

What was God thinking?!

I wanted to know.
SO I ASKED.

A heart-warming dialog for the journey back to love.

Book 1

By Sandy Alemian

Huge thank you's to:

My mom and dad, Roxy and Zarven—for literally giving birth to me, for loving me unconditionally, and for being a role model for what love looks like. (We all miss you Daddy!)

My sisters Cindy, Nancy, Penny, and Susie—for always believing in me, even when I didn't believe in myself. Thank you for your tireless loving advice through all of my relationship issues, and for not ever saying "oh god, there she goes again...when will she ever learn."

My kids, Ariana and Austin (I'm going to cry writing this)...for being the most beautiful, precious gifts a mom could ever ask for. I love you with all my heart and soul. Thank you for your patience, and your love. I love who each of you is becoming, and am in awe that I had something to do with it.

My angel Talia...for bringing me back to God so many years ago.

Luke...for loving and accepting me for all that I am, and all that I do.

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Peter...another soul mirror...thank you for our conversations, all hours of the day and night, helping each other to remember what we know to be true.

Heather...I thank little Joanna for bringing us together. I appreciate your blunt relationship advice, always delivered lovingly, with humor. You are an inspiration to me.

Maureen...my soul-sister, for making me laugh until my stomach hurts.

My former husband Rich...thank you for being one of my best friends still. We did good, didn't we?

Heidi...another soul-sister, I'm glad we've both got shoulders for each other to lean on!

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www.stevenschwartzphotography.com

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To all those at Balboa Press, for working with me to bring this book to print.

Are you still with me? I feel like I'm making an acceptance speech, and the music is now starting to play.
LOL

To all of my past clients, thank you for allowing me to touch your heart.

To all of you reading this...thank you for opening your heart to this book.

And last, but far from least...

To God, my source, my co-creator, my inspiration...thank you for life itself.

I am you... you are me... we are One.

To the reader:

There is no coincidence that you “happened” to pick up this book at this point in your life. I’m not sure of the reason, but I trust that in time it will be clear for you.

You’ll notice that this book has no chapters. This dialog with God was a free-flowing conversation over a two-year time span where I had many questions about my life and about life in general. So I brought them all to God, and I let myself receive responses back.

I imagine that God speaks to each one of us in a unique way, in a way that is familiar to each of us. This written dialog happens to be the way that is most comfortable for me.

My desire...is that you are able to see yourself through my life experiences and through them come to know the compassionate, at times humorous, always loving presence I call God.

My hope...is that you will be inspired to have your own conversations with God.

My dream...is that we will all come home...to love.

God, you are the energy of love itself.

I allow myself to be in your presence.

Your love is here.

Let love come into my mind and my thoughts.

Right here, right now.

I trust that all is as it is meant to be.

Help me to see where I have not acted out of love.

Help me to not judge,
but to have compassion for those who have acted out of fear or anger.

Help me to recognize a perceived void within me and fill it with love,

So that I don't act from fear or lack.

You are love; you are my source...forever.

And so it is...even now.

Have you ever wondered what it would be like to have a heart-to-heart conversation with God and ask whatever you wanted without reservation?

For much of my life, it seemed that talking to God was reserved for holidays, during “grace” at dinner, an occasional church visit, and in times of crisis. During those moments of “rote prayer, confession, begging, or bargaining,” I certainly didn’t think that God could answer me back because God was...well, GOD!

As I look back now, I don’t imagine that I was really talking *with* God but more talking *at* God. To me, God was a silent, unseen observer...like a strong parent who would perhaps nod yes or no to my requests. I’m not sure why I didn’t feel strongly connected to God. Maybe I was wrapped up in my own busyness, or maybe God was busy taking care of the hungry, the poor, and the less fortunate. Maybe God *was* responding to me all along, and I just wasn’t “getting it.”

When I was about thirty, my journey led me to the possibility of receiving Divine Guidance from the angelic realm. I’d always liked the idea of angels and believed that they were with us. So it was then that I began writing with my angels and filled many journals of encouraging, compassionate messages of their loving wisdom that would be written through me. These messages wouldn’t always tell me what to do, but they offered a comforting presence that would remind me that I wasn’t alone here.

Once in a while, I’d ask my questions to God directly, but more often, I felt like I didn’t want to bother him since the angels had done such a nice job intermediating. And if and when I did ask God, I hardly ever sensed a response back, though sometimes I’d feel a little more peaceful after I’d prayed. Other times though, I felt like I was just talking to the ceiling—until 1993 when a real “angel” touched my life and completely changed the course of my future in thirty-one days.

When my daughter Ariana was two and a half years old, my second daughter Talia was born. She never came home from the hospital as she was born with an extremely rare metabolic disorder that claimed her life in thirty-one days. Had anyone told me ahead of time, “Sandy, here is your journey...you’ll have Ariana, then two miscarriages, then you’ll have Talia, who will die at a month old, then you’ll have Austin exactly a year later,” I’d have told them I wasn’t strong enough for that kind of journey. During Talia’s short life, there were many moments I’d just lay on my bed and sob, “God, I *cannot* do this...it is too painful!”

Somehow, I began to sense God’s loving, peaceful energy with me during those times of despair. During that chaotic time, when I asked heartfelt questions of God, if I was real quiet, I could sense a still, small voice in my heart that offered hope and healing to my spirit. The healing journey of Talia’s life and death became my first book, *Congratulations...It’s an Angel*.

In fact, it was my writing—and my connection to God and the angels—that helped me to heal, to gain clarity and understanding about my life’s rocky path, and this gave me a mission to help others through loss. That journey enabled me to understand that we are truly never, ever alone and that love never dies.

In the years that followed, I opened up spiritually and began to sense Spirit around me; I would “hear” Spirit thoughts. I took classes in psychic and spiritual development, began seeing clients as a Spirit Medium, and became a certified Hypnotherapist and Bereavement Facilitator.

I would sporadically turn to God for help...usually when I felt like I had nowhere else to turn. I’m not proud of how that sounds, but it was my truth. It usually took an emotional upheaval to remind me that God was there for me, with me. Why I would wait so long to turn to God, I still don’t know. In the past ten years, I went through a divorce, struggled with a substantial financial loss in a bed and breakfast investment, and lost my dad to cancer.

All were extremely difficult times. I'd reach the point of intolerable emotional pain, but when the thought of God snuck up on me, I'd remember that I wasn't alone, and there was my peace. I imagine that I am resilient at the core. But I didn't want to keep testing myself to see how resilient I was. Maybe there was a way to learn and be close to God without all the pain.

I am reminded of a recent client session where a young man came to my office so that I could connect with his dad in spirit for him. He asked me, "Sandy, can you ask my dad if God spoke to him right before he died?" (His dad had been in a coma.)

Moments later, in the stillness of that room, his dad's spirit sent these thoughts back to me: "God was speaking to me since the day I was born and never stopped. I just didn't listen."

I've decided...I want to listen.

Little one, ask and you shall receive.

Sometimes life has something in store for you that you could never imagine. This particular Christmas, as has happened in other years, I didn't make time to send out Christmas cards. There was too much on my plate with work, shopping, and everything else that goes along with the holiday season. I felt too much pressure to snap a cute picture of the kids, get my list together, and so on. I let it all go.

So, I bought some New Year's cards to send out to friends and family instead. I thought I'd include a letter sharing what I'd wish for them in the new year. I planned to write about how a new year can symbolize new beginnings, growth, letting go of the old, and making room for the new.

I shared this idea with a friend of mine, and he mentioned a Japanese tradition of sending a brand new dollar bill with each card...to signify a brand new beginning. Such great intentions—what a fun project this would be!

On the morning of December 26, I had the house to myself since my kids were at their dad's house. Sitting down at my laptop to create the letter, I first wanted to connect with God to feel some inspiration. I started out by asking one simple question to put me into a place where I'd feel connected to my heart, thinking that it would then help me to offer wisdom in the letter. I began with one question, and I never imagined the dialog that would follow...

December 26

God, what should I do with the new year?

First of all...start by taking out the "should." There is no "should."

I am surprised by how quickly I discern a response. And I'm sensing that I'm not going to get away with any unclear words. So let me start over. God, what **shall** I do with this new year?

Nice try, Sandy, but you're still in the "doing" mindset.

But I need to do something with this upcoming year. How could I just do "nothing"? Isn't that why we set all those New Year's resolutions that never really get met—to feel like we're going to do something different with the next year?

And do they work?

For me, no, but at least I pacify that part of me that feels guilty for not setting a goal.

You've done so much. You've accomplished much. How about resting...just for a little bit? I'm tired just watching you.

Note to self: I like God's sense of humor.

How about this—try "being" this year.

Being what?

Being nothing more than who you already are.

Who I already am? Who am I? I feel like I'm playing a game of twenty questions. Who am I? Am I bigger than a breadbox? (Actually, the way I've been eating lately, I can already answer that one!)

Note to Self: I like Sandy's sense of humor; she amuses herself well.

I'm sorry, God. I'll be serious.

No, please don't be. You've already done that well enough.

So, who shall I be? I'm already a mom, a daughter, a sister, a friend, an author, a Spirit medium...who do you want me to be?

You.

I feel like I'm in the "Who's On First" scenario! You win, but I have no idea where this is going.

That's a good sign—to not know where something is going. But that is where many people let fear come in. So many of you hold onto the energy of "I need to know what's going to happen"...with relationships, with finances, with careers. You take the fun out of it. It's all a game, and the only rules are the ones you believe in. But many of you believe in fear-based rules: if you don't do this, you won't be able to pass go and collect your \$200. Stop playing monopoly. Lighten up. End this game of "manopoly"—this game of trying to capture and gain and compete for who has more, who is more. Stop the nonsense. You're making it all up, and it's not why you're here.

So why are we here?

Are you sure you want to know?

Um...yes.

You are here to be...me.

To be you?

Yes, to be me.

I thought you just said you wanted me to be me. Now you're saying you want me to be you. I'm confused.

Because I am you, you are me, and we are one.

Oh, God, people aren't going to accept this. I can hear them now. Who do you think you are, to say that we are here to be God?

So, let them know that ME stands for Master Emerging. If they can't accept that they are here to be God in physical form, let them know that there is a master within them that wants to emerge. You have been aware of this for quite some time, little one, but your resistance and doubt overshadows it at times. You know this in your heart, and it will resonate with the hearts of those who can hear. Those that cannot may call you a heretic, a blasphemer, a false prophet. Those are not my words. Those are from fear...the place that holds no light.

Ask them if their fearful way of being has worked for them. How is it bringing in more light, more love to the world? How is it bringing healing to the many hearts (starting with their own) that are calling out for love? Fear cannot do that. Love/God can. Only love is real. The rest is of the imagination, or image-in-nation. Your nations hold images of war, and that is what they experience. Your nations hold images of lack, and that is what they experience. Perhaps more will be ready to hold images of peace and love, but I tell you this: it must start within their hearts first. It begins with the one heart. One heart...one mind...

What? The individual heart, the individual mind?

You could say that, but it is more the one heart...one mind...of God. You all are created of it...share it still...but many have separated themselves from it. It is time to come home, to be conscious of it. Bring awareness to the one heart—one mind of God—where all things are possible, where fear does not exist.

I have to laugh because I really sat down at my laptop this morning to compose a New Year's letter to friends and family...and I didn't expect you to show up! I don't mean any disrespect by that. It just surprised me, that's all!

And I was here this morning, and I didn't expect you to show up. I am not disrespecting you either, Sandy. It surprised me because you so often try to do this work all by yourself. I'm here for you always. I was contemplating composing a letter to my friends and family (every human on the planet) and you showed up—ready and willing to be guided.

But you're God. How could you be surprised? Don't you know everything? Don't you know when we're hurting...or confused? I had a client recently who shared the stories of all the painful challenges in her life. She said to me, "What was God thinking?!" So, may I ask? What are you thinking?

Very simply...love. Always. In all ways.

So, for us to be more like you, we will need to think about love more?

Yes...or rather, think from love more.

OOH, that may be so difficult, God. Such hurt exists in people's hearts here.

And that is how they are creating their lives—from hurt, from pain. It doesn't need to be that way, and you will be my messenger. You are one of many who are willing to get the word out. Be my voice here, Sandy.

I can already feel fear in my gut.

Is that from me?

No, it's from me. I know this has been coming for quite some time now. I give in; I surrender. I am willing to be your voice here. Oh, God, I hope I get the translation right.

You make me smile...so silly. Watch the fear and let it pass. It's not from me.

Then where is it from?

It is from your old beliefs that have told you that you aren't enough, but you are...you all are.

So what are we going to talk about? Where do we start? I feel a little like Neale Donald Walsch, author of "Conversations with God", when he first started having his conversations with you. Though, I'm very grateful that I didn't have to be down and out on the street, like he did, to wake up. I've been waking up slowly for the last fifteen years. I guess I kept hitting the snooze button, huh?

Like so many do, Sandy, like so many do. Trust. This dialog will reach many and will melt the walls around their hearts. Some of what I am going to give to you will feel familiar...some of it will be new to you. Let go of how you think it should be.

Alrighty then, I guess I'm hired for the job? And I didn't even have to get out of my pajamas for this! Thanks, God. I'm excited about this; it's something that's been in my heart for a long, long time...writing another book, with you. Hey, do you like the *Little Seed of Hope* book? It was written through me in about twenty minutes on the plane to Sedona in May. You're in it!

Who do you think gave it to you?

Ha ha...I get it. Thanks, I love the concept; I think others will too. So now what?

Let's start at the beginning...

Rut roh, (I say in my best Scooby Doo voice), the beginning? I hate history. You should know that. It's so boring to me. And I don't like watching the news either. The images are too depressing. Those images stick in people's minds with all the negativity that is shown. My sisters have teased me about not knowing what is going on in the world, but what is more important to me is what is going on in people's hearts.

What is going on in their hearts becomes what is going on in the world. Let me repeat that...what is going on in their hearts becomes what is going on in the world. And that is what this is all about...for that is the beginning I was referring to. The beginning, the middle, and the end are the same; it is the journey back to the heart...the journey back to love.

Hey, can we call this *What Was God Thinking?* I like that title. Oh wait! Oh my God...*The Journey Back to the Heart* was my working title of Talia's book before I was inspired to call it *Congratulations...It's an Angel*. Were you preparing me back then? Oops, I'm jumping ahead, aren't I? I am just excited about this. It must be my ADD mind.

Watch how you label yourself, Sandy. You've claimed it, but is that a loving way to describe your mind?

No, but I joke about it all the time.

Don't do it; it hurts you and keeps you in that mindset. You've got a brilliant, creative mind. Affirm that...notice the difference in how it feels.

I have a brilliant, creative mind; ooh, it feels like something is expanding. But, God, I don't want this to be about me. Will people want to read this?

Sandy, you've always had a way of letting your vulnerability be seen, and so many have told you that they can identify with the path you're on. They can see themselves through your writings. So let that go...and trust.

God, hold on a second. I need to make some tea. This is so fun! Do you mind that I'm asking you to wait?

Everyone asks me to wait; they just don't know they're doing it. They ask me to wait anytime they let fear in...when they forget that love is present. So you could say I've been in a holding pattern...just waiting for people to be ready. Waiting for you to make some tea is nothing.

God, you're very funny, you know.

So are you, and that is why this is working now. You wanted to write a funny book. You just didn't imagine I'd be part of it.

No, I didn't. Okay, I can't lie. I'm not making tea; I'm making some chai. Why do I feel like I needed to tell you that? I'm laughing to myself—as if it matters—tea or chai, who cares? This is so fun! I'll be right back...don't go anywhere!

That's what I've been trying to tell you all: don't go anywhere...I'm here for you. Go make your chai.