

The Wonder Child, A Journey Through the Light and Back

By Mellen-Thomas Benedict

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This is the transcript of a YouTube video that was posted on August 2, 2017. The original video is located here: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=x8c1RH3YFog>

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This is a chapter synopsis. I would like to start with a quote from Rumi:

"Out beyond ideas of wrong doing and right doing, there is a field. I'll meet you there."

Chapter One - How I Got Mine

I was a casualty of the Cold War, a casualty of fear, of the future, of nuclear bombs, burning rain forests, toxic waste, oil spills, violence and the population explosion. I bought into the doom and gloom messages reported by the media as I was growing up. At that time, the experts were portraying what I believed to be a hopelessly negative future. We had enough nuclear missiles to blow up the earth 500 times. The number of homeless and starving people was growing every day, and the experts offered little hope of reversing the damage we had inflicted on the planet. It seemed as if there was no way out for the human race.

Then I became very interested in ecology and joined Greenpeace and other groups and watched many documentaries on TV. Then I saw a satellite picture published by an ecology group which likened the city of Los Angeles to cancer cells. After that, I began to see all human beings as a cancer ravaging the planet and I lost all hope for humanity. I didn't realize it at the time, but my world view was killing me. I believed humans were a cancer and I manifested what I believed. In 1981, I was diagnosed with terminal brain cancer.

Chapter Two - I Was Dreaming of Waking Up

"This stuff will make you glow in the dark," the nurse said as she injected me with a radioactive dye for a scan. This brought me back from daydreaming about my childhood. For many years while growing up, I shared fond adventures with my brother Michael. Those were happier days, no cares, just school, an after-school play. But now my days were filled with medical testing, bills I couldn't pay, and doctors who couldn't help me. I was a self-employed stained glass artist with no medical insurance. I'd been having headaches and periodic blackouts for months.

When the pain could no longer be tolerated, I finally went to see a doctor. I'll never forget the look on his face as he was showing me the X-rays of my head. Before he could speak, I wisecracked, "Hey doc, am I going to live?" His face said it all. He then told me I had an incurable and an inoperable brain cancer and that I had probably six to eight months to live. I left the hospital numb with shock and disbelief.

Chapter Three - The Rage of Death

I wanted a second opinion but had no money to pay for one, sinking me deeper into self-pity and anger. At one point, I went to a world-renowned university medical center for a second opinion. When I was asked how I would be paying for the test, I explained to the secretary that I was a self-employed artist and wanted to set up monthly payments. She directed me to another secretary who then presented me to an administrator. He gave me a little lecture and informed me that the hospital was unable to help me and then asked me to leave.

My last resort was the public health department. The public health clinic was a different world and I felt out of place in it. I was shuffled from office to office and met with paperwork at every turn. When I finally did get to see a specialist, he told me that there was nothing he could do to help me, the condition was inoperable, there was no cure. Chemotherapy and radiation might slightly extend my life if it didn't leave me a vegetable.

After a month-long struggle to get a second opinion, I was once again given no hope. I left the clinic that day a broken human being. At home, I fell on the kitchen floor crying and cursing God, I rolled and thrashed, kicking chairs and overturning the table. I went into a rage, an all-consuming fire burned my soul I cursed myself, my life, my parents, the doctors. I cursed God in every way imaginable. I felt that I would explode.

I remember seeing my dog, America, looking wild-eyed at me in terror. I screeched at him, "What do you want, you stupid dog? Get out of here!" chasing him out of the house and into the backyard.

When I saw again the confusion and fear on his noble face, I ripped the back door halfway off its hinges and left it dangling. I screamed until I felt my head was going to burst, and a warm welcomed darkness enveloped me. I fell to my knees holding my head and passed out on the kitchen floor. When I regained consciousness, it was dark outside and my dog was sitting next to me watching over me like a guardian. I sat up and hugged him for a long time. It was the longest, darkest night of my life and all I could see was more darkness coming.

Chapter Four - The Valley of Death

What would you do if you knew you only had six months to live? Most people say that they would do something exotic such as travel the world. This wasn't an option for me since I was almost completely out of money by this time. One afternoon, I got a call from a friend inviting me to go out for a ride to the beach with her and another friend. Although I wasn't going out much at the time because of my chronic blackouts and migraines, I decided to accept her invitation. It led me to the angel with whom I would spend my final days.

When my friend picked me up, she introduced me to a woman named Susan. We headed to the beach. As we pulled into the parking lot of the beach café, I became engulfed in one of my frequent migraines. My friends unaware of my condition asked if I needed an aspirin or something. I told them nothing could take away the pain. At that moment, Susan gently touched the back of my neck. To my amazement, the pain totally vanished. A few minutes later, the three of us were walking along the water's edge. My friends talked about their aspirations for the future. I listened, I thought how nice it would be to have dreams and a life to pursue them.

Then Susan turned to me and asked, "What are your dreams?"

No longer able to hold back my tears, I suddenly broke down and wept. I told them that I was terminal and maybe had three to six months to live, that I had no money and that I just wanted to get it over with. We all held each other and cried. I never expected to see Susan again, but she telephoned me a few days later and said she had a plan if I was interested. She told me that she had some hospice training and explained what that was. She was divorced and her children were grown. Financially comfortable, she was going up to the mountains to house-sit for a friend for six months and volunteered to be my caretaker. We discussed the details. It was a beautiful, quiet little house in the country. Remembering how her touch erased my pain, I wanted to be near this angelic woman. I bid farewell to friends and family and was relocated to the mountains within two weeks.

Chapter Five - In a Strange Land

It was several months before my life actually came to an end. There was a small library in the house with some books on world religions, and I began an exploration into this thing called God, mainly so that I wouldn't be surprised on the other side. I was not a religious person and had never thought deeply about what God might be or what happens to us after we die. My view of God was that if He truly did exist, He was up there somewhere. I was looking for something to believe in and pondered concepts such as eternity, Heaven and Hell, and morality for the first time in my life. Nothing I read could have prepared me for what I encountered on the other side.

Chapter Six - Light of God in the Valley of Death

I'd like to begin this chapter with a poem:

Of all that God has shown me,
I can speak just the smallest word,
not more than a honeybee
takes on her foot
from an over spilling jar.

The final days and hours of my life were consumed with self-pity and episodes of pain so profound I was left absolutely stupefied without a thought of any kind. There was pain, only pain. I would spend hour after hour in a haze of burnouts, whiteouts and blackouts, occasionally feeling almost normal. Even Susan's miracle touch didn't seem to help much in those last few weeks.

One morning in 1982, I dreamt of a brilliant shower of sunbeams so real that the power of it actually woke me up. I sat straight up in my bed, it was dark with just a trace of light on the hills outside my windows. I looked at the clock and it was about 4:30 AM. I was very clearheaded and calm. Then a feeling came over me like a cool, crisp wave, and I sensed that today I was going to die. I wasn't upset. In fact, I was deeply relieved in a way. I had never felt this way before. It was such a deep knowing. I got up, put my feet on the cold, wooden floor and called to Susan several times until she came into my room. She appeared very sleepy and asked, "What's wrong? Are you in pain again?"

"No, not right now," I answered, "But I have the strangest feeling."

She just stared at me for several moments before responding, "What do you mean?"

"I think I'm going to die today," I said and began weeping.

She came over and sat beside me. We hugged and talked for a few minutes before I reminded her of our agreement. If I went into a coma, she would not call anyone until she was sure I was dead. She would also leave my body alone as long as possible using her best judgment. I had read that in some cultures, the body is left alone for hours or even days after death, and for various reasons I wanted my body left alone. I had written a living will stating that I did not want to be resuscitated, I wanted my body cremated and my ashes returned to my mother with instructions that she should sprinkle me over the flower beds she had lovingly planted around the house. That's honestly how I thought I was going to end up, nothing but ashes. That's how I thought we would all end up.

Susan had full instructions on contacting my parents. We had already checked out the newest funeral parlor. She knew what to do when the time came, and the time was very near. We talked for about 15 minutes and then I told her I wanted to make some calls. She said she was still sleepy and would check in on me later. I telephoned a few friends but got answering machines, so I just said, "Hello, this is Mellen. It's been nice knowing you. Goodbye." I know it was strange, but I just didn't know what to say. I almost called my mother, but I thought it would panic her. I wanted her to find out once it was all said and done.

The sun was just lighting the sky and I laid back down beneath the warm covers. The last thing I remember is the frost patterns on the windows of my room. I slipped into a deep sleep. All at once I sensed a sort of pulling feeling, and the next thing I knew I was surrounded by strange darkness and was looking at my whole body from the outside and slightly above. I thought, "This is weird. I've never seen my whole body from the outside before. What's going on here?" This was like no dream I'd ever had, this was very real. As I focused my attention, I floated over to my body lying on the bed, I could see and feel something leaving all parts of my body. It was some sort of vapor, like misty rainbow waves of changing colors, amazing.

Then somehow it occurred to me that this vapor was my life leaving me. I tried to stop it, but my hands just made ripples in the patterns leaving my body. Panicking, I looked around for some kind of help, but what and how? Suddenly I could see into Susan's room from where I was. I wanted to run but it seemed like I floated down the hall into her room. She was sleeping deeply and looked like an angel to me. I tried to wake her by yelling and shaking her, but my hands went right through her. Although she would shift in her covers every time I tried, she did not wake up.

Somehow, I found myself back in my room hovering over my body. I just stared and watched my body dying. All of the life was leaving it rapidly now and I felt I was being pulled away from it in the vapors. I was being drawn into a dense darkness, it was a deep forest of tangled shadows that were grabbing and trying to hold me. These dark shadows felt very sticky and somehow abrasive. It is still difficult to describe the exact qualities. The feeling was like one of my arms was holding onto the other and wouldn't let go. The more I tried to pull away, the tighter the shadows held me.

About this time, scenes from my life began to appear all around me like little cameo movies, each story are eventfully played out. As these scenes played, I was put back in touch with so many things about my life that I had forgotten or oppressed for one reason or another, things I didn't want to remember or was too young to comprehend. I was shown how much my mother wanted me and how she prayed for a child to come into her life before she became pregnant with me. I was amazed to see that she was praying for me. While in her womb, I saw that because my body was made out of her body, I was a part

of her love, fears and life issues. I was also in touch with everything about her, including her world view, good and bad, as well as all of my ancestors' likes and dislikes, positive and negative traits.

My mother divorced my biological father before I started school, and I saw things about him I had never seen before, things my mother never told me. She didn't speak poorly of him as many divorced mothers do to their children, but I saw things that made my skin crawl. The many times my father beat my mother while she was carrying me, when he punched her, especially in the belly, I sensed it as a fetus inside her. It sounded and felt like thunder. I could even feel her physical and emotional pain. It was frightening.

I don't know how others handled it, but I became very angry with my father. In those fights, I was programmed to mistrust men, that the world was a dangerous place and that love was painful. I saw the reason I had never fully given myself in love or told anyone except my mother that I love them. The meaning of love for me was pain. I made sure my relationships were full of it. I wasn't a bad person, I was just in a lot of pain and didn't know why until this life review showed me. I could feel all the pain that was ever given to me and why, as well as the pain I had given to others. I saw that everything we do and think affects so many around us, like ripples on a pond reaching and touching others far more than we might imagine.

I may not have liked the path my life had taken, but there it was, and at last it all made perfect sense. I lived out this pattern of inner pain until the day I died. Although I'd always told myself I was all right with my pain, I could see now that I never really was all right and that on deeper levels no one ever is. Not only did all the bad things arise, but so did all the good things that I had ever done or received from others. I saw that I had been given so much love in so many ways but had been unaware of most of it. I saw how many times I had refused love because of my life issues. Time after time I had chosen pain instead of love and tried to love people who would give me pain.

It seemed it was all the little things that really made the big differences, like the time I stopped to help a stranger, give a hug, or speak a kind word to someone who was feeling down, or just to enjoy the simple things of life. My life review seemed to go on and on. I saw all the little details of the way I had lived and the way my life had affected everyone and everything. This was not happening in real time as we know it. The intricate, vivid details and all the emotions were happening simultaneously. Years of my life played away as my body lay there dying.

At some point, I cried out, "Enough! Enough! Where am I?" Everything stopped and the shadows began to close in tighter. I felt all alone and very cold. I saw that the vapor waves were no longer coming from my body. This made me feel sad and afraid in a strange sort of way. I realized that I must be dying or already dead. Then I saw a tiny light far off in the distance. I didn't know why, but I wanted to go there. It felt very alluring, like the arms of your ideal mother or father. I tried to reach the light but to no avail. I couldn't move. The shadows had a grip on me. It was a strange, sticky feeling.

I know now that it was all of my life issues feeding back on me, all of my demons, fear, abandonment, betrayal, unworthiness, loneliness, pain, hopelessness, came out of the darkness from all sides and stuck to me, trying to consume me like cold, black, sticky fire. It felt terrible. Although I didn't consider myself a believer, I now cried deeply within my soul, "God, please help me!" It was like calling to your mother or father for help.

Suddenly that tiny speck of light grew larger and brighter and more intense. I could begin to feel the light shining on me. More than anything I had ever wanted in my life, I wanted to go to that light, but it was still so far away and the cold, fiery shadows were engulfing me in waves. Now, completely consumed by the shadows, I fell into what I can only describe as Hell, and what a fall it was. It was as if I was sinking into a suffocating black hole, it was my personal Hell. But there were millions of others all around me in their own hells suffering and grieving in every way imaginable. My pain and fear was amplified millions of times. I cannot and do not want to describe this any further than to say it was each individual's version of eternal misery.

It seemed like I was in Hell for eternity, when somehow I noticed that I could still see that speck of light way off in the distance. I also saw that every other Hell around me had a speck of light, but no one was paying attention to it. We were all so consumed in our own fear, grief, loss, hopelessness, anger and on and on. There seemed to be no bottom or end to this pain. I felt cut off from and yet somehow intimately connected to all the suffering around me. Feeling cut off by my own pain was the darkest part of this Hell for me. And yet all around me were millions of others, each caught up in their own private Hell.

In the midst of all my suffering, I remembered that the light became brighter when I called to it. I cried out with all my soul, "Please help me! Please help me!" I now began to focus less on my pain and more on the light. The more I summoned my will to focus on the light, the brighter and more intense it became. It occurred to me that if there was any way out of this place, it was the light. I focused all of my energy, and that was no easy task, and called out to the light with every atom of my being, all without words, just emotion and energy.

Suddenly, everything stopped. There was a great silence in Hell, mine and all the others. The intensity of the light continued to grow until I felt spears of light shooting through me, piercing my heart, hands and feet, then my head and eyes, giving me strength. Then, out of the light, a golden beam shaped like a halo came towards me. As it moved closer, I could see that it was a towering golden angel. I had always believed angels to exist only in fairytales, but there before me was the most beautiful angel. I felt so much love emulating from this being, I saw its golden face, powerful wings and shimmering skirt.

I didn't know what to do, so I asked, "Are you the Angel of Death?"

"There is no death. There is only eternal life," the angel answered.

"Who are you then? Can you save me, please?" I begged.

"I am your guardian angel, your higher self, your oversoul," answered the angel, "I have been with you all of your life."

Upon hearing these words, I became aware of another part of myself, a larger, higher part that I had only glimpsed as a child and in rare dreams throughout my life. I had not understood that this was the larger part of me, the oversoul, or the source of inspiration, my connection to the light. I cried, "Where am I? Am I in Hell? Can you save me from this suffering, or must I stay here forever? What did I do to deserve this Hell?"

Then I was enveloped in the angel's shimmering golden skirt. From inside it, it seemed to be transparent. "Look again at your life," the angel said.

I began to slowly spiral inside the angel's skirt, seeing again my life's demons, the shadows, the cold, sticky fire clawing at the skirt all around me. This time, however, I was protected in the skirt of the angel and could see the shadows without fear. The angel explained to me that I was trapped in my negative life issues, that they had consumed me, not just here but all during my life as well. Then I realized that Hell is a state of consciousness, very real and existing in both life and what we call death. But consciousness survives death, and the individual takes their issues, positive and negative, with them to the other side.

"So below, so above, and so above, so below," the angel said, and then, "No soul was ever created to suffer."

"So why then have I suffered?" I asked.

"Ignorance and fear, fear of survival," the angel answered, "Look."

I was shown more aspects of my life in exquisite detail. I realized how ignorant I had been because I did not know how the pieces of life create a tapestry that can be woven, unwoven and rewoven by everything that we do, how every thread has a reason and a purpose. I had come into this world full of fear and anger. I saw my biological father's life and experienced his rage, allowing me to understand why he was the way he was.

I could see my mother's fear of survival in her adopted mother's hands, and later in my father's hands. This was her program, or life pattern. I also experienced my brother's life, to whom I had transferred a great deal of fear and anger as it had been transferred to me from my parents. I could see why my grandmother had been so cruel to my mother and why the grandparents on both sides of the family had never felt close to their grandchildren, and so on and on. Every little aspect was playing out. I could see and feel how fear and ignorance dominates so many lives.

"Please, I've seen enough! Don't make me watch this forever," I pleaded. For the first time, I could begin to see why I was the person I had become. "Can I leave this place? I don't want to be here anymore," I asked. Suddenly, everything stopped and there rose a profound silence, except for an ever so slight hiss all around me. I waited it seemed forever for an answer.

"This is your life," the angel whispered into my right ear, "What do you really want?"

"I want to leave here, please!" I replied.

"Then let go of your negative life issues."

"What do you mean? How do I do it? I'll do anything," I said.

"Listen to me now. You have the power, you have always had the power to be free, awaiting inside you."

"But how?" I asked.

"Forgive all your life issues, forgive everyone and everything in your life. Fear is the only Hell," said the angel, "Love your life, everyone and everything, and fear no more."

At that very moment, I came face to face with my life and trusting in life as never before, I said and meant, "I love my life, all of it." I surrendered, and what an incredible release that was. Loving my life freed me from my Hell. I felt free and light, the first inklings of a love light, of being loved like never before.

"The time has come for you. You can leave. You always could," the angel said, "Now, reach to me and come."

I reached out emotionally for the angel. I could see millions of souls still trapped in their private Hells. Most of them were totally consumed by the traumas they had suffered or created in their lives. A few, from what I could see, seemed to actually be enjoying Hell. Some others seemed to be bored with the whole thing. But millions of souls were begging to be saved. I asked why these souls were unable to be free.

"They are already free," answered the angel, "They hold themselves to negative patterns, memories, prejudices and fear. None of these negative qualities exist where you desire to be."

I was protected by the angel and we moved at light speed through this realm of Hell consciousness. I shouted to the others, "Call to the light! Call to the light! You can leave this place any time! Come on! Let's leave Hell together!" I kept yelling, "Call to the light! Call to the light! You can leave! You can leave!"

And you know, many did call to the light, many souls did leave Hell together, sort of a group exodus. I can tell you the whole thing caused quite a ruckus in Hell that day. I would meet some of these souls later after my return to life, we recognize each other every time. I sailed with the angel out of Hell and through several other realms, like varying degrees of light and dark, finally leaving the darkness behind.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"You desire to be with the light," the angel answered.

"Yes," was my first response.

The angel changed back into a golden halo, which transformed into a beautiful tunnel of multicolored rings of light. I had never seen such colors before. It was as if I could actually feel them, and I had never felt so good or so safe. As I flew faster and faster into the tunnel of light, I noticed a second light coming up. It was that tiny light I saw in the shadows of Hell, and now as this light was getting larger and larger, I wanted to move even faster and faster towards it. And although I was feeling wonderful, it occurred to me, "What is going to happen to me in that light?"

And so I asked, "Please wait a minute. Wait a minute." And to my surprise, I stopped, just stopped, everything just stopped. When I did, I noticed that I was engulfed in a profound silence, except for that very faint hiss. I was still in the beautiful tunnel and the big light seemed to be closer than ever.

All at once, I had heard a resounding, "Yes," as if to say, "Yes, what is your desire?"

"I want to think about all this for a minute," I said.

"All right," was the simple response.

I paused for what seemed like a split second. "What is going on here?" I thought.

And as soon as I thought the question, it was answered. "This is your life and rebirth and you are totally interactive," said the angel.

I understood in an instant what that meant, life is an interactive experience, and what we call death is just as interactive as life, it's not just a passive experience. This was an awesome realization. Imagine that, John Lennon was right.

"What now?" I asked.

"What do you desire most?" was the reply.

"Take me to God," I wished without hesitation.

The light at the end of the tunnel, instantly I was before an awesome light that was brighter than a million suns. It was like an all-encompassing, vast sea of endless love light. It was the light at the end of the tunnel, and it penetrated through the essence of my soul. I felt illuminated, fully conscious, totally present in every moment of everything. I was lit up with love light.

In absolute awe, I asked the light, "Are you God?"

Then within the light I saw a figure smiling at me, and I immediately knew that it was the Christ. I mean, the real thing, the true vibration, love, compassion, forgiveness, everything you've ever heard about Christ or Christ consciousness. It blew me away. Even though I spent some years of my youth in a Catholic boarding school, I had always thought the Jesus story was just that, a story, and here was Christ Himself before me, gracing me on every level. Wow.

As Christ was gracing me, the light transformed, and within it I saw the Buddha as a living lotus, the center unfolding endlessly, every petal blossoming a different Buddha, and all of them sacred. The grace was profoundly beautiful. Then the light transformed ever so wonderfully into Lord Krishna, with glistening iridescent blue skin of such grace and power. And the light transformed yet again, this time into the great Allah, grace beyond grace, the sun, the moon, the stars, and so very much more. I saw Mohammed in absolute devotion and total bliss at Allah's bejeweled feet. Man, oh man, I ran over and kissed the bejeweled feet of the great Allah, and then the feet of Mohammed who laughed with grace at this wonder-struck child that I was, and as Mohammed laughed with me, I was in total bliss.

The light continued to transform into an endless cascade of Gods, each and every one of them was for real and sacred. I was there, I know for sure now. I felt their grace and power. I honored all of them, African, Egyptian, Greek, Hebrew, Christian, Islam, Native American, and so on and on. I was in the God stream of consciousness where all gods are valid and very, very real. I was given knowledge at light

speed, as fast as I could think a question, I was graced with answers from the transforming light of the gods. I thought of many things and was shown my desires.

"Am I in Heaven?" I asked.

"Yes, you always have been. The universe and everything is already in Heaven from before the beginning of time," the light answered.

"Who or what then is the most real or truest or greatest God of all?" I asked.

There was no response this time. I asked again, and a third time before my question was answered. It came as a realization, opening as a wellspring in the deepest part of my soul, accompanied by a multitude of angelic voices. It also sounded a little bit like that hiss I had heard before. The voices whispered, "Who and what is not God."

I realized how true this was. If I tried to name what is God, I would have to name everything in the universe more, so I saw that the entire universe is the body of God. There is nothing real or imagined that is not God's stuff. All at once it dawned on me that if everything is God, then I must also be God. At that second, I experienced the, "I am," that which is in all. I realized that I was interacting with a matrix of unimaginable energy, the super-conscious or higher self realm. This energy realm is a very real place, a dimension of the most magnificent subtle energy of life. It was like being in the purest and most complete non-judgment and acceptance I have ever known. It transformed me to be accepted and loved totally in that way. The instant the light embraces, one will never, ever be the same again.

I had so many questions, and all of them were being answered completely. I saw that the tunnel of light was like a naval cord, the silver cord, connecting each and every soul to the source of life, to God, and that everything one experiences while going to the light is their own feedback loop or stream of consciousness made up of the thoughts, beliefs, prejudices, all of their life issues. That's why a Christian will most likely have a Christian-oriented experience, and a Buddhist, a Muslim, a Catholic, a Native American, and an African will each have their own personal experience. And the journey will be custom-tailored by each individual's personal belief system.

I saw that everyone, no matter what religious or philosophical group they may belong to, has a slightly different angle or way of interpreting God, the universe, good and evil, love and fear, even the colors of the rainbow. And that's what's so wonderful about human beings, we each look at life in our own individual and unique way. Our different views and opinions make this world a richer place to be in. Our lives would become very dull indeed if we all thought about things in exactly the same way. I was also shown that more often than we know, our rigid beliefs, prejudices and fear of survival can limit our fuller understanding of the true meaning of life. Life is about more, much more than we can imagine at this time. I knew this was the truth and I wanted to explore as much of the universe as possible.

"Since we are all God," I asked, "Then why are humans so evil? Why are we destroying our planet and each other?" This was a big one for me, because my world view killed me. I died in fear of nuclear war, toxic waste, violence, pollution and overpopulation. Suddenly, the light transformed and I was able to see to the full extent of my soul. It gleamed and swirled into a kaleidoscope, or a mandala, of human souls. It was the most beautiful thing I have ever seen.

At that moment, the light responded sweetly, "Oh, beautiful human," and I was gently pulled inside this light matrix of all the human souls that had ever lived. I became aware that I was in the core essence of my own soul, which was an integral part of an ancient, exquisite and very highly-developed group of souls we call humanity. I saw that all humans are the same human. Each and every one of us is a unique and important facet of something much, much larger.

I was astounded to see, feel and know in every way possible that there was no evil whatsoever in the human soul. Can you imagine that? There never was and never will be. I got to see into every human soul on the planet, including my own. I saw that we are all soulmates in the most intimate way, from our atoms to our biology to our cosmology. Every negative notion I ever had about human beings exploded in that moment. I sighed, "Oh, beautiful human," and fell in love with humanity.

There was a name for this special place within the mandala of human souls, it is called the Heartland. Just as there are lower realms of darkness, the Heartland is that matrix of all human consciousness in its highest aspects, most loving thoughts, the wisdom of the ages, our highest energy and love light. Anyone who could see what I have seen would fall in love with humanity forever. This realm of human wisdom and love is very real stuff. It's at the next subtle energy level, or the soul level. I saw that science would eventually prove without a doubt that the soul does in fact exist.

In this group soul matrix, I watched the stream of consciousness of the ages. Humans are the sum total of all that has come before us in this living system we call life on earth. I watched as the history of earth's evolution played out in film strips made of our DNA ribbons. It was like watching the dance of life, all the ancient ribbons dancing together, weaving, unweaving and reweaving, endless creations which formed a tapestry made up of all the life on earth.

In humbled awe, I witnessed the birth of the first humans. We are the youngest child of a greater, more ancient, and more intelligent being, the Gaia. I saw that the earth is a living, super-intelligent, spiritual being. Humans are a part of this whole living system. Ancient man realized this and thought of himself as a child of nature, the wonder child of the gods. He knew that the earth was his mother. Modern man is now remembering this, and his place in the scheme of things seems like a revelation to him.

This is what I saw, that whatever you may call God, that which is without beginning or an end, created the present universe and all the other universes, which in the timeless elegance of the music of the spheres, created all the worlds, including our solar system. That the sun and all the planets in our solar system are a cosmic life force that formed the earth out of itself and gave her life, and the earth, as a mother, gives her life to us. All of this is God's play. We are truly the children of the earth, who is a child of the universe, who itself is a child of God.

As modern man developed his intellect in the areas of philosophy, mathematics and science, he separated himself for a time from the rest of the natural system that had created him. We've been like children at an early age who haven't yet made the connection that our parents had something to do with our creation. As for humanity being evil, I was shown that compared to the rest of the natural world, the human system is graceful and kind. I observed what one night in the jungle would be like, all the wild animals, bugs and plants, feeding and preying on each other, a place where everything is food. There are no laws against murder or rape, there is no concern about life and death as we know it.

Is it evil when a lion hunts down a baby gazelle while its mother stands by helplessly watching? I was given an example seeing through the life of an insect. Ants, locusts, and the mighty termite have made more wars and created much more destruction in their realm over the eons than humans have in ours. We are part of a greater living and self-correcting being. The earth itself has made more species, plant, insect and animal extinct than mankind ever will.

The earth has created and recycled more toxic pollution than man has or will make before developing non-polluting technologies. Just think of all the toxic material volcanoes have spewed forth since the beginning of the earth. And then there are the forest fires, et cetera. Yellowstone National Park is one of nature's toxic waste dumps, but we think it's beautiful, don't we?

Humans have evolved up the entire evolutionary chain of life, from a single-cell amoeba all the way up through the plant and animal kingdoms. We are just now evolving out of the animal cycle, Homo sapien or wise ape, into the next level of our growth as enlightened beings. You kill a human and it's a big deal to us, what, with the emotional pain, the paperwork, the funeral arrangements and the property settlements. We haven't evolved sense of these things. Humans hunt and prey on each other much less than the rest of this living system. The time of humans hunting and preying on each other is coming to an end as we evolve out of the survival mode of existence.

"Show me more about the wars of mankind," I asked. In a fantastic time lapse movie, I watched all the human wars from the beginning of time on earth, wars small and large, feeble and great, wars that never made it into the history books of man but are recorded as everything is in our book of life, the DNA ribbon. This book of life is in every cell of our present body, as well as the higher self group soul matrix. I saw wars between nations and small tribes and even little fights among children. I watched great civilizations conquering and being conquered, broken up, re-assimilated and redefined.

History changed every time this happened, sometimes massively, sometimes minutely. I could see the entire earth all at the same time. It was a tremendous holographic movie. To me, it looked as if the earth was still in its egg stage, a developing cosmic egg, all of the individual parts totally self-centered, busy developing themselves. But all of these parts, each one equally important to the whole, were forming a greater living thing.

We humans have had a narrow understanding about the true nature of lifeforms. We have tended to compare everything to our form and intelligence. I saw that we humans are like the brain cells of this system, the part that knows that it is, the part that can name all the other parts. We have a reflective consciousness, we are that part of the earth which can look out at the stars and the heavens, invent ways to study the stars and discover that we are made from stardust, and in fact, everything is made from stardust.

I saw that we are an intrinsic part of what we call the ecology, or nature. Human beings are the youngest creation in this life system. Very few new species have evolved since the human. In fact, humans create more new species now than nature does. This is because Gaia, the earth, is forming a global brain, and the cells of this brain are human beings. All of the other systems are developed and prepared for us, the rivers and streams are like circulatory systems, the forests are like the lungs, the ocean like the liver, and so on. Continents, mountain ranges, valleys, deserts and jungles are all alive, growing and transforming themselves into a greater lifeform.

The biological world is constantly transforming and expanding its consciousness or life experience. Inorganic life is also transforming, but not nearly as quickly as the organic biological world. It was incredible to watch evolution on this mammoth scale. It became clear to me that the human world evolved quite naturally out of inorganic life into organic life or biological life systems. It was an elegant site to see the first humans arise out of Gaia, who itself arose out of stardust, which in turn arose out of the center of God.

I heard the first human thoughts as they were forming in the newly born mind. It was a spectacular evolution, an immense and ancient stream of consciousness awakening in this newborn babe, humanity. Since the creation of the human being, evolution on this planet has speeded up tremendously. The human world is now transforming faster than any other system. It was glorious to watch the evolution of Gaia, of all of us, as a cosmic and sacred being, like seeing life forming inside of an egg. It was a fantastic spiritual awakening for me.

From the Big Bang to this present moment has been like a single breath to God. I saw that creation itself has just begun, and that life in this universe is just getting started, especially for us. Technically, we have not yet been born. This new creation will be born when the entire system, including humans, is ready just as all the parts of a baby come together before its birth. A mother's womb is a very small universe, but when a baby is born it becomes aware of and joins in a world of human beings.

When we are born in consciousness as a planetary being, when all the living systems link up and interface as a whole conscious cosmic lifeform, then we will truly experience the entire solar system as our local celestial body. I call this living organism, our entire solar system, the Sun Gaia System. I was graced to see the beautiful and elegant relationships of all of the planets and moons, asteroid belt, orbits of the planets, their mass, gravities, attractions and energies. Think of the planet Earth as an egg and the solar system as our greater body, which we are growing into. Now, that's quite an interesting lifeform. The global brain, or being, is forming. And then there is the solar being, and right on up to the galaxy, or the galactic brain, and so on and on as we grow into our universal being or consciousness.

As I witnessed the beauty of Gaia's evolutionary process, I was surprised to see that we actually need more people on the planet. Like brain cells growing, we haven't yet achieved the optimum density to be born, but we are very close. It takes all of us to make this next shift into the global being. No one is more or less important than the other in this great enterprise, we are the wonder child of the universe and we are about to be born.

Because humanity is in its embryo stage, we often cannot see the forest for the trees. Our infantile intelligence has been so self-centered that it has separated us from the rest of the world and universe as well as each other. This is the way it's supposed to be until about this time in evolution. We've all been very busy developing ourselves and getting ready to be born. Modern man is now discovering that the intellect alone can only begin to comprehend the fullness of the universe. There are more stars in the night sky than there ever will be philosophies, religions or sciences.

As far as I could tell from the other side, the universe was not created as an intellectual exercise. Feel free to intellectualize it, but the universe will never be limited by intellectual estimations. The universe is only partially intellectual. It is by far a more sensual and total sentient place. If one tries to understand the universe or even an individual life solely from the mental point of view, one will always fall short of the fuller, more whole state of being.

What is this state of being? We came from a wise God, a wise universe, and a wise solar system. Humans are wise beings. Everything we do is wise. God designed us for success. It's in every atom of our being. We are the sum total of all that has come and gone before us on this planet and the universe. Think of it, billions of years and unimaginable energy has already gone into our creation, even our very cells and DNA. Our consciousness evolved from the mind of God and was distilled by the Sun Gaia System of life into our very essence. We are a very young creation and yet the seeds of ancient stars. Soon we will realize this truth and the way it applies to each individual life as well as to all of humanity's future.

Just as children grow into wiser adults, humanity is designed to blossom into a new creation, the global human. This global human is very independent, resourceful, and yet highly synergistic with the global net, or web, as in the web of life. Humanity is now awakening into a new consciousness about its place, or role, in the universe. A brilliant golden age was revealed to me. We have never in this world seen the likes of it.

Global charities sprang up as massive amounts of money, food and love were bestowed upon the needy of the world as never before in history. Although much of this charity has been inefficient, it still indicates that our love for each other is growing by leaps and bounds. We will learn to be much more efficient at giving and sharing as time goes on. That we have even created these graceful infrastructures is wonderful, and what they evolve into is even more incredible.

I saw that there is a wisdom and an intricate sense of timing to everything that we do. When we split the atom, we split open our cosmic egg, we split ourselves from the past and expanded our consciousness into new paradigms. In the near future, survival games will come to an end. I witnessed the natural wars of growth and expansion, continent against continent, mountain against mountain, and then the biological wars of growth and expansion, from the first single-cell organism to the human being. This was awesome. It looked like cellular division and growth but on a planetary scale. The entire planet rippled with life.

From the Stone Age to the present, human beings have been making war, and for some very good reasons. One of the most important is a very natural thing called hybrid vigor. Hybrid vigor is a scientific term, which describes a combining of multiple aspects in order to improve and/or increase the integrity of the whole. All the wars of humanity have been an important part of this planetary hybrid vigor. No single race, religion, philosophy or kingdom has or will rule this world for very long. That's because Gaia and the universe is an unlimited creation. Imagine what this world would be like if the pharaohs of Ancient Egypt still ruled, there wouldn't have been much chance for the rest of us worker bees to evolve.

Humans are presently the focal point of evolution on this planet. Any kingdom or system that suppresses the Human-Gaia spirit will attract enemies or disintegrators to break it up, Egypt, Greece, Rome. You know, Julius Caesar, Alexander the Great, Genghis Khan, Adolf Hitler are just a few examples. Wars have served many purposes in the Gaia life system. Some of the main things I saw were cultural integration and race mixing. Yes, race mixing seems to be very important to Gaia. This increases the genetic hybrid vigor of all humans.

Think about it, one of the byproducts of all human wars has been cultural and race mixing. In modern times, this happened to a large extent during World War I, World War II, Korea and Vietnam. Please forgive me for upsetting anyone, but as I saw it on the other side, any race of people which considers

itself a pure race and will not mix with other cultures will eventually attract enemies to dissolve and recycle it. Pure genetics is unnatural when we are technically the same being. It would be like the foot saying, "I don't want to be part of this system anymore." That would create severe stress on the rest of the body, wouldn't it?

The Nazi movement of World War II represented a cancer in the human psyche that would have seriously restricted the rest of the world had they ruled it, so all of the armies of the world joined forces like the T cells of the immune system to attack the cancer and wipe it out. This was a healing of the system. Every lifeform on the planet has done it many times over. The universe is self-correcting and so is all life on earth. Each human being is the universe in microcosm, therefore each human being is also self-correcting.

I saw that we are coming to the end of wars because they no longer serve their purpose. The ease of global travel, decreased racial and religious restrictions, global television and advanced communications are doing more now for cultural and race mixing, hybrid vigor, than wars ever did. And with today's modern weaponry, war is much too destructive and expensive a proposition, it just doesn't make sense anymore.

It astounded me to see that from the single-cell lifeforms from which we evolved all the way up to the present time, our entire life system has been completely in the survival mode of existence. I had never thought of that before. It has been an awesome development of life and reproduction to get to where we are now. Everything, including humanity, has been focused on survival, and rightly so. I watched in amazement as I was shown that humans are about to transcend the survival mode of existence.

[Note: The audio recording that Mellen-Thomas made (which is transcribed above) abruptly ends here. The original video, which is posted on YouTube, contains this comment: "audio is cut off towards the end if I find the remaining minutes I'll upload again."]