

I saw my life intricately woven into everything I'd known so far. My experience was like a single strand threaded through the huge and complexly colored images of an infinite tapestry. All the other threads and colors represented my relationships, including every life I'd touched. There were threads representing my mother, my father, my brother, my husband, and every other person who'd ever come into my life, whether they related to me in a positive or negative way.

I began to understand that while I may have only been a thread, I was integral to the overall finished picture. Seeing this, I understood that I owed it to myself, to everyone I met, and to life itself to always be an expression of my own unique essence.

Trying to be anything or anyone else didn't make me better—it just deprived me of my true self! It kept others from experiencing me for who I am, and it deprived me of interacting authentically with them.

As I looked at the great tapestry that was the accumulation of my life up to that point, I could identify exactly what had brought me to where I was today.

Just look at my life path! Why, oh why, was I always so harsh with myself? Why was I always beating myself up? Why was I always forsaking myself? Why did I never stand up for myself and show the world the beauty of my own soul? Why was I always suppressing my own intelligence and creativity to please others? I betrayed myself every time I said yes when I meant no!

Why did I violate myself by always needing to seek approval from others just to be myself? Why haven't I followed my own beautiful heart and spoken my truth? Why don't we realize this when we're in our physical bodies? How come I never knew that we're not supposed to be so tough on ourselves?

I still felt completely enveloped in a sea of unconditional love and acceptance. I was able to look at myself with fresh eyes, and saw that I was a beautiful child of the Universe. I understood that just the fact that I existed made me worthy of this divine love rather than judgment. I didn't need to do anything specific; I deserved to be loved simply because I existed, nothing more and nothing less. This was a rather surprising realization for me, because I'd always thought I needed to work at being lovable. I believed that I somehow had to be deserving and worthy of being cared for, so it was incredible to realize this wasn't the case.

I also understood that the cancer wasn't some punishment for anything I'd done wrong, nor was I experiencing negative karma as a result of any of my actions, as I'd previously believed. It was as though every moment held infinite possibilities, and where I was at that point in time was the culmination of every decision, every choice, and every thought of my entire life. Many fears and my great power had manifested this disease.

What subsequently happened is incredibly hard to describe. First, it felt as though whatever I directed my awareness toward appeared before me. Second, time was completely irrelevant. It wasn't even a factor to consider, as though it didn't exist.

Prior to this point, doctors had conducted tests on the functionality of my organs, and their report had already been written. But in that realm, it seemed as though the outcome of those tests and the report depended on the decision I had yet to make—whether to live or to continue onward into death. If I chose death, the test results would indicate organ failure. If I chose to come back to physical life, they'd show my organs beginning to function again.

At that moment, I decided that I didn't want to return to earth life. I then became conscious of my physical body dying, and I saw the doctors speaking with my family, explaining that it was death due to organ failure.

Simultaneously, my father communicated with me: This is as far as you can go, sweetheart. If you go any further, you cannot turn back.

I became aware of a boundary before me, although the demarcation wasn't physical. It was more like an invisible threshold marked by a variation of energy levels. I knew that if I crossed it there was no turning back. All my ties to the physical world would be permanently severed.

But before I stepped toward this realm for good, I became aware of a new level of truth.

I discovered that since I'd realized who I really was and understood the magnificence of my true self, if I chose to go back to life, my body would heal rapidly—not in months or weeks, but in days! If I chose to go back to my body, I knew that the doctors wouldn't be able to find a trace of cancer. That stunning revelation hit me like a bolt of lightning. I understood that merely by being who I truly am, I would heal both myself and others. I knew that was really the only purpose of life: to be ourselves, live our truths, and be the love that we are.

As though to confirm my realization, I became aware of both my father and Soni communicating