

Prologue

WHAT YOU ARE reading is my two middle daughters' and my testimony. This book is revelatory, not reasoned, researched, or imagined. It's the product of thousands of real-time, full-duplex conversations with God (henceforth, *Mina*);¹ the so-called angels Gabriel, Lucifer, Michael, and others;² Jesus; Sun-myung Moon;³ Buddha; Muhammad; Abraham; Zoroaster, and many more; plus family, friends, and others living in spirit world,⁴ the real and surprisingly simple nature of which we convey in this book.

"*Whoa!* Hold up right there," you might be thinking. "There's a million of these psychic tales on the market. What makes this one any more credible?"

We say, "What if you could verify it yourself, so you don't simply need faith in the book?"

"I'm no spirit medium," you might retort.

"Don't have to be. With a little training and practice, anyone can do this."

"You're going to show me how? Spiritualists don't show their tricks."

"We are. We will. And there are no tricks. You'll see for yourself."

What you will read is revelation in that spirit persons conveyed it, but we still had to get out of our own heads just to range through the possibilities and then *ask*. So, this book is also *learned* knowledge. That suggests a need to expand, if not outright dispense with, the concept of revelation. As a core aspect of our zeitgeist, however, we stick with it for now. To help you know the how and why, and to get a feel for our discovery as an experience, we begin in the *The Big Event* narrating our extraordinary first two days and the circumstances leading up to it, the universal transformation it sparked, some of what we learned, and its effect on us. PARTS II–IV comprise the whole story of life that we've so far learned and clarifies things we only introduce in the narration. We found out the hard way an extrapolation may appear to logically and consistently follow a revelation with eminent sense, but isn't necessarily true at all. Therefore, what you will *not* read in this book are our own inferences, opinions, and beliefs masquerading as revelation. Rather, we analyze and interpret in concert with Mina and relevant spirit persons. We fix editorial errors as discovered for future editions.

"Well, gosh," you perhaps scoff, "all I get is your word of honor on that?"

No, not exactly. This whole amazing affair originated with inquiring minds wanting to . . . well, know

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1. Creator, Father, Lord, Master, Allah, Jehovah, YHWH, Brahman, Ahura Mazda, First Cause, Source, Universal Force, or whatever and in whichever faith language you use. He asked us to knock off calling him God and all the rest because they reference painful behaviors that distort what he is. He accepted Protector and Grandfather until we learned his birth name, Reikishiña, although we generally address him by his preferred name on Earth, Mina (cf. his name in § 1.1:336).
 2. These aren't their birth names but bestowed by humans (Table 17:523).
 3. Korean evangelist (d. 2012) and founder of the Holy Spirit Association for the Unification of World Christianity (HSA–UWC, or Unification Church). Turns out, he played an important part in this story while alive and then afterward, too.
 4. We use pseudonyms except where individuals, as noted, permitted our use of their real name.

what's *real*. When we discovered how to get a measurable response, we started asking and asked a lot. We subtitled this book "A Shocking Revelation . . ." because the answers profoundly *shocked* us. My daughters took it mostly in stride with the aplomb, I suppose, that befits their jaded millennial youth. I felt the ground quake beneath my Judeo-Christian feet. Questions—*disbelief!*—poured out of me, occasionally accompanied by my children's exaggerated eye rolls. Having less baggage to jettison themselves, they thought I should more easily flush away decades of faith, learning, and enculturation instead of hammering the same questions from every angle to assure belief we were talking with *the* Creator, not to mention everyone else, and to reconcile what they were saying with what we thought we knew. As disruptive a thinker as some found me through the years, this experience carried me well past even my farthest boundaries. Right from its October 2017 beginning and throughout the months and years we found only loving, embracing energy, logical consistency, common sense, simplicity, hope, and above all, *liberation*. Our feelings upon release from millennia of human delusion and fatuous complexity felt like draining a dirty bathtub.

As you read on, you'll see this amazing opportunity appeared not through grace, benevolence, providential timing, holier than thou-ness, the Call, or some mystical lottery but simply from our curious, out-of-the-box thinking unbounded by religious and philosophical regimentation. We rang, and Mina answered. So, too, with you after employing PART V's training.

"You have to think like Captain Jack Sparrow, Dad," my girls, in all gravity, urged in mopier moments.

I wasn't even sure what that meant. "Isn't he a drunkard?"

Eye rolls.

Humanity long ago assured itself that its creator—if there even is one, say the naysayers, and we're not the random progeny of haphazard accidents and amorous monkeys—is the Silent Master of the *terribilis mysterium fidei* or maybe just a broody mute too regal or pissed off to talk to his ungrateful zoo. In truth, our 'creator' Mina—God—tried repeatedly through the ages to make himself known to those aware enough to notice. But it was an unproductive slog. This book represents only his third success directly conveying the real story of life to conscious (as opposed to dreaming, entranced, or spirit traveling), spiritually aware persons here on Earth. So . . . *carpe diem*.⁵

Lest you think this book is yet more chicanery from dodgy mediums peddling pious interviews with mystical, condescending gods and gurus—angelically descended from someone's ersatz spirit world to philosophize us into laundering our profane selves from smutty clay to divine ecstasies, all the while considering us too venal or stupid to grasp the sophisticated benevolence of their Almighty—or unattributed aggregations of extant works, or just making it all up, PART V shows you how to answer for yourself the questions that inevitably arise in your mind from reading these pages. You'll learn to converse in real time with Mina, the 'angels' including your guardian 'angel(s),' spirit guide(s), spirit family and friends; frankly, anyone willing. With that ability, you needn't rely on just our word of honor not to lie to you.

"Well, that's something new," you may admit.

Subscripted endnotes (example₅) and superscripted footnotes (example⁷⁸) are citations and related discussion, and contain brief clarifications and pertinent information, respectively. Cross-references to footnotes or endnotes use the format *FN[EN]:note#:page#*. References directing you to another [chapter]section use the format *[CH.#]§#:page#*, sometimes prepended by *CHAPTER-NAME* for clarity. Dialogue is verbatim when it really stuck in our minds or we wrote it down, otherwise it's the speaker's approved paraphrasing. "Double quotes" indicate spirit person dialogue, or as noted. 'Single quotes' and *italics* indicate phrasing and emphasis. *Italics* also indicate energy-test responses like *yes*, *no*, *maybe*, and other words or phrases (CH. 41:623). *Above* and *below* reference text within a page; *further* is prefixed when it's more than a page or so away but in the same section or (short) chapter. In a citation, *io* and *ia* means *italics* original or added. We split our bibliography between *Cited* and *Consulted* works since energy tested, intuited, or clair-sensed answers to 'why' questions on the variety of topics we encountered meant consulting fields of study where our knowledge wasn't up to par to derive a sufficiently aware comprehension adequate to formulating pertinent queries. We shelved what we couldn't understand until studying up for another go or an *aba!* moment we could then energy test.

We encountered these revelations as a typical, sometimes fractious, American family. Through it, we found ourselves a more healed team. Although I'm penning this book, I couldn't have done it without my two middle daughters. Their ability to intuit, sense energies, feel spirit persons' emotions as if reading body language, utilize clair senses, grasp concepts I stumbled over, figure out better questions when I'd driven myself into a ditch, be a compass when I'd get lost, and validate what, on my own, I certainly could have only doubted, was

5. Literally *pluck the day [as it is ripe]* (Horace, *Odes*, 23 BC, 1:11), which it is, so we are.

invaluable. Thank you, girls, for your help as I wrote this book, and especially for our wonderful experiences at Wild Flower Lane discovering its beginnings. It immensely challenged us. We got on each other's nerves. It dug out our rawest emotions, flayed our hearts, at times put us to tears. We shared the foxhole. Now you're in the Big City and I'm proud of you both.

We thank *you* for acting on your curiosity, interest, or intuition to consider this material. Just reading it broadens humanity's awareness of the universe in which we live and, in so doing, promotes healing. In your own way, you're contributing to reducing harm and trauma which seeds a better future.

The Story of Life is a foundational work. As such, Mina asked us to make it free because, for him, gaining awareness of reality through learning about this material opens a person to basic, life-changing healing that leads to happier life choices—reading nothing more about Mina, reality, and energy testing than this book is sufficient for anyone to begin whatever healing process they desire—and he loathes converting pain and suffering to aggrandizing fees. But to get the book in front of the widest possible audience requires booksellers, so we've agreed we'll sell the hardcover, paperback, specialty bindings, and abridged versions wherever books are sold while distributing the PDF ebook free—look for a possible EPUB version in future—as well as a *free paperback book program* as funds are available, some from us according to our means and the rest from crowdfunding which details you can find at toteppitpress.com. In future we may offer *Story of Life* merchandise, which net proceeds along with a portion of the net proceeds of select future books will also support the free paperback.

Regarding the ebook, Mina's caveat is that electronics (and electricity generally) disrupt spiritual 'energy' such as the chakras. This reduces your spiritual awareness, intuition, and ability to cognize the book's content. My computer often disrupted my own while writing the book as they progressively 'opened' and developed greater sensitivity, thus usefulness. Mina—"It's a necessary sacrifice, so just re-open them and keep going"—routinely coaxed them back to duty until I could do it myself and they grew robust enough to better resist it. He'll open yours, too, if you ask (CH. 29:497).

Introduction

THIS BOOK IS the story of how the walking disaster that's life—which we're all just trying to grin and bear our way through to its Wagnerian finale—did a one-eighty October 13, 2017 on everything we've ever hated, feared, chewed on, ignored, denied, sighed over, prayed about, cried for, railed against, killed over, lived in denial of, built coping delusions to . . . well, on and on, right? More than just how it happened, this book tells you what changed that day and over the following months and years, why life is the way it's been up till now and how it really is and, most important, how it all affects *you*.

“Dad,” said my daughter El in deadly earnest right on the heels of me agreeing to write this book, “make absolutely sure you tell them this is totally *not* a new religion or any kind of dumb philosophy.”

Palms out, I said, “Okay, I promise.”

“That they don't have to listen to it, or worship anything, or—”

“Yes, of course I will, sweetie.”

“Because people are totally, absolutely *free*.”

“El, I got you.”

“I'm just saying, Dad.” Her eyes toyed with a roll. “Cuz that's the *last* thing we need!”

A strong *Yes!* from Mina (God).⁶

So, now you know. The book you're reading is simply the story of life. Not how we'd like it to be in our happiest fantasies or self-loathing expiatory flagellations, but how it really is. It might shake you up, amaze you, or freak you out. Could be you'll sigh contentedly over your absolute autonomy or tremble in angst at your divine unaccountability. If you keep an open mind, the one thing you might feel is a profound feeling of *free*. Liberated. Released. Empowered. *Relieved*. In it, you might surprise yourself to encounter a natural capacity for love and acceptance you never seriously imagined in actuality existed.

That's what this book is offering you. And you needn't do a single just-change-yourself-this-or-that-way thing to experience it. Simply relax your fearful, pent-up self enough to consider fairly this story of life and it will happen naturally. That's how it went for us, anyhow. It's even odds it'll go that way for you, too.

You know as well as anyone that life isn't what it could be. Since the 1970s, youth have been rejecting society as it is because they're increasingly spiritually open. They sense that something's terribly wrong yet aren't spiritually aware enough to know what it is or how better to live. The fact is that life can be a whole lot better. For now, it's not, but it could be worse. As philosopher Alan Watts opines, living with

the frustration of having always to pursue a future good in a tomorrow which never comes, and in a world where everything must disintegrate, gives men an attitude of “What's the use anyhow?” . . . We

6. Continue on to *The Big Event* for how it is that he's communicating with us (for his name, see FN 1i; § 1.1:336).

crave distraction—a panorama of sights, sounds, thrills, and titillations into which as much as possible must be crowded in the shortest possible time (Watts 1951, 21)

because all we can see is the eternal finitude of our physical, bodily existence however ambitiously we try spiritualizing it with antipodean aspirations of eternal life and faith in a just reward. It's a sad fact that even Christians and Muslims, who teach a (maybe not so much for some) joyous afterlife purchased through ardent, obedient belief, generally rue death and wail upon the fresh graves of loved ones. Why do you suppose they do that despite their faith? What if our physical life is just a phase in a larger, logically consistent, yet different life the way our short childhoods are to our much longer yet equally dissimilar adult lives? No one's yet sold us on that, being so stuck as we are in biology's rut that

most of us are willing to put up with lives that consist largely in doing jobs that are a bore, earning the means to seek relief from the tedium by intervals of hectic and expensive pleasure. These intervals are supposed to be the real *living*, the real purpose served by the necessary evil of work. (ibid, io)

This is where we as a race have been spinning our wheels since the primordial ooze. Overwhelmed by our physical senses and unaware of our spirit self and its reality, we've missed the forest for the trees.

But what are we to do? The alternatives seem to be two. The first is, somehow or other, to discover a new myth, or convincingly resuscitate an old one. If science cannot prove there is no God, we can try to live and act on the bare chance that he may exist after all . . . But . . . this will never amount to a vital faith for it is really no more than to say, 'since the whole thing is futile anyhow, let's pretend it isn't.' The second is to try grimly to face the fact that life is 'a tale told by an idiot,' and make of it what we can, letting science and technology serve us as well as they may in our journey from nothing to nothing. (ibid, 22)

Well, *meh*. We'll take door number three, thanks, which recognizes the creator of our little playhouse as he really is and the (nonhuman) life he brought forth as *it* really is. Taking on existential reality is like the maturing experience of growing from child to adult where we need come to grips not only with the world as it is instead of how we thought it should be till it punched us in the mouth, but with our parents as they really are and the world they constructed for us throughout our childhood as it really is. The five stages of grief—denial, anger, bargaining, depression, and acceptance—are literally how we traverse this inescapable demand of life; it's how psychiatrists stay in business anyway. Each of us goes more or less further along this five-stage trajectory. Some never make it through and wallow. Some endlessly restart if-then-else loops. Still others lurch through to the promised land only to bang into the ongoing confusion, faith, hope, belief, or delusion of an uncertain world while hoping, praying, and striving to make it through to death with some semblance of happiness toward a brighter deceased tomorrow. Like all merry-go-rounds, it can dizzily spin one into puking or entirely off into the weeds.

Wouldn't it be convenient just to get off? You do that by understanding what's really going on, to gain a clear awareness of where you stand as a physically alive person in the larger universe. We've never reliably been able to do that, hence all our competing revelations, theologies, and philosophies. But with this book, we now can. For that, we introduce *energy testing* (ET; PART V), a reproducible physiological method for getting the real skinny from the horse's mouth. Getting at reality is where PARTS II–IV of this book come in, where we discuss the universe—its spiritual *and* physical facets—its creator, and humanity. Some of it will make perfect sense right off the bat, like something always known or long-suspected and now here it is in print, cogently explained. Some will likely draw out a healthy skepticism for which you can use the training in PART V to replicate our own experience for yourself so you won't be left in a bog of faith, compelled to believe or else to forfeit it. You can do exactly what we did: discover energy testing, then through your own visceral, physiological experience decide if you're actually feeling the spiritual energy of Mina, 'angels' (spirit-born humans), your family, friends, or others in in spirit world answering your questions, and then formulate queries which answers you can accept, reject, or dispute.

Our revelation-and-response comes on the heels of my own sixty-year trek through Christianity, forty-plus years of it—for my daughters, since birth—caught up to one degree or another with Rev. Sun-myung Moon's deep spirituality and his vapid Unification Church with its rinse-and-repeat emotional and spiritual chaos.⁷ Only as my older daughters came of age did I put those closet monsters to bed. What I heard then as God's call to once more leap deep in the breach came a-knocking like that friend pursuing their next sure-fire investment

7. See McKeon (2003) for the first 21 years of this wildin' tale.

while you're staggering back from their last bout of other people's money. The long and short of *that* is what eventually put us on the road to this book.

The Story of Life is an axial moment challenging socioculture's norms. *We* aren't that axial moment, it's God—well, Mina. We are, let's say, his cogitative messengers. In addition to moneymaking and volunteer professions, I've been a missionary, minister, pastor, and military chaplain all my adult life. Yet, here I am having found religion, faith, philosophy (except its critical reasoning toolset) and its subset theology⁸ all largely albeit not entirely, as you'll see, bunk; illusion at best, delusion at worst.

If you're at all religious or philosophical, all this may quite naturally concern you. If it makes you feel any better, it challenged us on all counts, too. The reaction is natural though not inevitable, and is certainly amenable. Before judging, consider. Fallacious, religion and philosophy certainly are. But rubbish, 'God' and rationality absolutely are not. 'God' is real. Not deitic or divine nor magical but a human person; it's how we come to *be* human. He's eminently sensible. Via principles of reality we discuss in PARTS II and III, he created this universe for us to live in absolutely, unconditionally, and unequivocally *free*. Not free within reason, or as a duty, under law, responsibly, morally bounded, or only as long as we keep it on the straight and narrow thus on the road to judgment and punishment if we don't, but utterly, perfectly, *a*judgmentally free. This book provokes you to wrap your head seriously around the concept of *free*. You may find it less easy than maybe it ought to be.

Love is the flipside to freedom, the obverse equivalent of an indivisible coin. But love is so amorphous. No one really *knows* what love is, and that's why it's difficult to live accordingly. For now (at least with us), Mina boiled it down to *caring*, *consideration for*, and *doing no harm*,⁹ and in that context *loving freedom*. More precisely, loving *another's* freedom (simply to be) and therewithal living in one's own freedom absent malice or resentment. We were surprised to find love isn't the centrality of creation, the universe, or its creator. But then neither is freedom. It's because they don't exist independently but only *au pair*, the same way men and women naturally exist pairwise because that's *human*. Freedom is a state of existence while love expresses that state. One doesn't exist in love except through freedom and one doesn't exist in freedom except through love. Our mind,¹⁰ of course, is irreducibly free no matter how we oppress it; and yes, we do indeed oppress—deny freedom and love to—ourselves. Others can only do so in our stead with our tacit permission, which we usually give in our profound unawareness of our spiritual reality to gain or avoid a benefit or trauma.

The genesis of this book was our, perhaps naïve, desire to know The Truth. We couldn't foresee that things we thought firmly rooted and plainly sensible were not true and others we never even imagined were. I joke about my jaw-hitting-the-floor comedy routine, but our schooling was anything but a barrel of laughs. Sure, we had a lot of fun. Mina, the 'angels,' and family and friends in spirit world are for the most part wonderful, kind, considerate, happy, and caring people. But what they had to say was oftentimes dry gravel down our gullet. We couldn't just ignore their testimony, though—weren't *we* interrogating *them*?—especially when we'd reason it through and find no substantive chinks.

So, turn the page to *The Big Event* and discover our October surprise. Then in PARTS II–IV what we learned during and afterward. Finally, in PART V, how you can spin this wheel yourself so that instead of having only faith or hope this book isn't pulling your leg, you come away with knowledge and liberation that, indeed, it's not.

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New Mexico, USA
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8. Religion (theology) relies on revelation and philosophy (reason) to frame it; philosophy (not its pure reason toolset) relies on reason and theology (revelation) to frame it.

9. In this context, *caring* is kind, sensitive, and empathetic while *considerate for* is consciously thoughtful and observant.

10. Heart, traditionally the seat of our feelings, is in actuality our mind (CH. 26:391).