

Back on Track

The Realm of the Theta Universe is ours to Claim, it is our Divine Birthright.

Readers let me tell you I've just finished reading and not for the first time either, a most eagerly anticipated book, appropriately titled **Back on Track**, by first time author **Joanne Antoun**, published by **Destiny's Door** and available in all good book stores.

However I feel it only fair to set the record straight here, the author is a long-time personal and dearly valued friend.

Reading this constant page turner, was as **Riveting**, as it was **Mesmerizing** an all round **Inspirational** walk through her fascinating life to this point, well constructed, it had me laughing and crying with her, questioning what's gone wrong with people in general, why it is a portion of the population have become so displaced with there attitude to life in general.

However reading Joanne's book reminded me of a past event which I would like to share with you, this was one of those landmark events "*apart from seeing my children born that is, I never tier of seeing the miracle of birth*" one of those Clarion wakeup calls some souls need from time to time, or as like to think of it, a defining moment in my life to this point.

The profundity of the realisation was such that it helped make me into the Polished Professional Metaphysical Practitioner I am today "*that is apart from my Dedication, Passion, Desire for life, and to just be the best person I can be*".

What you are about to read from hereon in, is a true account of something so spectacular, mere words fail to describe the whole experience.

It was a truly gratifying and life altering event to say the least. It was like a scene from a futuristic yet to be made Hollywood science fiction block buster.

Some years ago now my father of Sixty Four years, past away quite unexpectedly in his sleep and was subsequently cremated and his ashes taken back to the family plot in the United Kingdom there to dream sweet dreams with the rest of his terrestrial kin.

Not long after my father died I experienced a very moving OBE, also known as an Out of Body Experience, this very profound out of body experience was so real it

defies words or explanation, well in those days it did anyway, however these days I fully understand what transpired.

This event was so real I can still recall it in all its detail, the vibrant colour's, the other people, the sights, sound and smells, you know what I mean, it just had so much texture to it.

My first recollection was of being led to a table in a garden café setting, everything was so much brighter and pristine; the air was clean and pure, rich with the sweet aromas of Rose, Jasmine, Frankincense and Myrrh a veritable potpourri to delight the senses with. I suppose I'd been seated for no less than three to five minutes before my father, how can I put this, dropped out of orb ✝ and simply materialised in front of me, dressed in a pristine white shirt with French cuffs and gold cufflinks, a gold tie, with a blue three piece suit and a cream trench coat over the top, he was my father alright, but not as I remembered him before we last set mortal eyes on each other. He was in his early thirty's, young vibrant and healthy, with a full head of jet black hair, I remember we talked for a period of time about this and that nothing to specific, it was a more of a I'm alright Son you do need to worry about me type of chat.

“ There was this incredible feeling of serene peace up there, no pain or suffering for those are mortal words used for personifying an emotion, they have no meaning or substance in the celestial realm ”

The next thing I remember is my father saying I'll be seeing you Son, he got up to leave our table he walked a short distance to my right, he walked up four steps to a polished oval door with three big golden hinges on its left side and as he opened that door to the great beyond he paused, I could just see the most beautiful brilliant golden light shining through a 2 inch gap, he stopped for a second or two and looked right into my heart and said Son I have a small favour to ask of you, and I said ask away, he said, look after your mother for me will you, to which I said, your wish is my command, consider it done, he stepped through the door and that was the last I saw of him, or at least that's what I thought, that was until the day in question which is the day I'm writing about now.

Six months after the day his soul had taken flight *“ to that glorious expanse above called the celestial realm ”*, I was going through a really difficult period in my life *“ as you might expect when you're going through the grieving process etc ”*.

On the day in question, I decided I just had to get out of the house, get some fresh air, clear my head, I was beginning to feel like a caged tiger, if I'd stayed in there any longer I was going end it all, it was one of those bad hair, I'm frustration days, my thoughts where all over the place, nothing seemed to make sense at all.

I jumped on a 254 bus and went to my favourite Church of England cathedral in the city of Sydney, there to contemplate, prey and meditate on a very profound event which transpired three weeks after my father had past over, where I went through what is commonly referred to as an out of body experience, an astonishing turn of events were set in place on that miracles day.

“ Now I would not consider myself the deeply religious type any longer, I just find the peace, quiet and solitude of the cathedral refreshing, other people tend to leave you alone and respect your privacy and space in a church.

In those days St Andrews used to have a small Christening Crypt on the right-hand side of the Cathedral, that was before it was renovated and refurbished ”.

When ever I felt the need to be alone, of to church I would go, I always sat in the same spot, the third row from the back, left hand side about half way down the pew *“ call me a creature of habit ”*.

On this particular day, I’m not sure how long I’d been there for, probably between Twenty-five to Thirty-five minutes praying, crying, alone with my thoughts, when I suddenly became aware of a presence to my right.

I thought it was the priest coming to ask me if I was alright or if there was anything he could do for me, or maybe to quieten it down. Well strike me pink and blow me over with a feather, how wrong was I.

For there was my father sitting less than six inches from my right shoulder, just as I had seen him in my out of body experience, he was wearing a pristine white shirt with French cuffs, gold cufflinks, gold tie, blue three piece suit and cream trench coat.

“ Wow ” for ten seconds or so I was utterly dumbfounded to say the least at the sight of seeing my late father looking right into my eyes, heart and soul.

I can still remember my exact words to him as if it where yesterday. I said *“ what on earth are you doing here.... but you’re supposed to be dead ”*. He said *“ That’s a fine way to greet me Son;... and actually I’m more alive than you are ”*. *“ I thought to myself, ye really, ‘I’ve heard and read about stuff like this, but I never in my wildest dreams thought it would actually be happening to me’ but I thought only angels where supposed to be able to do this sort of thing ” “ What makes you think I’m not an angel, outside of the earth we are all angels, you’ve been praying and asking for an angel to help you, so here I am ”*. I asked *“ But why you dad ”*..... *“ Because just maybe and for once in your life Son you’ll finally stop and start listen to what I have to tell you.*

When I got to heaven the Etheric Council showed me the error of my ways back on earth and what it was I did not do while I was there, now to atone for some of my misgivings I’ve been made one of your spiritual guides, my job is to assist you on your path and journey home, they showed me the Blue Print of who you are and

what it is you're here to do in this lifetime, on behalf of God and the Celestial Realm ”.

So Dad talked and I listened intently, occasionally asking the odd relevant question or two, but mainly listening to what he had to say.

I remember being transfixed on his brilliant blue eyes and his commanding gentle voice and presence. His sheer charisma was awe inspiring. How long we talked for, I'm not exactly sure. Time had stopped, it seemed almost irrelevant, I felt ever so much alive in his presence, energised and invigorated, it was such an unreal experience. When he'd finished telling me everything he had to tell me, he said “ Now Son, finish your prayers and by the time you're finished I will have gone ”.

I thanked him and gave him a huge heartfelt gratitude hug. Dad was solid warm and real, I was tingling hugging him. This was to be the last time I ever saw my father “ *in the spiritual flesh that is* ” however it was not the last time I heard from him. So as per his instructions I meticulously finished my prayers, composed myself and true to his word he was gone.

For a moment or so I sat there pinching myself thinking maybe I was dreaming or could this really be happening to me. Was my imagination playing tricks on me? What was in my mug of tea this morning? Then I put both hands on the spot where just minute's earlier dad had been sitting and the seat was still extremely warm to touch. By the way those pews are made of solid wood. Where he'd been sitting was hot enough to cook eggs on.

Much warmer than where I'd been sitting for a much longer period of time. I suppose at this point I should say to you “ *you do the maths, how can that be, tell me how a supposedly dead person can leave so much powerful energy behind, feel so much more alive than I am right here as you read this article* ”.

Well since that awe inspiring turn of events, one by one some of the things that he told me have come true. For instance, he forecast the sudden demise of my then marriage, “ *something I didn't take in when he was talking to me at that time, I think I remember saying to myself ye right that'll be the day* ” sure it was absolutely gut wrenching at the time when my wife of ten years suddenly and without any warning ended it all between us and walked out of our marriage, however I got over that as you do.

I've never lost sight of the long view and since then I've quite literally been living largely to the blue print of events he told me about, sometimes in graphic detail, one thing that sticks out in my mind was a quotation he gave me; today is a blank page make it count, each day is the first day of the rest of your life long journey live it to the fullest and enjoy every moment of it, life is not a dress rehearsal life is precious, be in it and live it.

This experience was a revelation of Divine Love, Light and Consciousness that Is Me, As Me, Through Me and By Me. These were my father's words, not mine. I'm just the messenger, the instrument of communication. To this day he continues to be a source of inspiration to me, thanks Dad for being my teacher in death as well in life.

Just how magickal and life altering an experience was that for me? Well, some people say meeting the Pope is heaven on earth. Well for them maybe it is. On the other hand, I met Pope John Paul the 2nd and it wasn't a life altering event for me, far from it. Meeting my dead yet living father was so incredibly liberating, and as such, more life altering for me than you can imagine. So what's the moral of this story, well if you've read Joanne's book you will discover the moral behind this epic event?

The moral is real very simple. God moves in mysterious ways, yours and mine is not to reason but to accept, have Faith, Believe, Live life with a Passion like there is no tomorrow, every day's a blank page, make history, make history from your heart, you see just like Joanne I also found that God has ways of keeping you on track or getting you Back on Track, like Joanne my preys where heard and answered, its all about your faith and belief, in believing God hears all your preys.

‡ A Point of Clarification

So what do I mean by the saying **Dropped Out Of Orb**, well according to my late Father and several other exceptionally enlightened mentors, angelic beings when they want to travel to anywhere, dematerialise into a **Ball of Pure Light** and **Conscious Energy** called an **Orb of Light**, when they get to where they are going they simply re-materialise back into an angelic being again, so I suppose that's what my late father did in front of me, its hard to describe it's a cross between freaky, mind-boggling and exciting all at the same time, you know the beam me up and beam me down Scotty stuff out Star Trek, well this is from the angelic perspective.