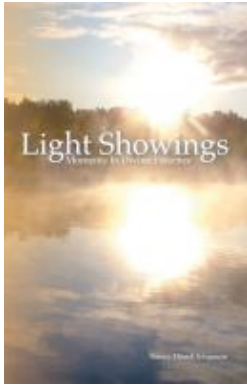




Light Showings

Moments In Divine Presence

Nancy Heuck Johanson



"A remarkable book. Revelations and spiritual insights reminiscent of Hildegard of Bingen and Julian of Norwich. I was deeply moved...conscious of the authenticity and power of these contemporary visions - sobering, yet inspiring. Profound in their simplicity yet deeply spiritual. Essential reading for those who hunger for meaning in life and struggle with courage and hope on their own journeys. Nancy Heuck Johanson's "Showings" are life changing." - Edwina Gately, Poet, Author, International Public Speaker

Light Showings

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LIGHT SHOWINGS:

Moments In Divine Presence

Nancy Heuck Johanson

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First Edition

“To see a World in a Grain of Sand
And a Heaven in a Wild Flower
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand
And Eternity in an hour...”

William Blake

VISIONS

The Whirlpool

January 17, 2000

I climbed back into bed this morning for a few extra minutes. This was after I woke R and her friend very early and ran downstairs to make them breakfast before her friend's mom came to pick her up for an audition. Then I returned to wait for the picture.

And I wondered if maybe no more pictures were coming. I mean I wondered if this time of blessing and being flooded with heaven and unexpected grace was over. Then, in a moment of self-forgetting, a picture came.

I saw a whirlpool this time, a tiny, dark whirlpool—the smallest I had ever seen. Maybe it is like the one in your bathtub when you let all the water out.

I see this whirlpool now. The water is very dark. And it spins and spins until anything at all near it is sucked down.

Nancy Heuck Johanson

It is growing ever larger as I write. Now the whirlpool is huge and its waters are dark and frightening, like floodwaters. They *are* floodwaters. And they are spinning in a vortex of energy that is tremendous.

And I hear a sound—is it a sucking sound or something else? I do not know. It is not a sound I have ever heard before. It is a sound that does not end—not like when almost all the bath water runs out of the tub—because all of the water is not out, not by a long shot. There is no end to this spinning water, no end in sight.

I feel as if I am being swept along toward this vortex right now. I cannot explain how this is happening. But on the inside, it *is* happening. I am being swept into it. I feel the water and I hear it as I write this. I feel this black, powerful water spinning farther and farther down and I am spinning too, going around and around until inwardly I can no longer maintain my balance. And I can't just sit here and act like nothing is happening because it is happening—on the inside.

I have lost my footing entirely now. I am being carried and I cannot stop this holy water. Why do I even say “holy” at a time like this when I have no control and have completely lost my footing? Why do I utter the word “holy” when I am lost, utterly unable to stand?

The vortex and the sounds of this powerful water are so great. They are taking me somewhere. Oh God, they are carrying me onward to some place I don't even know. Do you understand what I am desperately trying to say here? They are taking me to a place I have never been and I am being carried along, alive and screaming.

LIGHT SHOWINGS: Moments In Divine Presence

I know it makes no “sense” because I am beyond the sense world here. Where these waters end I do not know. And will they ever grow calm? I don't know that either. They aren't calm now, I can tell you that.

I am being carried along by the most powerful waters I have ever seen in my life, beyond anything I could even imagine. And I am not carried against my will, but so far beyond my little will that I do not even struggle. I am not struggling now. I don't even want to struggle. This is so far beyond that. I am being carried like a baby by powerful waters I neither understand nor can control.

Now I go straight down. Like an arrow I am shot towards a center. I know it sounds crazy, but I am falling right now straight towards *the center*, a destination that is not a place. I can't explain it one bit. I am trying, but my attempts are so feeble.

I am free falling toward a center and nothing is stopping my fall. I am going right towards *the center* now and nothing *can* stop my fall.

As I fall, what I see is color. All blackness is gone now and I see sheets of color and walls of color. But there aren't walls here. It's more like veils of color, mists of color. I am free falling through all this incredible color and the color is light and delicate but not weak. It is very full and I am falling through mile after mile of it.

And it feels like springtime here. I mean it feels like Easter. I cannot tell you why I say this but it comes to me as I fall that here, beneath the swirling vortex, it is always

Nancy Heuck Johanson

springtime or Easter. And the colors, mild and full and delicate, are all alive, so very alive.

My falling becomes floating. I float like a leaf, down and down, floating so softly that I feel I am not moving at all. I am moving and not moving at the same time. The farther down I go, I see that the colors are changing.

The Light is brighter here. I can't explain it but the radiance is so bright that I have to squint and cannot look at it very long at all. And the brightness is growing and growing. It glows with a warmth I never imagined possible.

I have to close my eyes. I cannot bear the brightness of the Light. My eyes cannot survive this Light. They are completely closed but I still see the Light as if they were open. And it no longer even matters if my eyes are open or closed. This seeing does not depend upon my physical eyes. Our eyes are a miracle. You know your eyes are a miracle. And yet here—and I do not understand this—here, they are of no use at all.

Right now I see the colors start to give way as if they are yielding to the Light. As if the colors are beings themselves, they offer to step aside. Does this make sense to you? What I have seen has gone so far beyond anything I understand.

Still, these colors are giving way to this Light which I must call The Great Light. They are all receding to make way for The Great Light, surrendering their very beings even though they never were exerting their own will. They were never in resistance. Do you understand? These magnificent beings give way and recede and there

LIGHT SHOWINGS: Moments In Divine Presence

never was any self will at all on their part. They have no will of their own. They are making way for The Great Light, which is growing and growing—not becoming—because it always was. This Great Light always was, is, and will be.

The color beings recede now to make way for The Great Light that has been since before the beginning of time. I see this Light. It is so magnificent and unutterably awe-filled that I cannot find one word that even begins to explain it. And I could weep because I cannot.

Now The Great Light is rising up and coming together. In the greatest intensity it is flowing and forming itself into—into I don't know what—for it already is *all that is!* Yet it forms itself into a center that is at the same time everywhere, but in some places denser than others. I see this and I want to tell you about it so badly my heart hurts that I cannot do so. Yes, my heart hurts to not be able to find words that begin to express this magnificent Great Light, this Light before which I must simply bow down.

And now I feel The Great Light turn towards me, though nothing has turned or moved. It beholds me now in a way I can actually sense and feel. And all I can do is worship and fall upon my knees. Now I too must recede, as the colors receded to honor this Light.

Right now I feel The Great Light attending to me, noticing or falling upon me with its consciousness. As I feel this, my mind, cells and every part of my being are flooded with the deepest gratitude, the deepest love, and the deepest awe. I feel the most creatureliness I have ever felt in this life. All of this I feel and much more.

Nancy Heuck Johanson

And The Great Light knows this about me and accepts me. The Great Light loves me. And this love, at the same moment it spreads through every fiber of my being is also spreading through every fiber of every other being that lives or dies or ever has lived or died. Yes, at the same instant I feel this love inside myself, I know that everywhere and in everything the exact same Love is happening right now, and has since the beginning of time, and before even that. Here, there never was a beginning, for this is out of the dimension of time altogether. I cannot explain it, yet The Great Light does not mind that I have frailties, that there are things I cannot explain or say very well. I am the only one who wishes I could say it better; to do justice to the unutterable Holiness I experience right now. The Great Light is not at all disappointed—not now and never was.

The Great Light—is it the Christ? Is it God, Yahweh, Allah? Is it The Holy Spirit, The Great Spirit? Is it the Buddha? Is it Krishna or Shiva? Is it Gitche Manitou? Is it known by a thousand other Names? I do not know. All I know is that this Great Light is beyond names and not only the Great Light but also all the other beings here, the colors and all the light beings.

For now I see there are many light beings here—angels we call them—and all of them are beyond naming as far as I can tell. Beyond names! We need names in our world, though where I am now, I do not understand why. I do not understand why the beingness of someone is not identity enough. I do not know why we need little labels that refer and reduce. For here, I tell you it is of no use.

LIGHT SHOWINGS: Moments In Divine Presence

You may want reassurance about names. You may want to hear that The Great Light I am seeing has only one name, the one name that you have been taught to believe in. I hesitate to say this but it is not like that here. At least no one has used names or told me names here, so I cannot.

I can only speak the truth of what I am shown. Here, I am only interested in the truth. You may be joyful about this. You may be fearful or peaceful. Please have your own experience, whatever it is. Follow what is true for you from your experience. I do not ask you to believe this. This is written by one who has been ushered through a door, invited across a threshold and shown a world I never knew existed and can barely describe. Yet, I was asked to tell you what I see, so I am making my best attempt.

Now the Light is fading. This brightest Light is fading. No, that's wrong. The Light itself is not fading. The Great Light never fades, not for one second does it fade. It's my awareness that is fading because I am coming up. I see this now. I am being pulled up higher and higher through the colors. I am swirling through color right now.

The colors have already enclosed The Great Light. It's like a deep, beautiful mantle that enfolds a queen or a king when a visitation is over, yet so far beyond this I cringe at my own words. How unseemly they are. How crude! It's more like the great mantle of the sky enclosing the sun at sunset or night enfolding day. The great, noble colors have lovingly enwrapped The Great Light as I travel up and farther up.

Nancy Heuck Johanson

Now even my perception of the colors begins to fade. I wince. My heart pains as I continue to be pulled upwards into darkness that is our world. And now I am in the swirling waters of the dark corridor. I am in them and I am still rising. I give myself over to these rough, dark, guardian waters. They wash over me as they carry me ever upwards into the land of forgetting. I am returning to our world.

I hear the waters breaking and waves dashing at the mouth of the whirlpool. As I am spun out of the vortex upon the shore of this life, I am breathless on this side of the veil. I am lying down breathing the way we have to breathe in this world to stay alive. Yet, when it is time for us to move deeper than this brief life on earth, we will not need to swallow air like this. It is only here that the breath is sacred. And it is sacred after all. You know that your breath is sacred.

I am back here in our world now, breathing again. And I cannot explain what I have seen. It is so far beyond me. All I know is that I saw the smallest whirlpool, just like the one in the bathtub as you let all the water out. This is the picture that was given to me and then all the rest of it happened and still is happening. Yes, even now...

The Raindrop

January 21, 2000



Early this morning after a car alarm blared on the street, everything became still. Light was coming on, and in this darkness light is coming on. Light is coming on now and in every now to come.

A picture comes too, ordinary and simple like all the rest. I see a drop of water. A raindrop? Maybe it is a raindrop. I see a single drop falling through air and through eons into a small container like a tin can. You know how it is when you see one drop of water hit a surface and the pieces of water fly out from the center. Well, this is what I see right now as this one drop falls in slow motion, hits the surface and flies out in all directions. The flying parts of the drop go out in a circle, like petals.

Nancy Heuck Johanson

Out of the one drop, everything comes. And now I am underneath this one drop that has landed in the simplest container you have ever seen. And there is no bottom to this container.

I plunge down into water far deeper than anything this tin can of a container could ever hold. I go with the one drop, and the water I am plunging through is dark. I cannot breathe. Yet I do not have to breathe here.

This dark corridor of water is vast and now it is changing. I feel like I am in space, falling through space with my arms and legs moving like there is no gravity. I am floating.

As I float down in this dance of weightlessness I pass great beings. These beings are made of a substance that is not flesh. It is much lighter than that. They swirl as if their bodies are made of air or light. I pass swirling beings whose very essence is joy! I feel incredible warmth coming from them. It is who they are!

I am not meant to stay here, though part of me would like to. Oh yes, part of me would like to stay here forever. Now I hear music swell and this music is the whole environment, not an instrument playing. It is more like the entire world here reverberates with music.

I pass through layers of color, like bands of color. I am still falling, almost ready to land. And now I hit a surface and the same dispersion happens as when one drop of water falls and radiates out like petals. This happens with me. I have landed into a flower that has many petals radiating out. And when I land the dispersion is expressed

LIGHT SHOWINGS: Moments In Divine Presence

in energy. I land in the great flower that is light. The petals radiating out are also made of light. Though I have landed here, I am not staying here. Nothing stops here. Everything is in eternal flow.

I become part of this flower of light. I am part of the petals and the light. And the color of the flower is rose, and other colors too. The light here is made of many colors.

And this flower has a beating rhythm to it, like a heart, a great heart. But it is still a flower of light. In fact it is *the* central flower—*the center*. I mean it is the center of *everything*.

With one beat of this rhythm, I move out to the petals and on the rest, I flow back to the center. I flow out to the periphery and back to the center every moment. It doesn't make sense to my small mind, because even though I flow from the center to the periphery and back, I am also, at the same time, always in the center. And it's not even that I do or am anything anymore. I have lost my physical form.

I am this flower. I am this flow of energy. I am this beating heart. All of us are. All of us are here, and we are part of this sacred beating Heart whose form is the flower of light. As I say, this flower—is it a lotus?—is made of light and its petals radiate out towards everything. Yet this flower and this beating heart *are everything* that is or ever was. The light from these radiating petals fills the *all*—not just our cosmos. I don't even know what the all is, yet I am asked to say that this fills *all that is*.

Nancy Heuck Johanson

I am pulsing out and in with everything now. We are all one great symphony moving in and out, expanding and contracting. We are all part of this one breath, this breathing in and out, though in this place we do not breathe with lungs. Breathing here is different. It is movement.

I feel the great beings of joy smile as I write this. I feel them smiling now as I sit here—little human being that I am—trying to write this. Yet as I write, I am in this vast, undulating, magnificent flower made of light that pulses open and closed. Not exactly open and closed—for it is also eternally open. I have to stop to take a breath. Now I am resting in this light, not trying to explain it, just resting.

I see shafts of light within the light, places where the light forms itself in certain definite ways. I begin to see people and countenances here in this light. I see Jesus and Kwan Yin. I see Buddha and I see Gandhi. And there are others. The Blessed Mother comes towards me and I feel so humbled, so creaturely and small.

And now I am in the center of the flower and here I behold a Great Whirling Light, Perpetual Whirling Light at the center! The center is an amazing column of Perpetually Whirling Light.

I am on my knees, yes, on my knees. I can only be on my knees here in the presence of this Light. And my head is bowed down. In the presence of the Perpetual Whirling Light, I stay in a state of perpetual prostration. Even though I do not have a body, I am on my knees. I will never rise from this position, no matter if I am here in this sacred presence forever.

LIGHT SHOWINGS: Moments In Divine Presence

And I feel that I have died. All I can sense—I who have gone so far beyond the world of the senses—is that I will forever be on my knees here. For the rest of my life, which is but one grain of sand and that is all; part of me will never leave this place. Part of me would have to be torn from this place.

I care not one thing for anything else now. I could shatter and I would not care, for part of me will always be here, forever kneeling before the One, the One that is all. I know this. I know now that my I Am is always here, which is not a location or a place but being, perpetual being.

And way out on the furthest periphery of the petals of the flower that is everything, I see the cities of our world. I am here too. I know that there is no separation. For the cities and the smoke, the clanging, the noise, the joy and the suffering are all here also. I hear the children's cries and I see their smiles of gladness. I hear laughing, see radiant smiling.

I experience this in all countries of the world—not just my country or my city. All is part of this holy flower. I was going to say magnificent flower or tremendous flower, but it is not like that at all. It is not magnificent like a palace or tremendous like the ocean or like a castle or basilica or mosque or temple or ashram or anything like this. My heart cringes to even imagine that this flower is like these.

Believe me when I tell you that this flower is simple. Like a tender, wild flower, it is humble, not ornate. It is light and there are colors. But it does not talk or boast.

Nancy Heuck Johanson

As for The Great Heart, every heart in every child beats with the same innocence as The Great Heart. You must know this. Every beating heart: the mother giving her breast to her child, the drunk on the corner, the lovers in embrace, the angry parent screaming, the teacher at the blackboard, the businessman on the subway, the street cleaner, the people at the bar, the granny in the nursing home, the family gathering at table, the farmer praying for rain—each beats with the innocent beauty of this great flower of light pulsing with great Love.

I am quiet now. Part of me is still praying, still bowed down. This part of me has always been here. And you have been here too, kneeling beside me. You have always been kneeling at the center. All of us are here. It may not seem so to you, but it is true. We are here, all of us together at the center, now and always...

Now I see a golden umbilical cord that connects the part of me in perpetual adoration to the outer person, in this life, Nancy. This Nancy who tries to trust and open herself to Life as it is. I feel the golden cord reaching from the part of me at the center all the way to Nancy—though there is no distance. I feel compassion for her and for all of us little ones who have forgotten who we are.

I am quiet. Gradually more here in my body and back in my house, I notice my fingers are cold. I hear J click his wheelchair into gear.

"Mom?"

"I'm coming." My eyes are wide open now.

LIGHT SHOWINGS: Moments In Divine Presence

Winter snow still covers everything. In my heart I say, "Thank you for all that I have seen, for all that was shown to me today. Thank you for all that is and all that will be."

It is as real as I saw it then. I see that now. You must know this for this is truth. And all I can do is to say once again and so very softly, "Thank you."

The Rain Puddle

January 22, 2000



I am alone this Saturday morning. A.M. left early for his S.A.T.'s. The younger children are still asleep, beautiful as only children can be. You know how beautiful their sleeping faces are.

Outside the light is soft. Snow still blankets the earth and sound is lost in silence. Before, when the sky was dark and not nearly day, the picture was given to me. I saw a rain puddle and in it were reflected the yellows, peaches, and pinks of sunrise. In an ordinary puddle, the colors of sunrise shine softly on any street, rut or path—anywhere in the world.

Now I see it again and I am told that it is not just anywhere that this happens, but *everywhere*. Wherever

Nancy Heuck Johanson

you are, rain puddles hold all the shining colors of a new day, the new day that is coming. And it is coming, this day. I can say and I must say that this day is here now. The new day we have all waited for is beginning now.

I am looking into the rain puddle. And as I see the colors, the yellow begins to swirl up and out of the puddle. And the orange comes too. Now the peach that is baby sister to the orange rises up. Someday the peach will deepen into orange and also rise.

As these colors rise up and swirl, they are no longer contained. I stand in a world of color. It is not the world I know. And I am no longer as I was. Color moves through me until I too begin to move like the colors, no longer connected by gravity. Here, there is no gravity, only movement. As the movement intensifies, I see it spinning ever faster and more unified. Like a whirling vortex of energy, it reaches a velocity that will shatter my very being. I am spinning so fast now that even my new body, made of color and light, will shatter and change into something else.

I have now spun so fast that I have become absolute stillness. I am part of a gigantic hush, a silence so deep it reaches from one end of creation to another. But this is no longer creation, as we see it. I have gone behind a veil. I am behind the *activity* of creation.

I am part of the All that *is*. I am part of the vast nothingness. This is no vacuum, not at all. This beingness stretches forever and there is no end to it. It has no ending and no beginning. Not even in time is there a beginning or ending, because it always has been. Likewise in space

LIGHT SHOWINGS: Moments In Divine Presence

there are no seams that say it begins here and ends there.

I am in a seamless place of no-thingness. It is beyond words. Though maybe you could describe it. Maybe you already have and this is not worth my feeble attempts at describing it. In any case, I am in this galactic--no, I am just being told it's not even of galaxies. I am here in a state of being beyond galaxies.

I sense nothing here. Not with my eyes or ears or skin. I have no skin and no face. I cannot help that this sounds bizarre. Here it is not at all strange to be without a physical body. All is like this in this place that is not a place. In fact, here, all I know is that *I am*. What I know is: I am.

Now I hear humming in this vast expanse of Being. If I told you that this humming is responsible for creating everything in the world of things and parts and moving cycles and currents, day and night and all of it, you might wonder about the one who tells you this. But what I have been shown lies *beyond* our world. I have journeyed inward past the edge of the sense world and returned.

My main reason for being here on earth now—though it seems to me that there are so many other reasons—but I am told that the main, deep reason I'm here now is to share this with you. Like all of us, I will leave when it is time. We will all go home one way or the other when we no longer are needed here.

I hear the sacred hum resound and its fullness takes me into itself, though there is no self here. I am carried into the heart of the humming that *Is*, that exists, all the time—

Nancy Heuck Johanson

though time does not exist here. This sacred hum continuously brings life into form and dissolves it, creating and destroying all form.

Each note of the Sacred Song is like a paintbrush that creates. The paintbrush moves at each swelling tone and sound of this humming. And what is painted is not a canvas. No, the humming creates our world; this familiar world we call home, the place many of us think is our true and only home. And most of us—indeed, this was my fable—most of us believe there is no other home, no spiritual world or heaven. Or if there is, it is very, very, very far removed.

Yet, I see within this common rain puddle *all* the colors of heaven shining. Yes, all the colors of *heaven* shine. You must know this. You must know that in the puddles as the great sun rises on any city street or rutted dirt road, in schoolyard or in forest, in the jungle or on any path in the world, heaven shines.

You do not have to work hard for it. No. You never had to work for this.

Why do we have so many, long tiresome books thinking it out, insisting that heaven, that spirit, that God must be experienced this way or that way, only directly available to these people or those, or in some future time.

I do not believe God can be dissected or boxed in by our tiny thoughts, or only found in past writings of centuries ago. Heaven is with us now!

LIGHT SHOWINGS: Moments In Divine Presence

Please do not study my scribbling. They are tiny fruits from one who was asked to share what she was shown in a common rain puddle afire with Heaven. It could have been anywhere.

Look into any common rain puddle anywhere on our earth when the sun shines on it. You will see God's light. In Africa or England, China or New York, you will see it. You may be yellow or black or red or brown or white. You may have never learned to read, you may be rich, you may be unemployed, or a child or in prison or in a rush. You may be whomever you have chosen to be in this brief dance here.

Whoever you are in this life, a rain puddle is here for you. It shines with all the colors of this new day, the day that has opened for each of us here and now.

Look into the puddle. Don't hurry by. You look past its shining as you rush to find something written on a page long ago.

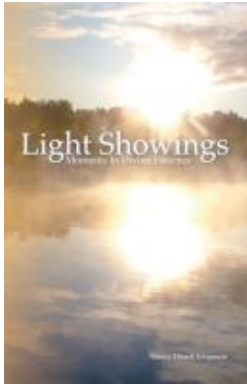
Heaven is with us now.

I feel small in sharing this with you. Knowing this, understand that Heaven opens to the small and big alike. Heaven is open for all of us now, a shining jewel in our midst. My eyes well up with tears as I whisper, "It is here now."

Come, like the smallest wildflower, a tiny ripple on a pond. Come as a seedling, a sprout, a grain of sand, a raindrop. Let yourself be as these.

Nancy Heuck Johanson

I am a blade of grass. The wind blows through me and I tremble. I sigh and bow my head. Yes, I am bowing my head, even now...



"A remarkable book. Revelations and spiritual insights reminiscent of Hildegard of Bingen and Julian of Norwich. I was deeply moved...conscious of the authenticity and power of these contemporary visions - sobering, yet inspiring. Profound in their simplicity yet deeply spiritual. Essential reading for those who hunger for meaning in life and struggle with courage and hope on their own journeys. Nancy Heuck Johanson's "Showings" are life changing." - Edwina Gately, Poet, Author, International Public Speaker

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