

Why I Believe in the Living Reality of God and the Divinity of Jesus

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Why would anyone with a rational, sensible and logical mind believe the recorded life and teachings of Jesus are true? It should be noted that many very intelligent men and women with very rational, sensible and logical minds believe these stories are true. And each of these intelligent, rational persons could tell you why they believe in the stories of Jesus. I will humbly and gladly share the four main reasons why I believe in the living reality of God and the divinity of Jesus.

Reason #1

The Mind's Faculty of Spiritual Intuition

I have used the phrase “spiritual intuition” many times in this book, and I address spiritual intuition in [Section 3.2](#) entitled “The Sentient Human Being,” and [Section 3.2.1](#) entitled “Sentient Senses and ESP.” It’s a common theme in all religions that sentient human beings have the ability to sense mankind’s spiritual nature. This includes the ability to sense God is real and alive in the lives of His Children of Humanity. From the Christian’s Old Testament, this ability is defined in [Psalm 46:10](#) – ***Be still and know that I am God.*** This is an exhortation for human beings to pray and meditate. I heard several times that prayer is when you commune with God, and mediation is when God communes with you. Jesus also addresses the issue of praying and meditating in the Gospel of Luke. At the beginning of chapter 11, one of the disciples ask Jesus to teach them how to properly pray. Jesus then gives them the Lord’s Prayer. Then in verse 9 ([Luke 11: 9](#)) Jesus states: ***And I say to you, ask and it shall be given to you. Seek and you shall find. Knock and it shall be opened to you.***”

There are billions of people scattered across the world, and who come from every religion of the earth, and they will adamantly and confidently affirm their belief in the living

reality of mankind's Creator. The sensations of your spiritual intuition may be as gentle as a mosquito on your arm. But if you clear your mind of all the worldly distractions that surround you, then you shall surely sense with great confidence that there's a mosquito on your arm.

Reason #2

The Three Kinds of Personal Spiritual Experiences (PSE's)

PSE of the First Kind (Designated as "PSE1"): A PSE1 can be realized simply by praying or meditating. You realize this PSE from the good and positive feelings you obtain when you pray or meditate with a sincere desire to draw close to your Creator. I should also note that in this type of meditation the person meditating initiates an open channel to God so that He can commune with you. This is a low power form of communing.

PSE of the Second Kind (Designated as "PSE2"): What happens when our Creator initiates an open channel to His earthly child? This is a PSE of the Second Kind, and it's a high power form of communing. When God calls your soul's telephone number, you know it with amazing confidence and assurance that He has just communicated with you. The initial emotional sensations are phenomenal, but they always dissipate. Nevertheless, this most remarkable experience remains with you even decades later. I consider myself most fortunate to have had three PSE's of the Second Kind. Perhaps one day I'll share these experiences with my readers.

PSE of the Third Kind (Designated as "PSE3"): A PSE3 involves a direct encounter with a spiritual entity that visually appears to the individual and directly talks with the person. The talking may not be verbal audio communications but may be some other form of sensory perception. People who experienced Jesus' miraculous powers know what a PSE of the Third Kind is. The apostle Paul on the road to Damascus had a PSE of the Third Kind with Jesus. Bill Wilson, cofounder of Alcoholics Anonymous (AA), had a PSE of the Third Kind that immediately and miraculously cured him of alcoholism. Bill Wilson was also a patient of the world renown psychiatrist Carl Jung. In Jung's correspondence with Wilson, Jung informed Wilson about his own PSE of the third kind. Jung had a near death out-of-body experience of his own. In his experience, Jung found himself floating in space and looking down upon earth from a far distance. The reader can learn more by visiting AA's website at www.aa.org. Many, many people who experienced the clinical death phenomenon had PSE's of the Third Kind. Dr. Raymond Moody is a forerunner in the investigations of the clinical death phenomenon. Dr. Moody is a medical doctor but also has a PhD's in psychology and philosophy. He also has the best selling books about the clinical death phenomenon. His

website is www.LifeAfterLife.com. The website offers both books and DVD's. Many, many people embrace his work as being so uplifting that it removes the sting of death. Also, there's a nonprofit organization called the International Association For Near-Death Studies (IANDS), and it has significantly expanded Dr. Moody's work. Its website address is iands.org/home.html. It's highly recommended the reader peruse both of these websites.

Reason #3

My three PSE's of the Second Kind (PSE2)

My First PSE2: My first PSE2 occurred when my first child was born. My daughter was born on Mother's Day, but my wife said it was Labor Day. The baby was in a breach position, and we were warned this position often results in a Caesarean section. After many hours of labor, my wife became too exhausted and the Caesarean operation immediately followed. Mother and child were defined as doing very well. My mother-in-law and I were taken to the delivery nursery room where my daughter was in a plastic cradle with very bright heat lamps. I looked at the baby and I was shocked. I told my mother-in-law they were showing us the wrong baby. It was very obvious to me this was an African American baby because her hair that was crinkled, matted, and extremely black. In addition, the baby had a very dark skin tone, and the bottoms of her feet were black. My mother-in-law said no, this is not an African American child. This is your baby. First of all, her feet are black from the ink use to stamp the birth certificate. Second, her hair and body are blackish because she hadn't been washed from the birth operation, which involved a lot of blood and birth fluids. The heat lamps then dried the liquids and thus layered her skin and hair. Needless to say, the whole experience was very alarming and totally unexpected. The hospital staff told us to go home, get some rest, and then come back at 6:00 PM.

I got some needed rest and became refreshed and eager to see my precious daughter. I got to the hospital early and went directly to the nursery. I was alone in front of the hospital's nursery's observation window, quietly admiring my daughter's grandeur and beauty. Objectively speaking, she was really, really beautiful. This is a common occurrence with Caesarean section babies because the baby doesn't go through the birth canal. I can't begin to describe the deep, internal love I was experiencing for her, and I was thinking: "*What did she ever do to deserve this incredible love I feel for her? Absolutely nothing, and yet I love her so very, very much!*" Then I perceived this spiritual, mental sensation that somehow I knew was a communication from God: "*This is exactly how I feel about all My children.*" I sensed an emphasis upon the word "all."

This mental, spiritual sensation wasn't anything like a voice or even a thought. I can only describe it as a "mental, spiritual communication" or as a "mental, spiritual impression." It's also like viewing a beautiful painting that's immersed in multiple elements that require hundreds of thousands of words to describe verbally. In addition, I'm also very confident of this point. When God communes with you, you know with a highly immense confidence that God truly is communing with you.

Now, I knew perfectly well I was physically alone, but I still looked all around the room to make sure no physical person was actually speaking to me. I was also befuddled by the fact that I wasn't startled by the experience. But in a very bazaar manner, I also sensed why I wasn't startled. Before I perceived God's communication, there was a mystical sensation, or more like a flash of insight, which announced God's forth coming communion: "Do not be afraid. This is your Heavenly Creator." I believe this flash of insight is the basis for my immense confidence in my belief that this truly was a communion with God. After many moments of reflections I've come to believe this spiritual communion with God is an effect of the in-dwelling of the Holy Spirit.

My Second PSE2: My second PSE2 began with a news report I heard on a local Christian radio station. I was by myself in the thick of the morning traffic rush hour, and I was moving at a turtle's pace. This allowed me to be more attentive to the news reports. There was a Baptist hospital in Atlanta in which 500 (+/-) aborted fetuses were mistakenly picked up by a garbage truck and then taken to the municipal dump. A public outcry caused the fetus' to be retrieved from the dump and the customary disposal method utilized. There was no description of what this customary disposal method was. In a knee jerk reaction I started saying very loudly "God daamm - - -!!!" But somehow I terminated the completion of the expression. I started feeling a most unusual embarrassment, and somehow I automatically revised by acclamation to "God - - - bless America!!!" I was shocked and deeply angry at the event. I thought to myself: "Is this what America has degraded itself to be? Whatever happened to the "sacredness of human life," and especially to the unprotected life of an unborn child?" It took several days to stop dwelling upon the event.

A week or two passed and I was by myself on the way home from work. Once again I was in the thick of the traffic rush hour. Now, I hadn't thought about the devastating news report in a few days. Then out of the blue I had my second PSE of the second kind. This PSE involved a very simple and single impression that communicated a simple question: "***Do you really want to know how I feel about this event?***"

I wasn't aware that I made a decision that answered the question, but it didn't matter. I was now in the midst of an emotional experience that is truly ineffable. The experience was solely about "pure grief." My father died when I was ten years old. Thus, I know what true

grief really is. But the grief I was now experiencing was light years beyond my childhood experience. I immediately started sobbing beyond physical control. I was sobbing so bad that my body was actually having convulsions. I couldn't keep driving safely, and I started fearing I was going to have an accident. I was on the interstate and somehow got off at the next exit. I then quickly pulled off the road. I kept shaking and sobbing without any ability to stop. What a sight that must have been to passer-bys!

I then had a second spiritual impression: "*My children perish because of a lack of knowledge.*" Somehow I knew this "lack of knowledge" was all about the "knowledge of love." Most fortunate for me the episode ended as quickly as it began. I was emotionally drained and all I wanted to do was get home to the love and comfort of my family. Lastly and as a point for personal reflections, in this second impression, are the "children that perish" the unborn children or the women who had the abortions? Could it be both? Think about it!

My Third PSE2: I was living in Chesapeake, Virginia which is located in the southeast corner of Virginia. I was self-employed as a consulting electrical engineer. One of my good clients was Rubbermaid, specifically a manufacturing plant located in Winchester, Virginia. Winchester is located in the northern peak of Virginia. Another good client was a naval ammunition facility located in Indian Head, Maryland. For this work I was actually a subcontractor to another engineering firm. The facility is located close to Waldorf, Maryland. On one occasion during a very cold February I had meetings and field work arranged at the Rubbermaid plant. The next day I had meetings and field work arranged at the Indian Head facility. The required work for each facility exceeded eight hours, so I knew I was going to have two very long days back-to-back.

When I left Winchester the rest of the world was already eating dinner. I stopped at Manasas, Virginia for dinner. There was a nice Chinese restaurant that I liked, and it had a very tasty meal that included a lobster sauce with large jumbo shrimp. However, the meal had a specific flavor which I learned later was iodine. The iodine was actually in the shrimp. I had eaten shrimp with this flavor several times in the past, and I never had a problem with it except for the last time I ate some steam shrimp. I had a minor reaction with small, itchy welts breaking out on my abdomen. This minor incident never even entered my mind during this event.

After dinner I drove to a hotel in Waldorf, Maryland. Upon arriving I meet with Mike who is a consulting mechanical engineer with the engineering firm which was my direct client. We made plans for meeting in the morning, and we both then retired for the evening. By this time I began having minor itching on my abdomen, and I immediately starting thinking bed mites. I previously had a very aggravating experience with bed mites in a hotel in Puerto Rico. I then called my wife to let her know I was in the hotel room and ready for bed. I told her

about the itching I was experiencing and told her it was just like the bed mites experience. She got very upset and demanded I take a Benadryl tablet before I go to sleep. I said to myself: “Oh Brother! What a worry wart!” I promised her I would take the tablet, and I did. Besides, I knew the pill would make me sleep like a log. (Note: The basic ingredient in Benadryl and most over the counter sleeping pills is the same, where that ingredient is diphenhydramine. Also, Benadryl is a brand name.)

I was sleeping very deeply, but I was awoken by a sharp pain in my left hand. I later learned the time was about 2:00 AM, give or take 15 minutes. I was very, very groggy because of the diphenhydramine, and I immediately wondered to myself: “What the hell is going on!” I was still lying in the bed, and then it happened – a spiritual communication from the world to come: “**Larry! It’s the shrimp. Get to the hospital immediately.**” I responded by saying: “Yeah! It’s the shrimp!” I struggled out of bed and made it to the bathroom mirror. I couldn’t really see. Based upon many previous occurrences, I thought I had a large build up of a liquid substance from my eyes which can “cake up” my eyes and prevent me from opening them. By cupping my hands I washed my eyes with water. The water dissolves the crusty build up, and I can then open my eyes and see once again. But this time it didn’t work. In response, I looked very closely in the mirror, putting my nose just an inch or two away from the mirror. That’s when I realized what had happened. My entire face and body were immensely swollen like someone had pumped me up like a balloon. The swelling of my eyes were very bad, being so swollen that my field of vision was only one to two inches vertically. Then the pain from my left hand regained my attention. I brought my left hand right up to my eyes. That was the only way I could see my hand. My hand was so swollen that my wedding ring was nothing but a very fine gold thread. The ring was literally cutting into my finger, but it wasn’t bleeding.

The swelling of my face, hands and entire body is no exaggeration. There’s a comedy movie entitled “Pure Luck,” starring Martin Short and Danny Glover. In the movie, the Martin Short character is stung by a bee. This character just happens to be highly allergic to bee stings. He too blows up like a balloon. The only thing that’s not realistic in the movie is that Martin Short’s eyes don’t swell up. The internet actually has photographs of Martin Short’s character while he’s swollen up like a blimp.

Somehow I had to get to an emergency room. I struggled trying to decide whether to go to the hospital by myself or get Mike’s help. Very fortunately for me, I decided to get Mike’s help. When he first saw me in my swollen condition, he did a double take and was obviously repelled by my appearance. We went to the night clerk at the hotel’s front desk and he gave us directions to get to the hospital. Mike and I went directly to Mike’s car, and then things got much worse. I went into physical shock as soon as I hit the very cold winter air. I

also needed Mike's help just to get me in the car and out of the car. I had the coldest sensation I ever experienced in my whole life, and my entire body was convulsing violently out of control.

We finally arrived at the hospital's emergency room. The ER staff looked at me and they instantly went into a medical emergency mood. They wheeled me to a hospital bed, hooked up all kinds of wires, tubes and a gadget or two. Then a nurse delivered this huge transparent bag of liquid. They told me it was a high concentration of liquid Benadryl. Before this first bag was empty the nurse brought a second bag of equal quantity. I guess my bladder was as swollen as the rest of me, and thus, it could handle the second bag. As soon as that bag was empty I started getting out of the bed. The doctor physically pushed me back into the bed and said I wasn't yet ready to leave. The process had to be completed in order to ensure I was going to be healed and capable of discharge. The nurse then appeared carrying a third and equal volume of Benadryl. I was immensely grateful that three bags of Benadryl would cure this patient. I should also note that the only thing that was longer than this night was the next day. After the meetings and the field work at the Indian Head Naval Facility, I eventually returned home around 6:00 PM. I was sound asleep by 6:15 PM and didn't wake up until very late the next morning. I believe I was counting my blessings instead of my sheep.

Lastly, I would like to address two additional elements regarding this entire experience. Did you notice how the spiritual communication began? It began with my name being called out. I can sense that two features occurred as soon as my name was called out. The first feature is that I was awoken just enough to get me out of the deep sleep I was in. The second feature is that I truly sensed a significant connection to the entity that had called upon me. With this spiritual communication I sensed I was accepted by this entity just as I am, and that I belonged **with** this great and loving entity. Somehow I sensed His house was also my house, and I will dwell in His house once I complete my earthly training and spiritual orientation. I know there's no place like home, for your true home is where you're welcomed and made to feel comfortable. The best is yet to come. Therefore, don't fear the reaper!

Finally, the second element that I have often dwelled upon was my wife's warning to take a Benadryl tablet before going to bed. Was that one pill sufficient to keep my throat from swelling so much that it could have closed my air passage, and thus resulting in my death by suffocation? Atlas, I find myself with a natural life condition that I call a GMoL; that is, a Great Mystery of Life. I look forward with great anticipation knowing that many of my GMoL's will be revealed when I enter our gracious, benevolent and loving Creator's Kingdom of Love. Love as though your eternal life depends upon it. Because it does!!!

Reason #4

The Ultimate Sacrifice of the First Christians

What do you believe that's worth dying for? Consider this hyper theoretical condition. Earth is invaded by menacing aliens who quickly conquer all the earth because of their superior knowledge, weapons and their will to annihilate the highly inferior humans. The aliens define humans are less than cosmic maggots, and their only value is to be menial slaves. Earthlings respond by affirming they are sentient human beings who have established successful space explorations, especially including several visits to the moon. The aliens immediately respond that human claim is not true, and that the American earthlings only fabricated these stories in a Hollywood sound stage. They then issue an edict that any humans who say mankind has visited the moon shall be immediately executed without any other recourse.

Now, would you appease the aliens by denying Americans walked on the moon, or would you sacrifice yourself by affirming Americans had walked on the moon several times? Would your willingness to die for the truth reinforce your testimony of these convictions of your heart? This is exactly what the very first Jewish Christians did when the ruling Jews persecuted and executed the Christian Jews who professed Jesus was the Jewish Messiah. People do not sacrifice themselves just to perpetuate a lie. This is especially true when the truths they embrace and testify to are so far beyond the ordinary occurrences of life. After all, raising the dead doesn't happen. Giving sight to the blind doesn't happen. Feeding 10,000 people from a few pieces of fish and bread doesn't happen. Being resurrected doesn't happen.

So then, why were these first Christians so willing to die in support for these events that don't happen? It's because they saw and witnessed these unbelievable events that really did happen? And if the person who performed these miracles is a Supreme Being with magnificent creative powers, then the events all of a sudden become reasonable, sensible, rational, logical and within the realm of the spiritual world. The witness of these first Christians and the faithful Christians that quickly followed are powerful and vibrant testimonies that are worthy of mankind's considerations and reflections. Under the power of these testimonies, I willingly embrace the belief that these supernatural events actually occurred, and I shall continue to believe in the reality of these events until proven otherwise. Many nonbelievers call me a fool. Nevertheless, my power of spiritual intuition informs me the recorded information about the life and teachings of Jesus are profoundly true. I gladly hitch my wagon to the star of Jesus until Jesus tells me there's a better star to follow. Even then, I shall not abandon the Creative Being that so faithfully served my birth planet. I look forward with great anticipation to my entrance into the heavenly world-to-come; that is, the Kingdom of Love.

Books By Reid Collier

NOTE: All books are available from Amazon's subsidiary Create Space. Each book's internet link is provided. See the author's website for additional information regarding each book: www.Pileo-Phoundation.com.

True-Love's Top Ten Attributes: 5" by 8" paperback, about 70 pages,
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