations respect to HOME. Those were the words he had employee when the great white angel asked him to define the HOME!

Then, it was Blue who spoke:

"Look good in your life, Michael Thomas. You have a handy map that lets you lead a peaceful life, as you understand the contemporary nature of how the Spirit.

Mike knew that Blue was right. Was concerned not to find work the next day. He had his "map", and this would help you navigate to the right place.

Then he heard the voice of the angel orange.

And the gifts and tools for your high vibration on the planet will keep you balanced out the drama of those around you, if you choose. And in the process, have the power to master anything negative to try and get inter-getting in your way!

Orange knew Mike was telling the truth. Not worried about any ancient drama of his life. The incident with Shirley had disappeared from her consciousness as if it never existed.

Green's voice was heard next. Was unmistakable and was full of sense of humor.

"Your biology will give you the freedom you need, Michael. Now it is packed full of wisdom and knowledge.

Mike had never felt better, and knew how to keep in shape. Green's teaching had been decisive!

Then came the turn of Violet. His voice flowed sweeter to the ears of Mike:

"Now you're part of God's plan, Michael, with purpose and responsible. You create your own reality, and there needed to regain even a moment of connection. The family around you!

Mike knew she was right. He certainly would create its future without concern. I knew the family was there to support you would always be in the right place at the right moment.

Red's voice spoke:

"You'll never be the man you were, Michael. Your purpose has changed you forever.

That also was true! Mike could never regress. He was not the same man. Your apartment belonged to a pathetic, which no longer existed. Even should shed old clothing. Mike was a new man!

Then came the voice again spectacular White

"You are a suitable and convenient part of the plan of Amor, Michael. You want without limits, and have the ability to give that same love to other beings. Even you must realize the gift in front of you!

What does this mean? Why was always the Uni White who said something which caused a mystery?

Finally, he heard the voice of the golden body, so broad and powerful, so sacred and so sweet:

- Did you want to become an angel, Michael? What learning gave in my home? You are a wonderful part of God who walks the planet with a very vibration high. An angel in disguise, one of the few who even know, and that is anointed of God.

It was true that Mike had asked to be like the angels, never knowing that it actually was.

Suddenly, everyone talked as if were one, while simultaneously expressing a thought I heard two of Mike.

"This is Home, Michael Thomas. You're here because you asked. It is the place you belong and can make a difference for the planet. Everything you asked for is now in place. You are a warrior of light. As Mary, your human equivalent, resonate with the vibration of God. You killed the giant, has accepted the golden body, and you have the wisdom of the ages! "

There was still more, and Michael Thomas knew that would happen. The angelic beings lost their way again and pitched seven small bright clouds merged together in a brilliant diamond light vibrating! The iridescence and sparkle of the cloud was spectacular, impossible to describe with words. Los Angeles were having a council. Mike intuitively knew. After a while, listen again Charles talk as if they were one.

"Michael Thomas, today we give a new description of entity. While touring the way, Michael Thomas were known as Pure Purpose. Today you are here as a graduate, as an entity of high vibration, which is not completely human nor completely angelic. Sometime, you are now MICHAEL THOMAS, THE PRESENT. This represents Feel the vibration of "now" and is one of the most eminent compliments we can give. "

Mike thought that this sounded very eccentric, but I knew that angels very seriously honoring its new vibration. The spectacular diamond tag gradually adopted mind a diamond that seemed to rise from below and flow over it, covering with a light is shining all space in which it was. Was being washed in love, and again felt overwhelmed by the presence of God. Each of their cells held, And his body responded to an outbreak of feeling and gratitude appropriate. The feeling permeated every pore of the body of Mike, and he knew it was time to return to the hotel chair. The Angels had one more message, and while Mike returned to his seat of meditation, the words of their collective energies rang in your ears.

'Michael the Current, IT LOVES YOU. "

Mike sat a while in the hotel chair, volseeing her 'journey' of meditative realization. All that was experienced in the homes of spiritual training was real! The teachings were accurate and valid, and knowledge and power still residing in it, while sitting in that hotel room in Los Angeles. Discussed the concept and wondered how many more would like it.

Mike was exhausted. Almost fell asleep in the shower, but finally managed to get to bed. Was too tired to think about what was coming. I had to sleep and he did very well indeed.

Al ded below, Mike was ready for life. Stepped onto the balcony of the hotel and watched the area. There was no limit to what could be done. Indeed, it could cause a difference wherever he went.

Mike knew that the future had in store a lot, and had a lot of work and a lot to learn, especially you how to integrate your new vibration while he was already sellers of the old vibration of other humans. Not bad worried. He was in his soul the love and intelligence agency the wisdom of the ages. The Angel Inside is responsible for this, and always would know what to do in each situation.

Find your new job was even easier than you thought Mike. Large companies need goodwe sellers with integrity, and Mike reflected that he was with every word and attitude. He had bought a new wardrobe and had set their goals in a very high level. Joined the company more important than suspected that need technical knowledge bacos, past a sign saying: "You do not need partners." Got the job in minutes and left the building prestopped for another ceremony that focuses on how humans can create your own reality.

Mike had been preoccupied with the novelty of who he was. The fact that this was the HOME I was finally starting to be part of your consciousness. His new job is insured tobacco, and had started looking for a place to live. It was three days and One morning, while in the shower, a sudden understanding hit him like a ton of bricks.

What was it that Mike White had said he has not Bia understand? "Michael, you still have to understand the gift that is before you!". Michael's eyes filled with tears of understanding. That gift was the largest totwo. Only he could have received as a human, and had remained hidden for him in all the great Senior Accountant foundations of his past on Earth! Was paramount in their implications, and Mike knelt while still in fourth to the bathroom and gave thanks for the truth of revelation. She shivered against the potential of it, and searched his memory the information needed. His heart pounded while after thinking about what all this meant.

Let Michael Thomas at this point history. Michael has a search. Thanks to their new gifts and tools, knows that is not complete. Your map will guide you in the right direction, and his sword inside the truth will be your light in the darkness, a vibrating heart rate that will resonate with the note *fa* and sing their joy at the right time. Mike has a clear image from the White House, recorded in the cells co tender reason and mind.

Nothing can prevent a "Michael's Current» find a sacred gift that is waiting in the sea of humanity around him. Her smile is bigger than the human being is able to outline to the absolute certainty that his boos left end with success: all you have to do is log.

Mike realized he had been given the gift of a second chance to find something precious: the love of his life, so powerful that a contract would be a magnet for both, unable to remain separate in mymo planet.

Michael is looking for a beautiful redhead with skin like ivory, and eyes like emeralds. Do not know the names that she does on Earth, but does not care. Anolee be energy to as a beacon in the darkness of his soul.

He thought of the children yet unborn, and this potential announced its decision to find the prime of his life.

There was an electricity in the air, sparking with energy of spiritual purpose and love, ready to perform and stay beautiful. The smell of victory was aromatic. The only pink and determined in Mike's life was about to be

found, admired and loved for her beauty. Her fragancia would be appreciated for a lifetime: conservationvada and adored by her perfect beauty and natural elegance.

She was out there somewhere, and Mike was to findshow him.

The angels smiled and knew that Michael would get his goal.

Michael Thomas was actually in the HOME.

EPILOGUE

Within the pages of this story of Michael Thomas and the seven angels are many metaphors and hidden spiritual truths of the New Era. Since the number of chapters to the numerology of the spiritual names, there mu- Many more lessonstions for those who wish to be identified incatching them.

The colors also have known energies, and can provide a better understanding of what is presented here, much more than the text would have us believe.

Below are some questions isstudy that might be fun to develop them in a group:

1. What was the real message behind the strange map that gave Michael Thomas in the blue house? How could you apply it in everyday life?
2. What was the meaning of food rotting in the way? What is the "food of the Spirit" and why can not exist beyond the plate that is to besaw?
3. Why none of the angels Michael reasoned with, nor did they behave in a wayended when they knew that was headed for a proproblem?
4. Where is the real lesson behind "WE" of our biology?
5. Is the increased vibration of a human being really creates a challenge? Where else have you seen que is given this fact?
6. Why are the weapons of the former Thomas Michael Power were necessary in a spiritual territory? Why are they called "warrior" of light? Is not this an old concept of energy?
7. Who really was That? What is the dark side?

I have to confess something. The metaphysical attribute that represents true story is never mentioned in this libro. Is a word that does not exist in the text. Can you guess what?

While closing this book, ask yourself: "I am in the HOME and Michael Thomas? ".

My greatest desire is that each of you find that place.

LEE CARROLL

P. S. This book was written in several hotel rooms in the United States and Canada. My thanks to the energies of Chicago, Washington DC, Mesa, Arizona, Houston, Gainesville and Orlando, Fla., Indianapolis, Montreal, Milwaukee, Seattle, Atlanta, Tucson, and Kansas City. And all States over which flew while writing on my lap on the plane infallible.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



After graduating with a licenseture in economics and business administration at California Western University (California), Lee Carroll started a business in San Diego that has thrived for twenty-seven years.

And where does all this fit into the parables and stories of angels? As he himself says Lee. God has beaten "the eyebrows" to prove his spiritual experience was real. The year 1989 was the point of return, when the first psychic told him about Kryon, and three years later, the second psychic unconnected with the first, and said the same thing (spelled the name KRYON during a session!).

Sheepishly, he presented the first written about the community KryonDad metaphysics of Del Mar, California, and the rest is history: a total of six metaphysical books were published in the course of four years. Ahora more than a quarter of a million books in print in seven languages distributed throughout the world.

In 1991, Lee and his partner Jan, established groups IKryon uz Del Mar, and spread rapidly from one room home located in a Del Mar church congregation is currently organizingresources worldwide, with audiences of over a thousand people. Kryon has the file folder of the new was more comprehensive and consistent throughout the history of America Online, which attracts many visitors electronic two websites: (www.kryon.com)

and (www.kryon.org) . Magazine *Kryon Quartely*, national distribution, was founded in 1995. This publication period of the new era, with forty pages in full color, in which there is no advertising of any kind, currently has over two thousand subscribers in over twelve countries.

In 1995, Lee was asked to submit their work to the Organization of the United Nations (UN) to a group of graduates of this body, known as the Society for Instruction and Transfortion. The meeting was so well received that he was invited to visit for the second time in 1996.

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