

TALKING WITH  
GOD ON THE WAY  
BACK HOME

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*I dedicate this book to the owner of the voice who has never left me alone from the very beginning of this journey. He has been with me, sometimes audibly through the voice of a friend, sometimes brushing my skin by a touch of the wind. The excitement of reaching home, and the joy of being at home is all about him. He is the meaning of everything and when he smiles, everything smiles.*

*Secondly, to my family, the perfume of my home in this world drawing me to the home I have not yet reached. To my wife who sounds like the morning stars, to my oldest son who can see the heavens, to my second son whose smile reminds me the smile of the owner of the voice and last, but not least, to my daughter who swirls in the dances of the songs of the heavens.*

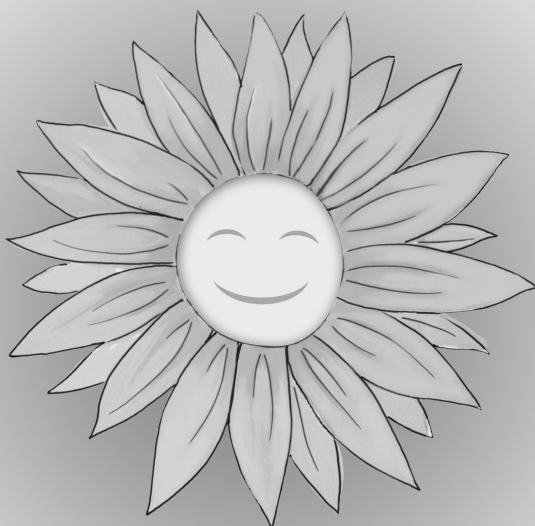
# Foreword

Sometimes when reading certain books, or watching certain movies, our hearts fill with a little sorrow at the end. It's not always easy to leave behind the imaginary world we've entered and the new friends we've made as it seems like we've known them for such a long time. The other reason that makes the separation hard is that what we've been reading and seeing is only fantasy, and that's not real.

Reality challenges us. Our hearts unwillingly and slowly surrender to the challenge. The poor heart that longs for happiness all the time is broken and behaves like a child who doesn't want to be comforted. We wish for it to be real and not to end!

The story you're about to read is not imaginary, is not a sweet story told on a hot summer night. This one is real. I hope this story will be a help to guide you on the way back home so that you will arrive safe and sound.





# I

## God's Friend

The color of the sun, yellow, all warm yellow, covered everything. The song of the swaying flowers, wild and free in the cool breeze, called me home. I was not in a rush to enter a residence where I've never been. Dust billowed around my footsteps like puffs of gold. The pace padded along nice and slow. Familiar fragrances guided me on my way. I was not alone. Someone with me filled the place with his invisible presence. Disoriented in this awesome world I found him by his voice, which filled me with great joy. He spoke and the echo of his voice bounced back from everything that surrounded me. I later learned this very voice gave life and made matter move. My heart, pleasantly surprised, (only by hearing a tiny whisper) desired to answer gracefully.

The one who whispered manifested himself to me in an unusual way. I saw a child smiling like the sun, which made me feel everything was okay, as if all was under his control. In order not to frighten me with the unlimited power he carries, he showed himself to me as a child, as I am a child. Moreover, in a child's innocence, he called me "friend."

"...You are my friend..."

## II

# Away from Home

**A**fter seeing these wonders at a very early age, as I grew I found myself looking for the way back home with great longing. The owner of the voice and his world gave me the reason to live - the meaning of my life. This was the only truth, yet everything else tried to take me away from my path. No matter what happened I knew I should not surrender to other things, other roads.

I made up my mind to look for the door that would lead me back home even though I might have to peek behind every rock of this world. The process would become more difficult and hurt more than I thought. Some rocks injured me and some rocks had little cracks hiding poisonous snakes waiting to attack me. Whatever



happened, taking this road gave me my only hope of finding the way back home.

In my innocence I thought the journey would be short, that if I went just a little farther, I would find the door. In the years that followed I found it wasn't going to be easy and the visions of that world within me became blurred. The warm yellow colors faded and turned gray. My trail wandered under a gloomy sky like in a cold winter day. Bland. Empty.

The years passed with so many disappointments traveling on such a twisted path that I reached the end of my own strength, the end of searching with my own effort. I was about to quit the journey.

*The truth that I had believed with all my heart  
seemed fragile and smashed by the force of the  
world that claimed to be the only reality.*

It clamored, hammering at me that there is nothing more than what we see. But what we see was punching me and I knew I could not go any farther. The only thing preventing me from giving up were the feeble signals bubbling up from within. If it weren't for those signals, I would have abandoned this journey long ago.

Those yellow lights, suddenly appearing in the midst of the hazy colors of this world encouraged and strengthened me to keep going forward in spite of the pressure. I felt parched like the desert missing the rain. The owner of the voice whispered inside of me, "Keep going; you haven't reached home yet."

In the following years I drew near to some springs of this world in order to cool my thirsty heart which tired of longing for home. These springs gave a sense of refreshing for a moment but they were taking me away from my journey and slyly making me forget about home. I was in a dry land. I felt like someone about to die of thirst in the middle of the quenching sea. The water was everywhere but I couldn't drink. Mingling with the crowd I felt alone. I heard words but they had no meaning.

I approached many guides hoping to find the route, but there wasn't a map, not even a seeing eye that could point the way. One of them who thought that he could see spoke louder than the rest and said, "I can see, I can see!" With excitement I rushed very near hoping to be able to see what he saw. He saw nothing! He only heard the voice of snakes speaking from the cracks in the rocks.

*What they spoke was the description of the truth  
from a human intellectual mindset.*

The poison that they carried was the worst of all. They said, "All that can be seen is all there is and there is nothing more.

*How can one say the thirst of the heart does not exist? To desperately desire to be at home doesn't exist? If they blindfold the eyes, can they make someone believe there is no sun when the warmth of it can be felt on the skin?*

I sometimes came very close. I allowed them to bind my eyes and I actually almost said, "There is no sun out there." just like the others. But it was so painful. They said the pain was normal and is the process of illumination. It couldn't be normal. It buried me in darkness. How could I betray the one who calls me friend and his wonderful land, that which is also my home? If I betrayed him I would die slowly like a tree cut off at its roots. Empty. Meaningless.

*The only thing hidden in my heart that nobody*

*could take away from me was the faith that there is  
a door somewhere to find the way back home.*

This was written on my heart but no matter how hard I tried I couldn't find the way. I was very tired but then a tiny hope arose when I comprehended that I must wait to be found. The silence shouting from the depths of my heart said home, home and so I waited.

*The only thing hidden in my heart that nobody  
could take away from me was the faith that there is  
a door somewhere to find the way back home.*