

A new chapter of my spiritual journey commenced on the second anniversary of my daughter's death. Moriyah was smart and gorgeous, but she struggled with family-inherited depression. When her father died suddenly of ALS, or Lou Gehrig's disease, she was age eleven, and it sent her into a downward spiral. At the age of fifteen, she secretly stopped taking her antidepressant which proved to be a fatal mistake when she took her own life. I wrote about my grief recovery and her after-death visitation in my autobiography, *"Once The Storm Is Over: From Grieving to Healing After the Suicide of My Daughter"* (Big Table Publishing, 2015). Three days of unexplainable phenomenon had removed any doubt from my mind that she was still alive on the Other Side and could communicate with me. So, when a male's relaxed but authoritative voice first tapped across the stage of my mind in June 2015, I wasn't completely surprised. In addition to my daughter's after-death visitation, since the age of eleven I'd had psychic abilities. I'd never called myself a psychic because I didn't want to be labeled as weird, or worse, a heretic. I was raised in a conservative Christian household where anything "New Age" was considered evil, or at least highly suspect.

The first time Archangel Metatron made contact I was age 51. Walking for me had become a therapy, and as I walked in the cool glow of summer's dusk, I missed Moriyah. The dreaded second anniversary of her death was approaching, and I fought back tears as I pictured how she might look: I could imagine her celestial, glowing face when I distinctly heard her voice. It startled me so much that I came to a complete stop, because she hadn't made contact since the visitation. She was a quiet child, so true to form, she kept it brief: "Mama, listen for the voice." Did I hear right? Did Moriyah speak to me, or was it my imagination? As the moon lit the path ahead, I slowly walked on, puzzled over the mysterious message. I hadn't the slightest idea what voice she was talking about, but I promised her that I would be listening for it.

Several months later I received the first message from Metatron in the middle of the night. I researched angel visitations and found that the Hebrew word for angel translated to "messenger." Angelic encounters and visions of angels have been reported since before the time of Christ. Martin Luther the Reformer prayed that he would never meet an angel, because they can be quite frightening to humans. In fact, the first thing angels are recorded as saying is, "Be not afraid" (Luke 2:10). Real angels are far from the decorative, chubby cherubs depicted in art. I am very grateful I've never actually seen Metatron, because being his channel was enough of a challenge. On the day of his last message, he jokingly asked if I was ready to see him. I replied, "Absolutely not! I don't want a heart attack," causing him to chuckle. Metatron had a distinct personality just as humans do, which included a wry sense of humor. His manner of speech was formal, so he could sound matter of fact or robotic, but despite his high intellect, this erudite Archangel was sympathetic to the human condition. Mostly I experienced Metatron as a tender and infinitely wise grandfatherly presence. In my mind's eye, I pictured him as wizardly Father Time, keeper of the Akashic Record.

According to the Jewish Kabbalah, Metatron is the "top" Archangel, the Archangel "boss" who was once a human, mentioned in the Old Testament as Enoch, so pure that he was taken to Heaven while still mortal. He is described as an authority in the spiritual realm, but Metatron was surprisingly understanding of my limitations as an inexperienced channeler. He seemed to know my capacities well; he was "tuned into" me. The messages would stop flowing when I became fatigued, when my hand cramped from furious scribbling, or when my schedule didn't afford the luxury of spending whole afternoons channeling.

Words and pictures came in a flurry, often too fast to write down; a hailstorm of esoteric concepts. He spoke at such a quick pace that for the first three months I taped the messages on a hand-held voice recorder as he used my voice to speak through me. I'm so glad I did, because when I played the recordings back, I was astonished by what I heard. First, it didn't sound like me. While it was my voice, a male personality was being expressed. In addition, he had a formal, old-world detachment that wasn't my style. I would take in deep breaths before I started channeling and let out long sighs after the message was finished, almost as if I were drawing him in and breathing him back out.

After channeling for sixty to ninety minutes, I couldn't recall most of what I'd said. Because I am a Hypnotherapist, I knew amnesia was real. I'd witnessed my client's amnesia after their sessions, but now it was happening to me. One of the most fascinating things about this process was that He would stop mid-sentence, only to pick up ten minutes later in the exact spot where he'd left off. I marveled at this, because at my age, it wasn't uncommon for me to go into the next room and forget what I'd gone in there for! I've concluded that these interruptions were due to the great distance these transmissions had to travel between His realm and mine. This was perhaps the most convincing evidence that I had nothing to do with these expositions. My memory isn't good enough for a trick like that.

The presence of Metatron was later confirmed by a well-respected and renowned psychic from the United Kingdom. I called her radio show because she was giving complimentary readings and I wanted to see if she could pick up on what was happening to me. The phone lines were jammed, and I figured I wouldn't get in, but when she agreed to take one last caller it happened to be me. I didn't want to give anything away, so all I said was: "What do you get

about me?" Right away, the psychic said there was "an angel sending me messages." She had no prior knowledge whatsoever of my situation, so I giggled nervously, and the psychic said, "You are a psychic! Do you know that? You are...very psychic, though you've never called yourself one." I confirmed it was true, and I asked the name of the angel who had been sending me messages. She's never going to get this right, I thought. To my amazement, she replied: "It's an Archangel!" She paused, then continued: "It's Archangel...Metatron." That is the point at which I was convinced what was happening to me was real. Until that moment I doubted myself and wondered if I had an overactive imagination. But how could this be a coincidence? She told me that I would write an important book that would be dictated by Metatron and asked if I was ready for big changes in my life.

Because I am a skeptic, but an open-minded one, I turned to quantum physics to see if Metatron's fantastic cosmology was backed by scientific fact. After his message about how we are holograms living in a holographic world, I stumbled upon a hypothesis that sounded a lot like what Metatron had described. In a research paper by Oxford University's Nick Bostrom entitled, "Are You Living in A Simulation?" (2003), Bostrom asserts that "members of an advanced "post-human" civilization with immense computing power are running simulations of their ancestors in the universe," and he believes we are that simulation, a 3D projection of our ancient ancestors. When I read this, I recalled what Metatron kept saying about our world: that what we call reality is nothing more than a simulation, and we are being projected here in holographic form. At that same time, a Facebook friend posted a video about Holographic Mass, a theory that mathematically points to a holographic world. I did more digging and found that a good number of physicists, including the late theoretical physicist Stephen Hawking believe in a multiverse and parallel universes. Without getting too technical, the multiverse

theory states that our universe is not the only one, but many. Other universes cannot be seen by us only because they are beyond our field of vision. And a parallel universe is a hypothetical self-contained reality co-existing with ours, in which each of us exists in an infinite number of other dimensions. How can this be possible? The theory states we could be beamed or projected by a laser due to shadow photons. David Deutsch, a physicist at Oxford University authored the book, "The Fabric of Reality" describing the Double Slit Experiment. In this simple experiment, he uses only a red laser pointer to show that parallel universes could exist. Upon learning about these theories, I breathed a huge sigh of relief. The scientific world suspects what indigenous peoples and the Eastern religions have been saying for centuries: that we live in a world of Maya, of illusion; that there's more going on behind the scenes than we perceive.

The concepts so fascinated me that I moved into a 23-foot travel trailer, so I could afford to continue my channeling and research, as I wasn't receiving a regular paycheck while writing. I knew that if I toughed it out and minimized expenses, I could continue to write full time. Though I'm not one to complain, the winter was miserable! When it snowed, the water froze, and I went without water. It was the first time I had ever roughed it for longer than a weekend camping trip, but I was getting to do what I loved so I persisted. While channeling the second book, *Ten Archangels Teach You How To Live An Inspired Life*, I formally converted to Hinduism. I considered myself an unofficial renunciate, but instead of living in a Himalayan cave, I was living in a tiny travel trailer.

I've taken what I was told and have tried to stitch it together to present a unified explanation of how the universe is structured. More importantly, the book answers larger existential questions, including: who is God, and what is our purpose? The most creative and exciting

time of my life happened when I was utterly isolated, living a minimalist life. I found scientific evidence of what I was channeling and was getting more and more information about the Other Side, and the invisible, quantum world. The pieces were coming together, and I was having moment after moment of illumination in rapid succession, awestruck to find that Metatron's messages were verified by physics. It took three years to get all thirty messages and the study guide into coherent book form because I struggled to understand the scientific concepts. But from the beginning of this exploration, I felt I was channeling something profound, so I stuck it out. *Messages From Metatron* confirms that our universe is holographic in nature and that our thoughts create reality.

Once the initial resistance to channeling wore off, I resonated with the idea of being connected to my daughter's world. The desire to communicate with otherworldly beings is timeless. Communicating with gods while in trance was a highly prized ability among the ancient Egyptian priests, and ancient Greece had their oracles. The early Chinese, Tibetans, Japanese, Indians, Babylonians, Assyrians, and Celts channeled discarnate spirits. Judaism, Christianity, Islam and other religions received divine guidance via channeling prophets. It wasn't until Jane Roberts published her Seth books in the late 1960s and early 1970s that channeling saw a resurgence in mainstream popularity, and the 1980s saw a slew of channeled material. Channeling can occur spontaneously or be induced, and while some channels have learned to control the process at will, mine is spontaneous; so spontaneous that a message can wake me from a deep sleep in the dead of night. Mental channeling, which is what I do, is done in a slightly dissociated state, meaning that I'm not completely aware of the world around me. My personality recedes, and Metatron uses my voice, like the direct-voice mediumship of Jane Roberts, or JZ Knight (Ramtha). My voice changes only slightly; it drops in pitch, the words

are articulated differently, with a more dramatic flair. Psychic information also comes to me by impressions and feelings. However, I believe anyone can learn to be a channel by developing her or his intuition and through meditation. This ability is not exclusive to an anointed few; anyone can learn to hear the angels if they are willing to tune in.

While I used two methods to write this book (voice recording, and automatic writing), the messages had one theme in common-that of unity. They all seem to be saying: we are one. Another favorite theme of these messages is that of reality. I found myself asking: What is real? Our subjective perspective defines our reality. If we could see through our biases, perhaps we would see things as they really are. From an angel's perspective, reality is not only the world of matter but the world of thought and feeling-that is an angel's realm. The brain is a rational machine, denying other dimensions and entities so we can focus on today, on the present moment. Only psychedelic drugs and spiritual experiences can remove that barrier and liberate the confined mind, giving us a peek into unseen worlds.

Unlike Eastern cultures who esteem ancient spiritual wisdom, Western society has prized materialism and science to the exclusion of spiritual knowledge. The West continues to ignore the metaphysical, while energetic frequencies vibrate all around us. Quantum Physics tells us that we are a materialized frequency, and Metatron says that your vibration will change and be altered upward as you evolve. Your Soul's frequency cannot be destroyed because frequency is a form of energy, and energy cannot be destroyed, it only changes form, so you are an eternal being. Incarnating is an opportunity for your frequency to move upward into a purer, nobler form. Each time you learn a life lesson, your consciousness expands a little farther. While each Soul emits a frequency, it may be easier to think of yourself as a light that shines brighter with

each lesson learned. As your light shines brighter, it expels the collective darkness. This is the Soul's most important task: to raise the collective vibration of the whole so that eventually no one walks in darkness. Do you see how vitally important your contribution is? You are a piece of the universal tapestry which affects the entire fabric of the Cosmos. You are a vibrational reality interacting with countless other vibrations and without you, there would be a tear in the perfection of the universal fabric.

Prior to 2016, I was using a voice recorder, but then I began automatic writing. As the pencil spills out words on the page, up to 30 pages at a time, my mind is completely devoid of my own thoughts. It is as if I'm taking dictation; the pencil seems to move of its own accord. Historically, the act of automatic writing has produced astounding results that supersede the knowledge of the writer. Automatic writing has been a big help, because I don't have the laborious task of transcribing the messages from the tape recorder to the paper and from the paper to the computer. They flowed fluidly and were longer, but there was a hitch-many of them came in the middle of the night. Between 1 to 3 am, my eyes would pop open as if an invisible hand had awakened me. I'd make excuses to stay in my warm bed: "I can write it down in the morning." But I knew by the morning the message would be gone. I'd drag myself out of bed, grab my robe, and brew a wicked strong pot of coffee. After taking a few sips of the reassuring brew, I'd sink into the couch and tune in. While there have been cases of automatic writing happening involuntarily, I'm always aware that I'm writing, though I couldn't tell you what the next word will be. Sometimes my hand is writing so furiously that it cramps, and the script is more expansive than normal and difficult to read (as if my handwriting wasn't bad enough).



Truth be told, I still don't understand very much about the mystical, magical process of channeling. But as I promised my daughter, I will keep listening for the voice-even when it comes in the middle of the night.

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