

Moments of Grace

When God Touches Our Lives Unexpectedly



NEALE DONALD WALSCH

MOMENTS OF GRACE

by Neale Donald Walsch

*There are more things in Heaven and
Earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your
philosophy.*

-- William Shakespeare

1

When life changes course

MOMENTS OF GRACE ARE THOSE TIMES when God intervenes in our lives in very real, very direct, and very visible ways. They are moments when something happens, big or small, that causes a Course Change.

You experienced a Moment of Grace when you picked up this book.

There are many ways that The Divine moves in our lives, especially when we open to the possibility of miracles. Once we have unlocked the door in our psyche to the potentiality of being touched by God in ways we could only imagine in our dreams, then those dreams begin to come true.

A few years ago I wrote a book called *Conversations with God* which captured attention throughout the world. I believe that book was directly inspired by God during Moments of Grace. And I am very clear that I am not the only one receiving such inspirations and experiencing such moments. For if *Conversations with God* taught us anything, it is that God talks to all of us, all of the time. Yet we can hear God only when we are open to listening.

Let those who have ears to hear, listen.

But now here is the startling news. God not only has conversations with us, God *visits* us every day, *in person*.

This book is all about such visits. It will create a course change in your life because it is about real people, just like you. It is not the story of masters or gurus or saints or sages, but about ordinary folk who have had a “run in with God”—and never

forgot it. Because it is about real people living lives just like yours and mine, it is very convincing on the question of whether there is Another Force at work in our lives.

In my own mind that Force is called God. You may call it anything you wish. Whatever you call it—coincidence, serendipity, synchronicity, luck, intuition, inspiration—you will find it very difficult, after reading this book, to deny that *it is there*. Right *there*. In our lives. Every day. Working miracles. Making magic. Changing everything.

It happens in everyone's life. Janice Tooke, 43, of Herkimer, New York, says it happened in her life this way...

My 11-year-old son and I were on our way downstate to camp and sail on the Hudson River. During the two-hour drive we listened, as we always do when we are in the car together, to *Conversations with God*.

On this warm sunshine-filled August afternoon we noted that we had seen many, many Monarch butterflies during our trip. Feeling full of light and love as we sailed lazily along, I envisioned Jesus in my mind, standing in a field, arms outstretched, calling forth many butterflies. They came as bidden, orange and black and beautiful, and covered him fully, alighting on his arms, his hands, and his head. It was a beautiful image, and it brought calmness to my heart.

Feeling in that moment that I was one with God, I also imagined myself calling forth the butterflies in much the same manner. It was a beautiful moment in my mind. I wanted it to continue. I wanted it to never end.

Then my human doubts crept in. Maybe I'm making it all up, I thought. All these feelings and visions are nothing but creations of my own imagination. I felt frustrated. I wished there was some way that I could *know* that God is real, and that I am part of Him.

At that moment, I asked God to show me a sign and reveal Himself to me in a tangible way during this trip. I didn't want to have to wait any longer. I wanted it to happen during *this trip*, right here, right

now. I even used “I Am” words to call it forth. I said, “*I Am* going to be given a sign.”

That evening we camped on an island. The next morning brought a beautiful sunrise to the river. The sunshine sparkled off the water into my eyes as I shook myself awake. While I sat at the picnic table watching waves on the beach, a large Monarch butterfly swooped down out of nowhere and began dancing in front of my face. It startled me as it circled once around the top of the tent in which my son was still sleeping.

I immediately said, “Oh, how beautiful you are. Come and see me!” Reaching out my hand, I watched, astonished, as the butterfly alit there!

It was so beautiful! Its orange and black wings were huge and perfect, and it sat still for several seconds there in the palm of my hand. My son awoke hearing my voice, and sticking his head out of the tent, saw the butterfly on my hand.

We were both amazed.

Of course, *I knew who sent this gift*. I have the knowing because I called it forth. And I know that I *can* call it forth, and that we all can, in moments of gratitude and praise, and pure at-one-ment with All That Is.

Now if you’re not careful you could look right past the magnificence of that moment. Or you could agree that it was kind of neat, but that it proved nothing, and that Janice is stretching things to say that it did.

But what would you tell Bill Colson, of Ogden, Utah?

My father’s breathing had become difficult, labored. He’d been lingering between life and death for days. The whole family was there, keeping the vigil.

Wracked by cancer, Dad’s weakened body—which seemed to be disappearing right in front of our eyes—shook now and then with what I could only assume were spasms of pain. He’d gone past any ability to

complain about it, not having spoken a word, nor opened his eyes, in 72 hours.

“My God,” my mother said softly at one point, sitting at the side of his bed, “how long can this go on?”

It was after one o’clock in the morning, and the poor dear was exhausted. We all were. But they’d been married 61 years, and there was nothing and no one going to take Mom away from that bedside now.

That’s when I had my conversation with God.

“Must he suffer like this?” I asked Him, silently, urgently, in my heart. “He’s been a good man, God. And he’s finished his work here. There’s nothing left undone, there’s nothing more to complete. Please. Won’t You take him now? Won’t You stop his pain? If You’re here, God—and I know You are—please, let this end.”

At that instant, Dad’s breathing became less labored. Within three minutes he slipped away. Gently. Like falling into a deeper sleep.

My eyes filled with tears. I never doubted God before. I’ll certainly never, *ever* doubt Him again.

Coincidence? Synchronicity? I don’t think so.

A Moment of Grace? Yes.

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Excerpt

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