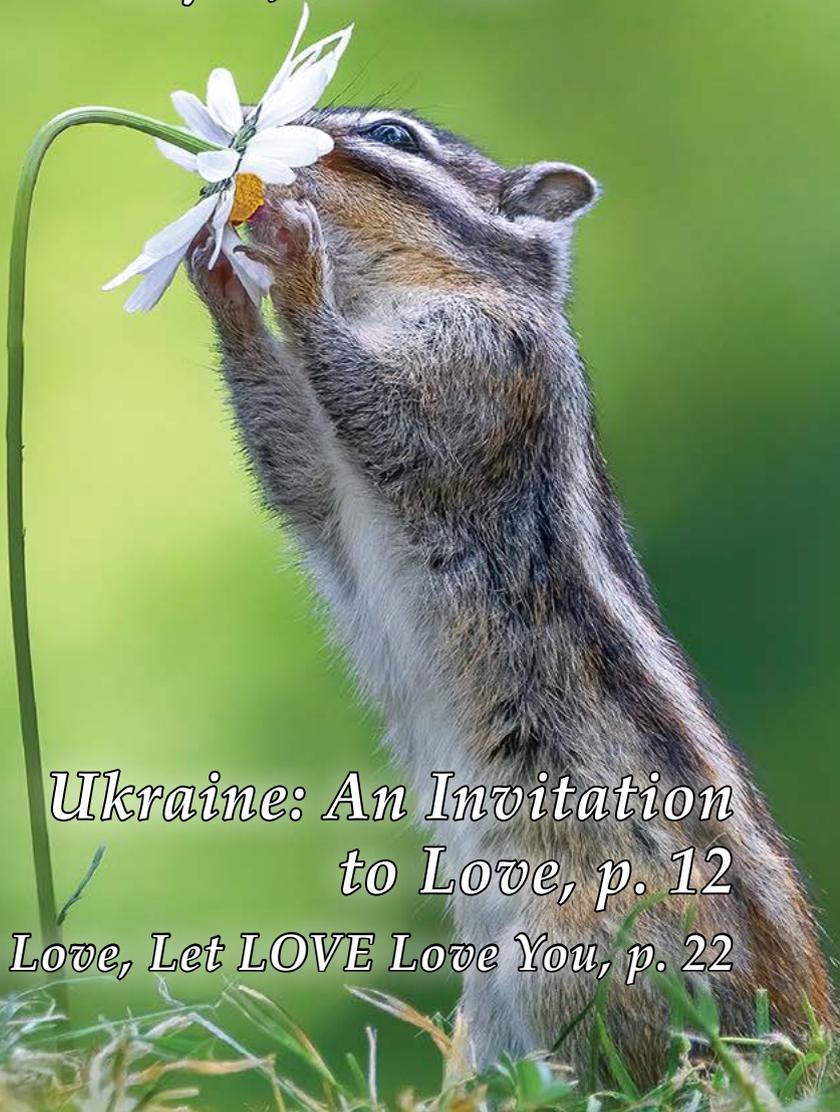


Miracles



Classroom for the Universal Course

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*Ukraine: An Invitation
to Love, p. 12*

To Love, Let LOVE Love You, p. 22

Pay Attention, Stay Alert, Be Aware— Guidance Is Everywhere

by Allan Ishac

About ten years ago, I was lying on the table of a wonderful craniosacral therapist in New York City. I was on my back, eyes closed, in that altered state one can fall into during intense bodywork sessions. The therapist was at the head of the table, her hands under the occipital nerve at the base of my skull. *Both her hands.*



It was my father, long since dead, but palpably present in that moment.

Then, suddenly, there was *another* set of hands gently clasping my ankles. I asked the practitioner where she was. “At your head,” she said. I told her that ten fingers were wrapped around my feet. Calmly, she replied, “Yes, I feel another energy in the room with us. Do you know who it is?” And I did, immediately. It was my father, long since dead, but palpably present in that moment.

I teared up. My father was a difficult man, and we had a challenging relationship when he was alive. Frankly, I was scared of him. He was volatile, often angry; certainly not the kind of man who would lovingly hold my feet. But there he

was—I felt him—and over the next half hour, I heard him, too. Not words in my ears, but impressions in my head, with his reassuring grip never leaving my ankles.

He told me that he had made mistakes in life, that he was terribly sorry, and that now he would do anything to help me—just ask and he would answer. He shared other healing words, too, words that I believed, and that stuck. That day marked the beginning of a life-altering relationship of posthumous, paternal support. It also ushered in a new awareness of familial energies from a trusted “Circle of Ancestors,” there for me at all times, ready to help whenever called upon—constant, infallible, friendly, and free.



In the years since, that circle of attentive ancestors and non-corporeal companions has grown to include eighteen souls: my paternal grandmother whom I never met; the aunt of a friend who always laughed at my bawdy jokes; a deeply soulful psychologist who first introduced me to *A Course In Miracles*; a Haitian nanny who was my loving caregiver until I was age five; my kindergarten teacher, Mrs. Dobson, one of the kindest people I've ever known; even an ancient Greek mystic who is the protagonist in a novel I've written, along with eleven others in a circle that is still growing.

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Each will show up—when I get still and remember to ask—at exactly the right moment to assist with whatever problem I am perceiving. My job is to remove the blocks to hearing their unerring inner guidance; blocks that are always connected to the fear, guilt, anger, and judgments that live in my mind and act as static in my receiver.

The American poet Walt Whitman wrote, “The sidewalks are littered with postcards from God.” As I see it, the problem is that almost no one is picking up the postcards and reading them. Working with my Circle of Ancestors, I’ve begun to understand the otherworldly nature of these “spiritual postcards,” and how to tune into the messages they contain. For me, the guidance appears as subtle signs, synchronicities, and meaningful coincidences. If I pay attention and stay alert, rather than sleepwalk through my days, I am able to pick up on these gentle, loving, right-minded messages. The guidance has a way of mysteriously removing obstacles from my path, while being simple, highly individual, and unfailingly reliable.

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a treasure hunt, and so much fun to play.**

When I follow these breadcrumbs from beyond exactly, and connect the synchronistic dots as given, without manipulating or “improving” upon them, even if they seem strange or incongruous, a complete picture of needed actions for hopeful outcomes eventually reveals itself. This way of living my life, looking for clues from loving guides and following them without deviation, is like a children’s game, a treasure hunt, and so much fun to play.

Once during a “conversation” with my Circle of Ancestors (Reid Tracy of Hay House calls his own advisers, his “Spiritual Board of Directors”), I asked why they were helping me. The answer I heard was a bit dramatic, but also made a lot of sense: “Because you are our last best hope.”

Of course, we are *all* their last best hope.

The more I have thought about that, the more convinced I am that it aligns with a message that Helen Schucman received when she asked Jesus why *A Course in Miracles* came

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into the world when it did. His answer was that conditions had become so dire in the dimension of time and space that a “celestial speed-up” was necessary.

I believe that many people today are feeling the gentle but urgent call of that speed-up. The Covid pandemic seems to have forced us all to look more honestly at our lives and the alarming state of our relationships, both local and global, and utter the same words that ACIM co-scribe Bill Thetford spoke to Helen: “There must be a better way.”

ACIM counsels us to turn to Jesus or the Holy Spirit for that better way, and I do. But I also like the idea of invoking those who I knew when they had flesh on, family and friends, as well as other spirit helpers. It doesn’t matter what we call them—a Circle of Ancestors, a Spiritual Board of Directors, our Higher Self—because there is no competition between them. All they ask is that we turn to them for direction, knowing that their gifts of unassailable guidance are needed now more than ever.

ACIM also teaches that we do not know what is in our best interest, but that spirit does. And if these benevolent, ever-present entities are willing to point the way, leaving a trail of helpful postcards in my path, then I’m going to do everything I can to find and follow them.

Because I need a lot of help, and their love always answers.

Allan Ishac is the author of the regional bestsellers, New York’s 50 Best Places To Find Peace And Quiet and New York’s 50 Best Places To Take Children. He has been studying A Course In Miracles since 1986 and just completed a metaphysical adventure novel based on the themes in ACIM. Contact Allan at allanishac.com.