

GOD
IS IN THE
Little Things

MESSAGES FROM THE GOLDEN ANGELS



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MY JOURNEY CONTINUES

I am standing on the top of a magnificent staircase, which reaches high into the breathtaking blue sky that surrounds it. The staircase is white marble, and the steps curve downward in a long graceful sweep, connecting the sky to the earth. With one hand resting lightly on the banister, I slowly descend. As I reach the last step, a lush garden springs up around me. There are colorful flowers of all varieties: some large and some tall, straining their ginger and golden faces to feel the warmth of the sun, and others content to sprawl along the garden floor, creating a patchwork of scarlet and violet. Butterflies flit by, and birds sing a chorus of melodies in the trees. As I breathe in the scents of the life all around me, a smile graces my lips. Feeling safe and secure, I walk into my garden, my fingertips caressing the tips of the flowers as I pass. As trees start to dot the edges of my vision, a bubbling stream becomes visible at my feet. I walk along the soft earth beside the stream and find a bench to rest on. Breathing deeply, I look out over the horizon. The sun is starting to set, blazing a deep fire of color across the sky. I rest for a moment but know that time is getting short. Not too far ahead, at the entrance to the forest, I see a gate. It is painted white and arched at the top. The most beautiful white light is shining through the diamond-shaped openings of the lattice work. Excited, I hurry forward, knowing that when I step through the gate, I will be in my mother's womb.

As I step through the gate and into the light, I am in an enclosed space. It is dark but not black or gray, more of a dark reddish brown. Maria asks us to look around and observe. I immediately see a long, almost comet shaped, pink-and-purple light. The light is moving quickly, flitting around, and is a distinct contrast to the dark reddish-brown walls. I can see through the eyes of the light, and with that comes the realization that I am the light.

What is going on? What am I doing wrong? I thought I was supposed to be in the womb?

Maria speaks again. "What do you feel? Do you hear anything? See anything more?"

Do I see anything? You mean besides the pink-and-purple light? *My mind races, sure I am doing something wrong.*

Wait! I do see something! It's a baby! *A sense of relief fills me as I realize that I am in my mother's womb.*

I understand that the baby is me. The baby in the womb is me. I, as the light, am looking at myself in the womb.

However, I don't hear anything or feel anything. I merely observe the baby lying contentedly in the womb as I, the light, flit around it.

Maria started to speak. "It is time to come back. Start to say good-bye. I will count backwards from ten to one. When I reach one, you must go back through the gate and into your body.

"Ten . . . three, two, one . . . You are now back in your body. Take a deep breath and slowly open your eyes."

That was incredible and disconcerting. I didn't experience anything that I thought I would. In fact, I was sure I did the whole thing wrong.

Maria asked if anyone had questions or wanted to share. A few people explained how they could feel themselves in the womb. They felt cramped or tight. Some people said they heard and felt their mother's heartbeat. Others expressed that a deep feeling of peace came over them.

I didn't feel or hear any of that. I raised my hand.

"Maria, I think I did this wrong," I hesitantly started to explain, second-guessing myself. "I wasn't really in the womb. There was a baby in the womb, and I felt like it was me, but I was looking through the eyes of a pink-and-purple light. I was flitting around the baby in the womb."

Maria smiled at me. I wasn't sure if that was to make me feel less conspicuous or if she understood.

"Patty, you did everything right. You can't do this wrong. Whatever your experience is, it is what your Higher Self wants you to see," she reassured me.

"What you saw was yourself in your soul state," she continued. "You hadn't entered the womb yet. The baby in the womb was you. Souls have a choice to enter in and out of the womb in the early stages of pregnancy."

"That's really interesting. So my soul is a pink-and-purple color?" I asked, wanting to make sure I understood. "I have been told that my aura is a violet color, but what I saw in the regression looked different."

"Your soul colors and aura colors are different. You saw your soul colors."

I was relieved. I hadn't done the regression wrong. I was ready to do the next regression—this time, into a past life.

"OK. Everyone, please get comfortable again. We are going to start our first regression into a past life. The visualization in the beginning will be the same. I will lead you down the staircase, through the garden, and through the gate into the white light. This time when you go through the gate, instead of being in the womb, you will have regressed to a past life."

I settled in. I said a prayer, again thanking the angels for my last experience and asking that they continue to support me. I was amazed with the rich detail that came through in the visualization . . . with nothing more than Maria directing our path. We closed our eyes and were slowly led again through the garden and to the gate. I could see the white light shining, and I stepped through.

"Look down at your feet," Maria prompts. "What are you wearing?"

I look down. Very large male feet, wrapped in Roman sandals, greet my eyes. I blink and look again. With dismay, I see they are not only male feet but flat and with square toes. What?

Whose feet are these? I wonder, looking for my slender, feminine feet with toenails painted red.

This time, I have to be doing something wrong. I look down again, and again, I am greeted with the same very large flat male feet wearing Roman sandals.

Maria is speaking again. I have to pay attention.

"Where are you? Who do you see?" are some of her questions.

I am not able to focus, and I need a moment to process this information. An odd tingling creeps up my spine.

"What do you see?" Maria asks the group.

Her voice brings me back. I feel strange, but in this lifetime, I am a man. Tearing my eyes away from my feet, I pick up my head and look around. It is Roman times—I believe during the height of the Roman Empire. I am wearing a short white toga that falls loosely to my knees and is tied at the waist with a belt of some kind. I look about thirty-years old and have short light-brown hair.

People are gathered in a public square. The day is hot, and grumbles from the crowd are getting louder and more frequent. I am standing in the front of a group of men wearing togas similar to mine, and facing us is a crowd of Roman soldiers dressed in full armor-plated breastplates and helmets. The tension between my group and the

soldiers is palpable, but I stand straight and hold my head high. I am fearless, and a leader to the men standing behind me. Suddenly, before I can speak, there is a rustle in the crowd of soldiers. In a flash, an arm is raised, a body lunges forward, and a spear is thrust into my chest!

Maria is speaking again. "Leave this time and go forward in your life. Where are you now? What is happening?"

Again, I am confused. How can I go forward? Didn't I just get stabbed? Didn't I die? I take a breath and try to clear my mind. I look around. I am not dead. Somehow, I survived, and I have recovered. I see myself resting; however, my confusion has taken up so much time that Maria is speaking again.

"Go forward again to the end of this lifetime, to your death scene. What do you see?" Maria asks.

Refocused and calm, I go forward. I am an old man lying on a decorative concrete bench on a hillside overlooking a city. It is springtime: the ground is covered in lush green grass; the heat of the summer has not yet started to take its toll, and the cool air has a dewy feel, as if it had recently rained. My home, a lavish estate, is behind me, and my wife of many years is by my side. Her long gray, wavy hair reaches far down her back, worn loose today, with no adornments to restrain its beauty. Her hands are holding mine, and her eyes glisten with the tears she is holding back. She smiles at me, her gentle smile that I have loved for a lifetime, as she tries to mask the pain I know she is carrying in her heart. I am near death. I pull my gaze from hers and look over on the hillside where many adult people are gathered. They are my children and their spouses. Everyone is here for me, to say his or her good-byes. I am growing weary, but I am not afraid, as I am surrounded by love. I am content. My life has been a good one.

Maria speaks, "It is time to return to your body now. I will start counting backwards from ten to one. Say good-bye and start walking back through the gate. When I reach the count of one, you will be back in your body, and when you are ready, you can open your eyes.

I sighed and returned. People were talking. They were sharing their experiences, but I couldn't talk yet. I could still feel it. I could still feel the love. My Higher Self had shown me a happy lifetime when I lived with someone I loved very much and with whom I had a large, loving family. Two years post-divorce, and as I was just starting to feel better emotionally, I was overcome with gratitude and elated with the knowledge that I had experienced real, lasting love before. A stinging sensation pricked the corner of my eyes, and I sat in silence as my vision blurred, tears sliding down my cheeks.

As several more minutes of sharing went by, it became obvious that the regressions were very meaningful for many of the people there that night; however, some of the lifetimes remembered were more positive than others. My attention was drawn to the woman I noticed earlier, the woman with the purple pillow. Sitting off to the right, the pillow clutched in front of her, and the beautiful fabric wet from her tears, she rocked back and forth, her platinum-blond hair falling across her face. Maria also noticed her and asked her if she would like to share. Haltingly, the woman recalled for us a childhood filled with sexual abuse by her father, ending only with her taking his life. It was a sobering moment.

We took a quick break to regroup, and Maria soon explained that it was time to do the next regression. The process would be the same as before, and I felt certain that, having done two regressions—and coming to terms with the knowledge that I was previously a man—I would be able to relax and embrace whatever my Higher Self chose to show me.

I walk down my grand staircase, through the beautiful garden, past the stream, stepping through the gate and into the light. I look down at my feet and see tall, dressy dark-brown boots that lace up the front and come up to about

mid-calf. A long deep-blue velvet coat with buttons up the front and a high stiff collar, the type worn in the United States in the early 1800s, keeps me warm. My hair is walnut brown, grown long, with pipe curls pulled up in the back so the curls cascade to just below my shoulders, reminiscent of hair adorning a porcelain doll, complete with a blue velvet hat capped with a feather. I am a young woman in my twenties, slender and attractive.

The clip-clopping sound of horses' hooves fills the air. As I look up, a carriage drawn by a large black horse moves slowly past. I am standing on a sidewalk in what I believe to be Boston, MA. A narrow cobblestoned street is before me, winding through the city's tightly-packed brick buildings. On the brown brick building across the street, an address marker catches my eye, and I know that is where I am going.

The baby in my arms starts to squirm, and my attention is diverted to my children. In addition to my baby, two young children, a boy and a girl, around four or five years of age, are with me. They are not twins but are close in age. My son looks very handsome in matching shorts and jacket. His fists are clenched, elbows bent, and a wide smile crosses his young face as he jumps with great zeal next to me, the way only little boys seem to do. My daughter looks very much like a little lady, dressed in a button-up coat similar to mine. Waiting patiently, she holds tightly onto my coat, her behavior much different than her active brother's. We are preparing to cross the street, and I call my son to my side and remind them to hold on to my coat as we cross. Smiling, I take a step, a young mother happy and busy with my young children.

Maria's voice interrupts my memory, and she asks us to move forward in this life. I take a deep breath and see myself lying on a twin-sized bed. The room is small and dark, lit only by an oil lamp on a side table and the last remnants of the sun's rays coming through the lone window. Hot and uncomfortable, my sweat is sticking my long, loose hair to my face. I scream out, and a woman comes to my side. It is time. I am in the final stages of labor and just about to give birth. My body writhes with pain as the midwife holds a cold cloth to my forehead, encouraging me with her words. The baby is coming, and with a final push, I witness the birth of my son. I am exhausted by the birth, but happy. Wrapping my son in a blanket, the midwife puts him in my arms. As I lay there welcoming my child, she asks me if I would like to see my husband.

"Of course!" I respond, eager to see him.

She hurries to get him. He has been waiting in the next room, and he quickly comes in. Taking my hand, he sits down by my side, and I look up at him, excited to share the birth with him. Looking into his eyes, I see into his soul, and I am not prepared for what I see. The eyes that are staring back into mine are those of my ex-husband Steve.

What? my mind reacts.

I don't want it to be Steve! I am upset, disappointed. How could it be Steve, the man that I am now divorced from, the man that did not love me enough to stay and try to work things out? Shaken, I try to come to terms with this. I look again into the eyes of my husband, who is so lovingly sitting by my side, hoping for a different response. Yes, it is most certainly Steve.

Maria's voice cuts through my thoughts, the haze of my disappointment. She asks us to go forward to our death in this life. I take a deep breath and try to move forward, no longer interested in learning anything more. I am completely shaken by the fact that my husband in my former life is my ex-husband in this life.

After a moment, with little enthusiasm to learn more, I move to my death scene. It is early morning, and I wake to the sweet smell of the honeysuckle vines by my window, still fragrant with the morning dew. My body aches, and it is difficult to get out of bed. I am content to lie here for a few more minutes, as I am feeling extremely tired, and it

is so early that I have yet to hear the birds' morning songs. Rubbing the soreness from my hands, I am taken with my gnarled fingers and bulging blue veins; gone is the smooth unblemished skin of a younger woman. The tiredness begins to worsen and weigh on me like a heavy cloak. My eyelids are heavy, and I close my eyes, unaware that it is for the last time.

"It is time to return to your bodies," Maria soothingly speaks to us. "I will count down from ten to one. When I reach one, you need to return through the gate and back into your body."

Maria begins to count. I am not paying attention. I see something off in the distance, a golden light.

What is that light? I move toward it.

"Nine . . . eight . . . Start to come back." Maria is counting.

I ignore her and move in the direction of the light. I am getting closer. I have to see what it is.

"Seven . . . six . . ."

It looks like a person! I can't turn away. I am being inexplicably drawn forward. I continue toward the light.

Still in the distance, a person is standing tall and straight; his broad shoulders are thrust back, his head held high, and his legs parted but ramrod straight. A golden light is emanating from him and luminously radiating all around him. His strength and power are palpable. My excitement builds, and I continue forward. I can now see his wings, expansive and brilliant golden wings. He is an angel! He holds a long sword, pointed downward, in front of him. His stance and presence are powerful, but inviting, as I know there is no danger.

"Five . . . four . . ."

I keep going forward; just like a moth drawn to a light, I am drawn to the figure. My breath catches as more golden beings begin to appear. On each side of him, one at a time, alternating left and right, golden beings appear. It is reminiscent of a panel of people standing on a dais. I feel that they are there to greet me, to welcome me. There is a familiarity to them, and I believe that I know them, but I am not close enough yet to see their faces.

"Three . . . two . . . You're almost to the gate. At one, you will go through the gate and back into your body."

No! I don't want to go back. I want to go toward the golden beings. Every cell of my body is reaching toward them. I need to clearly see their faces! I want to talk to them! There is such a love and a warmth emanating from them that it makes me ache.

"One."

Pop! I go back, through the gate and into my body. Jarred by the suddenness, I was filled with disappointment and left with a deep longing. This was not where I wanted to be. I wanted to be with the golden beings.

*Numbness and confusion enveloped me. People were talking, but I was not paying attention. Questions were running through my head. *Why didn't I have more time? Why couldn't I get closer?* and most importantly, *Who are they?**

I must ask Maria for an explanation. At the first opportunity I had, I raised my hand and relayed what had just happened. What Maria said next shocked me.

“Sometimes during a regression when we come to the end of a life, our soul wants to go forward to its soul state and not go back into the body. Your soul was being called forward. In between our physical lives, there is a spiritual realm we go back to. This is where we meet with our guides and reflect on our experiences in the physical state. It is there that we decide what the next step for our soul will be. This time is referred to as ‘life between lives,’ and the golden beings that you saw were either your soul family or your guides.”

Yes, I instinctively knew she was right. I could *feel* the pull toward the golden light; it was familiar and welcoming. I knew I was supposed to go back to the gate and into my body, and I didn’t care. I had to move toward the light. To me, this confirmed that we are so much more than our physical form.

I lay there, wrapped in my blanket; my muscles released their tension, and as my head rested lightly on my pillow, a comforting warmth permeated my body, and an unexpected smile found its way onto my lips. I had much to contemplate, to process. I thought of my wife from Roman times as she gazed at me with a deep love in her eyes, and I knew that I had felt true and lasting love, which was a welcome balm to my raw and still-bleeding heart. My husband from Boston, although initially upsetting to me that it was my ex-husband Steve, confirmed for me the feeling I had all those years ago on that fateful Halloween night. The jolt that went through my body when his eyes first looked into mine was a deeper connection shining through, a recognition of my soul seeing an old friend. My golden angels, the beings from whom I felt such a profound pull . . . I knew I was connected to and guided by them. That was enough.

Contented to let the knowledge of our spiritual magnificence wash over me, I reveled in the fact that in one evening, I received absolute confirmation of my spiritual Truth. I was, and still am, a spiritual being. We are all spiritual beings, and we have incarnated many times to have physical experiences. But most importantly, on this night, I discovered that we are not alone. I had been shown that we not only travel through lives with other spiritual friends but are fully supported and guided by loving beings, such as my golden angels. My eyes filled with tears as this truth permeated my human shell and settled deep within my soul. The pain and the loneliness that threatened to suffocate me since the divorce was finally being released. I felt empowered and liberated.