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The Little Soul and the Sun

Communion with God

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When **God** Steps In, Miracles Happen

NEALE DONALD WALSCH



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

—William Shakespeare

For you, Mom.

Acknowledgments

I want to acknowledge Greg Brandenburgh, associate publisher at Hampton Roads, whose idea it was to re-issue this text with a new wrapping ten years after its initial release, thereby carrying its message to a whole new audience. My thanks to my former spouse and still wonderful friend Nancy, whose guiding hand and editorial genius was all over the first publication of this material. My deep appreciation, as well, to Rita Curtis, a good and steady friend, who edited the personal stories here after reading hundreds of submissions, and whose extraordinary commitment to the original project a decade ago is absolutely what made it possible. And finally, my gratitude to my wife and partner Em Claire, who enriches my life beyond description, allowing me to continue to offer my humble gifts to our world—and whose own contributions to the healing and betterment of people's lives has deeply inspired me.

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Introduction

When God Steps In

The book you are holding is a re-issue of a book I produced in 2001 under the title *Moments of Grace*. It seems inconceivable to me that ten years have passed since this material was originally released. I am pleased that Hampton Roads Publishing Company made the decision to distribute this new edition, because I don't think this book's message can be placed before the public too often.

Do you find it as hard to believe as I do that we have concluded the first *decade* of the 21st Century? Think of it. Fully *ten percent* of the "next 100 years" (as we spoke about it so futuristically in the late nineties) has already passed!

This is not an unimportant observation. It should make it clear to all of us that years fly by very quickly—and that each of us has a limited amount of time here. And the time that we do have is being gobbled up by more and more activity every day, have you noticed? It's all we can do to stop ourselves from taking our cell phone into the shower. (God forbid we should be out of reach for ten blissful minutes.) The laptop is powered up often before we even get dressed. (The better to get out to work *instantly*, there being so much to do . . .)

The result of this insane increase in the speed of our lives is that we do more, but we *are* less. Less rested, less relaxed, less

peaceful even as more inner peace is needed to meet the day's expanded requirements. Less centered, less joyful, less confident in life even as more inner confidence is needed to face each day's enlarged challenges.

I've thought about this a lot. What could give us more confidence in life during these hectic times? And what could bring us more inner peace?

Perhaps if we knew that we are not alone in facing life . . .

That's why I approved the reissue of this book. I know that if more people read this material, more people will begin to experience the true joy that life is; they will begin to see the absolute *treasure* that Each Moment is.

I want to wake everyone who reads these words to the *wonder* of every year, every month, every week, every day, every hour, every minute, and every second. Each is a gift of unparalleled proportion. Every breath, every single inhalation, is an offering of love from God.

I want to invite you to give yourself an experience of that in your life—because when you can experience life moment-by-moment as a treasure, you begin to see all of life differently. Then you recognize the wonder that God has built into the whole of life. Relaxing into the individual moments allows us all to see miracles. And nothing could give us more confidence than knowing that we have a Miracle Maker at our side.

There is a way you can do this, even in our hectic world. You can stop whatever you are doing at least six times a day . . . just . . . stop . . . close your eyes, and take a wonderfully slow, deep breath.

When I say take a “slow” deep breath, I mean no less than five seconds on the inhale and five seconds on the exhale. It's a relaxing, let's-just-stop-everything breath.

This practice takes 60 seconds a day. That's one minute a day to get in touch with the Gift of Life and the incredibility of This Moment—no matter *what* it is appearing to offer.

You know what? You could go ahead and do this right now. Just stop everything right now, close your eyes, and take a slow, deep, ten-second breath.

Go ahead. I'll wait.

Good.

Very good.

Now if you do that five more times today, and six times every day, and if you say inwardly "*with this breath I welcome The Divine,*" you will open an avenue of awareness to the presence of God. Soon you will see the Divine in all places, in all people, and in all moments. You will experience not only that there *is* a God, that God exists, but also that God is with *you* all the time, in every place and situation. And this, my wonderful friend, can change your life.

The new title that the publisher has given this book points to the times "when God steps in" . . . and while it's a catchy title, I find it a bit off the mark, implying as it does that there is a time when God does not. There is, in fact, no such time. God is Everywhere Present, and there is not a single moment in which "God steps out" for a cup of coffee or something, and is not around.

My conversations with God made this very clear to me. And so for me the question is not whether God is with us, but whether *we* are with *God*; not whether God has stepped in, but whether we have stepped away from God. It is not a matter of when and if God notices us, but when and if we notice God.

Noticing God changes everything. It makes us aware of God's presence—and of God's *presents*. And the more we tune into God's gifts, the more we receive them. Like radio or television signals, they are always there, but we have to turn on the receiver to experience them and to enjoy them.

This book is about tuning in. It is about making all of us more aware of God's gifts. It is about inviting us to notice God's ever-present presents.

When you read this book, you may be tempted to believe that the events described here are unusual or extraordinary. Don't believe it. They are not. The kinds of things that are talked of by folks on the pages ahead are happening all the time in the lives of people everywhere.

These stories have been placed here not to impress you with their rarity, but rather, with their ordinariness. The fact is, *every* moment is a moment “when God steps in,” and my hope is that your reading this will enlarge your faith that God is *always* doing these kinds of things.

That certainly has been the experience of my life. I can remember hundreds of times when things happened to my benefit when I had no right to expect such things to occur based on circumstances or conditions. I have learned, therefore, to *count on miracles*. And I have learned, as well, that to *count* on them *produces* them.

Life creates itself out of our ideas about it. *That* is the miracle! And if this book takes you one step closer to holding that idea—to embracing the notion that God is always at our side, our best friend, making life work out for us in a way that is most beneficial to our soul—we will know inner peace at last, and our confidence will soar.

We might begin this journey by considering the possibility that this book even coming into your hands is one of God's little workings.

Hmmm . . . wouldn't it be interesting if that were true . . . ?

Hold tight, my friend. Or better yet, *relax*. Because I've got news.

It is.

Yours smilingly,

Neale Donald Walsch

Ashland, Oregon

February, 2011

When Life Changes Course

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.

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.