

A WONDROUS MESSAGE OF LOVE
IN A FINAL
CONVERSATION WITH GOD

Home with God
IN A LIFE
THAT NEVER ENDS

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by

Neale Donald Walsch

Introduction

This is the word-for-word transcription of a holy conversation. It is a conversation with God about being Home with God. It is the last installment of an extraordinary dialogue covering nearly 3,000 pages in nine books written over eleven years and touching on all aspects of human life.

The present exchange explores many areas of human experience and, at a greater depth than ever before, one area in particular: death and dying, and the life hereafter.

The dialogue at one point journeys into territory lying at the farthest frontier of spirituality: the cosmology of all life. It offers a breathtaking glimpse of Ultimate Reality, presented through metaphor. It reveals in simple, accessible language the reason and purpose for living, ways in which humans may achieve the greatest joy, the nature of the journey upon which we are all embarked, and the extraordinary end to that journey—an end that turns out to be not an end at all, but an ecstatic interlude in a glorious and ongoing experience, the full description of which staggers the imagination.

And now, this warning: The dialogue here is circular. It springs forward in spirals to astonishing new and never described or imagined places, then springs back to old ground to make sure the next mind-bending exploration begins on solid footing. If you will have patience with this book—and, by the way, with your life—it will reward you grandly.

The message of *Home with God* may be one of the most hopeful and helpful that humanity has ever received.

It is important for you to understand how you came to this conversation. If you think that you came to it by chance, you will have missed the enormity of what is happening to you right now.

Your soul has *brought* you to this conversation, as it has brought you to every other conversation with God you have ever had, in whatever form. It has contrived to place these pages before you. A myriad of circumstances were, just this moment,

interconnected in a precise way at a precise time in order for you to be gently drawn to the words you find here, and only the intervention of your most holy soul could have produced such events so effortlessly. If you are clear about that, you will hear those words in a different way.

You have been brought here because the Universe understands that you have been quietly calling for answers to the questions all humans ask. What is really going on here in this life, and what will happen when this life is over? Will we be reunited with loved ones who've gone before? Will God be there to greet us? Will it be Judgment Day? Will we be facing the possibility of everlasting damnation? Will we be allowed to squeak into heaven? Will we even know what's going on after we die? Will anything BE going on?

Wrapped in the replies to these inquiries are enormous implications for every human being. Would we live our lives any differently if we actually had those answers? I think we would. Would we be less afraid to live as we were always intended to live—fearlessly and lovefully—if we were less afraid to die? I believe the answer is yes.

It hurts my heart to know that so many people feel frightened as they approach their time of passing into the next world, to say nothing of when they are in this one. Life was meant to be a constant joy, and death is a time of even greater joy, when it would be wonderful if all people could know only peace, and happy anticipation.

Like my mother. She was utterly at peace at her death. The young priest who went in to administer the Last Rites of the Church came out shaking his head. “She,” he whispered, “was comforting *me*.”

Mom had an unshakeable faith that she was stepping into the arms of God. She knew what life was about and she knew what death was not about. Life was about giving all that you had to all that you loved, without hesitation, without question, without limitation. Death was not about anything closing down, but about everything opening up. I remember that she used to say, “When I die, don't be sad. Dance on my grave.” Mom felt that God was by her side all during her life—and that this was exactly where God was going to be at her death.

But what of those who imagine that they are living and dying *without* God? That could be a very lonely life, and a very frightening death. In such a case, it might be better to die without knowing that one is dying at all.

That's how my father died. He got up from his easy chair one evening, took a single step, and slumped to the floor. The medics arrived within minutes, but it was all over, and I'm sure that my father had no thought that those were to be his last moments on earth.

Mom knew she was dying, and I think she allowed herself to know that because she could deal with it peacefully and joyfully. Dad could not, and so he chose to leave abruptly. There was no time to think, "Oh, my gosh, I'm dying. I'm really dying." Similarly, I don't think there were any moments during his 83 years when he said to himself, "Oh, my gosh, I'm really living." Mom knew she was "really living" every minute. She knew about the wonder and the magic of all of this. Dad did not.

My father was an interesting guy, and his thoughts about God, about life, and about death were a contradiction in terms. More than once he shared with me his total puzzlement about day-to-day occurrences, as well as his utter disbelief in anything at all happening after death.

I recall one striking exchange, two years before he died, in which he was reflecting on his existence. It was not a very long discussion. I had asked him what he thought was the meaning of life. He looked at me almost blankly and said, "I don't understand any of it." And when I asked him what he believed happens after someone dies he replied, "Nothing."

I pressed for more than a one-word answer.

"Darkness. An end. That's all. You go to sleep and you don't wake up."

I was dismayed. An awkward silence followed, and then I rushed to fill the void with all sorts of assurances that surely he was mistaken, that there had to be an extraordinary experience awaiting all of us on "the other side." I began describing to him what I imagined that was all about when he cut me off with an impatient wave of his hand.

"Horseshit," he muttered. And that was that.

I was astonished, because I knew Dad to be a man who, even into his eighties, got down on his knees and said his prayers every night. Who was he praying to, I wondered, if he did not believe in a life that was holy and a death that was only the beginning? And

what was he praying *about*? Maybe he was praying that he, himself, was wrong. Maybe he was hoping against hope.

This book is for all the people who think like my Dad, for all those who may be hoping against hope. It is also for those who just *don't know* what happens after death, and who therefore have very little foundation for understanding more deeply what happens in life, and why. It is for those who are not aware of any formula by which life itself works. It is for those who are puzzled, it is for those who are not puzzled and think that they do know some things about all of this, but who wonder once in a while if they really are right...and it is for those who may simply be scared.

This book is also for those who are not in any of the above groups but who wish to help another who is, and may not know how. What do you say to someone who is dying? How do you comfort those who go on living? What can you tell *yourself* at these moments? These are not easy questions. So you see, now, why you brought yourself here.

It really IS a miracle that you found this text, you know. A small miracle, perhaps, as miracles go, but a miracle nonetheless. I believe that it is as I have said. I believe your soul drew you to this book out of the same impulse that draws each of us onward, to our next step, to our next understanding, and, ultimately, to the Divine.

None of us has to follow that impulse. We may change course at any moment. We may go in another direction. Or we may stand still and not go anywhere at all for a long time, stalled in our confusion. Eventually, however, we will all move forward again, and we cannot fail to ultimately reach our destination.

The destination is the same for all of us. We are all on a journey Home, and we shall not fail to arrive there. God will not allow it.

That is, in three sentences, the message of this entire text.

1.

It is impossible to live or to die without God, but it is not impossible to think that you are.

If you think that you are living or dying without God, you will experience that you are.

You may have this experience as long as you wish. You may end this experience whenever you choose.

I believe those are holy words. I believe they came directly from God.

Those words have been floating around in my mind for the past four years. I see now that they were my invitation. An invitation from God for a larger conversation.

You are right. I wanted to make sure that we had this larger conversation, and so I placed those words in your mind every time you thought seriously about life or death, even for a moment. This is a conversation you've been reluctant to have, and have put off repeatedly.

Yes, I know. It's not that I'm afraid to talk about death, or to have the wider discussion about life that a deeper understanding of death would produce, it's just that these are very complex subjects, and I wanted to make sure I was really prepared to enter into a huge conversation about them. I wanted to be psychologically and, well, I guess, spiritually ready.

Do you feel you are now?

I hope so. I can't keep putting the conversation off forever. Even if I tried, you'd just keep placing those words into my head.

You are right, I would. For those are the words I want you to hear even if you never get to the rest of the conversation. Those words convey all that anyone who is afraid of living *or* dying will ever really need to know. Later on in this conversation I will give you 100 more words—a 100 Word Formula for All of Life. But I wanted to make sure that at least this single truth got out.

Well, it worked. Here I am having this “larger conversation”—a conversation with God about dying—so that I can understand even more about living. Who would believe it?

It doesn't matter. You're not having the conversation for anyone else, you're having it for yourself.

So often people see themselves as doing something for someone else, when they're really always doing it for themselves.

Everybody is doing everything for themselves. When you awaken to this awareness you will have reached Breakthrough. And when you understand that this is so even about dying, you will never fear dying again. And when you no longer fear dying, you will no longer fear living. You will live your life fully, right up until the very last moment.

Hold it. Wait a minute. You're saying that when I'm *dying*, I am doing it for myself?

Of course. Who else would you be doing it for?



Excerpt

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