

~~WRITE~~
RIGHT
FROM
GOD

YOU, WORDS, WRITING AND
YOUR DIVINE PURPOSE

TOM BIRD

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Introduction

“In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.” - John 1:1.

For centuries, humans beings have had an obsession with the written word.

In fact, it was Aristotle who believed that, to live a truly complete life, every human being needed to write a book.

In fact, so obsessed currently are we still with writing that, according to a *New York Times* article published in 2002, 81 percent of Americans felt that they had a book stuck in them that they needed to get out. (Epstein, Joseph, “Think You Have a Book in You? Think Again,” *The New York Times*, September 28, 2002. Accessed March 11, 2015. <http://www.nytimes.com/2002/09/28/opinion/think-you-have-a-book-in-you-think-again.html>.)

Could something or someone of a greater, all seeing, all knowing nature and purpose be trying to establish a direct connection with us through luring us into a communion through an association with the written word?

I think so.

At least that is what I have seen over and over and over again, in my thirty-two years of work with those who have been led, drawn, pushed, carried, and dragged to write books. Most of these individuals had previously suppressed this innate urge by trying to read their lives away. After finally giving in though, and utilizing the divinely-led method available to all of us, they wrote the books that were “stuck inside of them.” All areas of their lives grew and changed for the better, and seemingly overnight. They healed relationships and wounds of all sorts. They uncovered a directness of purpose, leading to

“I know God will not give me anything I can’t handle. I just wish that He didn’t trust me so much.”

MOTHER TERESA

“Believe nothing, no matter where you read it, or who said it – even if I have said it – unless it agrees with your own reason and your own common sense.”

BUDDHA

“I always say, keep a diary and someday it’ll keep you.”

MAE WEST

“Do not fear death so much, but rather the inadequate life.”

BERTOLT BRECHT

“If at first the idea is not absurd, then there is no hope for it.”

ALBERT EINSTEIN

an opportunity for greater influence and peace. And they realized a greater ability to love and be loved than any had ever thought imaginable.

If those around you are encouraging you to write a book, they have been doing so for a reason greater than you can imagine. If your mind is constantly wandering off in the direction of best seller lists, something is desperately trying to get your attention. If you are a voluntary, avid reader of books, something greater than your humanity is reaching out to you. If an inspiration to write overtakes you, for whatever reason, at a variety of times and places, that inspiration is attempting to lock into you for the greatest of all human purposes.

If any of the above sounds like you, read on and ready yourself to take the transformational journey and understanding of a lifetime.....Tom Bird

Chapter One

My Story

You may wonder both how it is that I came to write this book and what qualifies me to write it in the first place. Both are fair and justifiable questions. Both deserve direct answers, as well. For if you are going to place your faith in me, in what will become obvious, as you read on, as a very pivotal aspect of your life, it is essential that you understand who I am, where I come from, and from where I have derived the information that I share in this book.

Let me address the last portion of the aforementioned statement first. Over the last thirty-two years, in one way or another, I have worked with over 80,000 would-be authors. They came in all shapes and forms, young, more seasoned, rich, not so rich, highly educated, not so formally educated. So, they were a very diverse bunch. However, one thing that they had in common was that they either felt as if they were being pushed to write a book or actually, consciously wanted to do so. Most didn't feel prepared or qualified to do so. In one way or another, some consciously and some unconsciously, all suffered from the "Who would want to read what I write anyway?" syndrome. I worked with them in a variety of ways, whichever way suited them best, through one-night lectures, longer classes, weeklong retreats, weekend retreats. Whatever.

Aside from my professional credentials, what really qualified me to work with them and guide them through the process of writing and publishing their books was that I had once been like them.

"Style is the man himself."

COMTE de BUFFON

"To express that which God has conceived for him should be man's great purpose in life."

BAIRD T. SPALDING;
Life and Teaching of the Masters of the Far East

Man: "Do you belong here?"

Fonzie: "I belong everywhere."

HAPPY DAYS

I was born in Erie, Pennsylvania, in 1956, a highly dysfunctional time in our greatly dysfunctional country. I was the fifth of five children, with two full sisters and two stepsisters from my father's previous failed marriage to an alcoholic wife; thus, I was the only boy and the youngest by nine years.

Despite the life-changing wisdom my father would come to share with me, both of my parents were just tired. Tired of parenting, tired of each other, dog-tired of the life they had chosen to lead.

By the time I was born, my mother had become a ball of anger and that anger ruled the roost. Even though she had always been seen as an angry woman, by the time I was born, it was blazing out of control. She would later convey to me, after she had passed over, that anger was all she had to offer life. And after I was born, anger was all she had to offer as a parent. This anger would eventually lead her to try to poison me to death when I was fourteen years old.

In an attempt at marginally responsible parenting, my mother kept her distance from me as a baby. From her perspective, branding me with a substantial abandonment wound was the lesser of two evils, especially when one considers what she was truly capable of, as evidenced by what she would consciously try to do to me at fourteen. Thus, I was not held as a child. And my mother immediately turned her volatile, ruthless anger toward anyone who tried to give me the affection babies normally receive and experience, including my father.

You could say that I grew up alone, but that would not be totally true. In fact, far from it. Other children experienced that immediate transference of bonding with God, Spirit, Source, Whoever you refer to He/She/It (for the purpose of this book and for simplicity's sake, I will

"Faith is the bird that feels the light and sings when the dawn is still dark."

RABINDRANATH
TAGORE

just refer to this Almighty as God), to bonding with their parents. I never experienced that transference. My mother's resentfulness and anger kept that from happening. It was, of course, a very painful thing to be born into the world with no parent there to greet me—to love me. That wound haunts me to this day. However, on the other hand, it was a blessing. For while other children transferred their dependence of love and support from God to their parents, I never let go of that innate, direct connection with God, which is available to all of us. And it would be this infallibility that would lead me to survive my upbringing, including my mother's attempt to murder me, and guide me to any and all personal successes that I would achieve in my life.

It was in those long periods of time, in being left alone, deserted by my parents, that I would relax into the soft, caring, and reassuring comfort of my direct connection with God. As I got older and could spend more and more time away from my parents' house, I began to openly seek those quiet and uninterrupted moments I had come to rely on as a young child. Every day I would steal away, sometimes just for a few minutes, more often for hours, to make time to sink into the softness and safety of what I consider to be the ultimate of all connections for us all, which ties directly into the premise of what this book is all about.

With that direct connection leading the way, I knew what I wanted to do when I was very young. The direction of my life was unclouded by any aspirations my parents could have had for me. The road was open for the Source, by which I was being raised directly to bring to my attention the true direction my soul was guiding me to take. As a result, by the age of six, when I was just starting

“Creative activity could be described as a type of learning process where the teacher and the pupil are located in the same individual.”

ARTHUR KOESTLER

“Great men are they who see that spiritual is stronger than any material force and that thoughts rule the world.”

EMERSON

“There is surely a piece of divinity in us, something that was before the elements.”

THOMAS BROWNE

“You can’t build a reputation on what you’re going to do.”

HENRY FORD

to read, I knew, unequivocally, what I wanted to do with my life. I wanted to write.

Now, I grew up in a hardworking, labor-till-you-drop, blue-collar family and city. So, the idea of being a writer, specifically an author, was seen as a pipe dream. Writing was something one planned to do after the bills had been paid, the kids graduated from school, and the house was paid off. It was what you did after the life had been literally squeezed out of you by overworking at whatever job you hated to do. Writing was not something that you did for a vocation.

However, the older I got, the more independent I became and the more I consciously relied on what I perceived as a direct connection with God. As a result, I cared less and less about what my parents, friends, and town would think. In response, the spirit of God grew stronger in me each day. And I received the final clarification I needed just a few months after my mother’s attempt to take my life.

“The Son consciousness causes the fulfillment; the servant consciousness causes the lack.”

BAIRD T. SPALDING;
Life and Teaching of the Masters of the Far East

It was late on a warm summer evening, around 2 a.m., when I exited my parents’ house, as I so often did to slip into the solace of the night, where the ultimate quiet could be found, where I would also find the clearest of all channels available to me to best hear God. All of us have the ability to commune directly with God. We can all feel God, who is always reaching out to us, in feelings, visions, dreams, lyrics to songs, whatever. I feel God communicating to me in a variety of ways. And due to my dysfunctional upbringing, I may feel it more than most.

On the whole, I am more kinesthetic by nature. My ability to feel things outdoes the effect of even the visions I see in my mind. So, the most natural and effective form of communication between God and me is through the feelings I feel.

So it was, on this one summer evening, with the reassuring sound of the leaves on the tall willows that surrounded our yard gently blowing in the wind, I laid down, relaxing into the soft grass of my parents' side yard, and gazed into the clear night sky. I was so used to communing with God on late nights such as that one. I couldn't have felt any more comfortable that evening with myself, with everything around me, or especially in my connection with God. I couldn't have felt any more at ease or at home.

That evening, as so often before, I came to that communing with something on my heart. In most cases, I wouldn't recognize what it was that the Almighty and I would be communing for the evening; I simply could feel its emotional weight. On that specific evening, I could tell that I would be dealing with an issue of extraordinarily great significance.

As I laid there, softly and calmly, I could feel the issue for that evening gradually enter into my consciousness. In response, I felt my body embrace it and immediately I saw an image appear in my mind. My family, their lifestyles, and our family home. Off to the side, away from them, I stood, as if I was separate from them.

It was this vision, and the feelings it stirred in me, that catalyzed the topic for that evening to arise in my consciousness. And though it entered gently, it was still a big issue. It came in at full force, which helped me to realize the magnitude of what was entering me.

At that exact moment, the topic of discussion for that evening between God and me became crystal clear. At that moment, as well, I could see that I had been struggling with this age-old issue my entire life. It was at that time, too, that the words came.

"I will work in my own way, according to the light that is in me."

LYDIA MARIA CHILD

"There is the risk you cannot afford to take [and] there is the risk you cannot afford to take."

PETER DRUCKER

*“We should be taught
not to wait for
inspiration to start a
thing. Action always
generates inspiration.
Inspiration seldom
generates action.”*

FRANK TIBOLT

“I am so different from my family, God, that it scares me, causing me to wonder if somehow a mistake had been made and that I was delivered into the wrong family. I mean, they are good people and I love them, but we are just so different. They are focused on paying bills and I tend to be focused on what I feel is a different, bigger purpose, and the simple act of making money just doesn't seem to be enough, fulfilling to me.”

“Which brings me to the following concerns, Lord. My goals in life appear so different from those of my family, that I tend to question the validity of what it is that I want to do with my life. I question why it is that I want to write. I feel unworthy to do so and if the influence of the family I was born into is an indicator of the direction I am meant to follow with my life, then I shouldn't be even considering writing as a profession.”

In that moment, I could feel that God had been waiting, for what seemed like an eternity, for me to bring this subject to the table. Thus, the initial response I felt to my question came in the form of a heavenly sigh, as if God was saying something to the effect of, “Thank God (ha ha), that he has finally brought this topic to bear with me.”

It was as if God's words were moving through me like a melody vibrating through a tuning fork, strong, yet soft, and crystal clear. I felt God's response.

*“Worth begets in base
minds, envy; in great
souls, emulation.”*

HENRY FIELDING;
1707-1754

“Tom—” The message stopped a moment for emphasis. “The reason you are drawn to write is because you see life as such a beautiful thing. And when you write, the people who read your writing will be able see life through your eyes and how you see it.”

The effect of those simple, direct words, of that communion that night, still ring true with me today. As I write this, I recall how I felt that night, almost as if I were back there, right here and right now.

A few days later, as if he had been picking up on the message I was given, and building upon God's response, my father sat down with me and initiated the only serious, completely heartfelt conversation of our time together. A soft, sensitive, compassionate man, my father was taking a big step. By doing so, he would be certainly risking the penetrating wrath of my always angry, borderline mother. So looking back, I appreciate now even more the amount of love and caring my father must have had for me that day to do what he did. As well, in a very deep way, I could see from the conversation that we had that day, as if God was speaking through my father, how much he truly loved and cared for me.

Our conversation dealt with a job I had taken as a cashier at an always-busy discount supermarket nearby. My father sacrificed himself to support his family. And when it would all be said and done, he ended up working for forty-eight years at a job he despised. But in the very moment of our conversation, I could see that my father had found the key to life.

"Son," he said, "you're too young to start working. You should be just enjoying life, getting to know yourself. So that you can find out what it is that you want to do with your life, which is really the key to living a happy life. And that's what life is all about. Find out what it is that you want to do with your life. Now is the time to do that. Then, just do that. And you will be the best at whatever it is that you choose to do, because you will love it. So don't worry about money or a career. Don't let them be your focus. Focus instead on what you love to do and the money and career will follow."

A few months afterward, I was drawn to a magazine—I think it was *Psychology Today*—which featured a story on Maslow's Hierarchy of Needs.

"God is love, but get it in writing."

GYPSY ROSE LEE

"Far better it is to dare mighty things, to win glorious triumphs even though checkered by failure, than to rank with those poor spirits who neither enjoy nor suffer much because they live in the gray twilight that knows neither victory or defeat."

THEODORE
ROOSEVELT

“The test of any man lies in action.”

PINDAR,
522-433 B.C.

In short, Dr. Abraham Maslow believed that the key to having a successful life was living a happy one. To give his innovative theory greater foundation, Maslow took to the study of so-called “happy people.” He hoped to find some commonalities between happy people, that the rest of us could follow, to best emulate their collective successes at the game referred to as life.

What Maslow discovered was that each one of the individuals he studied had a period of social disobedience, where each one stood up to the mores of society, to give himself the time necessary to see who he was and what he really wanted to do with his life, so he could do it.

Riding on the wings of the clarity I received, both from God and my father’s advice, I immediately put into play my own plan of social disobedience as prescribed by Maslow. This translated to taking off from life, school, whatever to go in search of who I really was and what it was that I really wanted to do with my life. I went to school just so I could graduate, but I refused to do any assignments whatsoever. Long story short, I went from being an honor student to being a just-scraping-by-guy. However, looking back, I wouldn’t trade the decision I made for anything. For, because of my actions over those three years of high school, on a necessary human level, I solidified the recognition of my life purpose, and was fully and finally able to commit to it with all of my earthly heart and soul.

“Style is knowing who you are, what you want and want to say, and not giving a damn.”

GORE VIDAL

Thank God for open admission universities, though. There is no way that I would have gotten into a school without them. I eventually chose Slippery Rock State University, in Slippery Rock, Pennsylvania, nestled in the desolate, rolling hills of Western Pennsylvania, about forty-five miles north of Pittsburgh. “The Rock” was a former teachers’ college and had transformed into one of

the top Physical Education universities in the country by the time I stepped onto campus in 1975. But it also had a good English Department and was my top choice amongst all of the other state schools that were available to me.

Before I even officially stepped on campus, though, I had to go through New Student Orientation, which was a collection of activities to get us fully ready for and used to being a full-time college student. We were also asked to take some placement tests, to see how well-prepared we were for some of the mandatory entry level classes, and to see which ones we were proficient enough to pass out of. Even though I had not cracked a book in three years, I still graded out in the top 2 percent of entry level university students in communication skills, which, of course, was just further confirmation that I was on the right track with regard to the direction I had chosen to follow with my life.

I really thrived during my time at The Rock. I had already gotten the sowing of my wild oats out of the way. And during that, I had given myself the space and time to fully embrace what my life was calling me to do. Eventually, in 1979, the English Department elected me as their Senior of the Year, when I graduated with honors in both English and Psychology.

After graduation from The Rock in 1979, it was off to an internship with the Pittsburgh Pirates. I actually started the job about two months before graduation, on Opening Day in April of that year. The Pirates, the famous Family led by charismatic future Hall of Famer, and one of my best friends, Willie Stargell, won the World Series in my first year with the team, and I was offered a full-time position as their Assistant Director of Publicity. As fine of a job as my position with the team was, I grew progressively unhappy as the years passed, because I was not living my heartfelt dream as an author.

“In no other period of history were the learned so mistrusted of the divine possibilities in man as they are now.”

GOPI KRISHNA

“Words are not just containers but containers of energy.”

PAUL FERRINI;
Reflections of the Christ Mind

*“Some people don’t like
it when another says
that they’ve been
inspired
by God.”*

NEALE DONALD
WALSCH;
Communion with God

*“A musician must make
music, an artist must
paint, a poet must write,
if he is to be ultimately
at peace with himself.”*
ABRAHAM MASLOW

My time with the club was valuable, though. The time I was able to invest pursuing my dream of becoming an author was not a total waste, because I spent whatever free moments I had doing exactly that. I tried and tested everything I had been taught at The Rock with regard to becoming the author I already felt I was. I read every book I could get my hands on, covering the topics of writing, editing, getting published, whatever. I even had the opportunity to be in the company of many a famous sportswriter and author, all of whom had already succeeded at the art which I was dying to be a part of. However, by my fourth year with the club, I had become exceedingly depressed because none of what I had read, been taught, or told about succeeding as an author was bearing any fruit in my life.

Finally, after a weekday night game in Pittsburgh, I had had it. I couldn’t take it any more. Not only had I grown to despise my job but I was angry at myself for not doing a better job of pursuing what I had come to the planet to do vocationally. When I got home to my one-bedroom apartment that night, I collapsed in a bundle of tears. I had reached my wit’s end. As hard as I had tried and much as I had learned, nothing I had acquired, not personal advice, nothing, had gotten me any closer to achieving my dream. Finally, I dropped to my knees and had the mother of all conversations with God, with whom I had neglectfully stopped communing as soon as I joined the Pirates.

Desperation is certainly the forefather of faith. Well, at least it was for me that special evening. For it was the desperation that I was feeling at that moment that eventually dropped me to my knees. There, I continued to weep and started to pray. In my prayers that evening I expressed my heartfelt concerns and pain.

“I know, God, that I want to become an author,” I said. “And I know you want the same for me, as well. But nobody down here seems to know how to go about becoming one. There’s no absolute route, no two plus two equals four.”

I paused for a moment before continuing.

I continued hesitantly because I did not feel worthy to receive what it was that I was going to be asking for, “I promise God, that if you show me how to succeed as an author that I will always devote time, for the rest of my life, to sharing whatever it is that you share with me.”

Shortly after saying that I collapsed in a heap on my living room floor and fell fast asleep.

Two nights later, in the middle of the night, I awoke in a semi-dream state. While in that dream state, an abbreviated version, dealing with authoring, flashed before my eyes. I was being shown how I had been prepared to live my life as an author, everything from the connection with God that I had never lost, to the psychology and philosophy classes I had taken while at The Rock. I could see that these classes were far more pertinent to my success as an author than all of the writing classes I had taken. I could see all the way to the desperate state that had caused me to make my tearful plea a few nights before. It was all there, including the step-by-step plan I had requested, that I needed to put into play, and I began to do so the following morning. That plan focused on re-communing with God through my writing. Once I did that, and in the manner which I had been shown, the results I had been longing for began to materialize rapidly in my life.

A few days after I had made my heartfelt plea, I could see, as clearly as my hand in front of my own face, exactly where it was that I needed to go initially with my writing.

“Everyone is in the best seat.”

JOHN CAGE

“Your path has its own simple beauty and mystery.”

PAUL FERRINI;
Reflections of the Christ Mind

“I can say ‘I am terribly frightened and fear is terrible and awful and it makes me uncomfortable, so I won’t do that because it’s uncomfortable. It is uncomfortable doing something that’s risky.’ But so what? Do you want to stagnate and just be comfortable?”

BARBRA STREISAND

Not only could I see where I was meant to go, but I could also see that I was being led, pushed, and dragged in that direction. I finally approached my old buddy, the most beloved professional athlete in the United States at the time—Willie Stargell—about writing his story. Even though, Willie had sworn off ever going down that road again due to a bad previous experience, he accepted my offer to co-author his autobiography. As he said, “You are the only person in the world that I trust to do that with.” Willie gave me carte blanche to do whatever was necessary to make his book a reality.

Two days later, I landed legendary Literary Agent Scott Meredith as our representative for the book. More than anyone else, Scott ran the world of book publishing. A few weeks later, and a total of about six weeks, all told, from when I had made my initial plea and put into play the plan I had seen in my dream, Scott sold the rights to my first book to Harper & Row. Harper & Row was the third largest publishing house in the world at that time. The advance was equivalent to three times my annual salary, and enabled me to finally resign from my position with the team and take to writing full-time. At the ripe old age of twenty-six, I had landed the mother of all dreams for myself of becoming a full-time author. All of this came, I feel, as the result of reconnecting directly back to God through my writing; and this became a huge life-changer for me.

Chapter Two

Lessons Learned

I kept true to my word and began teaching shortly afterward. After a bit of experimentation in regard to how I would do so, I decided that I would design and then begin teaching courses, specifically geared toward persons who embodied the type of confusion and desperation, demonstrated by the wayward, would-be author I had been. Much to my surprise, there were far more would-be authors hungry for the information I had to share than I ever could have imagined, enough to carry me through over 4600 classes taught and lectures given, at over 120 colleges and universities, over the next twenty-three years that followed.

Because the culture had been programmed through centuries of fickle conditioning to believe that writing a good book was impossible for most and darn right hard, difficult and grueling for the blessed few, I had to start out slowly, by offering courses on how to write one's book in a year. Believe it or not, it was a massive stretch for people to believe even that was possible. Oh, how far we've come. Over time, as our culture generally seemed to open its heart more fully to its own potential, I was able to shorten the time-frames of my classes to match titles such as Write Your Book in 90 Days, and then Forty-five Days and then Thirty Days.

The road eventually led me to convert my teaching from primarily being class and lecture based to a retreat format. I would be leading, one-on-one, a collection of aspiring authors through the writing of what was, in most cases, their first books. And by doing so, I would be able to stay

“Grasshopper, look beyond the game, as you look beneath the surface of the pool to see its depths.”

MASTER PO,
KUNG FU

“The spiritual path culminates when you fully realize your God, nature, and that of all the other beings around you.”

PAUL FERRINI;
Reflections of the Christ Mind

“The book should be a ball of light in one’s hand.”

EZRA POUND

home a whole lot more. Little did I know how amazing of an experience this would be for all involved, especially me, and how big of a leap this would entail with regard to a soul understanding of what I had been teaching for over the last two decades. Most of that soul understanding would come as the result of actually witnessing the results, right before my very eyes. Little did I know, as well, how much I would learn about the true essence of the craft and the actual process, on which I had been sharing information for decades, and that that knowledge would result from the natural approach to delivery that we took with the birth of our loving daughter, Skyla.

As it seems I always do, I started out conservatively by offering a few Write Your Book in Eight Days Retreats, which worked amazingly well. The only problem was that those in attendance finished the writing of their books in an average of three days, which I thought provided a great opportunity to get their second books completed at the retreat, as well. Unfortunately, those in attendance at my retreats didn’t share my perspective. They were so excited that they had finally completed the writing of their long-awaited books, that all they wanted to do was celebrate.

In my next conservative move, I decided to shorten the book-writing retreat to five days, but we ran into the same problem. Authors were still completing the writing of their books in an average of just under three days. So, finally, I bit the bullet and converted my retreats to “Write Your Book in a Weekend” offerings.

“Creative writers are always greater than the causes they represent.”

E. M. FORSTER

It was from the results of those weekend retreats that I could actually witness the true magnitude of what I had been led to share. At those retreats, I could see the power of the inspiration pouring through the lives, souls, and bodies of those in attendance, bringing them amazing personal and professional results.

Here's what I witnessed and discovered at my retreats, time and time and time again.

First of all, I don't teach anyone how to write a book, much like you can't teach anyone how to go through the act of birthing a child naturally. All you can do is instruct them on the phases that will transpire, so they can best go with the flow. Then, you just need to create a stable, safe environment, void of all distractions, for them to go through the natural birthing or release process all on their own, which is exactly what I do. But never, never, never, despite several hundred, if not thousands, of requests to do so, do I ever bias their divine, individual experiences by telling anyone how to write their books. What I do instead is focus on setting the stage for them, clearing any resistance in advance, by walking them through the stages shared by all who are engaged in their book-birthing. Once familiar with these steps, it becomes much easier for them to go with the natural flow of the process, as opposed to viewing it all from a negative perspective and rejecting it in its entirety.

None of the above would have worked in any way, shape, or form, if my authors had to create a book. For just like a mother giving birth, they too were releasing something that had already been created. For as I witnessed time and time again, there was no creation associated with the writing of the authors' books at my retreats. Instead, they were simply releasing that which had obviously been created beforehand. Each one of their books, like a child, seemed to have a life of its own. As books came flying out of my authors, they would often come out in forms greatly different than anything my writers ever could have imagined. Then, after each of my authors in attendance gave up trying to control the experience and instead just gave into it, each was taken on

“A man does not have to be an angel in order to be a saint.”

ALBERT
SCHWEITZER

“God tells me how He wants this music played – and you get in His way.”

ARTURO TOSCANINI

*“I’m only the Pope,
what can I do?”*

POPE JOHN XXIII

a life-altering ride, as the book dipped and climbed and meandered rapidly around twists, turns, and curves, much like a world-class roller coaster, before coming to a rapid halt, seemingly out of nowhere.

None of this would have been possible, of course, if the book had not already have been a full and complete entity unto itself, way before it was released through the lives of my authors. This gives credence to why so many of my attendees felt pushed, pulled, and dragged to write a book for so long, both internally and by friends, family, and colleagues. For if the books that a prospective author has within already exist with the soul purpose of being birthed into life, would it not make sense that, like a baby in the third trimester, it would seek to be born? This is exactly what I have witnessed at my retreats. Authors come in, usually with a desperate desire to get their books out of them, much like an expectant mother a few days from her due date. And after giving into the process, the baby actually births itself, as assisted by the mother, who sets the stage. This experience, which I see consistently at my retreats, mirrors the results of that statistic quoted in *The New York Times*, which stated that 81 percent of all Americans believe that “they have a book in them” that they have to get out.

So stay with me on this next point, because it is the most important pearl of wisdom that I convey in this book.

*“What God does, He
does well.”*

JEAN de LaFONTAINE

Let’s take as true, that an aspiring author has a book inside of him, and that when opened up, books come barreling through that author in the form of rapid writing inspiration. Then, wouldn’t it make sense that a book may actually be a spiritual entity in its own right, much like a newborn baby?

Let’s further take as true, that that book may have actually been authored by the actual author, and that this

was carried out in conjunction with God, while the actual would-be author was in what I like to refer to as the other side of life. Then, wouldn't it also make sense that the book was actually written there, in that place on the other side of life, before the would-be author, who will release the book into life, was actually born?

And then, if this book-to-be-released has actually been written by the would-be author in conjunction with, or at least in the presence of, God, while on the other side of life, when the author births or releases that book into life, in its spiritual entirety, wouldn't it carry with it the direct, communal, divine, and spiritual elements common on the other side of life? Couldn't that book bear qualities representative of God's own attributes?

If we can take these as truths, wouldn't they all attest to the reason behind the massive personal healing and advances experienced by authors who employ the system that I have been led to share at my retreats? Can we now comprehend more fully how lives, relationships, and often physical ailments are routinely healed and seem to correlate directly with the authoring of books at my retreats?

And further, would it not then make sense, that the divinely-led, spiritual entity we frequently refer to as a book, like a baby conceived and readied to be born, would also have a special time when it was geared and prepared to arrive on this planet? Can we perceive its perfect timing, that not only best facilitates the release of its message into *this* side of life, but also the timely healing of its author, the vehicle, who also agreed to have that book come through?

This is pretty deep stuff. So you may want to re-read the last six paragraphs one or more times, before moving on to the next chapter.

"We need some imaginative stimulus, some not impossible ideal such as may shape vague hope, and transform it into effective desire, to carry us year after year, without disgust, through the routine work which is so large a part of life."

WALTER PATER,
1885

"If God did not exist, it would not be necessary to invent Him."

VOLTAIRE

