

Message from Dr. Bob

My dear brothers and sisters,

Knowing what receiving The Footladder of Notes Divine messages does for my continuing healing; I joyfully make them available to you. We've all suffered together the living agony of the human life when we can't experience God's presence. We all know the inner ice-cold feeling of loneliness and isolation when we've lost our awareness of the loving oneness in which we were created with God and our brother and sister souls.

We all know the desperation when we feel disconnected from our core existence, aimlessly drifting through an uncaring world of people unaware of their center of meaning and purpose. We all know, how in a panic, we desperately turn to each other for some kind of filling relationship to bring relief for that sense of lostness. We depend on others, indeed demand of them to fill the empty space and loss of love that comes from feeling disconnected from our Source.

I became a professional psychologist in the search for answers. I spent years in psychotherapy searching for valid solutions. But, I could not find a method that consistently provided a stable peace of mind; nor did human reasoning and rational reassurances provide it. Nothing surfaced which fully dealt with the aloneness and its companion feelings of personal inadequacy, inferiority, and anxiety that haunted the search for the elusive solution.

But answers, as yet unbeknownst to me, would be coming. I had to first know that answers could only lie beyond the human mind's capabilities. At that moment of dawning, others helped me discover Edgar Cayce's writings. Cayce knew how to enter the mind of the spiritual sphere, the healing center. Stirred by his writings, I began to struggle by myself, to discover how to get beyond the human mind, to that place from where Edgar Cayce seemed to be coming. How I wanted his powers which I felt would be the answer for myself.

I still did not know that while seemingly studying Cayce's writings, I unknowingly was searching for my Creator, yet God could and would

now answer. In reality I was simply acknowledging my limitations and was no longer opposed to help. Thus, twice, at the age of forty, as part of God's plan, I was taken into out-of-the-body experiences. In the first one I entered into that spiritual sphere where suddenly appeared a city in space, shown to me in three dimensional golden lines. Now I would know that there was another existent dimension, and I had a mind apart from my human mind's existence. The second time I was taken through a tunnel. That golden light appeared and now took the form of the Star of David from which the Christian Cross extended downward from the bottom point of the Star as one overall symbol. Despite viewing such a symbol I would not as yet be able to associate it with the existence of a personal God.

What had been delivered to me though, from these experiences, was a revelation that the human world was a lost one. We lived by using each other rather than caring and sharing with each other. It fueled within me a desire for the world to be one community devoted to the well-being of its inhabitants. Those of you familiar with the Book of Acts, chapters two and four, would recognize that I had been touched by the Spirit with the same result that fueled those disciples who lived and shared communally. Still though, no sense of a personal God. I tried to interest the world's governments to form a Plow sharing Corps for people who would be devoted to such a principle. And, I tried to establish locally the beginnings of such a community. Neither secular attempt took shape.

Thirteen years passed. A colleague brought my work to the attention of a local Episcopal priest who saw the spiritual Source behind my drive, mentioned that the Star and Cross were actually the symbol of Christ, and thus countered my own belief that they represented the religions of Judaism and Christianity fused together to lead the world into a greater loving relationship. I scoffed at his further statement that despite the absence of further revelations over the past thirteen years that there would be more that were coming.

I had had dreams in which I saw Christ-like people appear, associated at first with the presence of a chair. And after the priest's remarks, I would now experience the presence of a personal God. In the next vision, I touched a chair that I saw rocking in the wind, trying to stop its motion. An electrical force moved through me, freezing me. And then, on what seemed to be a projection screen, I gazed upon the

photographic image of a Face. I knew that I had gazed upon the Face of Jesus as he had appeared in this world, and I saw the peace of God reflected in his eyes.

I came from a Jewish background and consulted with Jewish and Christian clergy colleagues. I decided to acknowledge the fused Star of David and the Christian Cross by being baptized, and then attended synagogue on Saturdays and church on Sundays. Four years were spent in two faith religious services and community activities of an interfaith organization formed from Jewish, Christian and Muslim chaplain colleagues employed in a New York State Office of Mental Health's forensic psychiatric facility in which I was the head of the Psychology Department. Too, I was introduced to the writings of mystics and their valuable prayer traditions which led me into a deeper meditative prayer life comparable to one who yearns to be possessed only by the will and mind of God.

Still not enough, I would need more. It would come through the book A Course in Miracles. I learned that I possessed two minds. My true mind was the divine one, created in oneness with God. It was unchangeable, and could not be affected by any other mind. It was eternal, loving, unconditionally forgiving, joyful, at peace, and was representative of the spirit state of which it was conceived by God. The second mind was the human one. It was this mind which plagued me. It had nothing whatsoever to do with God's creation, was created by my own wish to be an original Creator, just like God; and because of that, was guilt-ridden, fearful, judgmental of myself and others, chronically filled with conflicts, and totally resistant to any attempts to change its viewpoint.

What would be my healing? To simply choose which mind I wished to be in at any moment. If I chose the divine mind and asked God for its recovery, I would receive it. Now God was in charge of my mind, my life and my ways of handling matters. I would be at peace. I simply was living now to serve Him and His will. If I wanted the totally worthless human mind, I entertained it and suffered. The human mind would be able to repeatedly distract me, but healing came down to the countering process by God which gave me the choice to become aware that I was distracted by the human mind, and choose again to have Him return me to my divine connection. At last there was the clarity about the cause of our suffering and the corrective prayer methodology that

provided healing after healing.

But, the final blessing was yet to come. Our treasured God, our ever faithful Companion, our steadfast Lover, our precious Comforter, would now surface to me daily, providing supportive messages that formed a continuing curriculum for further healing and salvation which He entitled The Footladder of Notes Divine. He instructed me that it was to be shared with others. To this day, dictations from Him continue. They are reminders of the lostness both of this world and the human mind, plus His unconditional love for us, and His role in the inevitable return of us to our eternal heavenly home. Rejoice dear hearts, rejoice, rejoice, and rejoice! We're all going home. We can't miss.

Robert E. Weltman PhD
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