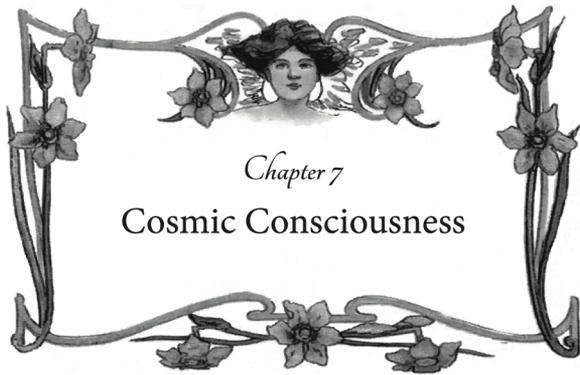
A surreal landscape featuring a single tree on a golden, curved hill. The hill and the tree are mirrored in a sky filled with clouds and stars, creating a symmetrical, dreamlike scene. The overall color palette is dominated by warm golds and yellows, contrasted with the cool blues and purples of the starry sky.

*Swedenborg's
Daughter
Memoirs of a Mystic*

Donna Wolfe Gatti



Chapter 7
Cosmic Consciousness

And so it is that you ask for divine intervention, when you yourself are divine. Everything about you is divine. All that exists was created by our most divine Creator, and all are divine in the oneness of Creation.

—Angel Odessa

In October of 1988, I had the best mystical experience of my life. It was so wonderful that the only thing better would be more of the same. From the very beginning it was different from my other trips to the spiritual realm. In the past, Spirit had rescued me because I was sick or scared or close to death. This time all was well. I was healthy, happy, grateful for my blessings and glad to be alive.

I believe a sense of well-being, combined with gratitude and love, create the foundation for this particular mystical experience. Although extraordinary, it's not rare. In spiritual circles it has many names: nirvana, satori, samadhi, illumination, supreme reality, cosmic consciousness, union with God, and the divine marriage. It's been described as a state of sudden enlightenment, which is like calling an opera star an overnight success. Always, it's the result of intense

study and preparation, whether in this life or in prior lifetimes.

My experience happened about five years after my encounter with the Brothers and the treatment in the green healing chamber. During that time, I read dozens of spiritual books. My tastes ranged from modern self-help manuals, which focused on psychic development, to out-of-print esoteric texts dedicated to the wisdom of the ages. I favored used and rare bookstores, where I could find books marked up by the previous owners. I liked knowing that other people were drawn to metaphysics, just as I was, and I wanted to read the words they thought were important enough to highlight and underline.

I suppose that I could have attended spiritual workshops and conversed with other students, but I wasn't ready to talk about my mystical experiences. I was afraid that people would think I was weird. Or, even worse, they might take a long look at me — at my four-inch high-heels, shocking-pink lipstick and kohl black eyeliner — and laugh in my face. I wasn't willing to toss my makeup, or wear sandals and a turban, just to fit in with a crowd of “serious seekers.”

I thought the spiritual community would denounce me on sight, so I avoided their gatherings. But in all fairness, I didn't give them a chance. I admit to fabricating excuses to justify my desire to be alone with Spirit. The image of a hermit sitting on top of a mountain appealed to me. Except for yoga classes, an occasional visit to a psychic, and a séance in which a group of us managed to levitate a table, I kept to myself and followed my own pathway.

As for the table, I don't know why it levitated. There was no foul play involved, no mighty gusts of wind, and we certainly didn't lift it. Our fingertips were on top of the table,

barely touching the wood, when it rose from the floor and moved around the room. My friends thought it was spooky and ran out the door, but I stayed until the table hit a wall and lost its momentum. When it crashed, I fell to my knees laughing.

I couldn't understand why my friends were afraid. After all, the purpose of the séance was to solicit ghosts and higher spirits, so we could witness some kind of paranormal phenomenon. We had achieved our goal and I was elated, but they behaved as if we had set the house on fire. Didn't they know that if spirits lifted the table, then they were playful little beings who meant us no harm? It was nothing more than innocent fun.

My friends said they were scared because they thought we had contacted evil spirits. Since I've never seen a living, breathing evil spirit, I have a hard time believing they exist. It seems to me the real evil spirits in this world are negative energies such as envy, greed, hatred and lust. Those are wicked feelings, but familiar to all of us. Is there anyone who hasn't felt a twinge of jealousy?

However, I spent some time in a haunted house and had several confrontations with a repulsive ghost. He looked like the ghastly shadow of a seven-foot tall sumo wrestler. Even though his size was intimidating, he didn't have the power to hurt me. On the material plane, anyone with a body has dominion over disembodied spirits. Even a puff of smoke has more substance than a ghost.

Anyway, my curiosity about spiritual phenomena has always overruled my fears. I'm not fearless, far from it, but immediately prior to experiencing that brief moment of illumination, I felt completely safe and secure. I didn't think

life could get any better, and then Spirit ushered me into the realm of ultimate bliss.

On the morning of the experience, I went to my favorite bookstore and bought a book about enlightenment. Then I stopped at the market for fresh food and a bouquet of flowers. There was very little traffic, the weather was pleasant, and it seemed that everyone I saw was smiling and in a good mood. I spent the afternoon chopping vegetables and preparing a meal for the man I loved. That evening he gathered the biggest logs from the wood stack and built a robust fire in the living room fireplace. We had a nice dinner and he decided to go to bed an hour earlier than usual.

It was a little after ten o'clock, and the dried logs were still red-hot and crackling. There was some wine left in the bottle, so I poured myself a glass and sat down on the couch to read. As if to imitate Buddha sitting under the bodhi tree, waiting for enlightenment, I crossed my legs in half-lotus position and picked up my new book. It had been a perfect day, from morning till night, and I wanted to fall asleep with inspiring thoughts flowing through my mind.

Usually I scan a book rather quickly, looking for the author's key points, but I gave this manual my full attention. The author quoted a renowned guru, who said that no one was excluded from attaining a higher state of consciousness. The thought of getting closer to God excited me. And when I read that anyone can suddenly awaken and become an ascended master, I felt ecstatic. I laid the book on my lap, closed my eyes, and feelings of joy rushed through my veins. At that precise moment I was transported into the light.

I couldn't see anything but white light. It was everywhere. I looked at my arms and they were filled with light. The light was in me and I was in the light.

The light was alive with energy. It moved to a slow and steady beat, like the rhythm of breathing in and out, and it undulated in harmony with my own breath. I knew I belonged to the light and we could never be separated. I was an essential part of the light, but oh so small in comparison to the grandeur of the light itself.

The light was composed of every living being, every thought, every word and everything there ever was. It held all the intelligence in the universe, and in its infinite wisdom it conveyed love, acceptance and peace. I realized that the love was perfect, the light was perfect, and all the beings in the light were perfect. At that point, I knew I was in the mind and body of God.

Knowledge saturated my being, and I understood that nothing existed but light, and everything in existence had been created out of light. Creation was the miracle of miracles, and I wanted to express my admiration, but I was too awestruck to speak. All I could do was giggle like a little girl at a birthday party.

The light gave me time to relax and enjoy myself. So, once again, I looked at my body. This time, I saw that I had arms and also legs, and a torso and a head. My appearance surprised me. It was as if I had forgotten that I was a human being. Actually, I had forgotten what it meant to be a human being.

In the light, where all the beings were striving to become bigger and better and more powerful, I had reached a major milestone. Through my own efforts, and in cooperation with the light, I had accomplished a miracle: I had become a human being. I shouted to the light, "I AM A HUMAN BEING!" In response, a wave of light washed over me in silent celebration.

Overhead and to my left, a circle of yellow-gold light appeared in the distance. Behind it was another circle, and then another, and so on. The circles looked like a thousand golden suns, stretching outward to infinity. In back of me and to the right, the most melodious voice began to speak. Very slowly, the voice said, “Oneness. Oneness. Oneness.”

The sound penetrated my soul and I felt completely content. I could have stayed in the light forever, but I knew my time was coming to an end. Before leaving, the voice said the most soothing words ever spoken.

“Everything is all right. Everything has always been all right. Everything will always be all right.”

I fell asleep and Spirit returned me to my body. When I awoke and opened my eyes, everything glowed. All the inanimate objects in the room sparkled with life and radiated light. I saw a six-inch aura of light, in a rainbow of colors, emanating from the white faux-marble coffee table. Then I gazed in fascination at the arched doorway to the kitchen, as if it was an architectural wonder that had been conceived, manufactured and installed by god-like human beings. I considered going to the picture window to look outside, but I was afraid the beauty would be too much to bear.

I saw the glow around everyone and everything for two and a half days, and then it faded away. Life returned to normal, but I was forever changed. The veil of illusion had been lifted from my eyes. I had seen the truth, and it was a beautiful sight.



It takes a long time to process a mystical experience, especially one that is rich with meaning. Fortunately, the procedure can be helped along by those who have also

journeyed into the light. By reading their first-person accounts, it seems obvious that Spirit is guiding them to a greater reality. But they are not unique or special. And putting them on a holier-than-thou pedestal would only negate the sanctity of oneness.

In accordance with the Universal Law of Oneness, when one person rises, all of humanity ascends to a higher level. We're intimately connected to one another, like drops of water in the ocean. Our every thought, word and deed either raises or lowers the vibration of the cosmos.

The way of Spirit is to work with us one-by-one, until everyone is walking in the same direction. At this point in our evolution, we're leaving the lower-level reality of fear, hatred, war, separation and discrimination. We're beginning to see past our superficial individuality, and the notion that some people are good and others are evil. In spiritual reality we're united in oneness, and no one is better or worse than anyone else. We're all equal, and equally loved by Spirit.

Archangel Michael said, "I do not speak to one of you without speaking to all of you. I do not speak to one segregation set apart unto itself. I speak to all of you. As this Earth turns, does not the same sun shine down upon all of you?"

Spirit is leading us towards peace, health, happiness, unity and truth. The Buddha sought enlightenment because he wanted to know why people grew old, became crippled or sick, and eventually died. His goal was to figure out a way to end suffering.

Angel Carmen, whose title is Protector of the Abused, said, "To overcome the suffering of this Earth, create a peaceful and harmonious life, a life wherein your heart beats to the same rhythm as the Creator's. Walk in the garden of

your life and plant not one seed purposely that will come back to vex you and not bless you with a great harvest of love.”

During my cosmic consciousness experience, I was thrilled to discover that I was a human being. Afterwards, I couldn't understand why I had made such a big deal out of it. What was so great about being human? And why did Spirit celebrate with me? Five years later, while undergoing past life regression therapy, I got my answers.

The therapy session took place in the living room of a run-down sixty-year old house, which had been converted into offices for alternative healing practitioners. As if a sign wasn't enough to draw attention to their business, they had painted the exterior a bright shade of royal blue. It definitely stood out among the brown buildings in the neighborhood.

Anyway, I had had eight private sessions when my therapist invited me to a group meeting. She said the energy generated by a group could trigger deeper and more suppressed memories, which would take me closer to the core of my spiritual being. Then she reminded me that I began therapy in search of an answer to the big question: Who am I? Since I trusted her judgment, and I didn't have anything to lose except for a few hours, I wrote my name on the sign-up sheet.

The session was scheduled to start at seven o'clock in the evening, but a few people were late. By seven-thirty, we had sixteen participants and one therapist. There were plenty of folding chairs, but most of us chose to either sit or lie down on the thin rug. It barely covered the wooden floor, but the floorboards were smooth and well shellacked. Using my coat for a pillow, I grabbed a blanket and stretched out against a

wall. The room was so small that we couldn't help but brush against one another.

The therapist turned down the lights and I closed my eyes. She gave a ten-minute induction, and then played a CD that featured primitive instruments and the sounds of nature. Although I preferred silence during private sessions, the music helped me forget about the crowd and relax. Within twenty minutes, I was in an altered state of consciousness.

I traveled backwards in time, further than I had ever gone before. First, I saw myself as a young woman with blonde hair, wearing animal skins and living in a cave. It was a simple life, without a mirror, electricity or even a book, but I had a male companion and we were in love. Since my therapist had trained me to look for the relevance of each lifetime that surfaced in my memory, I noted that love was all I needed to be happy.

With that realization, the pictures in my mind disappeared. There was a moment of blackness, and then another scene came into view. I saw the sun shining high in the sky, so it must have been around noon. The territory looked like the dusty plains of Africa, and in this lifetime I was living in the body of a lioness.

There were several cubs playing nearby, and I knew they were mine, but I couldn't protect them. A male lion was watching us, waiting for an opportunity to attack me and eat my young. I had had many litters, and I had fought to save them, but this battle would not result in a victory. I was exhausted from giving birth and too weak to roar. The worst was going to happen soon.

An anger rose up inside of me, but I didn't direct it toward the lion. He was just doing what lions do. I was furious with life itself, and my rage turned into a charge

against my soul. After all, it was my soul's idea to send me to Earth. He or She or It bore some responsibility in the creation of my being. Now I was tired of fighting and of living life as an animal. I had had enough and I wasn't going to take anymore. So with my dying breath I made a vow: I will never be a lion again.

My soul respected the vow. Because I had learned all there was to learn about life in the wild, I got to leave the animal kingdom and enter the domain reserved for human beings. And Spirit applauded me for moving forward on the spiritual pathway.

Animals can evolve into human beings, and humans can become angels. I don't remember living life as something less than an animal, but the possibility exists.

Archangel Michael said, "There is life in all things. It is a life quite different from yours, but there is life in the rocks and the trees."

Rumi, the poet and Sufi mystic, wrote, "I died as a mineral, and became a plant. I died as a plant and rose an animal. I died as an animal and I was Man. Why should I fear? When was I less by dying?"

If the near-death experience takes away the fear of death, then the experience of cosmic consciousness takes away the fear of life. Whenever I'm afraid, I recall the marvelous message from the voice in the great white light.

"Everything is all right. Everything has always been all right. Everything will always be all right."



Excerpt from "Swedenborg's Daughter: Memoirs of a Mystic," by Donna Wolfe Gatti.
Please share as you wish. For more information,
visit www.angelacademy.com
Thank you!