

HEAVEN IS REAL - BUT SO IS HELL

by Vassula Rydén, Excerpt 24-33

My Angel Daniel - First Meeting

^(P24) It dawned on me that the Guardian Angels of this country must be the busiest Angels in the whole world trying to keep their charges alive.

Ironically, this would be the place where I would be drawn into a spiritual world.

Once I settled in to my new life in Dhaka, my lifestyle became similar to the one I had enjoyed in Africa; a constant round of receptions, bridge games and tennis tournaments. During the afternoons I either played tennis or modeled for friends who organized fashion shows. Mornings were devoted to painting, my other passion, as I had decided to prepare an art exhibition and had begun to paint canvases and sketch charcoal drawings.

November 28, 1985, began much like any other day, without any premonition of what awaited me. I was looking forward to seeing my friends that evening and went upstairs to the lounge, intending to prepare a shopping list of things I needed for our dinner party. With pencil poised and notepad ready to write my list, I suddenly sensed a presence: a presence looking at me. This was not 'the dead' I used to see in the past. This was very different from anything I had experienced before. My whole being was being filled with an unbelievable joy. Then suddenly I felt as though my right wrist was touched - clasped by an invisible presence. It produced a tingling effect in my wrist and hand, as though a low electrical current was passing through them. I didn't have time to think about what was happening, for at that instant a gentle but firm pressure lowered my hand onto the notepad in a writing position. I was totally bewildered and confused. I asked myself, 'What is this?' The 'electrical current' became stronger and the invisible presence began to lead my hand, guiding it to draw a heart. Then, in the center of the heart, it drew a rose, as though growing from the heart. And then it wrote these words that would forever change my life:

'I am your Guardian Angel and my name is Daniel.'

As these words were being written, a Voice within me spoke them and I heard every syllable as clearly as any audible voice. I was so shocked; I almost fell off my chair especially as the handwriting was ^(p25) so unlike my own. It was beautiful and majestic, and reminded me of the writing on icons.

With these words being formed effortlessly and mysteriously by my Angel where I had intended to make a shopping list, my life took an unimaginable turn and was changed forever. I was dumbfounded and silent, holding my breath. I sat reading the words over and over again, trying to take them in.

It had been many years since those days when, as a teenager, I had encountered 'the dead' and seen visions. All thoughts of that mysterious 'other world' of my childhood had long since left me. So this manifestation of my Guardian Angel caught me off guard and had the effect of a brick falling on my head.

As the full implication of the words dawned on me, I was overcome with joy. I giggled, amazed that my Guardian Angel had contacted me, and overcome by great joy I threw the pencil in the air and almost flew round the house, my feet barely touching the floor, while I was repeating loudly, 'I'm the luckiest person on earth!'

The whole day I felt elated - light as a feather - excitedly waiting for Per to return from work. When he arrived, he immediately spotted my exhilaration and asked, 'So, what's up?'

'I ... well ... er ... my Angel spoke to me!' I blurted out.

Per stared at me waiting to see what more I had to say.

'He pushed my hand to write what he was saying ... I saw him ... and I felt his presence, and well ... he even wrote to me.'

How? What did he say?'

'He just gave his name and drew a heart, with a rose coming out of it.'

It never crossed my mind that Per might think, 'Now my wife has finally flipped. She's really gone crackers, ready for a straitjacket.'

I recounted my story again and again while Per, as cool as a cucumber, listened calmly with just a few 'hmm's' now and then. Was it his Scandinavian nature, or was he just too stunned to react? Then he told me that he had read quite a bit on the subject of mystical experiences in his student days. He assured me that what had taken place was not unique - it had happened to others as well.

^(p26) When I heard that I said, 'Aha ...' and realized my experience was certainly extraordinary, but not without parallel.

Strangely, I didn't make any connection between this new mystical experience and all the ones I had had in my past. I was simply focused on the events of that day, and the amazing phenomenon of meeting my very own Guardian Angel. As my entire life had so often revolved around enjoying myself, I just saw this as an amazing, one-off gift, and never expected that my Angel would come again.

But sure enough, he returned the very next day. And this time, to my great surprise, he brought a multitude of Angels of different choirs with him. I felt that the gates of Heaven were suddenly wide open because I could easily sense this great movement of Angels from above and all around me. They appeared to be excited and happy with that special air of expectation that precedes wonderful events. From their rejoicing I understood that Heaven was having a feast and they were celebrating. Then, in one voice, the Angels sang these words:

'A happy event is about to come!'

I knew that I was directly involved somehow, whatever this 'event' might be. I tried my hardest to guess what it was, but to no avail. Every time Heaven opened the Angels sang the same chorus, repeating the same words with only a few minutes of silence between each chorus. This continued throughout the day.

Then my Guardian Angel manifested again, and spoke his first words to me concerning God, saying,

'God is near you and loves you.'

I did not reply, and my Angel did not add anything. I just reasoned that it was typical of Angels to talk about God. After all, they live with Him!

I had no intention of sharing my astonishing experience with anyone outside my immediate family. I was not prepared to risk being ridiculed by my friends who knew me as a 'normal' person. Like my other mystical experiences, this little adventure would be a secret kept between me and the 'other world'.

The following day my Angel came again, but this time his attitude was different. He was very grave, and in a solemn voice he asked me ^(p27) to read 'The Word of God'. I pretended not to know what he meant. I asked him the meaning of it, saying to myself, 'Here it comes ...' Knowing full well that I had understood, he told me, using a severe tone of voice, that by 'The Word' he was referring to the Bible. I didn't like the way the conversation was going, and I told him, quite truthfully, that I didn't have a Bible. He said he knew very well that I didn't own a Bible, and instructed me to go and get one. Still arguing with him, I said that he was asking the impossible, because I was living in a Muslim country and the bookstores did not sell Bibles. He said,

'Go to the American School your son attends. There you will find a Bible in the library.

' Following this encounter, I debated whether to go, or simply stay home and refuse. I was not ready to commit myself. My thoughts centered on what my husband and friends might think of me if they saw me with a Bible in my hand instead of a tennis racket. I was sure they'd either make fun of me or think I'd lost my mind. I wondered where in the house I could hide a Bible so no one else would see it.

But one thing was certain: Daniel was very serious. And although the last thing in the world I wanted was to read a Bible, I figured it would be better to obey him. After all, an Angel was no doubt very powerful.

So I set off for the American School where the staff knew me. There, on a shelf in the library I saw a number of Bibles and received permission to borrow one.

At home I dutifully opened the Bible as Daniel had ordered, and found myself staring at the Psalms. I read some of them, but to my surprise the words were incomprehensible for me, as though written in a language I did not speak. Despite convincing myself I could get to grips with the verses, I understood nothing at all, not a word. It was a tormenting experience.

The Angel made it clear to me that in spite of the fact that God had given me so much throughout my life, I had completely failed to show Him any appreciation at all, and was therefore living in darkness, unable to see the Word of God and understand it.

In that moment, I felt a strange Light silently entering my soul. As that Light began to shine in the darkness of my soul, my whole ^(p28) being trembled, for the interior of my being was suddenly exposed in front of God and His Angels. I was given an insight into the state of my soul, which came as a shock to me. I experienced a spiritual poverty as never before, as though an immaterial Fire ripped my clothing off.

Until it happens to you, you cannot imagine what it feels like when God confronts you. The beautiful and serene path along which I had travelled with Daniel abruptly vanished

and turned into a stormy, Heavenly Fire that consumed me, hurling me ever deeper into the reality of the black depths of my soul.

In that state, the worst ordeal was that I became fully, consciously aware of every wrong I had ever committed. What was happening to me was far beyond my comprehension. My Angel made me aware of my failures, of my sinfulness, while bitter remorse and indignation welled up inside me and I found myself shaking and sobbing with remorse, sorrow, and pain. In short, I saw everything I had done to contradict the holiness of God. At the same time as I was accusing and loathing myself for these sins, I felt agony in every fibre of my spirit, mind, and body. It felt as though I was descending into the mired depths of my soul while Heavenly flames roared, enveloping me on all sides, burning my passions to the root and incinerating all that hindered God's passage in my soul. Daniel in no uncertain terms let me know that the two worst offenses of all were how I had ignored God's blessings and misused the gifts He had given me.

This revelation of my soul brought me into another alarming experience. It felt just as though I was totally naked, covered with leprosy, and standing alone in disgrace and shame before the eyes of the Divine. It came in my mind how Adam and Eve must have felt after they had sinned, when God approached them in His pure Light facing them.

There I was, being reduced to naught when I was shown the desperate state of my real self. In short: my Angel had made me see my sins with the eyes of God, the way God sees them and not the way we see them. I began to feel the burden of my faults weighing me down. I was thinking, Am I being purged? Am I being punished?

^(P29) Then I found I was being dragged into yet another strange stage. The Angel made me realize how all these years I had been walking on treacherous marshlands and in darkness. He showed me that my soul was engulfed by danger and how I had never thought of praying and praising God. This unforeseen and unimagined process of purification lasted for almost three weeks.

Hour after hour, day after day I found myself forced to face parts of me that weren't in the least pleasant. I had to face reality; I had to face the way I truly was, and to admit that things were not as wonderful as they had seemed only a short time ago. The action of this supernatural Fire was melting my hardened heart, while at the same time shattering the crust as though with blows from a hammer.

I could not bring back the past, but through this revelation and purification, I was able to see more clearly into the hidden depths of my heart and into the reality of our nature. This awareness of our soul is called 'The Day of the Lord', and it is an experience that no one will escape. Everyone, man and woman, will go through a divine judgment, a mini-tribunal: an awareness of one's sins that will be shown either while we are still on earth, or worse still, after death.

Finally, after days of torment, the pain eventually began to subside and I started to feel somewhat normal' again. I had the feeling I had been purged and had been 'washed out'. I noticed that having gone through that sort of Fire, it created openness and a new sensitivity in my heart for others that were not there before. During the ordeal - for an ordeal it was - my Angel came to console me repeatedly. Although he could be very direct and quite pointed in his reprimands, he was also supportive and tender in a way that only a genuine friend can be. At one stage I even heard a Voice, which I presumed came from God Himself,

saying to me:

'Do not take this as a penance, daughter; this was done to you out of the greatness of the love I have for you, a toning for your sins.'

Following my ordeal, I began to understand Daniels mission as I overheard him begging God, ^(p30)

'Oh God, let her follow You!'

I asked Daniel, 'Who were you praying for?'

He answered in a lamenting tone,

'I was praying for you.'

I was perplexed. Was I still so bad? And why did Daniel keep telling me to make peace with God? Annoyed, I even asked him,

'How can I make peace with God, seeing that I am not at war with God and I know that He exists?'

He simply repeated himself, saying 'Make peace with God.'

Later I would learn that our Guardian Angels pray for us all the time, pleading before God on our behalf. They pray that we will change our heart and turn to God, making 'peace' with Him after our rebellions.

During all this time I continued to lead my usual life, painting canvases for the exhibition, socializing and playing tennis, but whenever I felt my Angel calling me, I rushed to listen to what he had to say. In time, I came to rely more and more on my relationship with my Angel, giving him more time, but I certainly wasn't in the least prepared for a call from God Himself. I'd never heard that God talks to people, at least not to ordinary people, in our modern times. He might have conversed with prophets in Old Testament times, but that was history.

Daniel had tried to prepare me, to make me aware that my supernatural experiences were far from over. They had been given to me for a reason, and embodied something deeper and more dramatic that awaited me, the implications of which I could barely comprehend.

The fiery trial I had gone through had left me 'weightless'. In that state of emptiness, the things of this world no longer mattered to me. When surprises lose their flavor, when the material world diminishes in its value, when fear and anxieties are consumed and disappear, when the brilliant colorfulness of earthly elements turn dull and fade away, when the mind and soul are brought to serenity you reach a state of detachment.

Awareness of my sins and repentance had opened a wide door to the Divine order, and to complete freedom. After that fiery trial my ^(p31) soul was at peace; thereafter nothing would agitate or affect me anymore. Inside my mind and soul was only submission and acceptance. Realistically I had just gone through 'Hell', but it was through that descent that the supernatural Fire melted my chains and shackles. Finally I had been set free! Liberated!

Then, in that state of mind, still dazed, a sweet smelling Breath suddenly blew across my face, and I heard a Voice within me saying with tenderness,

'I am your Father and you descend from Me ... you come from Me ... you belong to Me ... you are Mine ... You are My seed ...'

Hearing these words I was blown away. There I was, in the blink of an eye, standing on the threshold of the Untreated Light. God's luminous Presence filled me, exploding through my entire being and uplifting my soul. The bright manifestation of God was far greater than anything I had ever experienced from Daniel. When Daniel visited me, I could see him with the eyes of my soul, and knew it was he and 'only' he. But God's Presence was invisible, even within me. I did not *see* Him, I only *felt* His undeniable Presence in my heart.

Daniel had told me I would be taught 'in the Courts of Yahweh', in those Courts where Angelic powers have access to go in and out.

I experienced an ineffable love and paternal compassion emanating from God. Yet not only this, His Ray of Light that enveloped my heart, mind and soul, was so bright and so powerful that it brought a peace that no one else could ever have given me, a peace only God can give even to the most agitated heart. And despite the power and Omnipotence of His Presence, He came to me with such simplicity, so delicately, and so paternally, that I was consumed in His Love.

I felt I knew Him. My soul recognized Him as a familiar Figure. I asked myself, 'Is *this* the Judge who is supposed to be so remote and severe and who easily condemns? Was I so misinformed about Him?' I just could not believe this was the same God I imagined in the past! And then I remembered: 'God is slow to anger, forgiving, loving, meek and gentle: That is the true God! The feeling that I was ^(P32) standing before the Face of the Absolute surpasses my capacity to explain with ordinary words.

Somehow I knew in my soul that He winked at me and was amused, and at the same time delighted, perhaps because I was so bewildered and in awe.

He spoke again in my very being and the moment I heard His Voice I had no doubt that He was my Creator and Father. Every bone in me recognized Him as He said,

'Behold, I am your Father.'

At that moment I realized that our real home is with God. I knew there and then without any doubt that Heaven exists and is our home! The earth? Nothing to do with earth. My mind reeled when I realized we are indeed the children of the Most High; that we descend from Sovereignty and Splendor and we belong to God, to Heaven ... I felt different when I realized that we are all of Royal descent and that our Father is the King of kings - the bone of His Bone, the flesh of His Flesh!

This was the clearest vision, and the most convincing, that I have ever had in my entire life.

Still in shock, realizing that the Creator, the One, indisputable Essence and the Spark that motivated the entire universe - should talk as easily as that to me, just an ordinary person! Even now I marvel that this could happen. But in my mind, then and even now, the sheer power of experience makes it obvious that God can speak at any time and through anyone He chooses, and that's a fact.

I managed to grab pencil and paper to write down what He had said. While He was 'with' me I felt I could ask Him for help. I went over to the window, 'leading' Him there, and I pointed at the beggars and poverty outside and said, 'Look! Look at what the world has become.'

Very peacefully and as though unsurprised He said:

'Do you really believe I can help you?'

'Yes, You can; You are God!'

^(P33) He then asked me to pray the 'Our Father', the 'Lord's Prayer', in His Presence. I was so pleased that He had asked me to say something I actually knew, and without thinking I blurted out, 'Yes Dad!' I don't know how this word slipped out. Was it because He was so paternal, so familiar, that I felt I knew Him? Was it because I, His creature, recognized Him in a mysterious way as the Maker and Creator, and therefore the Father of all? Whatever it was, I immediately froze in fear, awaiting God's reaction to being called 'Dad'.

He said,

'Do not fear, daughter, for I have taken this word "Dad" in my hand like a jewel.'

I was so relieved at His answer that brimming with joy I rushed through the words of the 'Our Father'.

When I had finished, God lovingly told me that He was not pleased with the way I had said it, because I had prayed too quickly. I repeated the prayer, this time more slowly. God then told me that it was still not right because I was moving around as I prayed. Time and again I said the Lord's Prayer and each time God told me that it was not good and that I must start again. It went on for hours.

I began to wonder if God really wanted me to say every Lord's Prayer I had failed to pray throughout my whole life! Eventually, after many attempts at saying it properly I managed to please Him and at every sentence I uttered, God said, 'Good!' He was finally satisfied.

At first I couldn't understand the lesson, and why I had to repeat this prayer in His Presence but eventually as the day went on, the last piece of crust that remained on my heart broke off and exposed me to His Love. I finally realized that I had to mean every word I uttered with love.

From there on many blessings covered me from the harmony and tranquillity my soul received with the presence of God the Father. All the previous disturbances were now forgotten in the abundance and fullness of God, in which my soul received an intimate spiritual embrace.

((p24) etc., are respective page numbers of the book 'Heaven is real...)

Vassula's book *'Heaven is real, but so is Hell'* is one of the most thought provoking books you will ever read. You will find it on Google under "Vassula Ryden".

We highly recommend you reading it.

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