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More importantly, Betty's journey offers a simple message that can change our lives today, showing us our purpose and guiding us to live as we should - joyfully, abundantly, and with love. Page 5 Learn about Library Leaders Forum takes place in this month History Created December 11, 2009 7 revisions Download directory entries: RDF / JSON July 27, 2020 Edited by Clean Up Bot Import existing books February 13, 2020 Edited by Clean Up Bot remove fake items September 11, 2014 Edited by Jackie V Noland Added a description from Amazon.com. May 1, 2012 Under the editorship of ImportBot to import a new book on December 11, 2009. 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EADIE 1992 www.cosmic-people.com www.angels-heaven.org CONTENTS (0) Confessions (1) Foreword (1) First Night (2) Night Deepens (3) Second Day (4) My Death (4) 5) Tunnel (6) Embraced Light (7) Laws (8) Healing - and Dying (9) Looms and Library (10) Garden (11) Welcome Party (12) Many Worlds (13) Body Choice (14) Drunk Man (15) Prayer (16) Council of Men (17) Farewell (18) My Return (19) My Special Angel (0) Afterword This book is dedicated: Light, My Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, to whom I owe everything what I have. It is the staff that I rely on; Without him I would have fallen. To my wonderful Joe, who was a mortal stone of strength and encouragement. For my eight children: Donna Marie, Cheryl Ann, Glenn Allen, Cynthia Carol, Joseph Lee, Stuart Jeffrey, Thomas Britton and Betty Jean, all of whom are salt, taste, in my life. Last but not least, for my eight grandchildren: Kurt Andrew, Jessica Elizabeth, zakari Eggon, Natalia Kathleen, Stephanie Lee, Andrea Meggan, Jennifer Lynn and Keona Marie. These babies are the jewels in my crown. My greatest affection and love for mine. Without his faith in and his love, this book would be almost impossible to write. He performed most of the computer duties, patiently giving me a crash course. He ate televised dinners and wore white shirts for an extra day, so my time would be free to spend at the keyboard. I love you, darling. Thank you! My love and appreciation is with my dear friend Nancy Carlisle, whose heart is filled with love not only for our Savior, but for everyone she meets. Nancy taught me how to express my love more freely. She showed me her devotion to helping others by spending countless hours with me, traveling on performances, listening over and over to account of my experiences, never tiring, and always encouraging me to do more. Nancy was the first to help me lay the groundwork for this book, in 1987. Her faith in me never wavered when I gave up on these previous attempts so that I could take care of my sick father until his death in July 1991. I am truly indebted to Jane Barfuss, who, having attended three of my speeches, wrote a story about my near-mortal experience called The Spirit World. These notes literally traveled all over the world. As a result of Jane's notes, I met many wonderful people who encouraged me to finish this book and write in more detail. I learned more about the near-death experiences of reading The Embrace light than from any other experience in my life, including ten years of studying near-death experiences and interviewing children and adults who have experienced clinical death. Embrace of Light is not only Betty Edie's story of death during surgery and come back to life; it's actually a journey into the meaning of this life. I remember a boy who told his parents after going through a cardiac arrest: I have a wonderful secret to tell you - I went up the stairs to heaven. This young man was too young to explain what he meant. This book contains the same wonderful secret. It is no secret to life after death; it's the secret of life. The near-death experience is actually a dying experience. We will all have one when we die - rich or poor, murderer or saint. I used to think that when we die, we just go into darkness and end our lives. As a critical care physician I have seen many children and adults die and there has never been any reason to think otherwise. It was after I took the time to ask those who had experienced clinical death what the experience was, as I learned that the process of death was often joyful and spiritual. Darkness awaits us not at the end of life, but in a loving light - light, said one child that there is a lot of good in it. The closest experience is not caused by lack of oxygen to the brain, or drugs, or psychological stresses caused by fear of death. Nearly twenty years of scientific research have documented that this experience is a natural and normal process. We've even documented an area of the brain that allows us to have experience. This means that those close to death are absolutely real, not mind hallucinations. They are as real as any other human potential; they are as real as mathematics, as real as language. It's only been eight years since my research team at the University of Washington and Seattle Children's Hospital published this information in the children's journals of the American Medical Association. Although this study has been replicated by researchers around the world, including at the University of Florida, Boston Children's Hospital and Utrecht University in the Netherlands, it is not yet widely understood by the general population. Unfortunately, our society has not yet accepted the scientific advances in understanding the dying process that has taken place over the past two decades. We desperately have to re-educate ourselves that we are spiritual beings as well as biological machines. Many of the problems of our society, including the health crisis, death with dignity, the cult of greed that has bankrupted our economy, the national shame of homeless women and children, all stem from a misunderstanding that we are spiritual beings who are interdependent from each other. Embrace of light teaches us that our own individual life is important and meaningful. I again and again note that those who entered The Light of God at the end of life return with a simple and beautiful message: Love is supreme... Love must manage... We create our own surroundings with thoughts we think... We are sent here to live life to the fullest, to live in abundance, to find joy in our own creations, to experience both failures and successes, to use free will to expand and enlarge our lives. Betty does not return from clinical death with grandiose statements about the creation of a new church or the creation of a miraculous cure for disease, but rather with a simple message of love. The meaning of the near-mortal experience is one that we all know is true, but one that we have forgotten: We must love each other. We must be kind, tolerant, give generous service. This book is really a textbook almost death experience, written as a simple and wonderful story that we can all understand. I have never had an almost death experience, or even a spiritual experience that I can identify, and I have been skeptical that many people shared with me. Of course, the hardest part for a skeptic who wants to understand what it is to be outside the physical body or how death can be a pleasant experience. Betty Eadie's book illustrates the stages of experience with a superb letter that bridges this gap; it makes the incomprehensible understandable. When she began to die, she felt that her body was getting weaker and weaker. Then I felt a surge of energy, pop or release inside me. My first impression was that I was free. There was nothing unnatural about the experience. She then met the spirits of the guardians who helped her understand the important things in her life and then understand her relationship with her family. They helped her in her transition to death. She entered the darkness and traveled in a dark tunnel. I thought this must be where the valley of the shadow of death is, she says. I've never felt more calm in my life. Her experience answers questions that people have had for me for years about near-death experiences - questions I've never been able to answer. She describes her life review from the other side and how she was judged not by others, but by herself. It explains the meaning and causes of some negative near-fatal experiences and why some people are deeply concerned about their experiences. She explains why life is often difficult and why bad things often happen to good people. She explains why people who have died are often reluctant to return to the body. The body's bulky weight and coldness were disgusting, she says. After the joy of spiritual freedom, I became a prisoner of the flesh again. Betty not only had a close-to-death experience as an adult, but she was ready for it, having an almost death experience as a child. Children have a simple and pure experience of death, not concerned with religious or cultural expectations. They do not suppress this experience, as adults often do, nor do they have any problem accepting the spiritual consequences of God's vision. I will never forget a five-year-old girl who shyly said to me, I spoke to Jesus, and he was nice. He told me it wasn't my time to die. Children remember their near-death experiences much more often than adults, and as a result of their experiences they seem easier to accept and understand their own spirituality as adults. If they have another close experience as an adult, it is usually exceptionally powerful and complete. Betty Edir reminds us that the importance of near-death experiences is that they teach us about life. It is only in the last few hundred years that we have decided that there is no spirit in man, and therefore there is no life after death. This has led directly to the unnatural fear of death that permeates our lives and prevents us from living life to the fullest. Betty teaches us that knowing that death is spiritual does not lead to a desire to die, but to a desire to live more completely. Now I knew there was actually a God, she says. I no longer believe only in universal power... I saw a loving creature that created the universe... One little girl told me that when she died, she found out: I had a new life. She told me that although she had heard of heaven in Sunday school, she didn't really believe it. After she died and came back to life, she felt, I'm not afraid to die anymore, because now I know a little more about it. She did not want to die again, but rather, she learned that life for life and light for later. I asked her how different she was because of her experience and she stopped for a long time and said: It's nice to be good. The light hugging teaches us the same lesson: If we are kind, we will have joy. Betty asked Jesus, Why didn't I know this before? and she was told, Before you feel joy, you must know sadness. This simple statement changed the way I understand life. This is what I knew before; actually, I've heard it my whole life. I realize, after reading Betty's book, that my own life has been changed by him, that I need to reconnect with simple truths that I have always known but ignored. As a Native American Indian, Betty attended boarding school as a child. Before school there was a big sign that said: Where there is no vision, people die. Our society has lost its understanding of its own spiritual beliefs and visions. This directly led to the hideous mess we have of dying, where patients die hidden in hospitals in cold company machines rather than in the company of relatives and friends. We have forgotten how to die, as it is no longer a part of our everyday life. At the same time, we forgot how to live. Joseph Campbell, the great mythologist, said that many of our contemporary problems, from drug addiction to violence in our inner cities, arise directly from our collective lack of spiritual vision. We have forgotten that our ordinary life is spiritually important. There is a great secret contained in the Embrace of Light. It's a secret you already know. This is what great prophets and spiritual leaders have been trying to tell us for thousands of years. Betty Edie found out about it, almost dying. She has the right to change your life. Melvin Morse, M.D. (1) The first night something was wrong. My husband, Joe, had left my hospital room just a few minutes before, but already the feeling of feeling envelops me. I would be alone all night, one on the eve of one of my worst problems. Thoughts of death started creeping into my head. Such thoughts do not come to me for years. Why were they so common now? It was the evening of November 18, 1973. I went to the hospital to have a partial hysterectomy. As a thirty-one-year-old mother of seven children who were otherwise in excellent health, I decided to follow my doctor's advice to have both my husband, Joe, and I felt comfortable with the decision. I still felt comfortable with the decision, but something else bothered me now - something indefinable. In our marriage years we rarely spent nights apart and I tried to think about our family and the special intimacy we enjoyed. Although we had six children at home (one died of sudden infant death syndrome when she was an infant), we are sometimes reluctant to leave them. Even on our date nights we would stay at home and let the kids plan our dates for us. Sometimes they served dinner for us, providing a candlelight vigil in the living room with a fire crackling in the fireplace. We usually only had the right music - maybe not the music we would have chosen, but lovely nonetheless. I remembered the evening they served us Chinese food on the decorated coffee table and provided large pillows for us to sit. They turned off the light low, kissed us good night, and giggled as they hurried up the stairs. Joe and I seemed to find a little heaven on earth. I felt of how lucky I was to have a companion as loving and considerate as Joe. He took time off from work to be with me before I went to the hospital and he planned to spend another week at home until I recovered. He and our two eldest daughters, who were fifteen and fourteen years old, were already planning for a wonderful Thanksgiving dinner. Feelings of foreboding settled more heavily on me. Perhaps it was the darkness of the room, the terrible darkness I learned to fear as a girl. Or maybe those sinister feelings came from a different experience at the hospital years ago that still filled me with questions - and wonder. When I was four years old, my parents just broke up. My father used to say that marrying an Indian woman in those days was probably worse than a white man could do. He was a blond Irish Scot, and she was a full-blooded Sau Indian. As the seventh out of ten children, I had almost no chance to get to know one of my parents before they broke up. My mother came back to live on the reservation, and my father went to live with his parents in the city. At that time, six of us children were placed in a Catholic boarding school. It was while in boarding school that first winter that I developed a terrible cough and started to tremble constantly. Forty girls lived in one big room, and I remember one night leaving my bed and going to my sister Joyce's bed. We lay together and cried - I'm in my fever and she's in awe for me. When one of the sisters came on her nightly rounds, she found me and took me back to my bed, which was wet and cold with sweat. Joyce tried to convince my sister of my illness, but to no avail. Finally, on the third night I was taken to the hospital. The doctor diagnosed me with whooping cough and double pneumonia, and he told the nurse to contact my parents. I remember him telling her that I didn't live all night. As I lay on the bed, griet from the fever, I seemed to slip in and out of sleep. One day I felt my hands on my head and, looking up, I saw a nurse, bending her. She ran her hands through my hair and said, She's just a baby. I will never forget the kindness I felt in those words. I snuggled further down into the lids and felt the warmth and content. Her words gave me peace, and I closed my eyes to sleep again. I woke up to the doctor's words: It's too late. We lost it, and I felt the covers pull over my head. I was confused. Why ran he into too late? I turned my head and looked around the room, which didn't seem to be a strange thing, even though the lids were stretched over my face. I saw a doctor and a nurse standing by the bed. I looked around the room and noticed that it was filled with brighter light than before. The bed seemed huge to me, and I remember thinking, I'm like a little brown bug in this big white bed. Then the doctor left, and I became aware of another presence nearby. Suddenly I was not lying on the bed, but in someone's arms. I looked up and saw a man with a beautiful white beard looking at me. His beard fascinated me. It seemed sparkling with bright light, the light that came from within the beard. I giggled and ran my hands through my beard and twisted it on my fingers. I felt completely calm and happy with it. He tenderly shook me, having me in my arms, and although I did not know who he was, I never wanted to leave him. She's breathing again! The nurse shouted, and the doctor ran back into the room. But it was a different room. I was moved to a smaller one which was very dark. The man with the white beard disappeared. My body was wet from fever and I was scared. The doctor turned on the lights, and they took me back to the first room. When my parents arrived, they were told that they had almost lost me. I heard the words, but I still didn't understand them. How could I be lost if I was there the whole time? But it was good to be with my parents again, with people who really knew me and loved me - like a man with a white beard. I asked them who the man was and where he went, but they didn't know what I was talking about. I told them about a doctor who said it was too late and how a man with a white light in his beard came and held me, but they had no answers. They never did. This experience would have been mine to cherish as an oasis of love throughout my young life. Memory has never changed, and every time I remember it, I get the sense of calm and happiness that I had in his arms. I tried to remember those memories now as darkness seeped into my room. From those early days away from my parents, the darkness terrified me. Now, alone in the dark again, a strange feeling was in the room. Death seemed to be swirling all around me. My thoughts filled with him, stuck in it. Death God. These two seemed to last forever forever. What was waiting for me on the other side? If I died tomorrow, would I find? Eternal death? Eternity with a vengeful God? I wasn't sure. And what was God like? I only hoped he wasn't as kid at boarding school. I still remember the details of this first school building with its giant brick walls and dark, cold rooms. A chain fence separated the boys' dormitory from the girls' dormitory, and another fence ran through the perimeter of the school. We were locked in from the world and apart. I still remember that first morning when my brothers were brought into one building while my sisters and I were brought to another. I will never forget the fear in their eyes when they looked back at us for the last time. I thought my heart was going to break. My two sisters and I were taken to a small room where the nuns de-loused us in chemicals and cut our hair. Then they gave us two dresses each, one color for one week, the other the next week. This uniform will help identify the fugitives. Our older sister Thelma, whom we named Sis, was separated from us and sent to another room for older girls. That first night, Joyce and I lined up with the other girls and walked into the room where we stood by our beds until my sister whispered. Then we quickly got to bed, the light was pressed and the door was locked outside. Being locked in this big darkened room terrified me. In the darkness I waited in horror until the dream finally gratefully overcame me. On Sunday, all the children attended church, which offered me and my sisters the opportunity to see our brothers on the other side of the chapel. As I struggled through the crush of girls to get an idea of my brothers that first Sunday, I felt a knock to the head. I turned around and saw a long pole with a rubber ball at the end. The sisters have used this tool to correct our behavior in the church, and this will only be the first of many times I have felt this. Because I found it hard to understand what the bells meant and when I had to get down on my knees, I was tapped on the pole often. However, I was able to see my brothers and it was worth no punishment with the ball. We were taught about God there, and I learned many things that I never considered. We were told that we Indians were pagans and sinners, and of course I believed that. The nuns had to be special in God's eyes, and we found out that they were there to help us. My sister Thelma was often beaten by them with a hose and then had to thank her sister who did it or was beaten again. These were God's chosen servants, as I believed, and I began to fear God immensely because of them. Everything I learned about him heightened that fear. He seemed angry, impatient and very strong, which meant he would probably destroy me or send me straight to hell on Judgment Day - or before that if I crossed it. This god of boarding school was a creature I hoped never I looked at the big clock on the wall. It's only been a few minutes since Joe left. Just a few minutes. The tiny light above the sink in my room produced just enough light to create dark shadows - shadows that hung in my imagination like nightmares from my past. My mind must be hurting! I thought, I had to control it to find the world or the night would be endless. I settled down and tried to find happier thoughts from my past. The ray of light began to shine. Brainard Indian School run by Wesleyan Methodists. I will never forget reading on my first day there is a big sign that stood in front of the school: Where there is no vision people perish. I thought, of course, that the sign applies to Indians, and that since it was a school, we were there to be trained to have more vision. This idea was probably backed up by other signs that I saw in the city, for example: No Indians or dogs are allowed. Brainard Indian School has proven to be a more positive experience than my previous ones were. We enjoyed the cozy, less formal atmosphere and the teachers seemed to appreciate being around the students. I learned that God meant different things to different people. Instead of the angry, vengeful God that I learned before, these people taught a happy God who was glad when we were happy. On our Divine clock, people often shouted Amen and hallelujah, and it took some time to get used to their sudden outbursts. Although I have acknowledged that there are different ways to look at God and worship him, I think I remain convinced that he is still a God who would punish me if I ever died and appeared before him. In the summer, I attended both Lutheran and Baptist churches, and sometimes the two parents arrived, they were told that they had almost lost me. I heard the words, but I still didn't understand them. How could I be lost if I was there the whole time? But it was good to be with my parents again, with people who really knew me and loved me - like a man with a white beard. I asked them who the man was and where he went, but they didn't know what I was talking about. I told them about a doctor who said it was too late and how a man with a white light in his beard came and held me, but they had no answers. They never did. This experience would have been mine to cherish as an oasis of love throughout my young life. Memory has never changed, and every time I remember it, I get the sense of calm and happiness that I had in his arms. I tried to remember those memories now as darkness seeped into my room. From those early days away from my parents, the darkness terrified me. 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in what they had to give. Years passed, and my struggle from depression seemed slow and painful, but it started to happen. However, my healing could not have happened without an increased ability to pray. In heaven, God taught me to express my desires directly to him directly from my heart. Besides, after my return, he taught me patience and how to listen to him and him. I have learned that I need to find God in me and in this world and in all his creation, to perceive happiness and love on earth and, find peace in my heart. In my struggle I learned that I could not find love at all without first experiencing the love within myself for myself. I knew I had to develop love for myself before I could love others. This journey was difficult for me. This led me to the valleys so dark and the depth so great that the only emotion I felt at first was despair. And despair would hold me if I did not fight him through prayer. My struggle for survival showed other things that I was taught in the spiritual world. I have found that seeking help through prayer can lead us to redirect our thoughts on life and lead us to live God's plan for us. Following this pattern and conscious of his will, I was eventually healed and brought out of the darkness I felt. I sought religion early in life, joining almost every church available to me by accident that one of them would be right in their claim to make me acceptable to God. I expected to find this power in the church because I lacked faith and confidence that I would be able to please God in my own power. Now, after this experience, I have learned that the only way back to God is through love and love: the love that Jesus taught and expressed to me in heaven. This love, complete and perfect, cannot be found in any particular church. Christ told me this, but my needs were enormous, and I wanted to be with like-minded people whose faith included not only God as our Heavenly Father, but Jesus as our Savior. Accepting Jesus has never been a question for me in heaven. I knew who he was when I saw him, and pure knowledge of his role on earth made our salvation clear and very simple for me. It made me feel closer to him and allowed me to love him with all my heart. No church on earth can claim him, or his love, for himself solely. But I know that he is glad when we join others in faith and prayer, worship in gratitude, and practice and share our love by serving each other in our needs. These actions, often facilitated by churches, brought us closer to God. I began to understand one more thing that I was shown in heaven: that all of God's children, both here and there, are at different levels of spiritual growth. Before my experience, I didn't know this, and judged people according to the only standard I knew, which was my own. And my standards changed depending on my stage of life and the level to which I grew up. Now I knew that many souls had gained more knowledge than others, thanks to time and experience, and that each of them was constantly working hard to get more. Great lessons come through difficulties and teach pain experience and mistakes. This understanding helped me see the land as the ideal environment for our schooling. We do not all begin as equals in wisdom, spiritual ability, or in the power of love. Equality would not bring growth or give us problems, we must learn or teach. Those who come to earth as teachers internalize the wisdom of wisdom through love, expressing that wisdom in your life and teaching it. This strengthens both the teacher and the student. Those who come as students acquire the knowledge to love through trial and error, blessing us all. Our struggle with each other hones our skills and improves our spiritual evolution by becoming what God is, which further blesses His kingdom. Aware of this ideal cycle of learning and learning, I realized that I had to take my knowledge and use it to bless others. I started volunteer work, which included counseling dying cancer patients. I was at the bedside as many struggled to stay alive because they were so afraid of death. These precious moments blessed me with the opportunity to share my knowledge and understanding of God and the afterlife that calmed their fears. I was very happy to watch them be free from this life and return peacefully to Heavenly Father. My joy in sharing increased with each patient as I could describe the wonders of heaven I experienced them without contempt or disbelief. Sometimes patients shared their experiences with me, some of which included what I already knew. But through their exchange, I re-experienced my own journey and felt once again everything I so wanted to feel. Time passed, and as I learned to give my love, I became closer to God in a greater sense than I can fully describe. I could access the love I had with Christ: so much so that it will be good inside me with such intensity that if I don't let it out, I felt it would burst! I began to release this love first to my family, then to our pets and plants and, finally, the biggest challenge to strangers. I saw how they reacted, and they often healed if they were sick. I felt the weight of my mission, the value of my goal, and the desire to accomplish it blossomed and grew until it seemed like my only passion. I opened a counseling clinic and hypnotherapy clinic and started using the knowledge I learned about the Spirit to help people. I knew that the wounded soul could begin to heal as soon as the time and cause of its mutation were discovered and understood. I also knew that the only healing ointment was the love and power of God that love brings. I made these my tools and experienced a lot of success, seeing that many people have become good again and regain the ability to move forward in their lives. It has been nineteen years since my experience with death, and I have lost interest in almost all materials, including television, radio and news. My dedication to the family and clinic encouraged my time and I was happy to give it. I rarely went to the movies or entertained guests at home; I didn't feel the need to. My greatest aspiration stems from my knowledge and love for Heavenly Father, and I wanted to share what I knew with those who could understand. Tuning in to God's will in this became necessary, and I struggled, as to maintain that intuitiveness. However, during my experience with God, I gained an open mind and who blessed me to get his desires for me. This openness has made me available to His Spirit now and receptive to hearing his direction. Soon I was shown that I should write my experience in a book and give it the right: Embrace the Light. I knew nothing about writing or publishing; however, it did not seem to be required of me. God knew how he wanted this book to come out; I just had to react to his will. He chose a publisher, he chose the media, and once this path was established, The Embrace of light moved into the world, filling the hearts, capable of the spirit that God so blessed him to have. I soon received invitations to speak as a guest on almost every radio and television talk show note. People would ask if I was nervous meeting famous personalities and said no because I didn't watch or listen to their show and didn't know how famous they were. For nineteen years God kept me focused on other things; it was only during the talk show that I realized that his defense kept me pretty naive. But after witnessing the splendor of heaven, fame and wealth on earth meant nothing to me. The roles we play on earth have a new meaning for me, so I have seen every known person as another of God's children, able to combine his influence and talent with mine to help deliver the Embrace. Within one month of its publication, Embraced by the Light became a regional bestseller. Five months later, he appeared on the New York Times bestseller list. Bookstore executives, however, were confused by the placement of Embraced on their shelves. Many New Age and Christian shops rejected the book outright, one for its being too Christian, the other for its being too New Age. When I was making book signings in general bookstores, I was always curious to know where the hug was put off - according to religion, self-help, inspiring, new age, non-fiction, or maybe philosophy, or death research, or grief? It can be anywhere, and usually in more than one section at a time. Then, four months later, Embraced by the Light became the number one bestseller on all major lists in America. It was then that I teased some store managers that God grew as tired as I heard about the problem of posting, so he made it number one, so giving a hug to his own shelf to rest on... In front of the store! He spent more than a year there, powerfully telling the world that God exists, that He loves us and wants us to love each other. I think there can be no greater study than exploring God and the afterlife with him. To know that we are his divine children and that we continue to exist with him after this life means to reduce the fears of millennials. To know that the earth and our life here have a divine purpose is to know that life does not make sense. However, There are mysteries that must remain a mystery until now, through the wisdom of God. Scientists and doctors and practice what they know until they find evidence of a larger body of laws or principles that teach them more. The same acceptance and acceptance of certain principles of truth opens the door to greater enlightenment. Life develops, there is continuous growth, and there are several, if any, absolutes. God is without limitations and limitations, and anything is possible because of his infinite wisdom. He is uncrenain and without interference with his expression. We develop spiritual beings as he is, and are blessed and motivated by the same Spirit. Our development requires faith in his knowledge. As we live our lives on Earth, we are brought to the level of understanding in accordance with our ability to perceive. Our growth depends on both spiritual and physical elements created by the power of our divine, living, Creator. Knowing our divine nature is essential to the continued growth of our spirits. We are blessed to remember our closeness to Heavenly Father when He gives us a spiritual experience. Near and beyond the experience, the service of angels, and all sorts of spiritual experiences are not new to our world. Throughout history and from the earliest records, many such experiences are recorded. These experiences were and remain necessary to bring the hearts of mankind back to God. By their very nature, they point us to our divinity, to God, because we are His children. His creation. Every burst of His Spirit awakens us and creates key moments that can make a difference around the world if we accept them and make a difference. When we do, our lives become more meaningful, balanced and reassuring, and the love we develop dispels our fears. It is so inhabited today, when terrorism and the difficulties of nations create chaos and tragedy throughout the world, and hearts turn to God for comfort and security. His amazing Spirit comes in these times, uniting us with greater strength, and the miracle of a miracle becomes apparent as, as a result of tragedy, stories of his work come to light to increase our faith. The hand of God also takes place in our personal lives as we fight through our mistakes, our losses and disappointments. In these private times, if we seek Him, God's gift of His Spirit shows us when and where we are out of alignment with Him, and signals us to adjust to better our circumstances and ourselves. Always pushing in the most appropriate moments for growth, a surge of spirituality as a result of our troubles can lead us to improve our world and create a stronger foundation for the worlds in the future. Who am I, what experience has been given to me to share? I do not know. I only know that I was sent back to share it, and when I achieved that goal, I know I will return to be with those with whom my heart has found such joy. The exact fulfillment of my mission and what it entails still eludes me. There is more that I have to do, and I will do it and in the service of how God leads leads I need many years to feel comfortable about having a message to share: a message that includes Christ and his defense of love. I know that for many God has used my knowledge of Him to guide them to Him. But all is given by God, God has blessed. He prepares those who are ready and makes them receive his message by any means and through whatever the best. Others who aren't ready won't get it because they can't. But God does not refuse and does not give up. He will still draw each of his children to him, whether in this life or beyond. The light-hugging continue to open doors long closed by fear. It brings God to a life where he has not been before. For these reasons, I am honored to serve as a messenger of truth. Any discomfort on my part is a sacrifice that I am willing to bear, because I have seen the glory of God, and I have witnessed His unconditional love for all of us. Allowing our light to shine, allowing our love and truth to come from as many people as possible, is a mission given to each of us. Allowing our kindness into ripples in other people's lives not only brings us closer to godlike; it creates the spiritual Awakening of the World. This Awakening is gaining momentum, resulting in many approaching God. This progression is universal and unstoppable. It must come from our hearts, our lives, in the lives of others. This is not God's compassionate work alone: it is our work, our opportunity, and it can only progress when we tie our energy to it. There are no mistakes, only opportunities for spiritual growth. And when divine windows are opened according to God's plan, unusual things happen, miracles happen, strange puzzles, deep amazement and pleasure, and the mysterious makes us want more. So committed with the Embraced Light. Since November 18, 1973, more experience has come to me, and, guided by the Spirit, I am guided by them. The embrace of light should not have been complete: it is a plough that breaks the earth for further light to follow. In 1996, four years after Embraced was first published, I was moved to write The Awakening of the Heart. This book is a seed: information shared to answer the many questions raised by the Embrace of Light, encourage thoughts and awaken hearts to God. Three years after this book, in 1999, I published Ripple Effect. This book points to our harvest: a lot of ripples in life, their causes and consequences. Hundreds of real-life stories are used in this book to illustrate how one act has consequences far beyond those we experience. This is my first book. I was guided by a number to write the Divine Hour, using favorite quotes from my other three books, scriptures from the Bible, prayers, and affirmation. This book continues to teach the principles that I have learned by offering daily strength to weather the difficulties of life. In these and all the other books that I will continue to share the love of God as given to me through his son, son, Christ. I still wonder from time to time what my full mission entails, but through the knowledge and wisdom of God no understanding of this has ever been, and no answers have yet been offered. I just live my life one day in his will, trusting that my mission will unfold and fulfill my purpose as he guides me. I know that by following my heart in the light of Jesus Christ and accepting His love, I will be directed to do whatever is required of me. This is what I know: that regardless of my admission, regardless of the obvious success or failure, regardless of pain or sacrifice, I must share this message. I will continue to create as many ripples into humanity as God blesses me for creation. If it's him, I'll eat his love until my voice disappears and my body fades. And I invite everyone who feels the call to do the same. Sharing our knowledge of God's love is the greatest gift we can offer. First of all, to love each other. To write Betty J. Eadie: Betty J. Eadie c/o Ojinkinta Productions PO Box 25490 Seattle WA 98125 USA Visit her website on www.embracedbythelight.com Betty remains fully dedicated to continuing to share the message contained in Embraced by the Light and deeply appreciates your help. More than 7,000 pages in Czech and 18,000 pages in other languages and 5,000 photos of Cosmic People - Angels of Heaven - can be found on the website: www.universe-people.com www.cosmic-people.com www.angels-light.org www.angels-heaven.org www.ashtar-sheran.org www.200-countries-download.org www.all-the-world-downloads.org www.we-arent-slaves.org www.universe-people.cz www.andele-nebe.cz www.andelenebe.cz www.vesmirni-lide.cz www.vesmirnilide.cz www.andele-svetla.cz www.andelesvetla.cz www.anjeli-neba.sk www.anjeli-svetla.sk www.stahuje-200-zemi.cz www.stahuje-cely-svet.cz www.nejsme-otroci.cz www.himmels-engel.de www.angeles-luz.es www.angely-sveta.ru www.anges-lumiere.fr www.angelo-luce.it www.anioly-nieba.pl www.feny-angyalai.hu www.anjeli-neba.com.hr www.anjos-ceu.eu www.angeli-raja.eu www.engelen-hemel.nl www.ingerjii-cerului.ro www.cennetin-melekleri.web.tr www.himmelens-anglar.se www.himmelens-anglar.se

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