

IM with God: the Journey to the Center of The One in You contains descriptions and intimate dialogue concerning the sacred elements humans possess (physical, psychological, and sociological). "IM" explores the individual, their belief systems and their inherent divine relationship.

IM with God: The Journey to the Center of The One in You

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IM

With

God:

**A Journey to the Center
Of The One in You**

AngllHugnU2

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All examples involving the personal lives of people have been developed from real life situations. However, the details, names and circumstances have been altered in the interest of confidentiality. Any resemblance to a known person or situation is coincidental.

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IM About SomeOne

*“One is perfect infinity; it’s everything...and Everyone...One!...” (“One”
Mark Meckel/Monte Selby/2003 Street Singer Music BMI)*

For years, even as a child growing up in Western Pennsylvania, I sat holding onto a flood of thoughts and ideas burning to escape through mouth or pen. They were passionate thoughts, seemingly running amuck through my mind: rattling around like super balls on my brain. And, I did, whether anybody liked it or not, think constantly about my relationship, my connection, with something greater about, through, and around me. Perhaps it was God. I really did not know. And frankly, I did not even care. It was a presence of certainty and peace. I had never known a time when I was without this unique presence—The One. While I may have had my moments of rejection from those with whom I grew up, I’d never felt completely alone, abandoned, or ignored. I’d always had The One.

I am here to tell you, regardless of your present set of circumstances (desperate or free) we all possess these same experiences of conversational moments with The One. We experience them in those moments right before the math test we THOUGHT we were going to fail and didn’t. And, even when we did fail, The One was close enough to touch us yet far enough away to allow us to know freedom of will. We experienced our relationship with the One in that moment right as we thought to glance back to see Dad no longer pushing us on our first bike ride without training wheels. We REALLY could ride a bike on our own, we discovered. And, that conversation may just have included the words, “Oh, My God! Wow! Way cool!”

It took me a while, but, I would discover, as I studied for the priesthood at the Pontifical Institute of Missionary Extension (PIME) located at the University of Detroit, these “thoughts” originated from a growing and living certainty we all inalienably possess. The voice of Oneness gently within and around us addresses the pounding, persistent, illusion-filled lessons of lack we’d create to hide from what The One Love offers. The thoughts and feelings I possessed, it

appeared to me, needed expression. I was expending a great deal of energy attempting to hide them. Yes, as a result of my painful past, I'd been doing all I could to hide from them or hide them somewhere in what could be described as the far corners of my brain. It made me tired of life and very unwilling to take the time to love my Self.

Fr. Adrian Pelosian was an Italian man who loved being a PIME Father. He'd been born with a poor Italian Catholic farm family. He'd loved being poor. "There is a certain peace in appreciating the simple things in life!" he would assert. "Perhaps that is the reason soccer is the poor person's sport. All you need is one's self and a ball with which you play." For me, at this particular time in my life, it was quiet nauseating to find this man bragging about being happy, being poor and enjoying it. Happy was something with which I could not identify.

Needless to say, Adrian was deeply and intimately spiritual. He was determined to learn more about the depth of his spirituality; his oneness. The unique mix of his belief systems proved to send a powerful message of love to whomever he spoke.

I'd had a lot of issues with which to deal before I could take on the challenges of the priesthood. Father Adrian was my spiritual director at PIME. He'd been one of the first to notice I had been spending a great deal of time thinking more of my painful past than of my perfectly holy present.

One evening, while at our regular Thursday spiritual counseling session, he'd given to me an assignment. "Michael, just sit and read The Gospel of John!" he said in his broken Italian-flavored English. "And..." he added, "if there is anything you read that speaks to you, where you actually hear what sounds like a voice, stop what you are doing, listen, and write down what it is you hear."

"What is it that I would be hearing?" I asked.

"Michael, just sit and read The Gospel of John!" he said once again in his Italian-flavored English. "And..." he implicitly added, "if there is anything you read that speaks to you, where you actually hear what sounds like a voice, stop what you are doing, listen, and write down what it is you hear."

“What is it about these holy folks?” I murmured to myself out of Adrian’s office door. “They always make you feel like you’re in some kind of Cecil B. Demil movie. And so, that evening I would sit with my Jerusalem Bible, open it to The Gospel of John, and begin my reading, not having a clue as to what it was I was to hear or listen for.

As I read, “In the beginning was the Word, the Word was with God, and the Word was God...”, I would hear nothing but the uncomfortable clutter of Catholic traditions competing with each other to be relived on the lines of my three-ringed journal. This was a frustrating feeling, as I was not about to write my version of the Catholic Catechism. So, on and on I read. None of it really “spoke to me” in a way I had not ever known before. So, I calmly continued on, reading more and more through the fourth of the synoptic gospels.

Eventually, I began to read a story in the Gospel of John where a man “crippled at birth” had had the opportunity to meet with Jesus and be healed. At the reading of the words, that said something like “pick up your mat and walk,” I began to notice a soft murmuring of conversation tapping on the walls of my heart. The words entered through me in a most peaceful manner. I’d never quite recognized a feeling like this before. So, as Adrian had requested, I began to write...

Mike, what if the man had not been crippled for life?

What if he was actually just a beaten-down man, in his youth?

What if he was rejected by so many people in his life that it had come to the point where he’d felt crippled by the ideas these others were teaching him of a seeming worthlessness?

I laid the pen down and replied audibly...“I dunno!!! Sounds a whole lot like me!” On I continued to write of what I would hear from within...

Well, what if the man had been beaten down since birth?

What if he’d been told he lacked in value?

What if he believed he lacked in value?

And, as such, what if he'd actually then began to teach himself, and everybody who would ever meet him, he lacks in value?

Again, I laid the pen down and replied, "I dunno!!! I guess that would be pretty crippling!"

"But, you believe he was crippled because the gospel says he was crippled...correct?" I wrote.

Yeah!!!

So then, what do you think the word "crippled" would mean to those persons living in that time?

A person unable to walk, I guess!

...True!

Could it also mean a person unable to believe he could actually do something for himself ...even if it meant walking!

"You know...you're right! I feel like that sometimes," I said as I tapped the pen gently against my right cheek. Little did I know, my first conversation with TheOneNU had begun.

You do???

Yes...I really feel like I simply don't want to get out of bed. I simply won't move.

Are you crippled?

No! But, I hate myself, I get depressed, and I just don't wanna do stuff!...I'm like stiff!

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You simply won't move...yer crippled.

I guess!

So why not pick up your mat and walk?

Hmmmm.....????

Yer the one in charge of your life...it's not what others think of you that makes of you who you are! Everything you do in your life is about choices. Sooooo?????

Hmmmm?????

Pick up your mat and walk!

Immediately, I proceeded to write in my journal more about the way that our perception of John's view of what may have been crippling the man Jesus healed is limited by what others, in tradition, have been telling us. I wrote, "We simply need to understand how we tend to cripple our Selves in ways we never recognize."

Likewise, I wrote how limiting the hard and hurtful messages of youth could be if we continued to believe them as truths for the rest of our lives. We are restricting our Self with a crippling perspective. Maybe...just maybe we all have the ability to heal one another if we but remind each other healing happens when Love of One's Self is recognized from within. Perhaps, it's true! We ARE happier than we really think. We ARE happy. And, all the other stuff is just lies. Perhaps when we recognize differently who we really are, "We will then too," I wrote, "pick up our mat and walk."

For example, just such a healing moment came to me from the lips of a beautiful young lady, a former high school classmate of mine. She courageously approached me at my 25th high school reunion to extend a 25-year-old apology. This reunion would be the first I'd ever dared to attend. You see, frequently, on the bus to and from school, I faced many trips where the glass on my window was slimed wet with

the green, gooey smears of what a few students had spat at me. I tried everything to avoid imagining how those who cleaned the mess up nightly felt about their jobs.

I tried to remain unflinching in my response. But, such moments did make me feel less. Just about every day, I would be pinched and prodded to fight one of "Lisa's" five friends who wanted to "see what he was made of." Now, at the reunion Lisa was standing in front of me expressing her apologies "*for having been so mean.*" At first, because I my Self was caught up in a whirlwind of haunting memories, like (I am sure) the cripple Jesus met, I had no idea as to how I would pick up my mat and finally walk. So, to be polite, I then asked her to repeat what it was she had said.

"I wanted to tell you, while at our tenth year class reunion how sorry I was," she said to me with watery eyes, *"...about how badly, I have felt, we all treated you in high school. BUT, since you never showed up, I had to wait all this time to tell you now...I am so glad you came so that I can tell you...I'm sorry!"*

I was truly overwhelmed! I stared in amazement. Frankly, I was stunned to hear anybody say "I'm sorry!" In fact, nobody had ever said to me one sincere apology ever. I mean, there were the times my brothers would say, "I'm sorry!" because they were compelled to out of guilt or because of a parent or elder. But I never received a healing, helpful apology that would allow me to feel the strengths of my real perfection enough to stand, pick up my mat, and walk. This experience with Lisa was my first real moment of reconciliation.

("See, Michael, all the waiting through those scary moments," TheOneNU whispers within as I write this, *"eventually paid off.")*

For the first time, someone ultimately recognized what had happened in my high school years. I really do not wish to overdramatize the moment., but, I could not imagine how it must have felt for her to wait so long to make peace with another person so far to reach. When I come to realize how poorly I have treated another I need to clear the air immediately. As I had come to recognize such, I began to wonder how many times she might have thought, before going to bed, as I might have thought, *"I have to do this! I have to tell him I'm sorry!"*

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It matters little to me as to whether it was something that bothered her to a point where she could not move forward personally. What really matters is that she wanted to express her love in a way that healed another. While it might have been crippling, it might also have been just a simple thorn in her side she wanted to remove. Even if for a day, the time up and until she'd said something, for me at least, was a hard walk across a bridge into a place where, at the other end, I would know freedom, peace and that SomeOne I had wanted to meet for some time. For her to return back over that bridge would never happen for her. She would be free to love better. In one small obscure act she would know how to feel better and like the beautiful woman, TheOneNU, she'd met inside.

(If I did not say it clearly to her then, I want to say it here to her now, "Thank you, Lisa!" Because of you, I have felt my Self to be SomeOne needed by EveryOne. You have become an inspiration for IM With God.)

*

*

*

There is another miracle moment of sorts that came to me during the days following the death of my father Thomas. While I had been standing at the funeral home speaking with one of my close relatives, I had noticed my cousin's eyes looking slightly over my shoulder to someone behind me. Lots of persons would have been coming and going, so I'd paid little attention. But, her attention seemed more and more taken by another one behind me. She motioned with her hand as to direct me to someone waiting.

"For me?" I said.

She nodded in affirmation and so, I turned to see who it could be.

The name of the man standing behind me was Sammy Hamblin. Sammy had been a high school classmate of mine. His solid, friendly character as a person, and skills as a student and athlete, I'd always admired. I would have given anything to be Sammy's friend. But, there never seemed a place where I could ever fit into his world.

Maybe, I just never took the time to notice him always standing there waiting for me to turn.

But now, there he was standing, as handsome as ever, with a warm sense of compassion for me on this day when I had lost the physical aspect of the one man I'd learned to appreciate and admire most—my father.

With a lump in my throat I stood stammering. Words, a normal commodity for me, were now being expressed in tiny tears of joy rising up to my eyes. With one simple gesture, at a time when I truly needed to know friendship the most, there my friend stood sharing my loss and boosting my feelings of love at the same time. Little did he know how much I loved him at that point. Sammy helped me to know a great and hefty sense of value. I'd suddenly recognized my feelings and worth of being Someone to be very true. With every blessing of that moment I rose to my feet spiritually, picked up my mat, and walked.

Thank you, Sammy!

As I continued to complete the Gospel of John, in small steps throughout my sophomore year, I was beginning to understand the gospel might have been in and of itself a journal offered to anyone reading its affirmations and meanings of a good life readily available. The message being if they but take the time to constantly pick up their mats of their present afflictions and walk, they will be far better off than just sitting and doing nothing at all. "*Life*," John seems to have discovered in the meaning of Jesus' life, "is all about us!"

God gave to us a world in which we are allowed to be co-creators. "(We) can no longer be a passive recipient (of the Creator). (We) must be an active partner. Just as Abraham, Moses, and Isaiah talk back to God, (we) can talk back to (TheOneNU)." (Feiler, 176) With such discoveries came new meanings for me of the words, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

Now as hard as I tried to believe these spiritually-rich feelings were to be feared and avoided, the persistent presence of my perfect, peaceful purpose would never leave me. I slowly began to accept the small, glimmering moments where I would express to my seminary colleagues and religious studies' students some of what I heard in my conversations with TheOneNU. The feel of the words left my mouth

and flowed out of pen on to paper, or from chalk on to board and immediately, immersed my life in an uncommon, unifying presence with what EveryOne was trying to discover about them Selves. For once, it was not hard to feel confident about speaking something profound. It was fantastic to feel right (centered), for once. It was wonderful for my heart to finally be heard. And, I am sure many of you know by now, speaking up and expressing One's Self is never about being right or wrong. And, it's never about egocentrism. Rather, it's about being part of something great in the answering.

While I never doubted "the presence" of holy perfection in my life's direction or purpose, I did still question that the value of the true feelings I possessed were FOR me. I still could not let go of my feelings of worthlessness. After all, those feelings of being less seemed much too powerful to overcome. But, I did feel strongly, these ideas about being better than we think, or maybe even perfect, needed to be shared with others so they might know the truth about how good life truly could be.

Perhaps the writer of the Gospel of John felt the exact same way about his discoveries when considering the meaning in the life of Jesus, his relationship with his disciples, the crowds, the authorities, and especially The One God of the Jews. Jesus seemed, for the writer of John, the perfect example of what EveryOne really must have been capable. And, to have realized such evolves the nature of the Jesus message.

It seems to me, the writer(s) of this fourth synoptic gospel simply did not believe the value of such riches should be claimed for him Self alone. Rather, he wanted what he'd learned about what EveryOne was capable through the life of Jesus (and his own experiences) to come from another one's mouth. So, in my estimation, when Jesus tells Phillip about performing miracles as good if not better than he, the writer of John feels he can comfortably share an indescribable kinship or oneness with all who consider what he has written. The lesson I would then learn from reading John was simple: "The Word was made flesh and lived among us—within us, around us, and through us." But, like the writer of John, I felt determined to believe this was something for another one to have. As I thought in my

seminary days, I was indeed not deserving of such richness and vitality of life. So, what I knew I knew to be true all along I refused to recognize for my Self.

Yes, that's right! Though I learned a great deal about picking up my mat of afflictions and walking in Detroit, I still refused to believe writing or speaking completely what I understood prominently about my relationship with God would accomplish something blessedly great for my Self. Down through the years, I refused to record onto paper, tape, or disk space what it was I knew about how truly close we all are to TheOneNU.

Even as my closest friends would ask me to write down what it was I knew I knew to be faithfully good and honest, I would decline. And, even as I would watch my good friends enjoy a happier life by allowing their joy to surface on the dance floors of a cowboy's saloon, I resisted claiming it for my Self. As far as I was concerned, I simply was not smart enough to explain what I knew to be really great ideas. I was holding on still to my fears—my F-alse E-xpectations A-ppearing R-eal.

By not speaking up or writing down my certainty, I continued to validate the centuries-old teachings of human worthlessness, having more confidence in my conviction that I would be hated and rejected for what I knew about happiness, certainty, reality, and healing—Love. I'd had my share of rejection as a child as a result of expressing some of these feelings; I did not want to be more of a fool or a laughing stock throughout the rest of my life. So, with arms crossed and lips sealed I attempted to live my life guided by the whims of fear. Besides, as EveryBody knows "I'm a sinner!"

However, while I may have kept from my Self my true feelings about my Self, I did not stop helping others to feel and experience their own inherent powers of Love. I would encourage others to "say out loud how much you love yourself." Even though they did not admit as much, I knew EveryOne possessed an inherent quality for greatness. I knew this because I was doing the same. So, while I still would refuse to claim as much, I would dedicate my life, strangely enough, to vicariously living what I knew, and to come to realize what I knew through others, believing their successes to be really mine. They after

all were far more deserving than I to experience true happiness and success.

Projecting onto others how I really felt about my Self was a perfect way to avoid how I knew SomeOne, like me, could feel when they recognized happiness. By teaching others to believe in all of their many gifts I my Self as well possessed but avoided, I was acting like a person peering out from behind the drapery watching my happiness (Love) sitting there quietly on the front stoop. And, every time “Love” looked my way, she would smile a warm smile, and wave a kind hello. The drapery, the haze behind which I chose to hide, filled in around me. This delusional expression of “self-love” was to supposedly shield me from true happiness.

As you all undoubtedly have already discovered, each time I would look through the drapery, I remained there watching my happiness a little longer to get a greater glimpse of what I have waiting for me beyond the false sense of lack I’d held sacred and dear.

So, in various forums throughout the next thirty years, I would speak to others of my relationship with TheOneNU in an obtuse manner. “You’re closer to The Father than you think!” I would say. And, the depth of such a perfect promise often bloomed smiles as mostly EveryOne would hear from me *“even your smile in a single second touches and heals another more than you know and regardless of what you might think.”*

The majority with whom I shared such a simple message walked away wondering why they’d not taken time to recognize such greatness in them Selves before. They have finally been convinced, in many ways, they’d truly possessed something valuable and great within. With every person learning how loved they were by The One, I could hear the resistance within myself slowly crumbling at the soft sound of TheOneNU whispering... *“This means you, too!”*

There just seems no reason why we, who are completely aware of The One within, still place all our belief in the illusion of lacking value. Such willingness to ignore greatness is simply stunning. As always, and like a badly scratched vinyl record, while I spoke my feelings with utter confidence to others, I doubted my words still to have any value for me to appreciate them. I was still dedicated to the

many years when I simply taught my Self to have a lack of personal greatness, value, and direction.

Like EveryBody out there, I'd built within and around me an invisible wall, a comfort zone, and defense mechanisms with fear of rejection as its cement. I would not accept the perfect giftedness of what I had been blessed. It was NoBody's fault! Centuries of teaching, now long past, from childhood, through teen and young adult years, help all of us to ignore the real for the illusionary, call Love a lie and allow our past to be the designer of a false present. There is no blame! We have seen war after war, killing after killing, religious sectarian violence, political squabbles, petty neighborhood disputes, families melt at the weight of criticism, youthful suicides and more to be the outcomes of a world dedicated to maintaining its belief in "Nobody's perfect!"

But, like it or not, as it was in the beginning is now and forever more, much is happening now in the lives of EveryBody refusing to see their part as EveryOne. EveryBody is discovering they are EveryOne. And EveryOne today is coming to notice change for the better at One time in their lives or another. EveryOne's *now* is certain and peaceful! And, AnyOne can make the same discoveries as I.

EveryOne knows what is true. For me personally, over the years, I now acknowledge, regardless of the past and its fearful feelings, the constancy of Love and the consistency of peace my words possess and provide for others. My words, with regard to TheOneNU and Love, remain as stable now as they had back then. Today, I not only know I have value, I claim it with loving pride. *I am SomeOne who is Loved and Loved right now!*

On a clear, starry night at my Colorado Mountain home I journal *IM about SomeOne* with TheOneNU who loves always and cares deeply without condition. I want to share with you now that conversation's insightfulness regarding how truly connected we are to TheOneNU.

AngllHugnU2: *Hey, you!*

TheOneNU: *Hey there, bud!*

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AngllHugnU2: *Have a little time on your hands?*

TheOneNU: *You have the time on YOUR hands. I am always...so shoot! What's yer need?*

AngllHugnU2: *I have this problem.*

TheOneNU: *Well, it's not really a problem. It's just a decision you have been afraid to make.*

AngllHugnU2: *Sheeeesh...cut me a break! I need yer help here.*

TheOneNU: *I'm here! What's up?*

AngllHugnU2: *There are times when I am brimming with so much enthusiasm for writing down what I have learned from you about Life.*

AngllHugnU2: *I go to the computer.*

AngllHugnU2: *I start the computer.*

AngllHugnU2: *I go into the Microsoft Word program to begin writing...*

TheOneNU: *Yesssss?*

AngllHugnU2: *... only to find my enthusiasm has waned.*

AngllHugnU2: *I suddenly feel as if I have an ocean of material to write, but nothing to really say truly new.*

TheOneNU: *And...?*

AngllHugnU2: *Why?*

TheOneNU: *Well, Angl...*

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TheOneNU: *What you have to say may not seem all truly new to you.*

TheOneNU: *It's not new to you because you have repeated the new to your Self over and a over...*

TheOneNU: *... as if it were a weapon to prove your worthlessness.*

TheOneNU: *So you keep fighting the new as truly new.*

TheOneNU: *And, because you keep fighting the new, the new becomes seemingly old.*

TheOneNU: *However, when you place it on paper as what you know as truly new, watch how truly new it becomes for you.*

AngllHugnU2: *Yeah...I guess!*

TheOneNU: *Besides, what you are writing may be truly new to Someone who might not have thought what they knew was truly new all their life.*

AngllHugnU2: *Huh?*

TheOneNU: *How many times have you learned something, really learned something, where you said, "Damn...I knew that!"*

AngllHugnU2: *Plenty of times!*

TheOneNU: *Well...*

AngllHugnU2: *Well...what?*

TheOneNU: *So will they who read what our heart said about what you feel you knew was truly new, but did not know until you finally knew you were right all along.*

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AngllHugnU2: *Cute!*

TheOneNU: *I know!*

AngllHugnU2: *So, where do I go from here?*

TheOneNU: *??????*

AngllHugnU2: *I have all this truly new stuff you have given to me,*

AngllHugnU2: *...and apparently all of us.*

AngllHugnU2: *I now discover I have it.*

TheOneNU: *☺ and?*

AngllHugnU2: *I want other persons to know they have it as well.*

TheOneNU: *☺ Kewl!*

AngllHugnU2: *Tanks...*

AngllHugnU2: *So, where do I go from here?*

TheOneNU: *Well...First of all,*

TheOneNU: *...you have to come to recognize...*

TheOneNU: *...Everybody senses they know they have something, otherwise, they would not be looking so hard not to find it.*

AngllHugnU2: *Huh? They are looking to not find it?*

TheOneNU: *Yeppers...*

TheOneNU: *Lookin' to not find it."*

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AngllHugnU2: *I'm confused!*

TheOneNU: *EveryBody wants to be loved.*

AngllHugnU2: *Yeah...*

TheOneNU: *EveryBody believes so much fear is their happiness that when they find true love, true peace, or true happiness it scares them*

TheOneNU: *...it seems "too good to be true."*

TheOneNU: *Sooooo, they do something to sabotage its discovery and start the search all over again...*

TheOneNU: *Lookin', once more, not to find it...*

AngllHugnU2: *...Ahhhhh.....oookay?*

TheOneNU: *You see...like you, it seems you have already started but you do not really know it.*

AngllHugnU2: *Well, it does seem too good to be true...*

TheOneNU: *Why? Because it results in your recognizing (knowing again) you ARE really happy?*

AngllHugnU2: *Huh?*

TheOneNU: *Each time you come close to noticing it,*

TheOneNU: *...you avoid it because...well...because you seem to have taught your Self there should be something other than yer being happy,*

TheOneNU: *...other than yer being perfect,*

TheOneNU: *...other than yer being great,*

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TheOneNU:*other than yer being Love.*

AngllHugnU2: *Okay...oookay...I get the message...*

AngllHugnU2: *Sheeeesh...*

AngllHugnU2: *So Anybody can be an Oxymoron!*

TheOneNU: *I dunno what that means...*

TheOneNU: *But, what I do know is...you wanna be loved right now...*

TheOneNU: *BUT you don't wanna be loved when yer loved right now.*

AngllHugnU2: ☹

TheOneNU: *But you know yer loved right now because you do little things like write about being loved all the time...*

AngllHugnU2: ☺

TheOneNU: *But, then you do something to hide your writings so you can pretend you're not really loved...*

AngllHugnU2: *Bummer!*

AngllHugnU2: *You mean the entire little journal entries I have taken about being loved, and stored who knows where, actually do have meaning?*

TheOneNU: *Duh?*

AngllHugnU2: ☹

TheOneNU: *Why else would you have written and saved them, silly?*

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AngllHugnU2: *I knew that?*

TheOneNU: *See!*

AngllHugnU2: *Sheeeesh... ☺*

AngllHugnU2: *Something tells me there will be more times in this conversation where that will occur.*

TheOneNU: *Yep!*

AngllHugnU2: *So these notes and entries I have taken about Love and Life, what is real and unreal, truth and lies, all these notes become a lesson for someone else?*

TheOneNU: *Yep!*

TheOneNU: *They became a lesson for you.*

TheOneNU: *They will continue to be a lesson for you.*

AngllHugnU2: ☺

TheOneNU: *Why would not they be shared with SomeOne else seeking the same understanding of what it is they already knew they knew was truly new all along?*

AngllHugnU2: *I dunno! I guess that makes sense.*

TheOneNU: *Sure, it makes a great deal of sense.*

AngllHugnU2: ☺

TheOneNU: *Within the walls of your false perceptions...*

TheOneNU: *...you keep this understanding hidden.*

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TheOneNU: *Repetitive lessons become increasingly important in your world.*

TheOneNU: *Remember, what is true in your world seemingly requires more than one person to hear and say what they knew all along they knew as truly new.*

AngllHugnU2: *You got that right!*

TheOneNU: *In your world and perceptions,*

TheOneNU: *... if it required but one person to say it for all times, can you imagine how many wars might not have been fought?*

TheOneNU: *Can you imagine how many sad and painful memories might have been avoided?*

AngllHugnU2: *Interesting!*

TheOneNU: *Can you imagine the torture of crosses and whips that would never have been created?*

TheOneNU: *Can you imagine how shiny those Twin Towers would still be in the New York skyline?*

AngllHugnU2: ☺

TheOneNU: *But, that is not apparently how you WILL to learn. What you will, you do. What you wish, you don't.*

AngllHugnU2: *Sadly, I knew that? So, we really know things!*

TheOneNU: *Lots of things!*

TheOneNU: *Great things.*

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TheOneNU: *Loving things.*

TheOneNU: *Peaceful things.*

TheOneNU: *And...*

AngllHugnU2: *And???????*

TheOneNU: *...you know them perfectly!*

AngllHugnU2: *I mean, I realize we know a lot of things from all the experiences we have, and from what we have been taught as children.*

AngllHugnU2: *But, we know plenty more?*

TheOneNU: *Lots more!*

TheOneNU: *You know you know more than you think.*

AngllHugnU2: ☺

TheOneNU: *Actually, Angl, it's more than you give yourself credit for,*

TheOneNU: *...more than you realize!*

AngllHugnU2: *Why do we not recognize it?*

TheOneNU: *It seems in so many and various manners of trying to forget.*

TheOneNU: *...Your lessons from childhood are tainted with fear.*

TheOneNU: *As a result they are full of instability.*

TheOneNU: *Sometimes those things you really know you discount as "more than you care to know."*

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TheOneNU: *It is those things you might forget you knew.*

TheOneNU: *It's only when you need to have it that you sense you know and then discover how important it was to care to know.*

TheOneNU: *...what you knew you knew was truly new all along.*

AngllHugnU2: *Seems like a silly way to live!*

TheOneNU: *Yes! But, it's where Somebody is and I am willing to guide Everybody through to where you know you are Someone.*

AngllHugnU2: ☺

TheOneNU: *So, you see, it becomes increasingly important that EveryOne realize their importance in sharing notes.*

TheOneNU: *...about Love and Life,*

TheOneNU: *...what is real and unreal,*

TheOneNU: *truth and lies.*

TheOneNU: *All those notes mean something for all those who knew what they knew was truly new all along.*

TheOneNU: *Because what you know you've had since the beginning. It is what you know now.*

TheOneNU: *It IS truly new all the time. It is great stuff. It is yours!*

TheOneNU: *Right now!*

AngllHugnU2: *So, is this what they mean by "Everyone has a message?"*

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TheOneNU: *Yes. However, with One exception is that true.*

AngllHugnU2: *What is that exception?*

TheOneNU: *It's not "everyone." It's EveryOne!"*

AngllHugnU2: *I saw that in a couple of IM entries earlier. I thought it was simply a typo.*

TheOneNU: *Nope...no typos here! It was written for the purpose of expressing a truth.*

AngllHugnU2: *What is truth?*

TheOneNU: *A familiar question.*

TheOneNU: *Have heard it lots of times.*

AngllHugnU2: *Yep...good ole' Pontius Pilate!*

TheOneNU: *Eh...he was just Somebody thinking too hard. Everybody thinks truth has many faces. But, Everyone knows truth when they see it!*

AngllHugnU2: *It doesn't have many faces??????*

TheOneNU: *Angl, in your perception you notice lots of bodies,*

TheOneNU: *... lots of individuals,*

TheOneNU: *...lots of people.*

TheOneNU: *Everybody you see seems to have separate experiences,*

TheOneNU: *separate rules,*

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TheOneNU: ... *separate belief systems,*

TheOneNU: ... *separate religions,*

TheOneNU: ...*separate economic policies,*

TheOneNU: ...*separate taste for fashion,*

TheOneNU: ...*and, of course, separate loving expressions.*

AngllHugnU2: *Of course!*

TheOneNU: *EveryBody is an individual seemingly in conflict with each other at the same time seeking a place where Somebody can make life happier for Somebody else.*

TheOneNU: *And, it all seems to play itself out more prevalently in your illusions concerning companionships, friendships, courtships, and marriages.*

AngllHugnU2: ??????

TheOneNU: *When that certain Mr. or Ms. Somebody fills a void of self-interest for what seems like completion for each other...well, that appears to be when two bodies are seen to become One.*

AngllHugnU2: *How romantic!*

TheOneNU: *Maybe...*

TheOneNU: *These two separate persons will never understand what "One another" means until they discover what they knew they knew was truly new all along.*

AngllHugnU2: *Huh?*

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TheOneNU: *That's right!*

TheOneNU: *If they never recognize what they know to be true,*

TheOneNU: *... they will think themselves two again very soon, failing to see One in another;*

TheOneNU: *... living as EveryBody, trying to discover how SomeOne will love them but never recognizing how they do.....*

AngllHugnU2: *Ah...I see! So what you are saying is every person we see is really One!*

TheOneNU: *That is correct!*

AngllHugnU2: *So, "EveryOne has a message!" means Every person we see has a message about becoming One.*

TheOneNU: *Yes!*

AngllHugnU2: *Wait a minute!*

TheOneNU: *Yes?*

AngllHugnU2: *If EveryOne had a message from The One, why is there so much conflict, war, and unsettling moments in this world?*

TheOneNU: *Because EveryBody does not!*

AngllHugnU2: *EveryOne and EveryBody are not the same?*

TheOneNU: *Yes! One is Real. One is Unreal.*

AngllHugnU2: *☹ I'm feelin' like I dunno!*

TheOneNU: *Oh, you know!*

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TheOneNU: *You just need to spend time seeing yourself as SomeOne and not SomeBody.*

TheOneNU: *The “body” definitely experiences growth.*

TheOneNU: *BUT, it also experiences a deterioration of its core and structure...*

TheOneNU: *EveryBody identifies themselves with the body;*

TheOneNU: *...something they can see...*

TheOneNU: *But, it’s something finite and temporary.*

TheOneNU: *EveryBody dies!*

AngllHugnU2: *That’s true! I know that!*

TheOneNU: *I know. But, what you knew you knew was truly new all along is that You and I are One.*

TheOneNU: *That is something real.*

AngllHugnU2: 😊

TheOneNU: *To believe you and I die is an illusion.*

TheOneNU: *So, when you see all those persons, notice not that each person you see has a body.*

TheOneNU: *Notice each person you see is another you seeking me, becoming One... “SomeOne.”*

AngllHugnU2: *Kewl...*

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TheOneNU: *So, EveryBody is really EveryOne thinking they are EveryBody!*

TheOneNU: *EveryOne has a message about becoming One!*

TheOneNU: *EveryBody does not!*

TheOneNU: *It's really a beautiful language you have if you take notice of what has been created.*

TheOneNU: *There are all kinds of hints of little outcomes reaching for Oneness with Me. (EveryOne, AnyOne, No One, the One dress, the One car, the One pair of shoes, the One house, the One lifetime dream.)*

AngllHugnU2: *Wait a minute! No One?*

TheOneNU: *Yes, No One!*

AngllHugnU2: *Then if I were to say, "No One has a message!" I would be correct?*

TheOneNU: *Yes, No One has a message that is to be wasted.*

AngllHugnU2: *So, it's a matter of perception!*

TheOneNU: *No! Perspective!*

AngllHugnU2: *Perspective?*

TheOneNU: *Yes. Perspective is a place where we find the One Self through decisions we make to discover, to see, to envision The One Self.*

TheOneNU: *If you choose to see things from a perspective of what is real you are choosing to see Life for what it is; Pure love, perfectly ready for use and appreciation.*

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AngllHugnU2: *Oookay!*

TheOneNU: *If you make decisions that bring you to a perspective of what is unreal,*

TheOneNU: *you are choosing to see dreams or nightmares, illusion and perceptions; a catalog of wishes never willed.*

TheOneNU: *One perspective is unalterable: Love and truth.*

TheOneNU: *As for what is unreal, it's quite unstable to see life through a fog of illusion: a perspective within a life of dreams.*

TheOneNU: *But, it's a perspective nonetheless.*

TheOneNU: *Perspective is a choice.*

TheOneNU: *Choosing untrue perceptions will prevent you from being able to recognize what you know you knew which has been truly new all along.*

AngllHugnU2: *I heard Donald Trump, on "CNN's Larry King Live" reveal how he deals with stress. His answer was, "Fear simply does not matter!" Is that true?*

TheOneNU: *Correct! "The Donald's" message was simple.*

AngllHugnU2: *"The Donald?" That's funny!*

TheOneNU: *I know. ☺*

AngllHugnU2: *Sheeeesh! ☺*

TheOneNU: *Angl!*

AngllHugnU2: *Yes?*

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TheOneNU: *If you have ears to hear it, The Donald's message blesses you!*

TheOneNU: *The Donald and I are One!*

AngllHugnU2: *It does? And, you ARE?*

TheOneNU: *Yes...it does! And, EveryOne is!*

AngllHugnU2: *Howzthat!*

TheOneNU: *Whatever stresses never blesses. So if you hear The Donald's One message bless you, it IS addressing you. This One's message addresses you and who you are. "Fear simply does not matter!"*

AngllHugnU2: *?????????*

TheOneNU: *From this One's true perspective,*

TheOneNU: *...according to The Donald, the loss of millions of dollars pales in comparison to the pain Somebody might feel from a traumatic personal tragedy.*

TheOneNU: *Yet, the truth is, The Donald would assert, EveryOne survives such tragedies because to be AnyOne is to be eternal; Always One! Stress simply does not matter.*

TheOneNU: *"Nothing" can always be overcome!*

TheOneNU: *For EveryOne of them too affected by a disaster... "Fear simply does not matter!"*

TheOneNU: *Such is the reason they find true purpose to move on, build up, and travel forward.*

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AngllHugnU2: *It's getting a little complicated now. Can I take a rain check on this One message?*

TheOneNU: *Of course. All things truly new will always be available for you to know. Just remember for right now...as always...*

TheOneNU: *Everybody discovers they are Everyone eventually.*

AngllHugnU2: *Hmm...So, I am Someone!*

TheOneNU: *Yes! A very special Someone. While Everybody may not, Anyone can see that you are and Everyone does!*

AngllHugnU2: *Okay! So, we established that Everyone has a message. Anyone can share their message for Someone to hear.*

TheOneNU: *Great!*

AngllHugnU2: *Can Everybody hear the message?*

TheOneNU: *Yes...*

AngllHugnU2: *Hmmmmm! ??????*

TheOneNU: *Angl, remember Everybody is really Everyone, for whatever their reason of lack, thinking they're somebody.*

TheOneNU: *Everybody simply has become an illusion created by an Ego to maintain a certain separation between you and me.*

AngllHugnU2: *WHY?*

TheOneNU: *Everybody kinda likes the feeling of being God without being God; in your thinking you are becoming Everybody.*

AngllHugnU2: *But, you created us?*

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TheOneNU: *In truth! Yes!*

AngllHugnU2: *So you created EveryBody as well?*

TheOneNU: *I have no idea who EveryBody is. I only know what is real in EveryOne.*

AngllHugnU2: *So, what I hear you saying is EveryBody creates non-sense of what it means to be EveryOne.*

TheOneNU: *Bingo!*

AngllHugnU2: ☺

TheOneNU: *To think your Selves Somebody makes things more complicated for you to discover what you know is truly new, but I can guide you to find what it truly means to be Someone real easily.*

AngllHugnU2: *I am Someone!!!!!!*

TheOneNU: *Yep! We are Someone indeed! We Love!*

AngllHugnU2: *Thanks!*

TheOneNU: *My pleasure!*

AngllHugnU2: *Ya made my day! Cya! POOF!*

TheOneNU: ☺ *Cute! POOF back!*

AngllHugnU2 Signed Off

IM with God: the Journey to the Center of The One in You contains descriptions and intimate dialogue concerning the sacred elements humans possess (physical, psychological, and sociological). "IM" explores the individual, their belief systems and their inherent divine relationship.

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