# ISABELLA

## A Story

## by Doug Canning



Isabella lay sprawled face down on the living room floor with her legs bent at the knees and her overhanging feet swaying loosely to a silent tune. She was intently absorbed in her coloring book drawing a beautiful pastel scene that belied her eight short years upon the planet.

Nonchalantly, she raised her beautifully chiseled chin, framed by luxurious sandy-blonde curls, to reveal a quizzical look in her sparkling blue-grey eyes, and blurted out, “Mom, why do animals eat each other? It’s so cruel and ugly!”

Her mother, a single parent by now well accustomed to her daughter’s precocious ponderings, answered with fond amusement, “Well, that’s just the way nature is - kind and cruel, beautiful and ugly. The strong prey upon the weak and a storm can just as easily bring life-giving rain to the crops as it can leave destruction in its wake. It’s all part of nature’s balance. Don’t forget, we humans kill and eat animals too, even though we try to camouflage that fact with fancy packaging and artificial flavors. We just happen to be at the top of the food chain, although we are not exempt from it.”

“Eew!” exclaimed Isabella. “It just doesn’t seem right. I don’t think I want to eat meat anymore. Why does there have to be death, anyway? Doesn’t God love us?”

“Bella, sweetie, I don’t have all the answers. That’s the way nature is, and we are part of nature.”

“Well, if it was me I would leave out ugliness altogether and just make everything pretty. That’s what I would do,” said Isabella with assurance. She put down her coloring book and snuggled up in her

**blanket close to the embers smoldering in the fireplace. Soon she was drifting in that place between fully asleep and relaxed wakefulness – the place of lucid dreaming.**

**All of a sudden there was a loud pop and she felt as though she was floating. To her astonishment she was floating – she could see her body below her, sound asleep on the living room floor!**

**Then there was a whoosh and a sensation of tremendous speed. She was being propelled through a long, spiraling tunnel; the blurred interior walls confirming her considerable rate of movement.**

**Before she even had a chance to panic or fear for her safety, Isabella found herself standing in a large open meadow, teeming with the prettiest, most vibrantly colorful flowers she had ever seen!**

**It was a beautiful sunny day and the sun had a particularly warming and enlivening effect. Intoxicating floral scents wafted on the balmy breeze. Birds twittered and sang their happy songs. Butterflies flitted to and fro.**

**She was alone, but she could see a figure on the horizon walking toward her. In much less time than she would have thought possible, a most beautiful man stood in front of her. Never had she seen such a kindly, loving countenance. Love exuded from every pore of this wonderful being's body. He was love. He stood before her and gazed upon her with a gentle smile that seemed to convey that he knew everything about her, knew her through and through, and loved her unconditionally.**

**Isabella was struck with a thought: "This must be Jesus." Without hesitation, she asked, "Are you Jesus? Am I dead?"**

**In a melodious tone he answered, "I was known as Yeshua when I lived on Earth, or Jesus, if you prefer, although names are not used here. Why label someone when you can know them directly and recognize them fully by the particular qualities of the soul? And no, you have not departed your body completely. You are simply visiting."**

**"But, why am I here? And where are we?"**

**"I called you here to meet with me. It's something that you agreed to do before your birth on Earth. We are long time friends. Besides, you have a special ability that will help you to remember our talks when you return to Earth."**

**"Oh yeah! You mean like a superpower?"**

**"No a gift. Everyone has their own, unique gifts that are an extension of their individual nature's. Your essence is clarity and purity."**

**"Oh, I like that! You do seem very familiar, like I've known you forever."**

**"As for your second question, this is a place that I created as a meeting place for us. It resides within a particular sphere of Creation, in what you refer to as the spirit world. Here people do not have dense physical bodies like they have on Earth. For this visit, I thought it best that you spend time just with me. On another visit, if you want to return, I will show you around. There's a beautiful brook not far from here. Would you like to go there?"**

**"Oh yes, lets!"**

**Isabella skipped along keeping pace with the long, graceful strides of Jesus. She could not help but notice how elated she felt in his company. It was as if she was starting on a grand adventure, yet it felt perfectly natural and she trusted him implicitly.**

**"Oh, this is lovely!" rejoiced Isabella as they found a comfortable grassy spot on the bank where a gurgling river meandered through a thicket of trees on the edge of the meadow.**

**Then her curiosity got the best of her. "You said that you created this place … are you God?"**

**"I am a part of God, as are you. Everything God has is shared with all of His children. They are welcome to partake freely of these divine gifts, if only they will adhere to God's laws. I have fully realized my innate perfection and my being at one with God, which gives me access to unlimited creative powers - as long as they are used in love and for the greater good. Love is the law and the law is Love. It is only when we misuse God's gifts that they are lost to us temporarily, and then they exist only as potential.**

**"I would like to address what has been concerning you lately, such as, why there is suffering, ugliness and death in the world. Have you ever wondered how you can appreciate beauty and are repelled by ugliness? Does it not indicate that the truth of who you are is beautiful? How else would you even know that something is ugly?"**

**"Wow. What you are saying makes a lot of sense. It's so simple that I'm surprised I haven't thought about it that way before."**

**"Actually, you were close. You were questioning and that is the beginning of understanding. It creates an opening for the truth to**

**enter. Most people accept everyday atrocities as simply part of life. They have closed themselves off to the truth that resides deep within their hearts. So if the truth of your being is beauty what is all this ugliness about? How are you capable of expressing something that is ugly or that is not in alignment with the inner, real you? Clearly something else is at work here. Something is obstructing and distorting the natural expression of the heart's truth. So what could it possibly be that goes against the truth of your being and the perfect creation that God intended for you to be?"**

**"That question can only be answered by casting a light on the false and illusory nature of so-called reality on Earth. This false reality came about due to an ancient misuse of will that eventually resulted in man's fall from grace. Eons ago, man made the mistake of thinking he could be separate from God and a god unto himself. God is Omnipresent Love. Omnipresence is one and indivisible, so how can a part of Omnipresence be separate from a presence that is everywhere? It can't, and to believe that it can is to believe in a lie. Yet that is what man has been doing for thousands of years, with disastrous results for himself, the Earth and all the life forms on Earth. To believe the lie that something can be in opposition to God, Who is all-good, is to believe in the opposite of God and God's attributes. Man was created in the image and likeness of his Father Mother God and God shares these holy attributes with him. Man is a part of God and can no more be separate from his Source than can a ray of sunlight be separate from the sun and exist without it."**

**"God gave man his greatest gift - the gift of free will, and that includes the ability to believe in a lie if he so chooses. Since man creates what he believes in, instead of the real uni-verse, the one**

**song of Creation, we have what appears to be a universe of duality where ugliness and beauty, life and death, health and sickness, happiness and sadness, creation and destruction, light and dark seemingly exist together. But it's only an illusion. It's a mistake, a misuse of free will and a misperception of the truth, made by man. He is dreaming a false reality based on his belief that he can be separate from and in opposition to God whose creations can only be loving like unto their Source."**

**"It cannot be overstated that this seeming duality is an illusion and does not really exist, for the truth has never changed, and cannot. It's time to wake up from the dream. Only you can wake yourself up, and the good news is that you can! It will take an earnest desire and a steadfast will, but you can do it. And no other person can do it for you."**

**"You are a being of immortal love. There is no death. When people cast off their 'mortal coil', they continue to exist in the spirit world until they have an opportunity to reincarnate. These cycles of incarnation continue until the victory over death is won and that victory can only be attained from the physical. It need not take many years, let alone lifetimes. The illusion of time is dispelled by the revelation of truth. Your freedom is gained in a timeless moment, always here and forever now. Sincerity is the golden key that unlocks the door to your self-made prison. Ultimately it is a simple acceptance of who you really are."**

**"Wow," said Isabella. My head is spinning. But you know, I feel like you've just lit a candle in my heart."**

**“That's a great description!” Jesus said. “It will take your mind some getting used to. You see, it’s used to being the boss, when its rightful place is servant of the heart. Only the heart really knows, and when the mind learns to follow that wisdom, it will be exceedingly happy. I think it’s time we took a little break. How would you like a picnic?”**

**“Yay, a picnic!”**

**Jesus produced a big blanket and basket of food.**

**“Where did that come from?”**

**“From the Universal supply! Our thoughts manifest instantaneously here. If you were to stay long enough to acclimatize yourself you would find that you are quite capable of manifesting your own thoughts. Presently you are still somewhat under the influence of the Earth’s density. This will help.” He plucked a goblet out of thin air that contained a thick, golden effervescent liquid.**

**As Isabella drank the nectar her eyes opened wide with a startled expression. She felt an electric current rush through her body. She was sure that her hair was standing on end.**

**“No, your hair’s not standing on end.” Jesus laughed. “It’s quite invigorating isn’t it.”**

**“Yes, I love it. It’s yummy, like nothing I’ve ever tasted before.”**

**“Try this,” said Jesus, handing her a piece of nut loaf he had taken from the basket.**

**Isabella found it equally delicious and nourishing.**

**Jesus himself ate what appeared to be a juicy orange, slowly pealing it and eating each section with relish.**

**"You may have noticed that you don't actually experience hunger here, since you don't have a physical body to feed. This food is to assist you energetically and to make you feel more at home."**

**"You said something about this place being part of the spirit world. Is that where you live?"**

**"No, I live in the celestial realm. Some on Earth have referred to it as the seventh heaven. It is a place where only those who have attained complete self-realization abide. The spirit world is made up of six spheres of Creation with many planes within each sphere. When it leaves the physical body at so-called death, the soul gravitates to the sphere and plane that is most compatible with its level of development, and there abides with like-minded souls. There is none of the mixing of different levels of consciousness that you find on Earth, where saints can rub shoulders with the most debased souls. Only when you are so filled with divine Love and your heart is in complete ascendancy over the mind will you ascend to the highest celestial realm. Of the dark lower spheres, I shall not talk at this time."**

**As Jesus said these last words, Isabella was struck by the deep concern and profound compassion that she felt emanating from him. She had no doubt that he was doing all that he could to help the residents of those spheres as well.**

**A young spotted doe came out of the nearby woods. With tail flicking back and forth, it gingerly walked over to Jesus and put its head in his lap.**

**"Come and pet her if you like," encouraged Jesus.**

**Isabella put out her hand to stroke its head. The doe licked her forearm as she did, which brought a gleeful giggle from the girl.**

**"All God's creatures will live in harmony when the lie of duality and all of its manifestations are exposed and the separation, that never was, is healed. Men and women are the stewards of Earth and as their consciousness goes, so go the rest of the life forms on Earth. When they are healed from the need to survive at the expense of others, so too, shall they and all their creations be healed. Then they will remember themselves and find forgiveness, for they will have forgiven themselves and will have set themselves free. Then will it be seen that a new Earth has come, and the old earth, that never was, has passed away."**

**Isabella put her arms around Jesus's neck and hugged him as if he were her big brother. The tender embrace, with the doe resting peacefully at their side, was the only fitting punctuation to such an inspired conversation.**

**At length Jesus ever so tenderly lifted Isabella's chin with his finger so that she was gazing into his eyes.**

**"When I look in your eyes, I see all of humanity," he said gently, and kissed her on the forehead. "It's time for you to go now dear one."**

**Jesus held out a beautiful pink rose – Isabella's favorite.**

**“Take this flower to remember me by. I love you and am with you always. We will meet again. Bye for now my dearest friend.”**

**Gradually his figure faded into an intense white light and vanished.**

**It was morning when Isabella awoke in her own bed.**

**“Hi, Bella, you’re awake early,” said her mother from the bedroom doorway. “Did you sleep well? I almost didn’t move you into your bed last night. You had such a look of contentment on your face after you fell asleep on the living room floor.”**

**“Hi, Mom. Yeah, I feel great. And I had the most amazing dream.” Then Isabella gasped, as she noticed the single pink rose lying beside her pillow. “Mom, we’ve gotta talk!”**

*The End*