

## CHAPTER 1

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### God's Meeting with the Boardroom of the Human Race

*Sweetness never divides and conquers. Sweetness flows like a gentle river that has no end. Sweetness always gives of itself without reservation. Sweetness is never guarded. I adore everyone. Sweetness is giving tirelessly. I never get tired of loving you. Sweetness grows as it is given away. My giving sweetness fills me with such tender sweetness and such deep love I am bursting now to give my sweetness away.*

*I pour my tenderness, my adoration, my star-filled eyes, my brilliant, endless, mindless feelings for you down over you this very day. I am not guarded in any way in what I want you to have from my sweet self. All of the great wings of Heaven are delivering sweetness to the world as we speak. I am pouring my sweetness over you, too. You may say, "Our God is being quite generous this day.*

*Will it be the same tomorrow and the next?" I assure you that it will.*

*When I look around at all that I have created, I am filled with such joy. But when I look at my human creations, I fall to my knees just to say I adore you so much. Each moment of my life is spent adoring and loving you. I am on my knees with my adoration for you, with sweet, sweet adoration this day.*

**God's Undersea Message**

**Kangean, Java Sea, Indonesia 8-25-11**

So many thoughts are churning in my head this morning. It is early, and I want to leave this building soon. I'm wearing a business suit that I have not had on for a very long time. The decision between a red tie and blue tie has been excruciating. Should I wear cufflinks or just buttons? Am I lint-free? Are my shoes shined? So much to think about. But I want to present well, to be considered as significant a force in business as I am in other things.

It is important for me to sell my product to a huge corporation called the human race. I am in a race for time. I'm looking in the mirror and would like to say, "Not too bad for an old, old man." But then I take a second look. I still seem a little shoddy; it is such work to present yourself. But I also know by watching astute businesspeople that they power-dress. So I am power-dressing today for a meeting with a great corporation called the human race.

I have put together such a good plan. I'm going to have my whiteboard and pass out papers to be examined. My heart is beating rapidly and I look at my watch to make sure that I am not late. My suit is a little tight and the shoes are squeezing my feet, not just slightly, but quite a bit. However, I will stop complaining now, get my briefcase, and head down the elevator to the first floor. I hope my transportation has arrived on time. Even though it's expensive, the cost is worth it to me. I do find myself getting lost at times when I wander around this world, so a driver and a car will take me to this business meeting.

My heart is racing. I am so excited, but I also feel despair. What if they do not want to buy what I have to sell? Have I wasted my time? Have I wasted my currency? Have I wasted my energy? What a dilemma. Why can't things just be simple? "Here's what I've got to sell, please buy it from me. Let's have a fair exchange. I will listen to you and you will read about me."

So, here I go. The driver is waving to me. I'm getting into my car very concerned that my heart might beat right out of my chest. I believe my product is the best of its kind and want it to be

on the market right away. It's not so much about my rewards, even though the rewards will be many. It's more about wanting people to know who I am and what I have to sell. I guess you could say that I'm putting my ego out there. I want to be famous. I want to be special. I want to be known, even if I am a little old and do not quite know how to dress. I still believe that my product is the best of its kind.

I'm tapping my driver on the shoulder. He's smiling at me. I guess he's had many, many businesspeople like me who don't want to be late. They have something to sell, so they want to make sure they're on time. He gives me the okay, thumbs-up, he is telling me he will make it and that I need to sit back and relax and stop twiddling my thumbs. So that is what I'm going to do.

We're speeding along now. This is such a wild and demanding place. There is such a wild stirring of the human race. Everyone is buzzing by so fast that I have actually developed a headache. This is the most important meeting of my life. I hope I can pull it off. I think I still have a pretty sharp edge, but I'm not certain. I'm going to give it the good old college try—or should I say to them, the university try? I don't know. I'm so confused.

I wish the driver would speed up, but of course he can't because the traffic is so dense and it's everywhere. In some places where I have done business, it's a little simpler and even a rickshaw will do. In the midst of this great populace, this important business center of the world, I must stay quiet and accept their ways. It's difficult. When you have an ego like mine, you want everything to run your way. Over time I've learned that it doesn't work that way, so I might as well just sit back and relax.

Once again, I go over my spiel. Now I want to be real. I want to be personal. I want them to see an astute businessman with a magnificent product. The rewards and the returns will be awesome, they will see. Wow, I sure hope they'll listen to me and not just hope I will finish my

presentation so they can bring someone else in. I have to take a risk. I have to take a chance. We're almost there. Wow, have I forgotten anything? Do I have my papers, my briefcase? Do I have my glasses? Am I ready to go? I think so. We'll see.

I will have to bend somewhat. I see that the world has their own minds. You cannot sell them something that's not real, something they do not want. If you do, it will always fail. They will throw your product in the trashcan and try something new. I've poured such an investment into this. I must appear to be "the businessman of the day." My product must be so brilliant and so thrilling and so moving that they will accept my offer and will help me in every way.

Here we go. I'm getting out of the car and I'm trembling. As I start walking the wrong way, my driver points me to the stairs. Then I must find the right elevator, push the right button, and arrive on time. I am a little early, and that's good.

There is such incredible movement here; the sidewalk seems to move with the pounding of feet. And there is such rushing, such determination to get where they need to go. I admire that. I truly admire the determination to go do what you have to do. So I will be patient and allow people to go by or around me. But I'm determined to get up those steps and into that elevator. I will not be late. That would look sloppy and make it appear that I have nothing worthwhile to sell.

Here we go, here we go...oops! The elevator door closed before I could get on. It was packed full. Alright, I'm going to have to push in on the next one. There's a crowd behind me. Wow, I hope I can get out when my floor comes. Then I close my eyes, take a deep breath, and say, "I will do this, I am determined. I will find a way to exit the elevator and enter the office of the human race."

My resources are quite good, I think. My watch is precise and my mind is settling down so that I do not appear to be a novice trying to throw something into the wind that will hit and make money for a while. I want to assure them that my product will last.

This is such a funny day. I feel excitement, I feel despair. My palms are sweaty and my heart's racing, but I feel at peace along with all of that. So get over it, move on, get out of this elevator. Do not push too hard but give them a nudge and ask softly, *Would you mind moving and getting out of my way?* No, maybe I'll ask, *Would you please move?* That's better, here I go.

"Would you please move? Thank you so much. Thank you, thank you for letting me out and letting me go. Good luck on your way up. Maybe I'll meet you on the way down." I don't know, here I go.

I'm going to sit in the reception room. I must be quite polite to the receptionist. Sometimes they rule the world of the office and they have their favorites, so I will step up and offer a great smile and ask, "How are you today? Can you please help me? I'm here for my presentation, and I believe I'm on time." And she says, "Take a seat, sir. I will call you when it's time for you. There are several ahead of you."

Wow, several? I thought I had an appointment. Well, I guess I don't. I hadn't counted on waiting. What will I do? I have everything put together. My package is perfect, I believe, but maybe I've missed something. Perhaps I have time to go over it. I don't know. If I take it out of my briefcase, will it fall apart on the floor? This is not something I counted on, waiting. Well, it's worth it because I am going to sell this product to the human race. I will sit quietly and think about the things that please me.

What pleases me the most is the thought of all of you. The thought that somehow what I have to give will make your dreams come true, and my dreams, too. Remember, I have an ego. I

want to be known as the dealmaker—the best dealmaker around—and for people to know that my product is sound.

Okay, here we go. I think she's calling my name. Stand up, walk straight, check your suit. Everything looks quite good to me, but then I'm looking with jaded eyes. I've always thought that I was special. Now I have to be a little timid.

Wow, here we are. I didn't know it was going to be such a big room, such a big desk, such a big table. Wow, can I do this? Can I sell my product? Can I? Much is at stake here: my reputation, my world that I have built in my own way. Much is at stake as I sell my product. Whew, I do feel a little hot. Perspiration pops out on my brow, but I will not falter. I understand what's at stake. What's at stake is the heart of the human race.

I thought perhaps one or two people would be there to ask about my product, but—this is a big worry for me—twelve people are sitting at this huge desk. I guess it's not a desk; it's more like a table. This is a conference room, I see. We're actually going to have a conference? I thought maybe only one or two would be interested, but twelve are listening to me. So here I go, letting them know I have something to sell. Wow, I hope it takes their breath away, and I hope I get my breath back as I begin to speak.

*Ladies and gentlemen, I am here to present my product. It is an ancient product. It has been around a very long time. Until now, I have kept it a secret. I was not quite ready to let the world know that I have a Heaven Under the Sea.*

Oh, they're all looking at me. Keep going, keep going. They seem a little startled. Maybe they think I'm crazy. But I know how to pitch, just watch me. Here I go.

*Ladies and gentleman, what I have to sell is as old as time. It is an antique, actually, that I have kept covered because it is such a treasure. I wanted to reveal it at exactly the right time*

*because it is worth more than its weight in gold. It is worth all that you could possibly imagine or ever see..*

*What I am selling you today is my Heaven Under the Sea. I never thought I would put it up for sale, but I finally decided that I must. I cannot keep it to myself: the great seafloor, the wonders of the movements of the great eels and the great fish of the sea, the whales, the tides that ebb and flow, the great storms that cleanse every day.*

*This Heaven Under the Sea is perfection. So I hope you will give me a little time, and that you will understand what I have come to say. My Heaven Under the Sea...I am unwrapping it for the human race. I want them to understand that there is an electricity, there is a force, there is a sound, there is a music that flows under their oceans and their seas.*

*When humans go to the beach to play and stand on the shore and put their feet in the water, I want them to feel that something heavenly is going on. I want them to feel something wonderful and brilliant, something that appears quite real. When they look at the great waves moving back and forth, I hope they want to say, "I wish that my life could be cleansed each day by beautiful waves like the ones I see here."*

*A solitude comes over me when my humans put their feet in the water. I want them to feel a great presence come over them. I want them to feel that there is a depth to this ocean they do not know or understand, and maybe, maybe somehow, if they stand there long enough with the beautiful shells that wash up on the sand and listen quietly, some of what takes place in that deep place underneath the sea might become a part of the human race.*

*This Heaven runs deep, it runs long, it runs bold, it cleanses itself each day. There is nothing stagnant there, it is always fresh and new. Exploding with great energy, my Heaven Under the Sea, Tunashia is a great place to become immaculate if you are willing to try. It is a wondrous*

*place. Angels that are so rare live in caves of a brilliant hue. Beings of a different type and a different race live under my amazing sea. Some of them are covered with silver and gold, some of them fly in ships of light quite high over your land. They are filled with amazing tales and views of brilliant colored lights for you.*

*This Heaven Under the Sea contains what I believe the world needs at this time. Not just food, but a sense of security that this Heaven will always flow, it will always move, it will always feed you. This Heaven will take you where you need to go. It will protect you in every way.*

*If you enter into my sea and spend any time on a small boat, you will see the most magnificent stars, and lights, too. You will feel a beloved hand on your shoulder saying, “Look what I am giving you.” What I am giving you is the deep, deep love inside me. It comes forth and springs forth, not just from my Heaven above, but from this deep, deep cavern, the sea. It is a Heaven beyond compare. Rare species of fishes and rare species of humans, not of your world, exist there. And they have a great message for you. That is why I am here today, to sell not just their message, but my message, too.*

*Living under the sea takes some work. Sometimes you have to be in the dark and find your way. Other times, a great brilliance of light allows you to see. But it is when you are in the dark that you feel what is inside of you and what is true.*

*Think about the gifts my sea has for you, brilliant beyond compare. When you travel on my sea, it can take you anywhere. If you want to travel the world and see the great wonders of the sea that mesmerize you, then know that every waterway is an opening to another waterway. Nothing is stagnant there, everything moves and flows. Because of my deep love for you, I want you to understand that this is how I want you to be—moving, be free, do not be afraid. Live like this*



*Heaven Under the Sea. Be willing to seek out the symbols and reasons of existence that you do not know, and hear the messages they have for you.*

*If you travel to my sea and listen to what I have to say, you will discover a glory beyond compare. The product that I am selling this day is a deep love that comes from deep down in the sea. It is not just the love of your world and what you know. It is not just the love from the world of angels above and all of the millions of loved ones who have passed away who are still sending you their deep love in every way. It is a love so rare that it is beyond compare. It is a love that holds steady night and day. It is a love and a force like an electric magnet that charges you. A powerful love is being given to you.*

*This love comes from beings of light that live under the sea. That is where they get their food and their fuel. They want to say, "We are in love with you. You are the human race. You are brilliant beyond compare. You know how to love, you know how to cry, you know how to make babies, you know how to live, and you know how to die. We watch you, we love you, we protect you in every way."*

*So, my product is love. That is what I have come to say. A love beyond compare, a love that will unfold if you will allow it. I have asked for a film to be made so that you can see this great Heaven Under the Sea. It is compelling, it is true. There are lights that you can never see unless you travel to my sea. In these deep caverns, your amazing beings of light would love to speak to you.*

*I have asked that all of this be put into a book called The Sweet Life just for you. I want you to know that I love you so deeply, but I do not expect you to love me. It does not matter to me if you know exactly what I do or who I am or how I work. What matters to me in the utmost way is the love I have for you. This love cannot be taken away. It does not matter to me who you are, how*

*you dress, what you say, or what you do. What matters to me is that you know in your heart how deeply I love you.*

*I have found that it is important to be very clear about what I am going to give. My desire to wake the human race to the idea that their precious world is unraveling caused difficulty. But as I have said, I called upon humans just like you to travel and build my beautiful circles around the world for you.*

*I called upon them to travel to the great Sea of Bali and explore the bottom of the sea and the voices and messages that come from that realm. All so humans can understand that there is a different way to live and a different way to be; to be more like my Underworld Sea. I might not be painting a perfect picture but I want you to know that the system of the ocean is very different than the system of your walking on the earth. They are separated.*

*The separation comes not so much from the geography or the topography; it comes from what is in your heart and how you want to be. **My heart of the Heaven Under the Sea wants to live and love, not destroy, not to kill and not to turn in on itself and blow itself apart.** I picked the Sea of Bali because the essence of that place is filled with the deep, deep love that flows through every grain of sand, every rock, every stone, and every shell.*

*I asked these human soldiers to find someone who knew how to photograph underwater and photograph my beautiful sea—the floor of the sea; the stones, the rocks, the fish, the plant life, and the colors, too. Being very determined, they found a beautiful photographer who agreed to travel with them to the Bali Sea, to dive deep and film this for them to see up close and personal, as you would say.*

*I was inspired to show you this beautiful sea that I consider to be heaven-like and heavenly. While someone was filming, I spoke about the love, the sweetness, the compatibility, the wonder of*

*my sea. There is a Heaven Under the Sea; the human voice that speaks for me will give you these sweet messages from my Heaven Under the Sea. If you like, you may call them **God's Undersea Messages**, which were photographed and recorded.*

*This is a journey of the heart—my heart, my soldiers' hearts, the photographer's heart, and those of the divers, too—to synchronize these pictures and films from Under the Sea with my voice explaining the sweetness and the love that exists in this place. I want so much for you, the human race, to have your world be like My Heaven Under the Sea. Your world can be a heaven, too.*

*If you are willing to read my story—I know I have taken up more than my time and that you have been very patient—I will show you how to sell this product. This love I have for you, and the love the great beings that inhabit the sea have for you, is a wondrous love beyond compare. We ask nothing from you but to listen to the story of *The Sweet Life Under the Sea*.*

Well, my time is up. They're giving me the nod. I wonder what they think. Do they think I'm crazy and that I should be locked up somewhere? Or do I see a glimmer in their eyes that indicates maybe they're interested in my Heaven Under the Sea where Beings of Light live and where their messages are delivered from? Well, I see a few glimmers. And I see a few people glancing at each other.

I've said all I've come to say. I know that I must thank them profusely, so I will. *"Thank you, thank you, thank you, human race, for giving me time and for listening to me. I do hope my presentation has given you some thought. Goodbye now. Hopefully I will hear from you soon."*

I might be God but I'm not Superman, so you can imagine how happy this day is for me. I don't even have to flag down my driver because he's flagging me. What a relief, what a relief that I don't have to figure out public transportation. So this cheery man is a gift for me. I do not actually have to be a Superman and figure it out on my own.

Well, that was quite a good presentation, I believe. And I am so curious, of course, about each person in the room and who will give me their time or allow me to present more. It's been a long, long day, but I think I've accomplished a lot. Hopefully I have their attention. Now I'm on my way.

## **GOD'S UNDERSEA MESSAGE**

**Java Sea, near Kangean, Indonesia 8-26-11**

Spending time with you pleases me. When I watch you tie a pink bow in your hair, when I watch you powder your nose or shine your shoes before you go somewhere, I am so comforted by these small things. The fact that you know how to do these things pleases me. I would like to believe that I created that design, but if I am astonished at something you do, then I do not remember if I gave it to you.

In my own way, I want to say that I watch all of you. I watch all of you and all that you do whether your action is small, tiny, or as big as this ocean. My sweetness that I want to give to you is this: Somewhere deep inside of you is a place where you know what to do. And in that place, something like a small drum, not your heart, says, "This is something I must do."

This is the deep, sweet part of you. In that sweet place, I want to resonate with you. In resonating together we form a deep bond, a bond so rare and true that nothing in my world or your world can make it come unglued. This is the sweet side of you.

When you give someone your handkerchief when they say, "kachoo," when you decide out of the blue to give someone a present that costs more than you have in your pocket and you do it anyway, what you are capable of doing with your own sweetness astonishes me. It is so rare and true that the sweet part of each and every one of you already exists.

In knowing that, I want you to see the great flora and fauna of this sea, the comings and goings of the beautiful ocean floor, all of the rocks and stones that sit down upon the sea of my Heaven, all of the creatures that are hungry and fast and quick and that will eat another fish to stay alive, and the excrements of that fish will feed another fish food for its newborn young.

You all know of this world under the sea. You all know it is a world of giving and giving, and giving and giving, and taking and taking, too. I want you to understand that the sweetness you already have inside of you—that sweet, sweet place when you say, “Here, let me do that for you”—and the part that allows your toddler to walk with their shoes untied until they figure it out themselves—takes much patience. But it is a sweet gift you are giving away. The mother who milks her baby at her breast, the father who goes out to work each day...that is a sweet, sweet, sweet gift that you give away.

Think about this long and hard. I want you to hear my words so that you understand the sweetness is not up here (in the head), it is not down here (in the heart); it is inside of you. And you are already giving sweetness away. Because I adore you, I want you to let me give to you. Let me give you sweetness. Let me give you something to drink. Let me give you food for your table. Let me give you the thought that this world is a world of such sweetness that it does not bother you to give some away.

Each time you give a piece of sweetness away, you are giving a piece of yourself. And I promise you now—and I want you to believe me—when you give away one part of your sweet self, I immediately fill it with more sweetness. The sweetness has an ability to grow. I want to feed it to you, so that others treat you more sweetly and you treat others sweetly, too.

I am not a being, a God, a wrathful God sitting up on my throne. I am always with you when you have your parades. I cannot stay away. I am in awe when you ride a merry-go-round. I am in awe when you throw snowballs at each other and you laugh and play. I am in awe of your world and the great sweetness inside of you. **My children, I just ask, give more of that part of you away. And as you do, the promise I make is that you will become sweeter and sweeter and have more to give away.**

It is a truth that I have pondered and watched in many, many, many of you: when you give something away, something turns around and gives you sweetness, too. It is all built in, so I want to find a way to impress upon this world in a movie theatre with my voice speaking out loud: Give away your sweetness. You will find, like me, that the more you give sweetness away, the more sweetness comes back to you. You will not be able to keep sweetness away. It will follow you.

I have so much to give you now that I have to bring it out into the world and give it away, beginning with you. The sweet words, *I adore you night and day*. *Adore* means that I see you up close, and you are lacking in nothing for me. I adore every speck of your hair, every nail on your fingers. I adore your eyes, no matter what color they might be. I love the touch of your skin, the shape of your toes. I love every part of you. *Adore* means I do not find you lacking in any way.

I am your God and in your Heaven, and I have brought you to this sweet world where you are going to find more sweetness given to you. And I am on my knees asking you: the words that these great celestial beings give to you will be words you can give away. And you will find that your sweetness grows and like me, you will not be able to contain it. You will have to let it go.

I adore you. I adore you. You are my perfection that I see, and I look and there is nothing wrong. I adore you. Listen to the message of this day and know that you can give it away. And in that moment when you do, you will feel me delivering more sweetness to you.

Your God for this day.

## ILLUMINATED BEINGS OUTREACH

We, the Illuminated Beings of the World of Light who were created from the Master Heart of Light, the Father of Light, the Heart Mastermind of All, have given birth to the Universe. We have used our illuminated minds and energy to create great waves that light the Universe and energize the Universe. We have been bending light for eternity to create all that you see. From our illuminated thoughts of energy, we form and create your vast universe of colors, movement, and design. The electrical part of this creation comes from our illuminated minds. We never turn inward upon ourselves, we are always turning outward. Our goal is to embellish.

Our voices are to be heard in this *Sweet Life* book written by your God just for you. Our World of Light is part of the Universe's heart and always shines brightly on you. As we are listening to the words of this *Sweet Life* journal, it is our expectation to say a few words.

Our description is this: At the close of this first chapter, we light our way to your doorway while watching you. Our words for you this day come from our Light World, which is very far from you. We see and watch everything you do. You are our heaven and our stars. For us, you are our Milky Way. Your faces, your eyes, your smiles, and your human brilliance astound us each morning and each night. You are our stars, our heaven, and our light.

Illuminated Beings for *you*.

