

April 10, 1993

I was on my way to a business meeting in the general vicinity of downtown Los Angeles, when from the center of my consciousness came the voice that speaks without words, whose messages are always clear and commanding, even if we sometimes choose not to obey its wise dictates.

I already knew what was coming, direction to another location, which I also knew. Without a second thought I changed the route to go where I knew I would be directed.

Finally, the words reached their lowest vibratory level and with great clarity made their desire known to my objective mind.

“Go to Forest Lawn. Now!”

This time intuition had triumphed over waiting for the thing to be said so, already on the way, I was ahead of the game. It only required a few minutes to arrive and, as I approached the gates, I already felt the presence of spirit.

On my youthful visits to Forest Lawn with my parents, I always felt a strong connectedness with the deep green grass, the marble statue of Christ, the stained glass window depicting the Last Supper, the painting of the Crucifixion and, of course, with the peacefully reposing dear departed whom the entire place was really all about.

Of course, having grown up as the Compleat Outsider, the dead were a natural choice for friends and, as such, I always experienced a feeling of comfort where they enjoyed their eternal rest.

I had also been greatly interested in the horror-oriented comic books of the era and collected pictures of all manner of monsters, werewolves, Dr. Frankenstein’s creation, and any other odd or frightening creature I could get my hands on.

This day I was not being summoned by the Wolfman or The Beast That Swallowed Sheboygan, but by something, someone, much closer and infinitely more real, the spirit dwelling at the core of my own being.

It was going on 9:30 AM when I reached the small Garden of Remembrance on that cold, wet morning. The sun was taking its first peek through the morning pall of clouds and as the rays touched the wet grass tiny orbs of color sparkled in the damp green matting covering the ground.

The walk up to the statue dubbed *Christus* was comfortingly familiar. Gazing upon the superbly rendered face of Jesus, a beam of sunlight reflected from the eyes, making me feel it was a moment of special revelation.

The shards of sunlight narrowed and disappeared as the cloud cover repaired the holes in its fabric and the sky darkened once more. The entire tone of the garden changed, the atmosphere charged with an energy different from that of a few moments ago.

I heard a buzzing sound and my head began reeling. Almost keeling over on to the wet grass, I was able to stop myself. Turning to leave, I was face-to-face with a giant angel perched directly in my path.

Almost overcome by the rainbow of light surrounding this being, I covered my face and trembled until I worked up enough courage to peek through my fingers. The clouds were gone; I felt disconnected from my sense of self. My awareness was malfunctioning, as was my body, the latter would not follow the commands of the former. I felt absolutely inert, as a lump of clay.

Then the angel spoke in a sound range well above that of regular hearing, the sound flowing directly into my mind.

“Assuage your fears,” was the simple message, which immediately calmed my fear though the physical trembling did not abate for another moment or two.

I stood in a center of tranquility where naught mattered save the angel’s voice, the gentle music that had soothed my nerves and had me awash in tender waves of peace.

The Angel of Light spoke again. “You will be beginning a new direction that will take you to a higher level of experience. The dead that have always been a comfort to you will for a time leave you; you will be alone.”

I felt myself overcome with emotion, struggling to keep myself focused on the angel’s words, with their message that even then was causing me to feel alone and forsaken. There was no further explanation as to the changes I was told to anticipate, but I know when I receive such a message it is necessary to apply maximum effort to clarify the message.

Another early morning, on my way home from my mountain, a feeling of tremendous, inexpressible joy surged through me, a sensation of light filled my brain. I felt all was well and the world was in perfect order. Even the road seemed more wonderful than ever before. I was flying on the wings of morning, caressing the face of the infinite.

Similarly, this morning the Angel had placed a special benediction upon me, a divine unction, alerting me to an impending important change in my circumstances and no doubt anointing me with the energy and insight that would be needed to handle it properly.

Without another word, my angelic companion began to melt into a rainbow of light, the garden scene returning within seconds to its ordinary manifestation.

With a business appointment still awaiting me, I reassembled my thoughts and returned to the car.